Ex libris Henry S. Saunders
"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose." W.W.
H.S.S.
Whitman Collection

Continuous Ecstasy

MY THIRTY YEARS WAR: An Autobiography. By MARGARET ANDERSON. New York: Covici-Friede. 1930. $4. *Sat. Rev. of Lit. June 14, 1930*

Reviewed by R. N. LINSCOTT

AS every literary left-winger knows, Margaret Anderson was the founder and editor of the *Little Review*, that admirable and militant magazine, "making no compromise with the public taste," which was born in Chicago in 1914, moved to New York in 1924, and died in Paris in 1929. For fifteen years she fought the good fight and now, in the best military tradition, she has justified her battles in a volume of memoirs.

At the age of twenty-one, Margaret Anderson decided that "it was time to confer upon life that inspiration without which life is meaningless." She thereupon started the *Little Review*. Neither critic nor creator, she was a magnificent literary impresario. Her Rooseveltian enthusiasms, her Napoleonic self-confidence, her really sublime courage and pertinacity in sounding the tocsin for literary liberty are faithfully mirrored in these uncommonly vivid reminiscences. She performed the miracle of publishing a magazine without resources, of getting the best [illegible] and of living, mean[illegible] of a spiritual inebriation [illegible] in a we[illegible] w[illegible]

be vulnerable; in their critical specialty, accusing them of insensibility, and even of indifference, to literature; in their ethical standard, which they are said both to stress and to starve, they accuse them of recreancy to their own teaching, of failure in discipline, in judgment, in *humanism;* lastly, they fall upon their characters and manners, extravagance, arrogance, censorious ignorance, indecorum. The reader will perceive that the advance is general; it reaches, in military language, from the Vosges to the North Sea.

With several—even many—of their specific criticisms I concur; what I disapprove and disavow—what robs just censure of half its value—is their temper. I believe that the future belongs to the spirit that lies behind the new humanism; but I also believe that that spirit has much—very much—to reorganize and reformulate before it can annex or recover its own property. Messrs. More and Babbitt are among our ripest minds—almost the only self-relying self-sustaining minds among us—yet their creed in its new form of evangel has a hasty, improvised air, an aspect at once premature and immature. It specifies (on points like "dualism," the two "laws," and the three levels in man) where speci[illegible] fication is both unnecessary and hazardous, an[illegible] is uncommunicative (on the "voice" and the "[illegible] refrain") where generality and reticence [illegible] tion [illegible] "voice" and the "will" are m[illegible] [illegible] are to steer our lives [illegible] the "voice," if genuine, [illegible]

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

MARCH, 1914

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Fine Arts Building
CHICAGO

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Number 1

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Margaret C. Anderson

25 cents a copy
$2.50 a year

Some Scribner Spring Books

Notes of a Son and Brother

By Henry James

Illustrated, $2.50 net; postage extra

This is the continuation of the account, in "A Small Boy and Others," of the early years of William and Henry James and their brothers, with much about their father and their friends. The story of the life in Switzerland and Geneva, and later on in Newport and Cambridge, tells not only their own experiences but a great deal about such men as John LaFarge, Hunt, Professor Norton, Professor Childs, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was a close friend of Henry James, Senior. The description of the Civil War time and of Wilkinson James's experiences with Colonel Shaw's colored regiment are particularly interesting. The illustrations are from drawings made by William James in the early part of his career when he was studying to be a painter.

Shallow Soil

By Knut Hamsun

Translated from the Norwegian by Carl Chr. Hyllested $1.35 *net; postage extra*

Introduces to the English-speaking world a writer already a classic not only in his own country but throughout continental Europe.

The publication of "Shallow Soil" is accordingly a literary event of the first magnitude in the sphere of fiction. Hamsun is the greatest living Scandinavian novelist and his work alone justifies his fame. It is a social picture of Christiania, and indeed of generally modern life.

A Village Romeo and Juliet

By Gottfried Keller

With a Biographical and Critical Introduction by Edith Wharton. Translated by A. C. Bahlmann. $1.00 *net; postage extra*

This love story of Swiss peasant life—whose title conveys the character of its plot—is generally regarded as the finest and most representative production of the great Swiss novelist. But it has a still further element of interest beyond that which necessarily attaches to so fine a piece of writing—the singularly modern spirit which actuates the characters and inspires the writer.

Plays by Björnstjerne Björnson

Translated from the Norwegian, with Introductions, by Edwin Björkman. Each with Frontispiece. $1.50 *net; postage extra*

Second Series

"Love and Geography"
"Beyond Human Might"
"Laboremus"

Plays by Björnstjerne Björnson

First Series

"The New System"
"The Gauntlet"
"Beyond Our Power"

Translated from the Norwegian, with an Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. Frontispiece. $1.50 *net; by mail* $1.65

Second Nights

By Arthur Ruhl, author of "The Other Americans," etc.
$1.50 *net; by mail,* $1.64

A perfectly charming chronicle of the chief features and phases of the metropolitan theater within the past few years. The point of view is wholly unprofessional, and the text, unweighted by the responsibilities of the first-night critic, is intimate and familiar.

The Fugitive: A Play in Four Acts

By John Galsworthy

60 *cents net; postage extra*

This is the tragic story of a woman who tries to escape from the bondage of social conventions. Clare, the heroine, strikes the key-note of the whole play when, in the last act, she says to the young man she has never seen before:

"You see: I'm too fine, and not fine enough! My best friend said that. Too fine, and not fine enough. I couldn't be a saint and martyr, and I wouldn't be a soulless doll. Neither one thing nor the other—that's the tragedy."

It has a deep significance when taken in connection with the feminist movement of to-day.

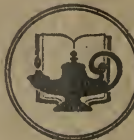
Mural Painting in America

By Edwin H. Blashfield

Illustrated, $2.00 *net; postage extra*

"The entire volume shows clearness of thought, careful analysis of the topics discussed and a facility of expression that is seldom found in books written by men of action rather than words. Its perusal will repay any one of culture."

—*The American Architect.*



Charles Scribner's Sons — Fifth Avenue, New York

The Little Review

MARCH, 1914

Announcement

"The realm of art is prodigious; next to life itself the vastest realm of man's experience."

APPRECIATION has its outlet in art; and art (to complete the circle and the figure) has its source in — owes its whole current — to appreciation. That is, the tides of art would cease to ebb and flow were it not for the sun and moon of appreciation.

This function of the sun and moon is known as criticism. But criticism as an art has not flourished in this country. We live too swiftly to have time to be appreciative; and criticism, after all, has only one synonym: appreciation. In a world whose high splendor is our chief preoccupation the quality of our appreciation is the important thing.

Life is a glorious performance: quite apart from its setting, in spite of the kind of "part" one gets, everybody is given at least his chance to act. We may do our simple best with the roles we receive; we may change our "lines" if we're inventive enough to think of something better; we may alter our "business" to get our personalities across more effectively; or we may boldly accost the stage manager, hand back the part he'd cast us for, and prove our right to be starred. The player who merely holds madame's cloak may do it with dignity and grace; and he who changes his role, with a fine freedom and courage, discovers that he's not acting but living his part! For this reason we feel that we needn't be accused of an unthinking "all's-right-with-the-world" attitude when we assert that life is glorious.

And close to Life — so close, from our point of view, that it keeps treading on Life's heels — is this eager, panting Art who shows us the wonder of the way as we rush along. We may as well acknowledge right here that we've never had a friend (except in one or two rare instances) who hasn't shaken his head at us paternally about this attitude toward art. "It's purely transitional," he says, tolerantly; "life is so much more interesting, you see, that you're bound to substitute people for art, eventually. It really doesn't matter so much that Alice Meynell wrote 'Renouncement' as that Mrs. Jones next door has left her husband." Well, he's wrong; at least, he can't speak for us. Wells said to save the kitten and let the Mona Lisa burn; who would consider anything else? We think it's rather silly in our paternal friend to argue with us so heatedly — beside the point! It's not a question as to which is more important —"Renouncement" or Mrs. Jones. We're merely trying to say that we're intensely interested in Mrs. Jones, but that Mrs. Meynell has made our lives more wonderful — permanently.

The Little Review means to reflect this attitude toward life and art. Its ambitious aim is to produce criticism of books, music, art, drama, and life that shall be fresh and constructive, and intelligent from the artist's point of view. For the instinct of the artist to distrust criticism is as well founded as the mother's toward the sterile woman. More so, perhaps; for all women have some sort of instinct for motherhood, and all critics haven't an instinct for art. Criticism that is creative — that is our high goal. And criticism is never a merely interpretative function; it *is* creation: it gives birth! It's not necessary to cite the time-worn illustration of Da Vinci and Pater to prove it.

Books register the ideas of an age; this is perhaps their chief claim to immortality. But much that passes for criticism ignores this aspect of the case and deals merely with a question of literary values. To be really interpretative — let alone creative — criticism must be a blend of philosophy and poetry. We shall try very hard to achieve this difficult combination.

Also, we mean to print articles, poems, stories that seem to us definitely interesting, or — to use a much-abused adjective — vital. Our point of view shall not be restrictive; we may present the several judgments of our various enthusiastic contributors on one subject in the same issue. The net effect we hope will be stimulating and what we like to call releasing.

Feminism? A clear-thinking magazine can have only one attitude; the degree of ours is ardent!

Finally, since The Little Review, which is neither directly nor indirectly connected in any way with any organization, society, company, cult or movement, is the personal enterprise of the editor, it shall enjoy that untrammelled liberty which is the life of Art.

And now that we've made our formal bow we may say confidentially that we take a certain joyous pride in confessing our youth, our perfectly inexpressible enthusiasm, and our courage in the face of a serious undertaking; for those qualities mean freshness, reverence, and victory! At least we have got to the age when we realize that all beautiful things make a place for themselves sooner or later in the world. And we *hope* to be very beautiful!

If you've ever read poetry with a feeling that it was your religion, your very life; if you've ever come suddenly upon the whiteness of a Venus in a dim, deep room; if you've ever felt music replacing your shabby soul with a new one of shining gold; if, in the early morning, you've watched a bird with great white wings fly from the edge of the sea straight up into the rose-colored sun — if these things have happened to you and continue to happen till you're left quite speechless with the wonder of it all, then you'll understand our hope to bring them nearer to the common experience of the people who read us.

The more I see of academicism, the more I distrust it. If I had approached painting as I have approached book-writing and music, that is to say, by beginning at once to do what I wanted . . . I should have been all right.—*The Note-Books of Samuel Butler.*

Poetry is in Nature just as much as carbon is.—Emerson's *Journals* (1856-1863).

Life is like music; it must be composed by ear, feeling and instinct, not by rule.—*The Note-Books of Samuel Butler.*

A Letter from Galsworthy

Written from Taormina, February 23, 1914.

MY DEAR MADAM:

You ask me to bid your magazine good speed; and so far as I have any right, I do indeed. It seems you are setting out to watch the street of Life from a high balcony, where at all events the air should be fresh and sunrise sometimes visible. I hope you will decide to sleep out there under the stars, for what kills most literary effort is the hothouse air of temples, clubs, and coteries, that, never changed, breeds in us by turn febrility and torpor. Enthusiasms are more convincing from those who have not told their loves too often. And criticism more poignant from one who has been up at dawn, seen for himself and put down his impression before he goes on 'Change. There is a saying of de Maupassant about a writer sitting down before an object until he has seen it in the way that he alone can see it, seen it with the part of him which makes him This man and not That. For the creative artist and the creative critic there is no rule, I think, so golden. And I did seem to notice in America that there was a good deal of space and not much time; and that without too much danger of becoming "Yogis" people might perhaps sit down a little longer in front of things than they seemed to do. But I noticed too a great energy and hope. These will be your servants to carry through what will not, surely, be just an exploit or adventure, but a true and long comradeship with effort that is worth befriending.

So all good fortune!

Very faithfully yours,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Five Japanese Prints

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I KIYONOBU SPEAKS

The actor on his little stage
Struts with a mimic rage.—
Across my page
My passion in his form shall tower from age to age.

What he so crudely dreams
In vague and fitful gleams,
The crowd esteems.—
Well! let the future judge, if his or mine this seems—

This calm Titanic mould
Stalking in colours bold
Fold upon fold—
This lord of dark, this dream I dreamed of old!

II FIGURE BY OKUMURA MASANOBU

Garbed in flowing folds of light,
Azure, emerald, rose, and white,
Watchest thou across the night.

Crowned with splendor is thine head:
All the princes great and dead
Round thy limbs their state have shed—

Calm, immutable to stand—
Gracious head and poisèd hand—
O'er the years that flow like sand.

III PILLAR-PRINT BY KIYOMITSU

A place for giant heads to take their rest
Seems her pale breast.

Her sweeping robe trails like the cloud and wind
Storms leave behind.

The ice of the year, and its Aprilian part,
Sleep in her heart.

Wherefore, small marvel that her footsteps be
Like strides of Destiny!

IV PILLAR-PRINT BY TOYONOBU

O lady of the long robes, the slow folds flowing—
Lady of the white breast, the dark and lofty head—
Dwells there any wonder, the way that thou art going—
Or goest thou toward the dead?

So calm thy solemn steps, so slow the long lines sweeping
Of garments pale and ghostly, of limbs as grave as sleep—
I know not if thou, spectre, hast love or death in keeping,
Or goest toward which deep.

Thou layest thy robes aside with gesture large and flowing—
Is it for love or sleep—is it for life or death?
I would my feet might follow the path that thou art going,
And thy breath be my breath.

V PILLAR-PRINT BY HARUNOBU

From an infinite distance, the ghostly music!
Few and slender the tones, of delicate silver,
As stars are broidered on the veil of evening. . . .

He passes by, the flute and the dreaming player—
Slow are his steps, his eyes are gravely downcast;
His pale robes sway in long folds with his passing.

Out of the infinite distance, a ghostly music
Returns—in slender tones of delicate silver,
As stars are broidered on the veil of evening.

"The Dark Flower" and the "Moralists"

Margaret C. Anderson

The Dark Flower, by John Galsworthy. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A BOOK that has beauty as it's given to few books to achieve it has been the innocent cause of more ignorant, naïve, and stupid condemnation than anything published for a long time. Even the English critics—who usually avoid these shallows—in several cases hit the rocks with awful force. And all because a man with the soul of the old gods chose to tell, quite simply and with inexpressible beauty, the truth about an artist. *The Dark Flower* was everybody's opportunity to deepen his vision, but nearly everybody decided to look upon it as an emotional redundancy. Perhaps this doesn't do some of them justice: I believe a good many of them considered it positively dangerous!

My quite spontaneous tribute to Galsworthy's Mark Lennan—before I'd heard anyone discuss him—was that here was a man a woman would be glad to trust her soul to. And, in view of how silly it is for a woman to trust her soul to anyone but herself, I still insisted that one could do it with Mark Lennan: because he'd not take charge of anyone's soul!—his wife's least of all. Of course, to love a man of his sort would mean unhappiness; but women who face life with any show of bravery face unhappiness as part of the day's work. It remains to decide whether one will reach high and break a bone or two over something worth having, or play safe and take a pale joy in one's unscarred condition. With Mark Lennan a woman would have had—à la Browning—her perfect moment: and such things are rare enough to pay well for, if necessary.

All of which is making a very personal issue of *The Dark Flower;* but it's the kind of book you've got to be personal about; you revise your list of friends on a basis of their attitude toward Galsworthy.

After I'd finished *The Dark Flower*—and it had never occurred to my naïve mind that anyone would disagree with me about it—various persons began to tell me how wrong I was. Mark Lennan was a cad and a weakling—decidedly the kind of person to be kept out of a good novel. The very beauty of the

book made it insidious, someone said; such art expended in defense of immorality would soon tend to confuse our standards. Someone else remarked patronizingly: "Oh, *The Dark Flower* may be well done and all that, but personally I've always had a passion for the normal!" But, most maddening of all, I think, were those readers of thrillers, of sweet, sentimental stories — those persons who patronize comic opera exclusively because they "see enough tragedy in life to avoid it in the theater" — who asked earnestly: "But, after all, what's the use of such books? What possible *good do they do?*"

On another page of this review such questions are answered with a poignancy I dare not compete with. I want to try, instead, to tell why *The Dark Flower* seems to me an altogether extraordinary piece of work.

In the first place, constructively. The story covers three episodes of a man's love life: Spring, with its awakening; Summer, with its deep passion; and Autumn, with its desperate longing for another Spring. But the handling of the episodes is so unepisodic that you feel you've been given the man's whole life, day by day, from Oxford to that final going down the years — *sans* youth, *sans* spring, *sans* beauty, *sans* passion; *sans* everything save that "faint, glimmering light — far out there beyond. . . ." This effect of completeness is achieved, I think, by the remarkable intensity of the writing, by the clever (and by no means easy) method of sometimes allowing the characters the author's prerogative of addressing the audience directly. Highly subjective in everything that he does, Galsworthy has reached a climax of subjectivity here: *The Dark Flower* is as personal in its medium as music.

In the second place — the great matter of style. Every page shows the very poetry of prose writing; there's an inevitability about its choice of beautiful and simple words that makes them seem a part of the nature they describe. For instance, to choose at random from a multitude of exquisite things: ". . . under the stars of this warm Southern night, burning its incense of trees and flowers"; or, "And he sat for a long time that evening under a large lime-tree on a knoll above the Serpentine. There was very little breeze, just enough to keep alive a kind of whispering. What if men and women, when they had lived their gusty lives, became trees! What if someone who had burned and ached were now spreading over him this leafy peace — this blue-black shadow against the stars? Or were the stars, perhaps, the souls of men and women escaped for ever from love and longing? . . . If only for a moment he could desert his own heart, and rest with the trees and stars!" With a single clause like "for ever part of the stillness and the passion of a summer night" Galsworthy gets effects that some poets need three or four verses for. In one place he defines for all time a Chopin mazurka as "a little dancing dirge of summer"; in another gives you with one stroke an impression of his hero that it's impossible to forget: "He looks as if he were seeing sands and lions."

In the third place, Galsworthy's psychology is profound — impregnable. One simple characterization will serve to illustrate: he describes a man's face as having the candour of one at heart a child — "that simple candour of those who have never known how to seek adventures of the mind, and have always sought adventures of the body."

As to the lesson of *The Dark Flower* — its philosophy, its "moral" — I can only say that it hasn't any such thing; that is, while it's full to the brim of philosophy, it doesn's attempt to force

a philosophy upon you. It offers you the truth about a human being and lets it go at that — which seems to be the manner of not a few who have written greatly. For the other sort of thing, go to any second-rate novelist you happen to admire; he'll give you characters who have a hard time of it and tell you just where they're right and where they're wrong. I can see how you feel you're getting more for your money.

I can't help feeling that everything Galsworthy has done has had its special function in making *The Dark Flower* possible. The sociology of *Fraternity*, the passionate pleading of *Justice* and *Strife*, the incomparable emotional experiments of *A Commentary*, the intellectuality of *The Patrician* — all these have contributed to the noble simplicities and the noble beauty of *The Dark Flower.*

The Garden

My heart shall be thy garden. Come, my own,
Into thy garden; thine be happy hours
Among my fairest thoughts, my tallest flowers,
From root to crowning petal thine alone.

Thine is the place from where the seeds are sown
Up to the sky enclosed, with all its showers.
But ah, the birds, the birds! Who shall build bowers
To keep these thine? O friend, the birds have flown.

For as these come and go, and quit our pine
To follow the sweet season, or, new-comers,
Sing one song only from our alder-trees,

My heart has thoughts, which, though thine eyes hold mine,
Flit to the silent world and other summers,
With wings that dip beyond the silver seas.

—*Alice Meynell's Poems.* (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A Remarkable Nietzschean Drama

DeWitt C. Wing

Mr. Faust, by Arthur Davison Ficke. (Mitchell Kennerley, New York.)

Have you thought there could be but a single Supreme?
There can be any number of Supremes.—Whitman.

MR. FAUST is the embodiment of the Nietzschean attitude toward the universe. This characterization consciously ignores the legendary Faust of Goethe as having no vital kinship with his namesake. There is of course a skeletal likeness one to the other, but the hero in Mr. Ficke's drama is incarnated with modern flesh and endued with a supreme will. His unconquerable spirit is not that of Goethe's *Faust* but of Frederich Nietzsche. Incidentally and singularly it is the spirit of Whitman. And these two men, more than any other two or twenty in the realm of literature, represent the undying god Pan, or the spirit of Youth. Nietzsche and Whitman are the understanding comrades of the young-hearted and open-minded.

Mr. Faust's creator may have no conscious knowledge of Whitman's poetry, which is a matter of no moment, but he has read Nietzsche, and that is momentous — indispensable — in relation to this splendid result of white-heat intellection. I say intellection because *Mr. Faust* is not so much a work of art as a remarkable example of reproduction. I know that, although the thought and feeling of the work rise in places to the power of an inspiration wholly personal to the author, never "Thus Spake Zarathustra." For that is an original, authentic voice which, like everything else in nature, has no substitute or duplicate.

I can fancy a strong, healthy, organically cultured young man, just beginning to feel his way into the realities that lie outside the American cornbelt, by chance taking a peep into one of Nietzsche's great books, and, fascinated and quickened by that marvelously contagious god, leaping to new heights of his own manhood. I should guess that in this instance the young man, who happens to be a lawyer, thirty-one years old, living at Davenport, Ia., was temporarily Christianized by bad luck, illness or something of the sort, and in this extremity, kicked by Nietzsche, experienced the feeling of personal adequacy to which Mr. Faust gives utterance. Recovering himself, he avowed his own godhood, even to the last ditch! And that is the triumphant Youth — the Nietzsche — of the thing.

A day or two subsequent to the appearance of Mr. Ficke's book upon the market I had the pleasure of hearing it read, with well-nigh perfect sympathy and appreciation, by the foremost Nietzschean expositor in this country. Like other listeners I was amazed, charmed and aroused. Were these results referable to the play alone or in part to the reader, or to both? To what extent, I was compelled to ask, was the effect illusory or hypnotic? I had read some of Ficke's verse, which had given no intimation of anything in its author so heroically Nietzschean as *Mr. Faust.* I had consequently tabbed Ficke as probably a poetic possibility, provided he lived a dozen years in an involuntary hell, undergoing a new birth. Entertaining the doubts indicated by my questions, I read *Mr. Faust* to myself, trying it in my fashion by the trees, the stars and the lake. Subjected to this test the play did not have the ring and lift which

I had heard and felt when it was read — perhaps I should say given an added vitality — by a Nietzschean philosopher. It now impressed me as an extraordinary *tour de force*, reaching in some of its passages a species of accidental trans-Nietzscheanism.

Written in blank verse, the superior quality of which is admirably sustained, the style of the drama is undeniably poetical, as Edwin Björkman, the editor of Mr. Kennerley's Modern Drama Series, states in an interesting biographical sketch: but where there is so much consciousness of workmanship — so much preoccupation with an imported idea instead of sweeping control by an inner, personal urge like that, for example, which produced *Thus Spake Zarathustra* — poetry is not to be expected. What surprises me is that, despite this restriction, Mr. Ficke strides upward in many lines to the borderland of the gods. In the first three acts he writes as one possessed — as an intellectualist furiously interested in Americanizing, if you please, the racial implications of the philosophy of a superhumanity which will always be associated with the name of his temporary master, Nietzsche. In these acts there is a deal of amazing revealment of insight; of aspiration for transcendent goals; of the spiritual insatiability of man. And there is a cold humor. Underneath the whole thing lies its own by-product: social dynamite!

I think that Mr. Ficke finished his play in three acts, but he added two more — to make it five, I was about to say, but in the fifth he achieves a measurable justification, for the last sentence, "Touch me across the dusk," is poetry — the wonderful words of the dying Faust, addressed to Midge, the only person who understood him.

Near the middle of the opening act, Faust, roused by an inquiring mind to an analytical protest against things as they are, says,

> . . . I would go
> Out to some golden sun-lighted land
> Of silence.

That is poetical; it is cosmic in its feeling. Looking at a bust of Washington, he enviously — no, compassionately — remarks,

> . . . Not a star
> In all the vaults of heaven could trouble you
> With whisperings of more transcendent goals.

At this juncture Satan appears, gains recognition by recalling an incident involving Faust with a blackmailing woman in a college during his youth, and thereafter tempts him into empty, unsatisfying paradises. In his wandering and winding pilgrimage through the world Faust makes the footprints that we recognize as those of our own humanity, seeking its way — somewhither. He is offered but rejects peace, happiness, salvation and all the rest of their related consolations, knowing that none of them could satisfy his restless heart. To his uncomprehending friends he is lost, and Satan himself, to whom in such circumstances he is obviously resigned by society, fails to claim him. But Midge, the heroine, knew him; she could touch him across the dusk, which was his kind of immortality. And so Faust, with a vague consciousness of his own godhood, a sense of his own supremacy, an unshakable faith in one thing — himself — passed from the earthly freedom of his will into the great release.

It is altogether too early in the morning of humanity to expect to see this play or one like it on the stage. That it should be written by a young American and published by a young Englishman is enough to satisfy those who would enjoy its presentation, and those to whom it would be Greek or "unpleasant," whether they saw it or read it, must wait for its truth through their children — across the dusk!

The Lost Joy

Floyd Dell

THERE was once a lady (I forget her name) who said that love was for women one of the most important things in the world. She made the remark and let it go at that. She did not write a book about it. If she had considered it necessary she would doubtless have written such a book.

Consider the possibility — a book entitled *Woman and Love*, a book proving with logic and eloquence that woman ought to love, and that, unless she loved, the highest self-development was impossible to her and to the race!

It is not entirely absurd. Such a book might have been necessary. If half of all womankind, through some change in our social and ethical arrangements, refrained from love as something at once disagreeable and ungenteel, and if the other half loved under conditions disastrous to health and spirit, then there might have been need for a book preaching to women the gospel of love. It would have been time to urge that, hateful as the conditions might be, love was for women, nevertheless, a good thing, a fine thing, a wonderful and necessary thing. It would have been time to break down the prejudice which made one-half of womankind lead incomplete and futile lives, and to raise love itself to its proper dignity.

Well, we are in a condition like that today, only it is not love, it is work that has lost its dignity in the lives of women. It is not love, it is work from which one-half of womankind refrains as from something at once disagreeable and ungenteel, while the other half of womankind performs it under conditions disastrous to health and spirit.

There is need today for a book preaching to women the gospel of work. It is time to break down the prejudice which makes one-half of womankind lead incomplete and futile, because idle, lives. We need a book to show women what work should mean to them.

And, curiously enough, the book exists. It is Olive Schreiner's *Woman and Labor*. It is a wise book and a beautiful book. There are statistics in it, but there is eloquence flaming on every page. It is a book of the joy and the significance of work for women.

When Olive Schreiner says "work," she means it. She does not refer to the makeshifts which masquerade under the term of "social usefulness." She means work done with the hands and the brain, work done for money, work that sets the individual free from dependence on any other individual. It is a theme worth all her eloquence. For work and love, and not either of them alone, are the most important things in the world — the supremest expressions of individual life.

H. G. Wells on America

I came to America balancing between hope and skepticism. The European world is full of the criticism of America; and, for the matter of that, America, too, is full of it; hostility and depreciation prevail—overmuch; for, in spite of rawness and vehemence and a scum of blatant, oh! quite asinine, folly, the United States of America remains the greatest country in the world and the living hope of mankind. It is the supreme break with the old tradition; it is the freshest and most valiant beginning that has ever been made in human life.—*The Passionate Friends.*

Paderewski and the New Gods

Margaret C. Anderson

I SHALL keep always, as my most unforgettable memory, the thought of a certain afternoon during Paderewski's tour this year when he walked quietly back across the stage, in response to an encore, and played Schumann's *Warum*. It was somehow heart-breaking. It was a more poignant questioning to me, than Arnold's

> "unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
> Say, will it never heal?"

Nothing that I have ever heard or seen has given me so vivid a sense of being in the presence of an art that is immortal.

It seems to have become hideously "popular" to love Paderewski. The critics will tell you that it's only done in America; that Europeans have any number of idols they put before him; and that we who persist in calling him "the greatest" are simply under the spell of an old hypnotism. There was a time, they'll concede, when he came like a conqueror, royally deserving the flowers we strewed. But now—there's Bauer, there's Godowsky, and Hofman, and Gans, and Busoni! One local critic has even gone to the length of saying that since the American public has sat at the feet of these men and learned sanity in piano playing it has no enthusiasm for Paderewski's "neurotic, disordered, incoherent" music—"his woeful exaggerations of sentiment and hysterical rhapsody." I should say some unpublishable things to that critic if we should ever discuss the subject.

The three most interesting human faces I know are Forbes-Robertson's, Kreisler's, and Paderewski's. In the English actor's there is a meeting of strength and spirituality (not the anæmic "spirituality" of certain new cults, but a quality of soul that makes him "a prince, a philosopher, a lover, a soldier, a sad humorist," all in the limits of one personality) that means utter nobility. It can be as cold as a graven image, or as hot with feeling as a poet's. Depth upon depth of subtlety plays across it—not the hypnotic subtlety of the Orientalist, but the austere subtlety of an English scholar and a great gentleman. In Kreisler's there is a meeting of strength and sensuousness that means utter fascination to the artist who would paint him—utter revealment to the musician who would analyze his art. For the secret of Kreisler's personality and his music lies in that finely balanced combination of qualities: a sensuousness that would be a little overpowering, a little drugging, without the gigantic strength that seems to hold it in leash. That balance makes possible his little air of military jauntiness, of sad Vienna gayety; it gives him that huge effect of power that always makes me feel I'm watching the king of the forest stride through his kingdom. You need never expect emotionalism from this musician; he's too strong to give you anything but passion. In Paderewski's face there is a meeting of strength and two other predominant qualities: sentience, I think, and suffering. It's difficult to express his great, interesting head in a series of nouns; but there are some that come near to it: mystery, melancholy, weariness, a sort of shattering sorrow; always the sense of struggle and pain, and always the final releasement—in music. For while you can conceive a Forbes-Robertson away from the stage, and a Kreisler apart from

his violin, you can never for a moment think of Paderewski without his piano. Not that he's less of a man, but that he's the most sensitized human instrument that ever dedicated itself to an art.

To resort to the most overworked phrase in the language, Paderewski has a temperament. Somebody has said that no fat person ever possessed one; and after you've speculated about this till you begin to wonder what temperament really is, you can come back to Paderewski as the most adequate illustration. Ysaye is the best example I know of the opposite. When strength turns to fat . . . well, we'll not go into that; but to make my point — and there's certainly nothing of personal maliciousness in it — it's necessary to reflect that obesity has some insidious influence upon artistic utterance. (Schumann-Heink is an artist in the best meaning of the word; but no one ever talked of her and temperament in the same breath, so she doesn't negate the issue.) But Ysaye's tepid, wingless, uninspired music — his utterly sweet but *fat* music — that appears to attract thousands of people, is as lazily inadequate as its creator would be in a marathon. It's as though his vision had dropped slowly away with every added pound of avoirdupois. Or perhaps it's because vision has a fashion of dropping away with age. . . .

Ah! — but Paderewski has the years, too, now, and his playing is as virile, as flaming, as it ever was. An artist — with a temperament — doesn't get old, any more than Peter Pan does. Paderewski's furrowed face shows the artist's eternal striving; his music shows his eternal youth, his faithfulness to the vision that furnishes his answer to the eternal "Warum?"

This is the secret of Paderewski's white magic. He's still the supreme god! Bauer plays perfectly within the rules — exquisitely and powerfully — and misses the top height by the mere fraction of a mood, the simple lack of a temperament; or, as O. Henry might have explained it, by the unfortunate encumbrance of a forty-two-inch belt. Hofman has an impatience with his medium, apparently, that leaves his hearer unsatisfied with the piano; while Paderewski, though he transcends the instrument, does so because of his love for the piano as a medium, and forces his hearer to agree with him that it's the supreme one. Godowsky forces things into the piano — pushes them in and makes them stay there; Paderewski draws things out, always, and fills the world with them.

I can think of no comparison from which he doesn't emerge unscathed. If I were a musical reactionary, this judgment would have no value here; but I'm not. Classical perfection is no longer interesting; Beethoven seems no longer to comprehend all music — in fact, the people who have no rebellions about the sterility of the old symphonies are quite beyond my range of understanding. But Paderewski plays the old music in a new way, gives it such vitality of meaning that you feel it's just been born — or, better, perhaps, that its composers have been triumphantly revalued, rejustified in their claim for eternal life. His Beethoven is as full of color as his Chopin; and who, by the way, ever started the popular nonsense about De Pachmann or anyone else being the supreme Chopin exponent? No one has ever played Chopin like Paderewski; no one has ever made such simple, haunting melodies of the nocturnes; no one has ever struck such ringing Polish music out of the polonaises, or such windswept cadences from the Berceuse; no one has ever played the Funeral March so like a cosmic procession — the mighty moving of humanity from birth to death and new life; no one has ever so visualized those "orchestras of butterflies that

played to Chopin in the sun."

I have still one great wish in the world: that some time I may hear Paderewski play on a Mason and Hamlin — that piano of unutterable depth and richness. The fact that he's never used it is the one flaw in his performances, for no other instrument that I've heard gives you the same sense of drowning in great waves of warm sound. The combination would convince even the followers of the new gods. But, old or new, and even on his cold Steinway, no one has ever drawn from the piano the same quality of golden tone or dared such simplicity of singing as Paderewski. To put his genius into a sentence: no one has ever built so strong a bridge across the gulf that yawns between vision and accomplishment.

The Major Symphony

George Soule

Round splendor of the harp's entonéd gold
  Throbbing beneath the pleading violins —
  That hundred-choiring voice that wins and wins
To over-filling song; the bright and bold
Clamor of trumpets; 'cellos that enfold
  Richly the flutes; and basses that like djinns
  Thunder their clumsy threatening, as begins
The oboe's mystic plaint of sorrows old: —

Are these the symphony? No, it is will
  In passion striving to surmount the world,
  Growing in sensuous dalliance, sudden whirled
To ecstasies of shivering joy, and still
  Marching and mastering, singing mightily,
  Consummate when the silence makes it free.

The Prophet of a New Culture

George Burman Foster

A PROFOUND unrest tortures the heart of the modern man. The world, slaughtering the innocents, is meaningless; life, bruised and bewildered, is worthless — such is the melancholy mood of modernity. Today life is a burden to many to whom it was once a joy. Decadents, they call themselves, who rediscover the elements of their most personal life in everything that is weary and ailing. We are all more or less infected with this weariness and ennui. The blows which the spirit experiences from opposing sides today are so powerful that no one is in a position to endure them with equanimity. The forces resident within the soul no longer suffice to give support and stability to life. Hence our culture has lost faith in itself. Our civilization is played out. What the Germans call *Weltschmerz* has come over us. Philosophers have fashioned it into systems; singers, into song — the sad but not sweet music of humanity; sufferers all, into a sharp cry for redemption. Deniers of the malady must have their eyes opened by physicians, scurrying around curatively in this humanity.

First of all, there are those who borrow their panacea from religion. They demand a reform of the ecclesiastical life according to the sense and spirit of primitive Christianity. They propose to recover the religion of Jesus, and to find in it healing for all the diseases of the times. But this remedy is so complicated that it reveals rather than heals the whole disunity and distraction of our present life. It was Tolstoi, in garb of desert prophet, who would restore original Christianity. He preached a radical reversal of our cultural life — a monastic asceticism, a warfare against all life's impulses, on whose development our culture is founded. And ecclesiastical liberals would do virtually the same thing when they try to extract from the religion of Jesus a food that shall be palatable to modern taste, and then call their *ragout*, compounded according to their own recipe, "original" Christianity.

There are other voices, noisier and more numerous. These hold Christianity in all its forms to be the hereditary evil of humanity, and see the salvation of the world only in a purification of life from every Christian memory. Owing to the brisk international interchange of ideas today, Buddhism has awakened a momentary hope, as if from the religion of far-off India a purer spiritual atmosphere might be wafted to us, in which we could convalesce from the Christian malady.

Now, what shall we say of all these strivings to heal the hurt of the modern mind?

All of them have one adverse thing in common: They would tear up an old tree by its roots, and put in its place another tree equally as old and equally as rotten. There is something reactionary in all of them. They want to cure the present by the past. It is precisely this that cannot be done. If Christianity was once original, spontaneous, creative, it is so no more. We cannot lead an age back to Jesus, which has grown out beyond him. And the Buddha-religion is no more youthful and life-giving than the Jesus-religion. It is indicative of the depth of the disgust and the extent of the confusion on the part of the man of today that such a hoary thing as Buddhism can make so great an impression upon him. A revived, renascent heathenism, even as compared with Christianity,

would mean a reactionary and outlived form of life. That men of moral endeavor and scientific vision could hope for a substitute for Christianity, a conquest over Christianity, in a rebirth of paganism, is a new riddle of the Sphinx.

One way only remains out of the aberration and dividedness of our present life: not *backward,* but *forward!* No winning of a religious view of the world in any other way! No pursuit of the tasks of the moral life by those who seek a real part and place in the modern world, in any other way!

Hence, a man is coming to be leader — a man who, as no other, embodies in himself all the pain and all the pleasure, all the sickness and all the convalescence, all the age and all the youth, of our tumultuous and tortured times: *Friedrich Nietzsche!*

I do not know how many of you know the poet of *Zarathustra.* But if you do not know him, if you have never even heard his name, yet you do know him, for a part of him is in your own heart and hope. If you have ever thought seriously about yourself, if you have even tried to think seriously about yourself, you have taken up into yourself a part of Nietzsche as you have so thought. Even without your knowledge or intention, you have passed into the world of thought for which the name of Nietzsche stands. It has been only now and then, in quite significant turning points in human history, and only in the case of the rarest of men, that such an influence has gone forth as from this man. Once in the horizon of his power, and you are held there as by magic. And yet not in centuries has a name been so reviled and blasphemed as his. Anathematized from the pulpit, ridiculed from the stage, demolished by any champion of blatant and blind *bourgeoisie,* refuted regularly by pedants, he is still Friedrich Nietzsche, and, unlike most preachers, his congregation grows from year to year. Newspapers, always sensitive to the pulse-beat of mediocrity, tell us that "the man is dead"; that he belongs to the past; that he is already forgotten. But he is more alive, now that he is dead, than he was when he was living. Dead in the flesh, he is alive in the spirit, as is so often the case. Superficial misunderstandings, transient externals, regrettable excrescences — these were interred with his bones. The real and true Nietzsche lives, and has the keys of death and of hell. Who has the youth has the future — and this is why the future belongs to Nietzsche; for no contemporary so gathers the youth under his shining banner. And it is because the moral seething of our time, our struggle with questions of the moral life, are recapitulated and epitomized in Nietzsche, that he stands out, like an Alpine apocalypse, as the new prophet of our new day. The mysterious need of a man to find himself in another, another in himself, as deep calls unto deep or star shines unto star, is met in the resources of the great personality of Nietzsche.

The new day whose billows bear us afar began with doubt. First, a doubt of the Church and its divine authority. A violent, devastating storm swept over popular life. The storm was speedily exorcised. Again —

> "The sea of faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled."

A new faith emerged from the old doubt, like sweet waters in a bitter sea, and kept man a living soul.

> "The sea is calm tonight;
> The tide is full."

But the calm proves to be treacherous. The tide of the new faith now in the bible, and in the doctrine derived from

the bible, went back to sea, and now I only hear

> "Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world."

The human spirit urged a new, mightier protest against the "It is written," which was said to put an end to all doubt. The new doubt, as free inquiry, as protestant science, flung down the gauntlet to the bible faith. No page of the sacred book remained untouched. Only one certainty sprang from this new doubt — the certainty that the sacred book was a human book. Therefore it had no right to rule over man. Man was its judge; it was not man's judge. It must be measured by man's truth, man's conscience.

How, now, should the timorous heart of man be quieted in the presence of this new doubt? At once new props were offered him — truth and the state. What science recognized as "true," what morals and *bourgeoise* customs and civil law sanctioned as "good"— these were now proffered man, that he might brace up his tottering life thereby. "Trust the light of science, and you shall indeed have the light of life; do what is 'good,' and you shall be crowned with the crown of life." This was the watchword. Then there stirred in the womb of present-day humanity the last, ultimate, uncanniest doubt. If we doubt the Church, why not doubt the state, too? If we doubt faith, why not doubt science, too? If we doubt the bible, why not doubt reason, doubt knowledge, doubt morality? Even if what we call "true" be really true, can it make us happy? Can the men who have all the knowledge of our time at their disposal, can the scholars, can the cultivated, really become fit leaders of humanity through life's little day? Is not that which is called "good" grievous impediment in our pilgrimage? Law, morals — are not these perhaps a blunder of history, an old hereditary woe with which humanity is weighted down?

This doubt — long and ominously maturing throughout the spiritual evolution of our new time — finds its most radical, most conscious, and most eloquent expression in Friedrich Nietzsche. He launches this doubt not only against all that has been believed and thought and done, but against all that men believe and think and do today. He shakes every position which men have held to be unshakable. An irresistible, diabolical curiosity impels him to transvalue all values with which men have reckoned, and to inquire whether they are values at all; whether "good" must not be called evil, "truth" error. As Nietzsche ventures upon this experiment of his curiosity, as he advances farther and farther with it, suddenly he laughs with an ironic, uproarious laughter. The experiment is a success! In the new illumination all the colors of life change. Light is dark, dark is light. What men had appraised as food, as medicine, evinced itself to be dangerous poison, miserably encompassing their doom. And since men believed that all the forces present, dying, poisoned culture, were resident in their "morals" and their "Christianity," it was necessary to smash the tables of these old values. In full consciousness of his calling as destroyer of these old tables, Nietzsche called himself the immoralist, the anti-Christ. Morals and Christianity signified to him the most dangerous maladies with which men were suffering. He considered it to be his high calling as savior to heal men of these maladies. He sprang into the breach as anti-Christ. Like Voltaire, he was the apostle and genius of disrespect — respectability was the only disgrace, popularity the only perdition.

Nietzsche the Immoralist, Nietzsche the Antichrist! Dare we write his name

and name his writings without calling down upon our much-pelted heads the wrath of the gods? Does he not blaspheme what is sacred, and must we not, then, give him a wide berth? There are the familiar words concerning false prophets in sheep's clothing, but ravening wolves within. Such wolves there are — smooth, sleek men, paragons of "virtue," and "morals," and "faith," but revolting enough in their inner rawness as soon as you get a glimpse of their true disposition. Conversely, might there not be men who come to us in wolves' clothing, but whose hearts are tender and rich and intimate with a pure and noble humanity? We know such men. Friedrich Nietzsche was one of them. He was a true prophet. All his transvaluations dealt deadly blows at the old, false, man-poisoning prophetism. What if more morals matured in this immoralist, more Christianity in this anti-Christ, more divinity in this atheist, than in all the pronouncements of all those who today still are so swift to despise and damn what they do not understand?

Even Christianity, at its origin, in its young and heroic militancy, was not so amiable and harmless as we are wont to think. It, too, was born of the doubt of that whole old culture; of the most radical protest again *status quo*. It, too, leagued with all the revolutionary spirits of humanity. And it, too, revalued all the values of "faith" and "morals." What if this new Nietzschean spirit of life's universal reform, this creative, forward-striving genius of humanity, be once yet again embodiment and representative of life's essential element of rejuvenescence and growth? What if true prophets are always men of *Sturm und Drang*, men of divine discontent, fellow-conspirators with the Future? Anti-Christs? These are they who blaspheme the holy spirit of humanity. Immoralists? These are they who say that life is good as it is, and therefore should stay as it "is" forever. Faith? This is directed, not to the past, but to the future; not to the certain, but to the uncertain. Faith is the venturesomeness of moral knighthood. Nietzsche was a Knight of the Future.

Why, then, should not a magazine of the Future interpret Nietzsche the prophet of a new culture? Man as the goal, beauty as the form, life as the law, eternity as the content of our new day — this is Nietzsche's message to the modern man. In such an interpretation, Man and Superman should be the subject of the next article.

How a Little Girl Danced

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

Being a Reminiscence of Certain Private Theatricals

(Dedicated to Lucy Bates)

Oh, cabaret dancer,
I know a dancer
Whose eyes have not looked
On the feasts that are vain.
I know a dancer,
I know a dancer,
Whose soul has no bond
With the beasts of the plain:
Judith the dancer,
Judith the dancer,
With foot like the snow
And with step like the rain.

Oh, thrice-painted dancer,
Vaudeville dancer,
Sad in your spangles,
With soul all astrain:
I know a dancer,
I know a dancer,
Whose laughter and weeping
Are spiritual gain;
A pure-hearted, high-hearted
Maiden evangel
With strength the dark cynical
Earth to disdain.

Flowers of bright Broadway!
You of the chorus
Who sing in the hope
Of forgetting your pain:
I turn to a sister
Of sainted Cecelia,
A white bird escaping
The earth's tangled skein!—
The music of God
In her innermost brooding!
The whispering angels
Her footsteps sustain!

Oh, proud Russian dancer:
Praise for your dancing!
No clean human passion
My rhyme would arraign.
You dance for Apollo
With noble devotion:
A high-cleansing revel
To make the heart sane.
But Judith the dancer
Prays to a spirit
More white than Apollo
And all of his train.

I know a dancer
Who finds the true God-head;
Who bends o'er a brazier
In Heaven's clear plain.
I know a dancer,
I know a dancer,
Who lifts us toward peace
From this Earth that is vain:—
Judith the dancer,
Judith the dancer,
With foot like the snow,
And with step like the rain.

The Dream of the Children

The children awoke in their dreaming
  While earth lay dewy and still:
They followed the rill in its gleaming
  To the heart-light of the hill.

From their feet as they strayed in the meadow
  It led through caverned aisles,
Filled with purple and green light and shadow
  For mystic miles on miles.

—*From A. E.'s Collected Poems.*

The Critics' Critic

Galsworthy as a Greek

Do you read Arthur Guiterman's rhymed reviews? They are not to be taken too seriously, of course, though they are generally sane; but in the one on *The Dark Flower* he asks if such things don't tend to weaken our moral fiber! Wow! Probably Homer might be said to do the same thing; we'd better take it out of the schools, hadn't we? There's an episode I recall about a female person named Helen, who was torn from her adoring husband, etc., etc. You know I don't believe in weakening moral fiber, but beauty *is* beauty. All I could think of, in reading *The Dark Flower*, was Greek classics. Do you remember that exquisite thing (is it Euripides?) —

> "This Cyprian
> She is a million, million changing things;
> She brings more joy than any god,
> She brings
> More pain. I cannot judge her; may it be
> An hour of mercy when she looks on me."

Galsworthy's hero was just a Greek, swayed by Aphrodite. There's no question of morals. And besides, he behaved pretty well — for a man!

The Case of Rupert Brooke

I can't share The Little Review's estimate of Rupert Brooke. I'm reminded immediately of something I found not long ago by Herbert Trench:

> "Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,
> Seeing that our footing on the earth is brief,
> Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die
> Mocking at all that passes their belief.
> For standard of our love not theirs we take
> If we go hence today
> Fill the high cup that is so soon to break
> With richer wine than they.
> Ay, since beyond these walls no heavens there be,
> Joy to revive or wasted youth repair,
> I'll not bedim the lovely flame in thee
> Nor sully the sad splendor that we wear.
> Great be the love, if with the lover dies
> Our greatness past recall;
> And nobler for the fading of those eyes
> The world seen once for all."

Swinburne's

> "From too much love of living,
> From hope and fear set free"

I like better so far as the music of it is concerned; and fully as well, perhaps, as far as ideas go. There is something rather conscious and posing in Mr. Trench's effort. And you see why I think of him when I read Rupert Brooke. There is the same *memento mori*, the same hopelessness of outlook. It seems a pity to me, when a man can write as well as Brooke does in *The Hill* and in that exquisite sonnet beginning "Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire of watching you," that he should waste his time on stupid, unpleasant cynicisms like *Wagner* and that *Channel Passage*, in which he doesn't know which pain to choose — nausea or memory. I believe an Englishman can't achieve just the right degree of mockery and brutality necessary for such an effort. Take Heine, if you will — (I'm a Heine enthusiast); *he* could do it with supreme artistry. Do you remember the sea poems — especially the one where he looks into the depths of the sea, catches sight of buried cities and sees his lost love ("ein armes, vergessenes Kind")? It finishes with the captain pulling him in by the heels, crying, "Doktor, sind Sie des Teufels?" Heine can touch filth and offer it to you, and you are rather amused — as at a child. But English-

men are too self-conscious for anything of that sort. You are shocked and ashamed when they try it, feeling in a way defiled yourself by reading. It irritates me, and I wish Mr. Brooke would stop it, right away. He's too worth while to waste himself.

The Feminist Discussions

Do you know the story of the man, elected by some political pull to a judgeship in Indiana, who, after listening to the argument for the plaintiff, refused to hear anything further. "That feller wins," he said decisively. On being told that it was customary and necessary to hear the defendant's side also, he duly listened, with growing amazement. "Don't it beat all?" he said, pathetically, at the close; "now the other feller wins."

In much the same frame of mind I read the articles that are appearing in the current magazines on the subject of feminism and militancy. Edna Kenton's in *The Century* is the only one that is content to give one side of the case. Decidedly, you will say on reading it, "That feller wins." *The Atlantic* prints an admirable article by W. L. George on Feminist Intentions, and follows it hastily with a rebuttal by E. S. Martin (*Much Ado About Women*), fearing, I imagine, lest it would seem to be bowing its venerable head before new, profane altars. *Life* gets out a really excellent suffrage number, sane and logical and reasonable, and has followed it up ever since with all the flings it can collect against suffrage, militancy, or feminism in any form. A recent amusing instance of this is a letter by one Thomas H. Lipscomb, who signs himself, alack! A Modern Man, and adds that his name is legion. Judging by the terror in the communication Mr. Lipscomb's modernity goes back as far as the Old Testament Proverbs, and the womanly ideal he so passionately upholds is in all respects the one the writer of this particular proverb acclaims. I have heard it used as a text so often, and have had it grounded into the very framework of my being so consistently, that it seems almost strange and irreverent to regard it with an alien and critical eye. And yet — just see what is expected of the poor thing: She

> Seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands.
>
> Bringeth her food from afar.
>
> Riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household;
>
> Considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands planteth a vineyard.
>
> Her candle goeth not out by night.

She

> Layeth her hands to the spindle; and her hands hold the distaff.
>
> Maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. . . .

together with a few other airy trifles such as bearing and rearing children, I suppose. But most significant of all —

> Her husband is known in the gates where he sitteth among the elders of the land.

I should think so indeed! There seems to be little else left for him to do.

I can almost hear the writer smacking his lips over this description, which no doubt tallies closely with Mr. Lipscomb's own notions.

For all this she is to

> Receive of the fruit of her own hands, and her own works shall praise her.

Possibly women have tired a little of letting their own works praise them — and nothing else! But I am taking the letter too seriously.

To go back to *The Atlantic*, I find Mr. George, who is in full sympathy with the movement of which he writes, classifying the demands of the feminists as follows: Economically, they intend to

open every occupation to women; they intend to level the wages of women; in general, they wish to change the attitude of those who regard women's present inferiority to men (they frankly admit that there is inferiority in many respects) as inherent and insuperable, by demonstrating that it is due merely to long lack of thorough training — (an old friend, apparently, in a new dress!) They wish also gradually to modify and change existing marriage laws so that they will be equally fair to both sexes.

A careful re-reading of Mr. Martin's article fails to reveal much in the way of counter argument to Mr. George's forcible appeal. There's a great deal of courteous agreement and some rather good satire, but against the specific counts of the feminists' intentions Mr. Martin raises no telling argument. We hear that whereas fathers wish all earthly blessings for their daughters, mothers do not, as women are jealous of women: also that mothers fear the modern woman on account of their sons, for whom they in turn wish all possible good: the modern woman will not make a good wife! Angels and ministers of grace defend us! In a double quality as daughter to a devoted and loving mother, and as a devoted and loving mother to a most precious daughter, I throw down my glove.

I am sure Mr. Martin has never acted in either of these capacities, so precious little he knows about it! Besides, I do want my son to have everything that the world provides in the way of blessings and happiness, so I want him to have as a wife a thoroughly modern woman with an awakened soul and a high ideal, to finish the good work in him which I have at least endeavored to begin.

As I read further, however, the cat begins to poke a cautious head out of the bag. Women, Mr. Martin argues, are not responsible for the blessings the feminist movement is trying to bring them. It is men! That is why he is so particular to tell us of the careful solicitude of a father for his daughters. Men, right along, have procured all happiness for women; or, if not men exactly, at least a sort of *Zeit Geist* — I believe he calls it "necessity." And the poor deluded feminists are simply the little boys running along by the side of the procession and hollering. The procession is made up of vague forces, "working nowadays for the enlargement and betterment of life for women" — forces, he quaintly complains, that are "making things go too fast their way already."

So we must take all credit from Luther and Knox and Calvin and the reformers of all times and give it to the *Zeit Geist*. They, too, are little boys, I suppose, who ran along and hollered. At least they hollered lustily and well, and the feminists are in good company.

And the peroration — every true woman will appreciate this: "What a husband sees in forty years, maybe, of the good and bad of life for a woman; what a father sees in his daughters and the conditions of modern life as they affect girls — those are the things which count in forming or changing the convictions of men about woman's errand in this current world."

Well! However far the *Zeit Geist* has progressed in other directions, it is plain that it has not made inroads on Mr. Martin's consciousness of the present state of affairs. Who has given men the power and right to decide about woman's errand in the world? For lo! these many years we have been letting husbands, fathers, and brothers decide for us just what it were best for us to do; and if the new idea has any significance at all it is just this: that we feel able to decide for ourselves what we most want and need.

M. H. P.

The New Note

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

THE new note in the craft of writing is in danger, as are all new and beautiful things born into the world, of being talked to death in the cradle. Already a cult of the new has sprung up, and doddering old fellows, yellow with their sins, run here and there crying out that they are true prophets of the new, just as, following last year's exhibit, every age-sick American painter began hastily to inject into his own work something clutched out of the seething mass of new forms and new effects scrawled upon the canvases by the living young cubists and futurists. Confused by the voices, they raised also their voices, multiplying the din. Forgetting the soul of the workman, they grasped at lines and solids, getting nothing.

In the trade of writing the so-called new note is as old as the world. Simply stated, it is a cry for the reinjection of truth and honesty into the craft; it is an appeal from the standards set up by money-making magazine and book publishers in Europe and America to the older, sweeter standards of the craft itself; it is the voice of the new man, come into a new world, proclaiming his right to speak out of the body and soul of youth, rather than through the bodies and souls of the master craftsmen who are gone.

In all the world there is no such thing as an old sunrise, an old wind upon the cheeks, or an old kiss from the lips of your beloved; and in the craft of writing there can be no such thing as age in the souls of the young poets and novelists who demand for themselves the right to stand up and be counted among the soldiers of the new. That there are such youths is brother to the fact that there are ardent young cubists and futurists, anarchists, socialists, and feminists; it is the promise of a perpetual sweet new birth of the world; it is as a strong wind come out of the virgin west.

One does not talk of his beloved even among the friends of his beloved; and so the talk of the new note in writing will be heard coming from the mouths of the aged and from the lips of oily ones who do not know of what they talk, but run about in circles, making noise and clamor. Do not be confused by them. They but follow the customs of their kind. They are the stript priests of the falling temples, piling stone on stone to build a new temple, that they may exact tribute as before.

Something has happened in the world of men. Old standards and old ideas tumble about our heads. In the dust and confusion of the falling of the timbers of the temple many voices are raised. Among the voices of the old priests who weep are raised also the voices of the many who cry, "Look at us! We are the new! We are the prophets; follow us!"

Something has happened in the world of men. Temples have been wrecked before only to be rebuilt, and destroying youth has danced only to become in turn a builder and in time a priest, muttering old words. Nothing in all of this new is new except this — that beside the youth dancing in the dust of the falling timbers is a maiden also dancing and proclaiming herself. "We will have a world not half new but all new!" cry the youth and the maiden, dancing together.

Do not be led aside by the many voices crying of the new. Be ready to accept hardship for the sake of your craft in America — that is craft love.

Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody

Edited, with introduction, by Daniel Gregory Mason.
(Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.)

I SHALL never forget how, at sixteen, I read Stevenson's letters and thought them the most beautiful things in the world. I shall never forget similar experiences with Keats and Browning, and finally with Meredith; and now comes another volume of letters by the man who might be called the American Henley (though that only does him half justice) to keep one up at night and teach him unforgettable things. People have been saying that this collection doesn't represent the best letters Moody wrote. Certainly if he wrote more interesting ones the world ought to be allowed to see them, for these are valuable enough to become an American tradition.

The following is typical:

To Daniel Gregory Mason.

DEAR DAN:

I have just heard from your sister-in-law of your enforced furlough. I am not going to help you curse your luck, knowing your native capabilities in that direction to be perfectly adequate, but my Methodist training urges me to give you an epistolary hand-shake, the purport of which is "*Keep your sand.*" I could say other things, not utterly pharisaical. I could say what I have often said to myself, with a rather reedy tremolo perhaps, but swelling sometimes into a respectable diapason. "The dark cellar ripens the wine." And meanwhile, after one's eyes get used to the dirty light, and one's feet to the mildew, a cellar has its compensations. I have found beetles of the most interesting proclivities, mice altogether comradely and persuadable, and forgotten potatoes that sprouted toward the crack of sunshine with a wan maiden grace not seen above. I don't want to pose as resourceful, but I have seen what I have seen.

The metaphor is however happily inexact in your case, with Milton to retire to and Cambridge humming melodiously on the horizon. If you can only throttle your Daemon, or make him forgoe his leonine admonition "Accomplish," and roar you as any sucking dove the sweet vocable "Be"—you ought to live. I have got mine trained to that, pardee! and his voice grows not untunable. I pick up shreds of comfort out of this or that one of God's ash-barrels. Yesterday I was skating on a patch of ice in the park, under a poverty stricken sky flying a pitiful rag of sunset. Some little muckers were guying a slim raw-boned Irish girl of fifteen, who circled and darted under their banter with complete unconcern. She was in the fledgling stage, all legs and arms, tall and adorably awkward, with a huge hat full of rusty feathers, thin skirts tucked up above spindling ankles, and a gay aplomb and swing in the body that was ravishing. We caught hands in midflight, and skated for an hour, almost alone and quite silent, while the rag of sunset rotted to pieces. I have had few sensations in life that I would exchange for the warmth of her hand through the ragged glove, and the pathetic curve of the half-formed breast where the back of my wrist touched her body. I came away mystically shaken and elate. It is thus the angels converse. She was something absolutely authentic, new, and inexpressible, something which only nature could mix for the heart's intoxication, a compound of ragamuffin, pal, mistress, nun, sister, harlequin, outcast, and bird of God, — with something else bafflingly suffused, something ridiculous and frail and savage and tender. With a world offering such rencontres, such aery strifes and adventures, who would not live a thousand years stone dumb? I would, for one — until my mood changes and I come to think on the shut lid and granite lip of him who has had done with sunsets and skating, and has turned away his face from all manner of Irish. I am supported by a conviction that at an auction on the steps of the great white throne, I should bring more in the first mood than the second — by several harps and a stray dulcimer.

I thoroughly envy you your stay at Milton — wrist, Daemon, and all. You must send me a lengthy account of the state of things at Cambridge. . . . If the wrist forbids writing, employ a typewriter of the most fashionable tint — I will pay all expenses and stand the

breakage. I stipulate that you shall avoid blonds, however, they are fragile.

William Vaughn Moody.

There are over a hundred letters here, written to Mr. Mason, Percy MacKaye, Richard Watson Gilder, Josephine Preston Peabody, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Henry Miller, Robert Morss Lovett, Ferdinand Schevill, and others; and every one of them shows Moody's remarkable gift of metaphor, his constant striving to "win for language some new swiftness, some rare compression," his belief in the positive acceptance of life, his paganism, "deeply spiritual, and as far as possible removed from the sensualism the thoughtless have found in it." Mr. Mason furnishes an introduction that is masterly; and the first and final drafts of *Heart's Wild Flower* are included, proving vividly how this poet disciplined his rich imaginative gifts, training away from a native tendency to the rococo to the high, pure dignity that marks his finished verse. This volume is invaluable. Certainly with two such authentic voices to boast of as Whitman's and Moody's this young country of ours has reason to be proud.

M. C. A.

A Feminist of a Hundred Years Ago

Margery Currey

Rahel Varnhagen: A Portrait, by Ellen Key. Translated from the Swedish by Arthur G. Chater; with an introduction by Havelock Ellis. (G. P. Putman's Sons, New York.)

FOR certain distinctive women Rahel Varnhagen lived; for the same women Ellen Key has written this appreciation of Rahel. By the woman to whom fine freedom of living and fearlessness and directness of thought are the only possible terms on which she may deal with the social situation in which she finds herself this book will be read and re-read, and pencil-marked along the margins of its pages.

The rare woman, here and there, who worships simple, direct thinking (which, after all, takes the most courage) will know how to value Rahel. Always she thought truthfully. The woman who has been filled with joyful new amazement on finding that her only reliance is on herself — that she may not depend upon this person or that convention to preserve her happiness — will know how to value her. Just so far as any woman of today has become interested in her own thoughts and work, is the originator of ideas, and knows the joy of making or doing something that more than all else in the world she wants to make or do, so far she is nearer to becoming of the size of this great woman.

Such a woman will share with Rahel Varnhagen the certainty that higher morality is reached only through higher liberty; such a woman must demand, as did Rahel, periods of that recuperative and strengthening solitude, both of thought and mode of living, which only the self-reliant and fearless can endure. She knows that she herself, not convention, must furnish the answer to questions of right and wrong by earnest, free inquiry and by testing every experience. The acceptance of no convention was inevitable to Rahel, as she thought of it. She put it to the best of scrutiny. What value was there in it? It was not violating conventions which she set out to do,

but meeting them with a quiet, sincere inquiry of the reason and truth they contained.

Rahel Varnhagen lived in Berlin a hundred years ago and was probably the most beloved and much-visited woman of those whose salons attracted the notable men of the day — Fichte, Hegel, Prince Louis Ferdinand, Fouqué, the Humboldts, the Schlegels, Schleiermacher, and other giants of the time. Rahel was a woman — the lamentable rarity of them! — whose influence was not through her literary work (her letters to friends are all that we have of her writing), not through brilliancy of speech alone, nor through her munificent patronage of the artists and literary men of her day (she was not rich, and we read of the garret in which she entertained her friends), but through the richness of her personality, the glowing warmth of her sympathy, her understanding, and the wisdom of her heart.

And the value of Rahel to us lies in the calm directness, the "innocence," as she herself calls it, of her thinking. To her went the acclaimed wise men of the day for the comfort of her fearlessness and simplicity of thought upon their questions. She was said to be brilliant. She was not brilliant in the sense of being learned, or of being capable of mere intellectual jugglery and fantastic adroitness of thinking; she was brilliant in the crystal clearness and the sure rapidity of her thinking. The unexpectedness and strangeness of the simple truth she spoke bewildered people. For this reason she could say, "I am as much alone of my kind as the greatest manifestation here on earth. The greatest artist, philosopher, or poet is not above me."

This passion for truth in her own thinking was the origin of her social value. Its stimulus to others was immediate, and her recognition through it of the important things in life made her detect at once those people and things that were original and valuable in themselves.

"Rahel's most comprehensive significance," writes Ellen Key, "lay in augmenting the productiveness, humanity and culture of her time by herself everywhere seeking and teaching others to seek the truth; by everywhere encouraging them to manifest their own culture; by imparting to others her profound way of looking at religion, men and women, literature and art; by judging everything according to its intrinsic value, not according to its deficiencies; by everywhere understanding, because she loved, and giving life, because she believed in liberty."

Think always, ceaselessly! — this was Rahel's cry. This, she said, is the only duty, the only happiness. To a young friend she wrote, begging that he keep ploughing through things afresh, telling him that he "must always have the courage to hurt himself with questioning and doubts; to destroy the most comfortable and beautiful edifice of thought — one that might have stood for life — if honesty demands it." And so, having thought out things in the most utter freedom, unhampered by old preconceptions, and finally unafraid of the starkness of the truths which she faced, she let nothing prescribed be her unchallenged guide or stand as a substitute for her own vigor and hardness of thinking. This is why she said that she was revived by downright brutality, after being wearied by insincerity.

A virtue, so called, had to give a very good accounting of itself to Rahel. She demanded that it answer a certain test before it could be called a piece of goodness. For instance, in many cases she recognized in "performance of duty" mere acquiescence — a laziness of mind which does not bestir itself to ask what

right this duty has to impose itself. Patience to her was often lack of courage to seize upon a situation and change it to suit the imperative demand to express oneself. "The more I see and meditate upon the strivings of this world," wrote Rahel, "the more insane it appears to me day by day not to live according to one's inmost heart. To do so has such a bad name, because simulacra of it are in circulation." Of these "simulacra" we are familiar in every age — the amazing antics of certain self-styled "radicals," the unaccountable manifestations of those who, while professing liberality of view, seem to have no standards of values in their extravagances of living. Rahel could understand every nature except the insincere and unnatural.

While we mourn or exult over the eager efforts of women in our day to evolve completely human personalities, it is interesting to read Rahel's summing-up of the feminist movement: "Has it been proved by her organization that a woman cannot think and express her ideas? If such were the case, it would nevertheless be her duty to renew the attempt continually." "And how," exclaims Ellen Key, "would Rahel have abhorred the tyrannical treatment of each other's opinions, the cramping narrow-mindedness, the envious jostling, the petty importance of nobodies, which the woman's cause now exhibits everywhere, since, from being a movement for liberty in great women's souls, like Rahel's own, it has become a movement of leagues and unions, in which the small souls take the lead."

Since it is reality and not appearance that alone could stand before Rahel's devastating scrutiny of human things, and since to her the highest personal morality consisted in being true, coercive marriage seemed to her the great social lie. How could one of her simple clarity of thinking be anything but outraged by the vulgarities of an average marriage? "Is not an intimacy without charm or transport more indecent than ecstasy of what kind so ever?" she demands. "Is not a state of things in which truth, amenity, and innocence are impossible, to be rejected for these reasons alone?" Of the evils in Europe she cries, "Slavery, war, marriage — and they go on wondering and patching and mending!" Rahel believed that in the existing institution of marriage it was almost impossible to find a union in which full, clear truth and mutual love prevailed.

Of Rahel's nature, warm, richly exuberant with a healthy sensuousness and desire for sunlight, Jean Paul's letter to her gives us the essence. "Wingéd one — in every sense — " he wrote, "you treat life poetically and consequently life treats you in the same way. You bring the lofty freedom of poetry into the sphere of reality, and expect to find again the same beauties here as there."

Biographical facts are negligible here. Even comment on the interpretive insight of Ellen Key seems not to be essential, though without it this book could not be. It is the personality of Rahel Varnhagen that matters, and the influence of that personality on the men of her day.

Rahel is distinctive as a challenger of the worn-out social and ethical baggage that somehow, in all its shabbiness, has been reverently, with ritual and with authority, given into our keeping by those who were as oppressed by it as we in turn are expected to be. With the simplicity of her questioning the honesty of these conventions, Rahel has made worship of some of them less inevitable.

Some Contemporary Opinions of Rahel Varnhagen

Cornelia L. Anderson

HEINE said: "I should wear a dog collar inscribed: 'I belong to Frau Varnhagen.'"

Rahel's power over the brilliant minds of her day lay in her own wonderful personality. She was unique, knew it and gloried in it. She wrote to Varnhagen, her husband and lover: "You will not soon see my like again." She understood thoroughly the limitations of her sex. "They are so surprisingly feeble," she says; "almost imbecile from lack of coherence. They lie, too, since they are often obliged to, and since the truth demands intelligence." . . . "I know women: what is noble in their composition keeps together stupidity or madness." . . . And she speaks of their "clumsy, terrible stupidity in lying." But, despite Rahel's opinion of women, or because of her understanding of their needs, she was a true feminist and looked toward their liberation through development and self-expression.

Ellen Key writes: "How Rahel, with her lucidity of thought, would have exposed the modern superstition that it is in *outward* departments of work that woman gives expression to her human 'individuality.' She says by true economy 'nature keeps woman nearer to the plant'! This 'economy' is easily understood: it is because the tender life is woman's creation and because that life requires tranquillity for its genesis and growth; because a woman taken up by the problems of external life . . . no longer possesses the psychological qualifications which are indispensable in order that a child's soul may grow in peace and joy; because, in other words, *children* need *mothers*, not only for their physical birth but for their human bringing-up. Rahel hits the very center of the spiritual task of motherhood when she says that if she had a child she would help it to learn to listen to its own inmost ego: everything else she would sacrifice to this. . . . The progress or ruin of humanity depends, in Rahel's prophetic view, upon the capacity of the mothers for performing their task."

How Rahel had listened to her own inmost ego is shown by the following characterization by Ellen Key. "Rahel probably did not know a single date in the history of Greece, but she read Homer in Voss's translation; it made her declare that 'the Odyssey seems to me so beautiful that it is positively painful,' and she discovered that Homer is always great when he speaks of water, as Goethe is when he speaks of the stars. Probably she could not enumerate the rivers of Spain, but she knew *Don Quixote*. In a word, she was the very opposite of the kind of talent that passes brilliant examinations and is capable of carrying 'completely undigested sentences in its head.' What Rahel could not transform into blood of her blood did not concern her at all. There was such an indestructible 'connection between her abilities,' such and intimate 'co-operation between her temperament and her intelligence,' that there was no room in her for all the unoriginal ballast of which the views and opinions of most other people are made up: she could only keep and only give what was her own."

What Rahel's power over her contemporaries was we may gather from what

they say of her who was "Rahel and nothing more:"

Heine describes her as "the most inspired woman in the universe." T. Mundt calls her "the sympathetic nerve of the time." The Austrian dramatist, Grillparger, relates: "Varnhagen went home with me. As we passed his house, it occurred to him to introduce me to his wife, the afterwards so celebrated Rahel, of whom I then knew nothing. I had been strolling about all day and felt tired to death, and was, therefore, heartily glad when we were told that Frau Varnhagen was not at home. But as we came down the stairs, she met us and I submitted to my fate. But now the lady,—elderly, perhaps never handsomer, shriveled by illness, reminding me rather of a fairy, not to say a witch,—began to talk, and I was altogether enchanted. My weariness disappeared, or perhaps, rather, gave way to intoxication. She talked and talked till nearly midnight, and I don't know whether they turned me out or whether I went away of my own accord. Never in my life have I heard anyone talk more interestingly. Unfortunately it was near the end of my stay, and I could not repeat the visit."

The Poetry of Rupert Brooke

Margaret C. Anderson

Poems, by Rupert Brooke. (Sidgwick and Jackson, London.)

The unusual thing about Rupert Brooke—the young Oxford don whose poetry is just finding its way in this country—is that he has graduated from the French school without having taken a course in decadence. The result is a type of English poetry minus those qualities we think of as typical of "the British mind" and plus those that stand as the highest expression of the French spirit. There is nothing of self-conscious reserve about Mr. Brooke; and yet it is not so obvious a quality as his frank, unashamed revealment that places him definitely with the French type. It is rather a matter of form—that quality of saying a thing in the most economic way it can be said, of finding the simple and the inevitable word. Mr. Brooke stands very happily between a poet like Alfred Noyes, in whom one rarely finds that careful selection, and the esthetes whose agony in that direction becomes monotonous. For example, in the first sonnet of this collection:

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
  Of watching you; and swing me suddenly
Into the shade and loneliness and mire
  Of the last land! There, waiting patiently,

One day, I think, I'll feel a cool wind blowing,
  See a slow light across the Stygian tide,
And hear the Dead about me stir, unknowing,
  And tremble. And I shall know that you have died,

And watch you, a broad-browed and smiling dream,
  Pass, light as ever, through the lightless host,
Quietly ponder, start, and sway, and gleam—
  Most individual and bewildering ghost!—

And turn, and toss your brown delightful head
Amusedly, among the ancient Dead.

There are about eighteen words in this one sonnet chosen with infinite pains; and yet the effect of the whole is quite

unlabored — an effect of spontaneity reduced to its simplest terms.

Perhaps the point can be made more emphatically by a miscellaneous quotation of single lines, because the poignancy of Rupert Brooke's phrasing leaves me in a torment of inexpressiveness, forced to quote him rather than talk about him. Here are a few: "Like hills at noon or sunlight on a tree"; "And dumb and mad and eyeless like the sky;" "The soft moan of any grey-eyed lute-player"; "Some gaunt eventual limit of our light"; "Red darkness of the heart of roses": "And long noon in the hot calm places"; "My wild sick blasphemous prayer"; "Further than laughter goes, or tears, further than dreaming"; "Against the black and muttering trees"; "And quietness crept up the hill"; "When your swift hair is quiet in death"; "Savage forgotten drowsy hymns"; "And dance as dust before the sun"; "The swift whir of terrible wings"; "Like flies on the cold flesh"; "Clear against the unheeding sky"; "So high a beauty in the air"; "Amazed with sorrow"; "Haggard with virtue"; "Frozen smoke"; "Mist-garlanded," and a thousand other things that somehow have a fashion of striking twelve. There's a long poem about a fish, beginning

> In a cool curving world he lies
> And ripples with dark ecstasies.

that flashes through every tone of the stream's "drowned colour" from "blue brilliant from dead starless skies" to "the myriad hues that lie between darkness and darkness." And there's one about Menelaus and Helen containing this description:

> High sat white Helen, lonely and serene.
> He had not remembered that she was so fair,
> And that her neck curved down in such a way;

The simplicity of that last line — but what a picture it is!

The important things about Mr. Brooke, however — and of course this should have been said in the first paragraph — are his sense of life and his feeling for nature. Of the first it might be said that he is strong and radiant and sure — and at the same time reverently impotent. *The Hill*, which I like better than anything in this collection, will illustrate:

> Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,
> Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.
> You said, "Through glory and ecstasy we pass;
> Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,
> When we are old, are old. . . " "And when we die
> All's over that is ours; and life burns on
> Through other lovers, other lips," said I,
> —"Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!"
>
> "We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.
> Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!" we said;
> "We shall go down with unreluctant tread
> Rose-crowned into the darkness!" . . . Proud we were,
> And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.
> —And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

Everything in it — with the exception of "kissed the lovely grass," which might easily be spared — is fine; "with unreluctant tread Rose-crowned into the darkness!" is vivid with beauty; and when the simple dignity of "such brave true things to say" has swung you to its great height, the drop in that sudden last line comes with the most moving wistfulness. There are several poems, too long to quote here, which show Mr. Brooke's affinity with the outdoors; but

perhaps even five lines from one of them will suggest it:

Then from the sad west turning wearily,
I saw the pines against the white north sky,
Very beautiful, and still, and bending over
Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky
And there was peace in them. . . .

Not long ago I asked a poet in whose judgment I have a profound belief, to read these poems of Rupert Brooke's and give me his opinion. After looking at two or three he said he was afraid he wasn't going to like them, but the next day he reported that he wished to retract, making the magnificent concession that "*some* of Brooke's moods are healthy!" Of course there is a number of things in this volume that can easily be interpreted as unhealthy or repulsive, like the *Wagner:*

Creeps in half wanton, half asleep,
  One with a fat wide hairless face.
He likes love music that is cheap;
  Likes women in a crowded place;
  And wants to hear the noise they're making.

His heavy eyelids droop half-over,
  Great pouches swing beneath his eyes.
He listens, thinks himself the lover,
  Heaves from his stomach wheezy sighs;
    He likes to feel his heart's a-breaking.

The music swells. His gross legs quiver.
  His little lips are bright with slime.
The music swells. The women shiver,
  And all the while, in perfect time
    His pendulous stomach hangs a-shaking.

But it seems something more than that to me. As an attack on German emotionalism—however unjustly, from my point of view, through Wagner—the poem struck me as an exercise of extraordinary cleverness. I don't know that anyone has ever said so effectively the things that ought be said about that type of emotion which feeds not upon life but, inversely, upon emotion.

Mr. Brooke's pictures have much of the quality of Böcklin's. That first sonnet can be imagined in the same tone values as Böcklin's wonderful *Isle of the Dead*, and the closing lines of *Victory* need the same medium:

Down the supernal roads,
With plumes a-tossing, purple flags far flung,
Rank upon rank, unbridled, unforgiving,
Thundered the black battalions of the Gods.

Seaside needs an artist like Leon Dabo:

Swiftly out from the friendly lilt of the band,
  The crowd's good laughter, the loved eyes of men,
  I am drawn nightward; I must turn again
Where, down beyond the low untrodden strand,
There curves and glimmers outward to the unknown
  The old unquiet ocean. All the shade
Is rife with magic and movement. I stray alone
  Here on the edge of silence, half afraid,

Waiting a sign. In the deep heart of me
The sullen waters swell towards the moon,
And all my tides set seaward.
From inland
Leaps a gay fragment of some mocking tune,
That tinkles and laughs and fades along the sand,
And dies between the seawall and the sea.

How perfect those last three lines are! How skilful, in painting the sea, to concentrate upon something from inland, making the ocean twice as old and vast and unquiet because of that little tinkling tune.

One will find in Rupert Brooke various kinds of things, but never attitudinizing and never insincerity. He is one of the most important of those young Englishmen who are doing so much for modern poetry. He is essentially a poet's poet, and yet his feet are deep in the common soil. Swinburne would have liked him, but the significant thing is that Whitman would, too. There are several poems I have not mentioned that Whitman would have loved.

Tagore As a Dynamic

George Soule

[We do not agree that Tagore is a dynamic; we find him a poet whose music is more important than his thinking. But we are glad to print this interesting analysis.]

In *The Crescent Moon*, with its ravishing beauty of childhood, in *The Gardener*, with its passion of love, and especially in *Gitanjali* and *Sadhana* (Macmillan), with their life universal and all-permeating, we have found the poet Tagore and been grateful. It remains to ask: What has Tagore done to us? What is he likely to do for the future? What has been his answer to the promise and the challenge of the world?

Religions have provided one answer. In his zeal of affirmation the prophet has declared that the individual lives after death; that in some unseen world completion shall be attained. Yet increasing millions find this explanation fading into unreality. If one living organism is perpetuated after its physical dissolution, why not another? We can account for every particle of life which the blossom loses by its death. Some has passed to the seed; the rest finds its chemical reaction, which in turn produces other forms of life — in entirely new individuals. To assert that the original blossom lives in an unseen form outside the realm of thought is preposterous. Why should it? Its function has been accomplished. The sentimentality behind this thinking is a weak prop for a vigorous mind. And exactly the same reasoning applies to all living organisms, including man.

The more intelligent part of mankind has also outgrown the conception of a definite heaven. It is impossible to imaging a satisfactory heaven for the individual. A place where there is no strife, where everything is perfection and completion — what joy is to be found there? The essence of life as we know it is growth and survival; its happiness comes from the exercise of a function. Growth and survival postulate extinction; in heaven an individual would evaporate.

Some thinkers have made a substitute "religion of humanity." They find solace in action tending to make the world a better place; they have been gratified by an imaginative conception of a future heaven on earth. As a religion of morality and action this is magnificent. Yet its dogma does not satisfy. A heaven on earth is no more conceivable than a heaven anywhere else. If we find our happiness in action, how shall our descendants find happiness when there are no more evils to conquer? Though a static condition of blessedness be the goal of humanitarian endeavor, it is the progress toward it which furnishes the joy.

The Oriental thinker has looked for his answer in a different direction. Though the individual is partial and unsuccessful, life as a whole is always triumphant. Cannot the individual by contemplation identify himself with the world-soul? Can he not tack himself on to this all-inclusive life by denial and forgetfulness of himself? Brahmin saints have done so imaginatively. But such an answer is no answer. We are individuals, after all, and thinking of Nirvana will not rob us of our separate bodies and minds. Contemplation is not a substitute for living.

The doctrine of transmigration is equally unsatisfying. If an individual

never succeeds in any single life, innumerable chances will be mere repetitions of tragedy. The only hope of such a process would be a final "heaven on earth," which is just as inconceivable as that of the humanitarians.

We cannot now be satisfied with theological answers. Nor will the world ever find an answer permanently satisfactory. Is not this as it should be? A fixed system of thought which answers every spiritual craving must be a shell around the individual, preventing growth. It finally ceases to be a dynamic and becomes a wall in the way of the feelers which mankind is constantly sending into his spiritual environment. It forces him to rest. It eventually turns all his expansion into the lower planes of life. It is deadening, suffocating, as soon as he reaches its limits.

Of what nature, then, must be the religion of the modern man and woman? First of all, it must not be imposed from without; it must grow through the personality and find its being there. It must not only square with every known fact of science and thought: it must stimulate to a fervent desire for new understanding. It must not deny or destroy life: it must be life's essence. It must ring with a call to the individual to assume his proper dignity of life. It must harmonize with the laughter of children and with the bitter beauty of a winter sea. It must flame with emotion, yet be keen and hard as a sword. And it must be not a self-constituted standard with which every other thing is arbitrarily compared, but a principle of growth making necessary in us vision, strength, freedom, and fearlessness.

It is my feeling that Tagore will suggest to the modern man such a religion. He gives expression, though not, of course, perfect expression, to a synthesis of many latent instincts of the modern mind. He glories in understanding, not only facts and truth, but emotions and all manifestations of life. He calls us to see vivid beauty wherever it is found. He acclaims the aid of science in extending man's personality throughout the universe. He sees the oneness of all life, and bids man stand erect on account of this eternal and timeless force coursing through him. He sees the oneness of humanity, and the necessity of perfecting human relations. He depicts purity without asceticism, vigor without brutality. He emphasizes joy and action. He does not blink the fact of death, but robs it of horror by showing it as the natural end of a victorious life. While he encourages by the idea of an ultimate goal, he inspires by the conception of a real connection with infinity here and now. Revering the universal life, he sees that it finds expression only in individuals, and that the law of our being must be to live as completely as possible.

Many before Tagore have said these things partially. But it remained for a poet who combines the intelligence of the Orient with that of the Occident to say them all, and to say them with such beauty and simplicity that a large part of the world listens. If he succeeds in making us conscious of such a religion, he will have quickened life and made it potent as few artists can.

Ethel Sidgwick's "Succession"

Margaret C. Anderson

Succession: A Comedy of the Generations, by Ethel Sidgwick. (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.)

ETHEL SIDGWICK is the world's next great woman novelist. Though I confess eagerly that I enjoy her novels more than any novels I've ever read — I mean it literally — it isn't on so personal a basis that I offer the judgment. But I'm confident that within ten years the critical perspective will show her on this pinnacle. Since George Eliot and the Brontës, I can think of no woman who has focused art and life so intensely into novel writing — though even as I say this *Ethan Frome* looms up and leaves me a little uncomfortable. But the important thing is that Ethel Sidgwick is going to count — enormously.

People who aren't yet aware of her (and there seems to be a lot of them) can be easily explained as that body of the public that neglects a masterpiece until it has become the fashion to acclaim it. But Ethel Sidgwick has written a novel that's more important than any number of our traditional masterpieces. For instance, it's a much more important story than *Vanity Fair;* just as *Jean Christophe* is more valuable than *Ivanhoe.* The novel of manners has its delightful place, and so has the historical romance: but the novel that chronicles with subtlety the intellectual or artistic temper of an age is as much more important than these as Greek drama is than the moving picture show.

I know there are people who'll read *Succession* and continue to prefer Thackeray's geniality to Miss Sidgwick's brilliant seriousness and her humor that's not at all genial — but rapid, sophisticated, impatient of comedy in the accepted sense. Ethel Sidgwick might write a radiant tragedy, or a wistful satire, or a sad comedy; I can never imagine her being anything so obvious as merely comic — or genial! She doesn't laugh; she *couldn't* chuckle; she has just the flash of a smile, and then she hurries on dazzlingly, as though things were too important to be anything but passionate about. She doesn't "warm the cockles of your heart"— or whatever that silly phrase is; and she doesn't do crude, raw things to show you that she "knows life." She goes down into the darkness rose-crowned, in Rupert Brooke's gorgeous phrase; when she goes into the sunlight it is always with something of remembered agony. That's the fine quality of her vitalism. She's too strong to be hard, too steel-like to be robust. She's like fire and keen air — to borrow another poet's phrase. She reflects life through the mirror of a vivid personality — which is one way of being an important artist. She assumes that you're also vivid, and quick, and subtle, and this gives her writing the most beautiful quality of nervousness — the kind you mean when you're not talking about nerves. In short, Ethel Sidgwick is the most definitely magnetic personality I've ever felt through a book's pages.

Succession, though complete in itself, is really a sequel to *Promise,* published a year ago. The sub-title presents the idea, and can be concretely expanded in a sentence: Antoine, child-wonder violinist, and the youngest of the celebrated Lemaures, revolts against the musical ideas of his grandfather. Here it is

again — the battle of youth and age, made particularly interesting because it's a purely intellectual warfare, and particularly charming because its participants are such delightful people.

The first glimpse of Antoine is irresistible. After a series of concerts in England, he is being taken by his uncle to their home in France. M. Lucien Lemaure has chosen the long route because his nephew has an odd habit of sleeping better on the water than in any house or hotel on shore; and while he doesn't understand this nephew, he has vital reasons for considering him: for upon Antoine's delicate shoulders rests the musical honor of the family.

''Sleep well, mon petit,'' he said, in the tiny cabin. ''We are going home.''

Antoine, who had no immediate intention of sleeping, was staring out of the dim porthole of a fascinating space of the unknown. ''That is home to you?'' he asked vaguely.

''To be sure. My first youth was passed there, like thine.''

After an interval passed spent in a vain effort to imagine his uncle with no hair on his face, Antoine gave it up and recurred to the window. ''I wish I lived on the sea,'' he murmured.

In the train, flying toward Paris, Lucien refers to the last London recital, when Antoine had made both his uncle's and his conductor's lives a burden by his indifferent rehearsal of his grandfather's latest composition. Antoine's outburst had outraged Lucien, to whom faith in his father's character and genius had, all his life, amounted to a religion.

''What will you tell him then?'' said Antoine, turning his dark eyes without deranging his languid attitude along the seat. ''Just that I said some 'sottises,' the same as always?''

''He is not a child,'' thought Lucien instantly. ''He is clever, maddening. Of course, my action will have to be explained. I shall say,'' he said aloud, with deliberation, ''that we differed about the concerto. That you were difficult and headstrong over that, which is certainly true. You have admitted since that it was too much for you, eh?''

''Yes,'' said the boy. ''It is an awful thing, but I played it. I had to have something real that night.''

''You imply my father's composition is not real?''

''Oh, do not,'' said the boy, under his breath. ''I have remembered he is your father now.''

''To be sure,'' said M. Lucien, with stateliness. ''And have you no duty to him as well?''

''I shall see him soon. I shall remember then.'' Antoine diverted his eyes, to his uncle's private relief. ''Do you think I do not want to remember, after that?''

''I should think you would be ashamed,'' said Lucien, by way of the last word in argument, and retired to his paper.

''You like me to be ashamed,'' said Antoine, snatching the last word from him, though still with a manner of extreme languor. ''Good, then, I have been. It is not''— he watched the trees of Normandy sleepily—''a very nice feeling.''

''I am glad you know what it is like, at least,'' growled his uncle into the paper.

''Don't you?'' said his nephew. ''What it is like, is to make you feel rather sick — all the time — especially while you are playing it.''

''What?''

''The thing you are ashamed of.''

How I wanted to hug him!

''Antoine,'' said Lucien, rising and discarding the paper, ''do not be absurd. Here, look at me. You suffered that night at the concert, eh? You excited yourself so much, little imbecile. Are you tired now?''

''No, thank you — this is France,'' replied Antoine. ''That is a French cow,'' he murmured, ''not so fat. That is a French tree, not so thick. The sky is different, and the sun. The concerts will be easier, I expect.''

But the first glimpse of M. Lemaure, the grandfather, is reassuring. In fact, he's almost as irresistible as Antoine, making you realize immediately that the battle is going to be a subtle one, and that it may be difficult to know which side to take, after all.

The old musician asks about the last recital.

''I was not at the last orchestral,'' Lucien answers. ''I left him in Wurst's charge, and

went to the country, . . . I should not easily desert my post, as you know; but the boy made it clear enough he had no use for me. He clung to that sacré concerto of Tschedin, which he knows you detest, and which I never thought in a condition to perform. He mocked himself of my objections, contradicted me, eluded me, and twisted Wurst round his finger at rehearsals."

"And Wurst?"

"Wurst found him charming. He has Russian blood himself, and had known the composer. He has encouraged Antoine's revolutionary tendencies from the first. The pair of them took the last concert so completely out of my hands that it seemed fruitless to remain."

"Bébé forgot himself," pronounced M. Lemaure, still quite at ease. Indeed the situation so reminded him of Antoine's childhood that he longed to laugh. "What did he say, and when?"

"We will not revive it," said Lucien. "When he came to his senses, he apologized sufficiently. Perhaps he was not well . . . when is the first engagement — Sunday?"

"Let him be for a time. There is no harm."

Lucien grunted. "I shall not disturb him while he is seasick, if that is what you mean. It would do him no harm to play scales all the week."

"Scales — as you will, but not persons. Not Dmitri Tschedin, I mean, nor even me. It is intrusive personality, always, that disturbs the current of Antoine's philosophy."

"Father! How absurd."

"But I have long remarked it. His own individuality fights the alien matter, and it is not till he has either rejected it or absorbed that he is steady again. Wurst and his Russians have excited him — nothing more natural. For me," said M. Lemaure, plunging into memory, as he stood by his son's side at the window, "at his age, the realm of music did not hold such petulant passions, any more than it held flat heresy, like that of Sorbier and Duchâtel."

"Antoine adores Duchâtel" remarked Lucien. "There is no fighting there."

"Bon!" The old man laughed. "Heresy on the hearth then, if it must be so. So long as he does not play the stuff in my hearing."

There are over six hundred pages in the story, and they cover just a year and a half of Antoine's life. This appears to be an impossible literary feat; any orthodox novelist will tell you that you can't hold a reader through six hundred pages with the story of a fourteen-year-old boy. But Miss Sidgwick's holding power is — well, I read *Succession* during a brief trip to Boston, and much as I longed to absorb Concord and all its charms, I found I only had half my capacity with me; the rest was with Antoine, and it stayed there till in desperation I shut myself up in a hotel room and saw him safely off to America with his nice, wholesome, inartistic father. Then came the awful realization that I'd have to wait a whole year for the next volume — for surely Miss Sidgwick intends to make a trilogy.

The explanation of this absorption is simply that Antoine is so interesting. His professional life is dramatic; but even in the commonest experiences of every day his world is as vivid as it can only be to a dramatic nature. For instance, in this little scene with his brother:

"There was a little thing on legs," he announced, "that went under the carpet just now. It was rather horrible, and I have not looked for it."

"A blackbeetle, I presume," said Philip.

"It was not black," said Antoine. "It was pink — a not-clean pink, you understand. I found it" — a pause — "disagreeable."

"How could you find it when you had not looked for it?" said Philip. Another pause, Antoine considering the point, which was an old one.

"You will catch it," he suggested, shooting a soft glance at his brother.

"Why should I?" said Philip. "They're perfectly harmless."

"I shall dream of it," said Antoine, shutting his eyes. "It was too long, do you see, and pink as well." His brow contracted, and he finished with gentle conviction. "If it comes upon my bed in the night, I shall be sick."

Of course, most interesting of all is his musical development, in which are involved several personalities of striking character: Duchâtel, the revolutionary, more a son, after the French fashion,

than a man or a musician; Savigny, the celebrated alienist, who treats the child hypnotically in his severe illnesses; Lemonski, a rival child wonder, who is like a pig, and vulgar — which it is silly to say, because he is a beautiful artist, according to Antoine; Reuss, the great German conductor, and the boy's staunch friend, who hates "the cursed French training" of making life weigh so heavily on its youth: Jacques Charretteur, the vagabond violinist, "a man to play French music in France"; Cécile, the aunt, who has the perception to understand the little genius with the dark eyes, whose "expression was so beautiful that she could hardly bear it"; and Ribiera, the famous Spanish pianist, who "warms" the piano, in Antoine's words, and calls the boy an intelligent ape, by way of expressing his admiration. All these people are drawn with consummate skill.

I think one of the most poignant passages in the book, to me, is Antoine's description of how he had *raté* the solo at a London concert. It was at the end of the season, and he had been harassed by a thousand needless frictions:

''The first part had gone pretty well, though I did not like how the Duchâtel sounded. I thought that was the violin, perhaps — and a new room. It was a bad room, pretty, but stupid for the sound. I heard much too much, so I was sure *they* were not hearing properly. *They* were extremely still, and made a little clapping at the end. I did not find it a good concert, but Wurst in the interval said it was very well, and I should not excite myself. So when I did not, then I was tired, and it seemed stupider than before. And at last that thing came, the Mirski 'Caprice,' which you know how detestable. The passages are hard in that thing, but I know them. Every morning I played them to Moricz, so now I do not trouble. . . . And then, in the middle of it, I heard Peter Axel playing wrong. . . . And I was frightened horribly. . . . And I made him an awful frown for forgetting it, and Peter was looking at me. His face was not happy like it generally is. It was like one of those worst dreams. And, of course, I stopped playing, because it cannot be like that. And Peter said 'Go back,' very quietly, making a lot of little passages and returning for me to find, do you see?''

''He gave you a chance to pick up, eh?'' said Philip. ''And you couldn't.''

''Couldn't! I *would* not. I was furious — awful. . . . I said a rude thing to Axel in passing, and went off the estrade. And *they* all clapped together down there, bah! — though they knew it was not finished. They were sorry I had stopped — because they were people who like a difficult Caprice, to be amused by it. But I was not amused. Nor Peter, very much.'' He laughed sharply.

''Don't, I say,'' said Philip. ''It's all over now. It doesn't matter, really. Everybody forgets, now and then'' . . .

''I do not,'' said Antoine. ''I do not know how it is to forget. I know that thing — I know all the little notes, long ago, before Moricz — since years. It is not possible to *forget* a little concert piece that you *know*. . . .

''Did you go on again?''

''Yes. After Wurst had finished talking, I had to. I should not have for my uncle, but I had to for him. He was violent, Wurst. He said it was indigne and lôche if I stopped, and a lot of other words. He was like a little dog barking. A man like Wurst does not 'rater.' He does not know how that is done. His head has all the big scores inside . . . He did not see how it was for me to stand up on the estrade again, with quantities of beautiful people looking kind. It would have been so better if they had siffli, like here in Paris.''

The book closes on an unexpected and suggestive note. Antoine, who had always realized that his grandfather couldn't bear his being "different" in music, had taken quietly to composing the kind of things he loved. He "made" a quintet in which Ribiera was given a brilliant piano part, and which he thought beautiful — extremely. But when they played it for him, though he was moved to cry, he found its "ideas" not so good as he had thought. Whereupon he plans to produce better ones in his new overture.

Succession is a masterpiece of art, and Antoine is the most lovable and interesting character in new fiction.

The Meaning of Bergsonism

Llewellyn Jones

BERGSON'S philosophy is the antithesis of the natural-science view of the universe as mechanism. In that view the laws of nature are fixed sequences controlling matter, or energy, and the more complicated and faultless the mechanism the higher the life. Just how this mechanism became conscious of the fact that it was a mechanism — caught itself at itself, so to speak, and announced the laws of its own being — is a question as puzzling as the old theological one of the aseity of God — which is simply a Latinized way of asking how the deity could, being infinite, turn himself inside out in such a manner as to become aware of his own existence and attributes. In fact, the two questions are one and the same. According to Bergson, mechanism not only cannot explain consciousness, but it is the very antithesis of conscious life. Behind mechanism he places an inextinguishable but not uncheckable vital urge with endless potentialities and with no fixed goal. The progress of this "elan vital" is through resistance to matter, which is simply the reversal of its own movement. The onward urge is what Bergson calls "pure duration" or motion, and its collision with its own reverse movement is what appears to us as space. The actual situation of life at any given time is simply a *modus vivendi* between this spiritual activity striving to be free, and the reverse movement.

We know, of course, that the physical universe is simply energy running down. Just as a glass of water cools off, so the sun dissipates its heat, and so, we are learning, the elements break up into simpler forms, giving off their contained energy in the forms of heat and electricity as they do so. But on the other hand the plant takes unto itself that energy of the sun, and with it builds up again the inorganic salts from its soil into higher forms with a greater content of stored energy. What the plant does, says Bergson, is typical and symbolical of what all life does at all times: sets up a reverse current to the running-down tendency of the universe of matter.

Life cannot do this easily, but has to adapt itself to the resistance of the downward flow. It does this through its motor reactions, its sense organs, and above all through its intelligence when that is evolved. The evolution of these things gives us our ideas of space. The insect cuts up its environment into spatial forms easy for it to deal with. Man with different sense organs probably lives in a different space world. As "a thing is where it acts," it is obvious that the boundaries of things in the material realm would be quite different if we had, for example, some sort of sense organ adapted to identify things by their electrical properties. But this identifying of things by spatial and material concepts — the mathematical order — is instrumental to the ends of action, and the original consciousness of life, while it included the potentialities of intellectual knowledge, was instinctive. Instinct, according to Bergson, is first-hand knowledge, but knowledge incapable of conceptual extension. It is therefore no use in the practical affairs of life, but certain and immediate in its apprehension of the actual flow of life itself. In its broadened form of intuition it is responsible for all the valid and original insights of the philosophers and poets. The structural and dialectic forms in which philosophies have been given to the world

are simply the intellectualizing process which philosophers have used to buttress — and which they have often thought produced — the insight which was prior to and independent of the system.

Bergson's doctrine has been seized upon by apologists for every creed and for every iconoclasm. Bergson has been accused of every intellectual crime, from being the intellectual father of syndicalism to being the last rich relative of struggling obscurantism. The protestant theologians talk glibly of Bergson's idea of God, and use him as a stick with which to beat the hated materialist. Bergson himself would never apply his philosophy to the uses of the syndicalists. The argument of the syndicalists themselves is simply an ingenious parody of the Bergsonian philosophy, as it is so far developed. As mechanism and the mathematical order, they say, do not represent life, we cannot by the means of natural and sociological sciences predict in advance what life will do, and what forms it will take. We cannot base revolutionary action, for instance, along Marxian lines, because the whole Marxist philosophy rests upon the assumption that life is the slave of material forces — chemical firstly, and economical in the human drama — and that it will therefore follow along predetermined lines. If life is an "elan vital," breaking its path as it goes, and only able to think in terms of the past, then revolutionary activity must cut loose from the reactionary intellect, and trust itself to its instincts: fight its way to that freedom which is impossible in the mathematically determined intellectual realm, and which is equally impossible of achievement by mere intellectual foresight. So the syndicalist in the name of Bergson cuts loose from all theories of the future he wishes to bring in, preaches the "general strike" for its stimulating effect on the emotions of the proletarian constituents of his social "elan vital"— quite careless of whether it would ever be a practical success or not — and deliberately cuts loose from all forms of "bourgeoise culture."

But the anti-revolutionists point out that Bergson does believe in the intellect as a guide to the practical affairs of life; and industry and production — the field of the syndicalist — are far more mechanical than they are vital. In man's industrial relations he has to approximate himself as much to the machine as possible, and for Bergson's anti-intellectualism to be applied to this particular realm of life is as great a calamity as could happen to the doctrine. And then these conservatives proceed, less justifiably perhaps, to train the captured gun of intuition upon the syndicalists. The racial intuitions, they say, are older than the race's newly-found intellectual conceptions. For generations the race has lived by certain instinctive rules of conduct. Religion, custom, and patriotism, these are all sacred because they are extra-intellectual, and they dare us to disturb these sacred things. It is a strange sight — this most revolutionary philosophical doctrine being used to support all the prejudices that the ages have handed down — but we cannot deny that it is a plausible use of intuitionism, and a more legitimate use than that to which Sorel and his followers have put the teachings emanating from the College of France.

Perhaps the most detailed application that Bergson has yet made of his philosophy to the affairs of life is his application of its principles to the puzzling æsthetic problem of laughter and the comic. His theory is that laughter is a social corrective directed against the man who allows the dogging steps of mechanism to overtake him and imprison his spirit in a web of meaningless action. The man who is walking along the street

should be going in a determinate direction with a determinate end in view, and with the ability to get there in spite of reasonable obstacles. So says society. When he becomes abstracted, walks mechanically, and in consequence falls over a brick, we laugh at him. He has permitted himself to become a machine for the nonce instead of a self-conscious spirit, and society cannot afford to have its interests jeopardized in that way.

The International Journal of Ethics for January, 1914, contains an article by J. W. Scott, who accuses Bergson of ethical pessimism on the grounds of his view of the comic. He points out that the psychology of comic action, as Bergson works it out, is precisely that of moral action. For in moral action, too, a man does what is habitual, what is against his own self-conscious impulse, what is mechanical in that it is a fixed course of conduct pursued without reference to the favor or disfavor of the environment. The life impulse must be, he convicts Bergson of saying, adaptable to its circumstances; it must insert itself between the determinisms of matter: it must pursue the crooked path where the straight path is too difficult. It cannot follow its moral ideal without making itself ridiculous, as indeed in real life moral people are always doing.

This criticism hangs on the acceptance of a moral ideal, and if we must have an ideal in the sense of a goal beckoning us from the future, then the criticism is well founded and Bergson is an ethical pessimist. But systematic ethics have been denied by other philosophers before Bergson, and most people of modern temperament are quite willing to let the whole question of *a priori* ethics drop. They might not be willing to exchange it for the very unpoetic utilitarianism which has so often been offered in its place, but Bergson offers something more than that. If he be an ethical pessimist, he is not a religious pessimist. Of religion he has not yet spoken, except incidentally. Obviously so long as he uses the scientific method in his philosophy, proceeding from facts to their subordination in a picture whose values are given by intuitions, he cannot present a systematic philosophy. But in spite of the fact that pessimism — not only in ethics but in his view of the content of personality and its relations with the universe — is charged against him, Bergson means to be decidedly optimistic in his treatment of personality. In his article in *The Hibbert Journal* for October, 1911, occur these remarkable words:

> If then, in every province, the triumph of life is expressed by creation ought we not to think that the ultimate reason of human life is a creation which, in distinction from that of the artist or man of science, can be pursued at every moment and by all men alike? I mean the creation of self by self, the continual enrichment of personality by elements which it does not draw from outside but causes to spring forth from itself. . . . If we admit that with man consciousness has finally left the tunnel; that everywhere else consciousness has remained imprisoned; that every other species corresponds to the arrest of something which in man succeeded in overcoming resistance and in expanding almost freely, thus displaying itself in true personalities capable of remembering all and willing all and controlling their past and their future, we shall have no repugnance in admitting that in man, though perhaps in man alone, consciousness pursues its path beyond this earthly life.

On the other suppositions of Bergson's philosophy this is by no means so far-fetched as are most theories of immortality. For the consciousness which cuts out the patterns of our spatial life here could easily cut out others in the beyond, like enough to our present ones to carry on the continuity of our active existence. The idea of survival, or an idea that may be applied to transmundane survival, is suggested by Laurence

Binyon in a recent volume of poems entitled "Auguries." He writes:

> And because in my heart is a flowing no hour can bind
> Because through the wrongs of the world looking forth and behind
> I find for my thoughts not a close, not an end,
> With you will I follow, nor crave the strength of the strong
> Nor a fortress of time to enshield me from storms that rend.
> This is life, this is home, to be poured as a stream as a song.

This is quoted not only because it represents the poetical realization of Bergson's message, but because it points to one reason why the charge of pessimism has been brought against Bergson even in this connection.

If only progress is our home, if there be no stability, how is that permanence of values to be achieved which Höffding declares to be the essential axiom of religion? We may love our faithful dog, but according to Bergson it represents an evolutionary blind alley. We may create as we will, but we shall survive our creations. Here, after all, is at the best a tempered optimism. No reunions are promised in the Bergsonian paradise. Only a perpetual streaming that does not, so far as Bergson has yet told us (and that is an important point) ever wind safely home to sea.

Instinct and Intelligence

Clarence Darrow recently echoed that high estimate of instinct at the expense of intelligence which has been the fashion since Bergson. Some of these days, when that case has been overstated often enough, there will be a return swing of that pendulum. The instinctive wasp who, in order to paralyze it, knows how to sting a caterpillar "as though she knew its anatomy" may not always seem in all respects superior to the human surgeon who does actually know anatomy and can apply that knowledge in a thousand ways—versus the wasp's one. Some day it will strike some one that no creature has an instinct against poison comparable in delicacy, subtlety, and fullness with a chemist's noninstinctive, intelligent knowledge of poisons—and nonpoisons. So with a number of things. The pragmatic objection to our present glorification of instinct is that it tends to become a glorification of intellectual whim.—George Cram Cook in *The Chicago Evening Post.*

The Jewels of a Lapidary

Emerson's Journals, Volume IX, 1856-1863.
(Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.)

AT least nine events of permanent historic interest have occurred in American literature within the past few years: they are represented by the publication of nine volumes of Emerson's *Journals.* Those who are trying to achieve a personal religion, which acknowledges God as an immanence instead of a proposition, hail with a quiet joy every extraction from the great mine in which Emerson stored the jewels of his life. If we do not recognize them as lapidarious we must perceive them as the better metals of ourselves, for this "friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit" inhumed those spiritual values which all men at some time or another seek as their own. Emerson buoys us up for our common struggles and makes us conscious of that aid which is the awakening of latent power. He composed the bricks which thousands of builders have used in fashioning beautiful personal temples. "I dot evermore in my endless journal," he wrote to Carlyle; " . . . the arrangement loiters long, and I get a brick-kiln instead of a house." Speaking of his philosophical work he confesses a "formidable tendency to the lapidary style," and adds, "I build my house of boulders."

Emerson's published journals are kilns and quarries from which the foundation materials for the edifice of character have been obtained by countless builders. If he could not construct a system of philosophy, as Arnold alleges, he could and did provide the "boulders" and indicate the pattern which others have used. He is a part of every well-read American, and, chiefly through Carlyle, still lives in the land of his forefathers. He was an inspiration to Whitman, one of whose "specimen days" closed with "a long and blessed evening with Emerson." Such evenings are as real now as in Whitman's time, and are more commonly experienced, for Emerson is westward-bound. He has traveled slowly in this direction: "boulders" are not carried by exploiters and pioneers who build and live in a world not of "the spirit" but of the senses. With the establishing of easier communication between centers of thought and fields of action in America, New England "boulders" were brought hither, to chink the crude walls of western life; and it is a token of Emerson's vitality and spiritual universality that his "bricks" and "boulders" are discoverable in all sorts of shacks which men are trying to improve. Lumber decays, but "boulders" remain, and some of them become talismanic.

In reading and re-reading Emerson's *Journals* one is impressed with their remarkable quotability, and in this mechanical handiness of his work we have a partial explanation of the slowness with which it has been assimilated. "Boulders" are fated to be knocked about before they are appreciated. We throw them at one another with a sort of physical dexterity until, burnished and transformed, they are recognized as adapted to higher uses. We do not flippantly quote or mention the authors who have become personal to us; I quote Emerson's *Journal* as a blessed soliloquy.

D. C. W.

New York Letter

George Soule

THE most interesting hours of the last week I have spent in listening to discussions of the futurists. Someone told of a superb incident recently reported of a speech by Marinetti, the enunciator of the futurist philosophy. Marinetti, after denouncing the past in his usual method, proceeded to eliminate women from his world. "But," said someone, "how will you continue the human race?" "We will *not* continue the human race," rejoined Marinetti, with superb *éclat*. Daring and magnificent utterance! But, after all, perhaps he is the only sane one, and the norm of human intelligence quite insane. That fits in well with the recently reported discovery of a Paris scientist, that all variations in the course of evolution are the result of disease, and that there would have been no man had not some ape had a parasite in his thyroid gland. All of which goes to show that I was right in my statement (which Chesterton probably has said before me) that all logical extremes are illogical, since the world is based on an eternal paradox.

Really it is quite simple to follow the futurist line of thought once you get the hang of it. For instance — two developments of painting predicted at the Troubetzkoys. In the first, each plane in the cubist picture, instead of being colored, is to be numbered, and the numbers printed in a catalogue opposite the names of the colors for which they stand. Thus any approach to the vulgar intrusion of realism would be avoided, and abstract beauty furthered. What chances for the imagination! And think of the subtle possibilities in the mathematics of color! One could surely express by some abstruse quadratic a color quite beyond the realm of visual possibility, and thus man by one gigantic tug at his bootstraps would pull his soul out of its finite limitations.

The second school was aptly named the auto-symbolists. In this school Nietzschean individualism attains its sublime extreme. The artist, instead of expressing his spirit in the vulgar symbols understood by everybody, arbitrarily chooses a symbol known only to himself. If he wishes to depict a determined man going up a mountain on a mule's back he may paint a mouse-trap. To him the mouse-trap perfectly expresses the particular feeling he has when viewing his own mental image of the picture he has decided to paint. What matter about anybody else? If you ask him *cui bono?* — he will reply: why any *bono* at all? And, of course, he is perfectly logical. And the satisfying aristocratic aloofness of his position! If people — as they surely will — study his mouse-trap and discuss in vain what it portends, if they pay vast sums for his pictures and start a literature of criticisms to guess his unguessable riddles, so much the better. He can laugh at them with diabolical glee. Everybody is a fool but himself, and he can go on creating in the seventh circle of his own soul undisturbed by the barnyard cackle of the world.

Has the cubist literature of Gertrude Stein awakened echoes in Chicago? I have read it without understanding before this. But one night my host — a great, strong, humorous, intelligent hulk of a man, himself a scoffer at cubism — read part of her essay on Matisse so that it was almost intelligible. His inflection and punctuation did it. Her chief characteristics seem to be an aver-

sion to personal pronouns and a strict adherence to simple declarative statements, untroubled by subordinate clauses or phrases of any kind. Her thought, therefore, resolves itself awkwardly in a four-square way. The multiplicity of her planes becomes confusing after a page, but each plane stands alone. Thus — (I quote inaccurately) — "Some ones knew this one to be expressing something being struggling. Some ones knew this one not to be expressing something being struggling. This one expressed something being struggling. This one did not express something being struggling." Which, of course, is the cubist way of saying that "Some thought he was trying to express struggle in an object, others thought the contrary. As a matter of fact, he sometimes did express struggle; sometimes he did not."

But it seems her early work is now getting too obvious, so she is in the throes of a later phase. In her "Portrait of Miss Dodge" she has eliminated verbs and sentence structure entirely, flinging a succession of image-nouns at the reader. One can surely not accuse her of "prettiness."

The craze for colored wigs is, of course, an outgrowth of futurism. Why should a man be any color except that which his will dictates? This has long (a few months) been the cry of the painter, and the smart set has echoed: Why should he? Women in green and blue wigs have been seen in New York already. But, of course, it would be senseless to stop there: if one has an orange toupé he should surely have a mauve face. Yellow complexions are worn with indigo hair. We have long been accustomed to blue powdered noses on Fifth Avenue, and the setting of diamonds in the teeth is an old story. The only trouble with this epoch-making idea is that it is old. Phœncian women did it! And wasn't it Edward Lear who wrote of *The Jumblies:*

> "Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
> And they went to sea in a sieve"?

Of course, if one doesn't believe in this new development of art, but is naturalistic, he should be brave enough to chase his idea to its lair and act upon it, like Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, who is now tripping about the homes of the rich in New York with nothing at all on — or worse than nothing.

Forgive my preposterosities! But the ridiculous seriousness with which everything unfamiliar is taken by a sensation-sated *haute monde* is such a brilliant target for satire. I think with immense relief of a wonderful bit of sky, and a long stretch of beach, and of all things tangible and — yes, though it may be bourgeois — *healthy*.

To a Lost Friend

Eunice Tietjens

Across the tide of years you come to me,
 You whom I knew so long ago.
A poignant letter kept half carelessly,
A faded likeness, dull and gray to see . . .
 And now I know.

. . . . . .

Strange that I knew not then,—that when you stood
 In warm, sweet flesh beneath my hand,
Your soul tumultuous as a spring-time flood
And life's new wonder pulsing in your blood,
 I could not understand.

I could not see your soul like thin red fire
 Flash downward to my gaze,
Nor guess the strange, half-understood desire,
The tumult and the question and the ire
 Of those far days.

I saw your soul stretch longing arms to love
 In adolescent shyness bound,
And passionately storm the gods above.
Yet, since my own young heart knew naught thereof,
 You never found.

It is too late now. You have dropped away
 In formless silence from my ken,
And youth's high hopes turn backward to decay.
Yet, oh, my heart were very fain to-day
 To love you then!

Culture has one great passion—the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater!—the passion for making them *prevail.*—Matthew Arnold in *Culture and Anarchy.*

The Irish Players: An Impression

A small, low room with walls of cool green-grey; in the center an old brown fire-place with a great black chimney; on the hearth a light like a deep raspberry; at each end a chair of smudgy brown; near the front a table toned with the walls; on it two black mugs and a stein; in one corner at the back, piled against the green-grey, flour sacks the color of dirty straw; and standing in the foreground, balanced as Whistler would have done it, a miller in a suit of brown, a thin widow in rusty black, a fat widow with bustles in rusty black and dirty white.— Somehow one planned beauty in that place.

The Novel of Manners

. . . And yet, even into Mrs. Wharton's work is creeping slowly a part of the tremendous socializing spirit of today—the realization that group backgrounds, unlighted by a sense of their relativity to other groups, and to life, do not amount to much more than painted scenery. Over in England, Wells, with all his tremendous burden of national background and customs, manages, often with a desperate wrenching of impedimenta, but always with a great resolve that commands admiration, to inject into his massive English settings a humanized world atmosphere as well. Wells writes not of Englishmen and England, but of Englishmen and the world. And Galsworthy, his soul permeated by this new social sense, writes down, in his English men and women, all humanity, with all the tragedy and plaintive joys of human life, with the desires and hampered fruition of the desires of all living things, as his background. Not the world alone, but life, is the stage.—Edna Kenton in *The Bookman.*

A man should always obey the law with his body and always disobey it with his mind.— James Stephens in *The Crock of Gold.*

There are two great rules of life, the one general and the other particular. The first is that everyone can, in the end, get what he wants if he only tries. This is the general rule. The particular rule is that every individual is, more or less, an exception to the general rule. —*The Note-Books of Samuel Butler.*

Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet

All my life I seem to have been asking my friends, those I loved best, those who valued the dearest, the kindest, the greatest, and the strongest, in our strange human life, to come with me and see Forbes-Robertson die in *Hamlet.* I asked them because, as that strange young dead king sat upon his throne, there was something, whatever it meant—death, life, immortality, what you will — of a surpassing loneliness, something transfiguring the poor passing moment of trivial, brutal murder into a beauty to which it was quite natural that that stern Northern warrior, with his winged helmet, should bend the knee. I would not exchange anything I have ever read or seen for Forbes-Robertson as he sits there so still and starlit upon the throne of Denmark.—Richard Le Gallienne in *The Century.*

To feel, to do, to stride forward in elation, chanting a poem of triumphant life!—James Stephens in *The Crock of Gold.*

Why is it that in some places there is such a feeling of life being all one; not merely a long picture-show for human eyes, but a single breathing, glowing, growing thing, of which we are no more important a part than the swallows and magpies, the foals and sheep in the meadows, the sycamores and ash trees and flowers in the fields, the rocks and little bright streams, or even than the long fleecy clouds and their soft-shouting drivers, the winds? — John Galsworthy in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

The Dying Pantheist to the Priest

Henry A. Beers, the author of this dynamic poem from which we quote only a part, is a professor of literature at Yale—a man supposedly conventional and soft spoken!

Take your ivory Christ away:
  No dying god shall have my knee,
While live gods breathe in this wild wind
  And shout from yonder dashing sea.

O no, the old gods are not dead:
  I think that they will never die;
But I, who lie upon this bed
  In mortal anguish—what am I?

A wave that rises with a breath
  Above the infinite watery plain,
To foam and sparkle in the sun
  A moment ere it sink again.

The eternal undulation runs:
  A man, I die; perchance to be,
Next life, a white-throat on the wind,
  A daffodil on Tempe's lea.

They lied who said that Pan was dead:
  Life was, life is, and life shall be.
So take away your crucifix—
  The ever-living gods for me!

—*The Yale Review.*

Interesting New or Forthcoming Books

[Classification in this list implies a review in an early issue.]

Notes of a Son and Brother, by Henry James.
Collected Essays of Rudolph Eucken.
The Fugitive, by John Galsworthy.
Plays, by Tchekoff and Andreyeff.
Stories of Russian Life, by Tchekoff.
Selected Essays of Alice Meynell.
Second Nights, by Arthur Ruhl.
—Scribner.

Stories of Red Hanrahan, by William Butler Yeats.
The Tragedy of Pompey, by John Masefield.
Chitra, by Rabindranath Tagore.
The Possessed, by Dostoevsky.
The Flight and Other Poems, by George E. Woodberry.
—Macmillan.

When Ghost Meets Ghost, by William De Morgan.
Nowadays, by George Middleton.
Angel Island, by Inez Haynes Gillmore.
Euripides and His Age, by Gilbert Murray.
Social Insurance, by I. M. Rubinow.
—Holt.

The World Set Free, by H. G. Wells.
The Way of All Flesh, by Samuel Butler (new edition).
Wagner as Man and Artist, by Ernest Newman.
The Philosophy of Ruskin, by Andre Chevrillon.
—Dutton.

Little Essays in Literature and Life, by Richard Burton.
Beaumont, the Dramatist, by Charles M. Gayley.
Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures.
Prostitution in Europe, by Abraham Flexner.
—Century.

The Poems of Francois Villon.
Knave of Hearts, by Arthur Symons.
Essays of Francis Grierson (new editions).
The Fortunate Youth, by William J. Locke.
—Lane.

The Making of an Englishman, by W. L. George.
The Truth About Women, by C. Gasquoine Hartley.
—Dodd, Mead.

Our Friend, John Burroughs, by Clara Barrus.
Paul Verlaine, by Wilfred Thorley.
The Japanese Empire, by T. Philip Terry.
—Houghton Mifflin.

Knowledge and Life, by Rudolf Eucken.
The Science of Happiness, by Jean Finot.
—Putnam.

Florian Mayr, by Baron von Wolzogen.
Socialism and Motherhood, by John Spargo.
—Huebsch.

Richard Wagner, by Oliver Huckel.
The Education of Karl Witte, translated by Leo Wiener.
—Crowell.

Crowds, Jr., by Gerald Stanley Lee.
A Thousand Years Ago, by Percy MacKaye.
—Doubleday.

The Masque of Saint Louis, by Percy MacKaye.
—Stokes.

Old Mole, by Gilbert Cannan.
—Appleton.

Poems, by Brian Hooker.
—Yale University.

The Clean Heart, by M. A. Hutchinson.
—Little, Brown.

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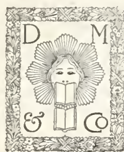

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APRIL, 1914

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

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"The Germ"

IN 1850 an astounding thing happened in England. A little group of artists and poets, known as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, began the publication of a magazine. It was to be given over to "thoughts towards nature in poetry, literature, and art"; and it was called *The Germ.*

The idea was Dante Gabriel Rossetti's, who was then just twenty-two years old. Thomas Woolner, of the same age, and Holman Hunt and Millais, both somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty, were dragged willingly into the plan. William Michael Rossetti, aged nineteen, was made editor; James Collinson and Frederick George Stephens were added to the four original P. R. B.'s; John Lucas Tupper, Ford Madox Brown, Walter Howell Deverell, William Cave Thomas, John Hancock, and Coventry Patmore were intimately connected with the project; and Christina, then eighteen, offered her poems for publication therein.

The Germ was published for four months, and then it died. Like all serious things it could find no immediate audience; like all revolutionary things it was called juvenile and regarded with shyness; and like all original and beautiful things it has managed to stay very much alive. For, in 1899, a limited edition of *The Germ* in facsimile was brought out, and William Michael Rossetti wrote an extensive introduction for it in which he described minutely the whole glorious undertaking. It is these facsimiles that we have been looking through with such awe, and which tell such an interesting story.

Here was a league of "unquiet and ambitious young spirits, bent upon making a fresh start of their own, and a clean sweep of some effete respectabilities." On the night of December 19, 1849, when the first issue of the magazine was impending, they met in Dante Rossetti's studio at 72 Newman Street to discuss a change of title. *The P. R. B. Journal* and *Thoughts Towards Nature* (the "extra-peculiar" suggestion of Dante, according to his brother) had been discarded, and Mr. Cave Thomas had drawn up a list of sixty-five possibilities, among them *The Seed, The Scroll, The Harbinger, First Thoughts, The Sower, The Truth-Seeker, The Acorn,* and *The Germ.* The last was decided upon and the first issue came out about the first of January. Seven hundred copies were printed and about two hundred sold. This wasn't encouraging, so the second issue was limited to five hundred; but it sold even less well than the first, and the P. R. B.'s were at the end of their resources. Then the printing-firm came to the rescue and undertook the responsibility of two more numbers. The title was changed to *Art and Poetry, being Thoughts towards Nature, conducted principally by Artists;* but "all

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efforts proved useless. . . . People would not buy *The Germ*, and would scarcely consent to know of its existence. So the magazine breathed its last, and its obsequies were conducted in the strictest privacy."

It did attract some critical attention, however. *The Critic* wrote: "We cannot contemplate this young and rising school in art and literature without the most ardent anticipation of something great to grow from it, something new and worthy of our age, and we bid them godspeed upon the path they have adventured." Others remarked that the poetry in *The Germ* was all beautiful, "marred by not a few affectations — the genuine metal, but wanting to be purified from its dross"; "much of it of extraordinary merit, and equal to anything that any of our known poets could write, save Tennyson. . . ."

Well — the situation demands a philosopher. We might undertake the rôle ourselves, except that we're too near the situation, having just started a magazine with certain high hopes of our own.

On the cover of each issue of *The Germ* appeared this poem by William Rossetti, the mastery of which, some one said, would require a Browning Society's united intellects:

When whoso merely hath a little thought
 Will plainly think the thought which is in him —
 Not imaging another's bright or dim,
Not mangling with new words what others taught;
When whoso speaks, from having either sought
 Or only found,— will speak, not just to skim
 A shallow surface with words made and trim,
But in that very speech the matter brought:
Be not too keen to cry — "So this is all! —
 A thing I might myself have thought as well,
But would not say it, for it was not worth!"
 Ask: "Is this truth?" For is it still to tell
 That be the theme a point or the whole earth,
Truth is a circle, perfect, great or small?

Patmore's *The Seasons*, Christina Rossetti's *Dream Land*, Dante's *My Sister's Sleep* and *Hand and Soul*, Woolner's *My Beautiful Lady* and *Of My Lady in Death*, Tupper's *The Subject in Art*, William Rossetti's *Her First Season*, and a long review of Clough's *Bothic of Toper-na-fuosich* make up the first number. In the others are *The Blessed Damozel*, Christina's *An End* and *A Pause of Thought*, Patmore's *Stars and Moon*, John Orchard's *Dialogue on Art*, and many other things of value, concluding with a review of Browning's *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, in which William Rossetti establishes with elaborate seriousness, through six pages of solemn and awesome sentences, that "Browning's style is copious and certainly not other than appropriate"; that if you *will* understand him, you shall.

All this came to our mind the other day when some one accused us of being "juvenile." What hideous stigma was thereby put upon us? The only grievous thing about juvenility is its unwillingness to be frank; it usually tries to appear very, very old and very, very wise. *The Germ* was quite frankly young; otherwise it could not have been so full of death poetry, for it is youth's most natural affectation to steep itself in death. But *The Germ* might have been even more "juvenile" and so avoided some of the heavy, sumptuous sentences in that Browning review. It would have gained in readableness without any possible sacrifice of beauty or truth. In their poetry the Pre-Raphaelites were as simple and spontaneous as children; in their criticism they were rhetorical. Our sympathy is somehow very strongly with the spontaneity — whatever dark juvenile crimes it may be guilty of — in the eyes of those who merely look but do not see.

Rebellion

George Soule

Sing me no song of the wind and rain —
The wind and the rain are better.
I'll swing to the road on the gusty plain
Without any load,
And shatter your fetter.

And when you sing of the strange, bright sea,
I'll leave your dark little singing
For the plunging shore where foam leaps free
And long waves roar
And gulls go winging.

Sorrow-dark ladies you've dreamed afar;
I stay not to hear their praises.
But here is a woman you cannot mar,
In life arrayed;
Her spirit blazes.

I shall not stiffen and die in your songs,
Flatten between your pages,
But trample the earth and jostle the throngs,
Try out life's worth —
And burst all cages!

Man and Superman

George Burman Foster

IN HIS voluptuous vagabondage Rousseau at length halted at Paris, where he managed to worry through some inconstant years. The thing that saved the day for him was the fragment of a pamphlet that blew across his path in one of his rambles, announcing a prize to be awarded by the Academy of Dijon for the best answer to an extraordinary question. Had the renascence of the arts and sciences ennobled morals? That was a flash of lightning which lit up a murky night and helped this bewildered and lonely wanderer to get his bearings. Thoughts came to him demoniacally which shaped his entire future and won him no small place in the history of humanity.

Answer is "No!" said Rousseau. And his answer was awarded the academic prize.

It seems strange that the history of his times sided with Rousseau's "No." Certainly it was the first fiery meteor

of the French revolution. It pronounced the first damnatory sentence upon a culture that had already reached the point of collapse. In his own body and soul Rousseau had bitterly experienced the curse of this culture. It was largely responsible for his heart's abnormal yearning whose glow was consuming him. Instead of ennobling morals this culture had inwardly barbarized man. Then it galvanized and painted the outside of life. And then life became a glittering lie.

Thus Rousseau became prophet in this desert of culture, and called men to repentance. "Back from culture to nature," was his radical cry; back from what man has made out of himself to what nature meant him to be. Nature gave man free use of his limbs; culture has bound them with all sorts of bindings, until he is stiff, and short-winded, and crippled. According to nature man lives his own life; man is what he seems and seems what he is; according to culture he is cunning, and crafty, and mendacious.

The eighteenth-century man of culture hearkened with attentive soul to the dirge in which one of its noblest sons vented his tortured heart. The melancholy music bruised from this prophet's heart silenced the wit and ridicule of even a Voltaire, who wanted to know, however, whether "the idea was that man was to go on all fours again." In a few decades the feet of revolutionary Frenchmen were at the door ready, with few and short prayers, to bear to its last abode that culture whose moral worth even a French Academy had called in question, and for whose moral condemnation had awarded the first prize.

Now it is our turn! What is the good of our culture? Such is the query of a host of people who know nothing thereof save the wounds it has inflicted upon them — a host of people who face our culture with the bitter feeling that they have created it with the sweat of their brows, but have not been permitted to taste its joys. Such, too, is the query of others who, satiated with its beneficence, have been its pioneers,— a John Stuart Mill, political economist, who doubts whether all our cultural progress has mitigated the sufferings of a single human being; a Huxley, naturalist, who finds the present condition of the larger part of humanity so intolerable to-day that, were no way of improvement to be found, he would welcome the collision of a kindly comet that would smash our petty planet into smithereens.

Also, there is your proletariat. And there is your culture on summits far out of his reach. The more inaccessible it is, shining there with a radiance that never falls upon him, the less does he reflect that all is not gold that glitters. Then there is your philanthropist, foremost in culture of mind and heart, surveying the masses far beneath him, in the slime and grime of life, and doubting at last whether any labor of love can lift men up to where he thinks men ought to be; whether, after all, it can bring joy to men who are sick and sore with the load of life.

Not to be partial, one may magnanimously cite your philistine also — the man of "the golden mean," the "man of sanity," as mediocrity has ever brandmarked itself, who "hates *ultra*." For the life of him your philistine cannot understand how a "reasonable" man can have any doubt about our culture. Does he not read in his favorite newspaper how gloriously we have progressed? Does he not encore the prodigious achievements of our technique? Has he not heard his crack spellbinder orate on the

cultural felicity that follows our flag? Down with the disloyalty of highbrow doubters!

Now it was from an entirely different side, indeed it was from an entirely different standpoint, that Friedrich Nietzsche contemplated modern culture, particularly the national culture of the German Fatherland. What horrified him was not simply the *content*, but the *criterion*, of our culture. He sharply scrutinized the *ideals* which we set ourselves in our culture. He found not simply our achievements but our ideals, *ourselves* even, so inferior, so vulgar, so contemptible, that he began to doubt whether even the Germans could be recognized as a culture people or not. Hence Nietzsche became the most ruthless iconoclast of our culture. Unlike the majority, unlike the scholars, the philanthropists, the philistines, Nietzsche was not moved by the misery of the masses, by the great social need of our time. He did not regret that the boon of our culture was shared by so few, inasmuch as, in his opinion, this boon was of very doubtful value. He found our life so barbarous, so culture-hostile, that he still missed the first elements of a true culture among us.

Hence Nietzsche lunged against *status quo*. He did what he himself called "*unzeitmässig*," untimely. He flung a question, more burning than any other, into our time — more burning than even the social question, constituting indeed the main part of that question. It was the question as to how *man* fared in this culture — the question as to what *man* got out of it and as to what it got out of man.

Never before had this question been put as Nietzsche put it. We should recall that Nietzsche was not one of those who had experienced the extremes of either plenty or want, nor was he one of those who filled the wide space between the two. To him, the pessimism of the discontented and the optimism of the fortunate and the satisfied were alike superficial, if not impertinent. It was not a question of "happiness" at all. In bitter, biting sarcasm he says, with reference to the English utilitarian "happiness morality": "I do not seek my happiness; only an Englishman seeks his happiness; I seek my *work*."

No; his was a question which his conscience put to culture. Was it a "culture of the *earth*, or of *man?*" Here Nietzsche probes home. And he alone did it. The most diverse censors of our time had not seen and said that no matter how desirable, no matter how gloriously conceived the new order of things might be, *man* must be the decisive thing; *man* must tip the scales. It was this that went against the grain. Mightier machines, larger cities, better apartments, bigger schools, what was the good of it all, *et id omne genus*, if new and greater men did not arise? So said Nietzsche. And he said it with high scorn to a generation which had forgotten that man is not for "culture," but culture for man; of man, by man, for man.

Every people seems to pass through a period in which it is obsessed with the idea that the causes of popular prosperity are at once motive and criterion of culture; that the natural laws of economics are the universally valid norms of the ebb and flow of human values; that a balance on the balance sheet to the good, the satisfactoriness of the statistics of exports and imports to the wishes of the interested parties, are an occasion for jubilation over the ascent which life has compassed. Harbor some scruple as to whether the jubilation be warranted or

not, and you are at once pilloried as a pessimist and a malcontent. And yet had there been no Nietzsche there would still remain Cicero's warning: "Woe to a people whose wealth grows but whose men decay." But there was a Nietzsche, and he dared to call even his Fatherland Europe's "flat country"—flat was a hard word for a land that could once boast of so many poets and thinkers. But now the flatter the better! But now no peaks to scale, no yawning abysses on whose edges one grows dizzy! Nothing a single step removed from the ordinary, the conventional! Now heights and depths, distinctions and distances, these are valid in the world of quantity, not of quality; of possession, not of being; of tax tables, not of human essence and human power! Now all men are equal! But Nietzsche knew that if men are equal they are not free; if free they are not equal. With a fury and a fire that literally consumed him, he dedicated himself to the task of leading men up out of this flatness, away from this leveling—up to an appreciation of the potential—not the actual—greatness of man's life. Greatness is not yet man's verity but his vocation, his true and idiomatic destiny. Greatness? This is a man's strength of will; the unfolding of a free personality. To say *I will* is to be a man. All human values are embraced in this *I will*. To produce men who can say *I will* is at once the task and the test of culture. This *I will* is the climax and goal of man. In this *I will* vanishes every fearsome and disquieting *I must*, every compulsion of outer necessity. Not the passive adjustment of man to nature, but the active adjustment of nature to man; nature outside of him and nature inside of him—that is human calling and human culture. Vanishes, also, every *I ought*. Man refuses to be ridden by a duty spook, but subordinates even duty to himself. Duty, too, is for the sake of man, not man for the sake of duty. In the depths of his own being, man reserves the sovereign right to speak his *yes* and his *no* to duty. To his own will he subjects all good and all evil taught him by others, past or present, and thus occupies a standpoint "beyond good and evil." Lord of the Sabbath? Yes, but lord also of standards sanctified by their antiquity; lord of all the standards of life; lord of all that has been written or thought or done. "And thou, O lord, art more than they!" Thou—thou alone—art central and supreme and sacred and inviolable. "Bring forth the royal diadem and crown him lord of all!"

But not yet! Alas, there are no such lords, no such will-men, personality-men! Such men are not *Gegenwartsmenchen*, present day men, but *Zukunftsmenschen*, future day men; not reality but task—our task. That future man will surpass present man as much as present man surpasses the monkey which he in his development has left behind. We are bridges from monkey to superman. Superman! In him at last, at last, all that is unliving, unfree, withered and weak, all that is sickly in man, shall be obliterated; and all the forces that are great and creative shall be unfolded and molded into cultural values.

This is the meaning of the superman of Friedrich Nietzsche. Malice and ignorance have vied—vainly we may now hope—in caricaturing it. The way to superman is the rugged, steep mountain path up to conscious deed and mighty achievement; not the gentle incline down to stupid indulgence, indolent disposition, enervating or bestial impulsive life. Not that! Superman is precisely the man who overcomes the man of

today aweary of life and athirst for death.

This preaching of Superman might be called Messianic. It is the bold faith that we are not the last word of the Word of life; it is the glad hope that the best treasures, the greatest deeds, the supreme goals of humankind are still in the future. Nietzsche's message is a breath of spring blowing over the land proclaiming the advent of an issue from the womb of time of something greater, better than anything we have been, than anything we have called good or great; the advent of a new day when our best songs now will be our worst then; our noblest thoughts now our basest then; our highest achievements now, our poorest by-products then.

We shall usher in that day; superman shall be our will, our deed! Superman gives our life worth. Ours is the new, exhilarating responsibility, swallowing up and nullifying all the petty responsibilities which fret us today. We have to justify our lives to that great future, to that coming one, to our children. They, through us, must be greater, better, freer, than all of us put together. We are worth our contribution to the achievement of future man. Nay, only superman can justify the history of the cosmos! Consider pre-human and sub-human life, red in tooth and claw; consider human life, often not much better and sometimes much worse; consider ourselves, our meanness and our mediocrity. Is this all? Is this warrant for the long human and pre-human story? Can you escape the conviction that but for superman the eternal gestation and agony of cosmic maternity admits of no rational vindication?

Breed, then, with a view of breeding supermen. Marriage? Let this be not for ease, not for the propagation of yourselves; the pushing of yourselves into your children, parents, but for the creation of something new, of superman! Education? Not to assimilate the children to us, to the past, but to free them from us; not *Vaterland*, but *Kinderland*, must be our concern. Children shall not "sit at our feet" but stand upon our shoulders, that they may have a freer and broader sweep of the horizon. And in our children we shall love the Coming One, prepare the way for Superman, that free, great man who shall have conquered present petty man with all his slave instincts! Such, at all events, are the dreams of the great poetic and prophetic philosopher of the German Fatherland of today.

All great things have first to wander about the earth as enormous and awe-inspiring caricatures. — Nietzsche in *Beyond Good and Evil.*

Cultivation will breed in any man a certainty of the uncertainty of his most assured convictions. — Samuel Butler in *Life and Habit.*

Plato will always be an object of admiration and reverence to men who would rather see vast images of uncertain objects reflected from illuminated clouds, than representations of things in their just proportions, measurable, tangible, and convertible to household use. — Walter Savage Landor in *Imaginary Conversations*, Vol. 2.

Knowledge is in an inchoate state as long as it is capable of logical treatment; it must be transmitted into that sense or instinct which rises altogether above the sphere in which words can have being at all, otherwise it is not yet vital. — Samuel Butler in *Life and Habit.*

Lines for Two Futurists

Arthur Davison Ficke

Why does all of sharp and new
That our modern days can brew
Culminate in you?

This chaotic age's wine
You have drunk — and now decline
Any anodyne.

On the broken walls you stand,
Peering toward some stony land
With eye-shading hand.

Is it lonely as you peer?
Do you never miss, in fear,
Simple things and dear,

Half-remembered, left behind?
Or are backward glances blind
Here where the wind

Round the outposts sweeps and cries —
And each distant hearthlight dies
To your peering eyes? . . .

I too stand where you have stood;
And the fever fills my blood
With your cruel mood.

Yet some backward longings press
On my heart: yea, I confess
My soul's heaviness.

Me a homesick tremor thrills
As I dream how sunlight fills
My familiar hills.

Me the yesterdays still hold —
Liegeman still unto the old
Stories sweetly told.

Into that profound unknown
Where the earthquake forces strown
Shake each pilèd stone

Look; and exultance smites
Me with joy; the splintered heights
Call me with fierce lights.

But a piety still dwells
In my bones; my spirit knells
Solemnly farewells

To safe halls where I was born —
To old haunts I leave forlorn
For this perilous morn.

Yet I come! I cannot stay!
Be it bitter night, or day
Glorious,— your way

I must tread; and on the walls,
Where this flame-swept future calls
To fierce miracles,

Lo, I greet you here! But me
Mock not lightly. I come free —
But with agony.

A New Winged Victory

Angel Island, by Inez Haynes Gillmore.
[Henry Holt and Company, New York.]

Angel Island is several rare things: original, profound, flaming. It leaves you with a gasping sense of having been swept through the skies; and also with that feeling of new life which comes with a plunge into cold, deep seas. *Angel Island* is a new kind of Winged Victory!

Innumerable books have been written about the conflict of the sexes, about the emergence of the new woman. Most of them are dull books. But Mrs. Gillmore's is beautiful and exciting. I kept thinking as I read it: here is something absolutely new, absolutely authentic; something so full of vision and truth that it's like getting to the top of a mountain for the sunrise. Its freshness and its clearness are like cool morning mists that the sun has shot through.

But to discard vague phrases and get to the story — for it is not a tract, but a novel — or rather a poetic allegory —

that Mrs. Gillmore has written. Five men of representative modern types — a professor, a libertine, a soldier of fortune, a "mere mutt-man," and an artist — are shipwrecked on a tropical island. After a few days their attention is caught by what appears to be huge birds flying through the heavens. The birds come nearer and prove to be winged women! Then comes the story of their wooing, their capture, their ultimate evolution into what modern women have decided they want to be: humanists.

However, this is going too fast. The only way to appreciate *Angel Island* is to be conscious of the art of it as you read. Beginning with the shipwreck, Mrs. Gillmore creates a series of brilliant pictures that culminate in the flying orgies of the bird-women.

. . . All this was intensified by the anarchy of sea and sky, by the incessant explosion of the waves, by the wind which seemed to sweep from end to end of a liquefying universe, by a downpour which threatened to beat their sodden bodies to pulp, by all the connotation of terror that lay in the darkness and in their unguarded condition on a barbarous, semi-tropical coast. . . .

The storm, which had seemed to worry the whole universe in its grip, had died finally but it had died hard. On a quieted earth, the sea alone showed signs of revolution. The waves, monstrous, towering, swollen, were still marching on to the beach with a machine-like regularity that was swift and ponderous at the same time. . . . Beyond the wave-line, under a cover of foam, the jaded sea lay feebly palpitant like an old man asleep. . . .

They had watched the sun come up over the trees at their back. And it was as if they had seen a sunrise for the first time in their lives. To them it was neither beautiful nor familiar; it was sinister and strange. A chill, that was not of the dawn but of death itself, lay over everything. The morning wind was the breath of the tomb, the smells that came to them from the island bore the taint of mortality, the very sun seemed icy. They suffered — the five survivors of the night's tragedy — with a scarifying sense of disillusion with Nature. . . .

The sun was racing up a sky smooth and clear as gray glass. It dropped on the torn green sea a shimmer that was almost dazzling; but there was something incongruous about that — as though Nature had covered her victim with a spangled scarf. It brought out millions of sparkles in the white sand; and there seemed something calculating about that — as though she were bribing them with jewels to forget. . . .

Dozens of waves flashed and crashed their way up the beach; but now they trailed an iridescent network of foam over the lilac-gray sand. The sun raced high; but now it poured a flood of light on the green-gray water. The air grew bright and brighter. The earth grew warm and warmer. Blue came into the sky, deepened — and the sea reflected it. Suddenly the world was one huge glittering bubble, half of which was the brilliant azure sky and half the burnished azure sea.

All this is gorgeous enough — this clear, vivid painting of nature. But when Mrs. Gillmore turns her hand to the supernatural, she is simply ravishing. For instance:

The semi-tropical moon was at its full. Huge, white, embossed, cut out, it did not shine—it glared from the sky. It made a melted moonstone of the atmosphere. It faded the few clouds to a sapphire-gray, just touched here and there with the chalky dot of a star. It slashed a silver trail across a sea jet-black except where the waves rimmed it with snow. Up in the white enchantment, but not far above them, the strange air-creatures were flying. They were not birds; they were winged women!

Darting, diving, glancing, curving, wheeling, they interwove in what seemed the premeditated figures of an aerial dance. . . . Their wings, like enormous scimitars, caught the moonlight, flashed it back. For an interval, they played close in a group inextricably intertwined, a revolving ball of vivid color. Then, as if seized by a common impulse, they stretched, hand in hand, in a line across the sky — drifted. The moonlight flooded them full, caught glitter and gleam from wing-sockets, shot shimmer and sheen from wing-tips, sent cataracts of iridescent color pulsing between. Snow-silver one, brilliant green and gold another, dazzling blue the next, luminous orange a fourth, flaming flamingo scarlet the last, their colors seemed half liquid,

half light. One moment the whole figure would flare into a splendid blaze, as if an inner mechanism had suddenly turned on all the electricity; the next, the blaze died down to the fairy glisten given by the moonlight.

As if by one impulse, they began finally to fly upward. Higher and higher they rose, still hand in hand. . . . One instant, relaxed, they seemed tiny galleons, all sails set, that floated lazily, the sport of an aerial sea; another, supple and sinuous, they seemed monstrous fish whose fins triumphantly clove the air, monarchs of that aerial sea.

A little of this and there came another impulse. The great wings furled close like blades leaping back to scabbard; the flying-girls dropped sheer in a dizzying fall. Half-way to the ground, they stopped simultaneously as if caught by some invisible air plateau. The great feathery fans opened — and this time the men got the whipping whirr of them — spread high, palpitated with color. From this lower level, the girls began to fall again, but gently, like dropping clouds. . . . They paused an instant and fluttered like a swarm of butterflies undecided where to go. . . . Then they turned out to sea, streaming through the air in line still, but one behind the other. And for the first time, sound came from them; they threw off peals of girl-laughter that fell like handfuls of diamonds. Their mirth ended in a long, eerie cry.

To me, that is wonderful work — one jeweled word after another. And it's sustained through the whole book. But of course, after this first sense of ravishment with her pictures, you touch upon the deeper wonder of Mrs. Gillmore — her ideas. There are enough ideas in *Angel Island* to equip the women who are fighting for selfhood with armour that is absolutely hole proof.

The winged-women differ in type as widely as the men; and each man chooses very quickly the type that appeals to him most. The libertine wants the big blond one, whom they've named "Peachy"; the professor likes Chiquita, the very feminine, unintellectual one; Billy, the mere man, falls violently and reverently in love with the radiant Julia, the leader of the group and the one your interest centers in immediately. Julia has a personality: she appears to be "pushed on by some intellectual or artistic impulse, to express by the symbols of her complicated flight some theory, some philosophy of life." She seems always to shine. She is a creator. In short, Julia thinks.

The men plan capture and finally accomplish it by a time-honored method: that of arousing the women's curiosity. Then follows a tragic episode when they cut the captives' wings, making flight impossible. Of course, marriage is the next step, and later, children are born on Angel Island — little girl children with wings, and boys without them. But all this time Julia has refused to marry Billy, though she's in love with him. Her only reason is that something tells her to wait.

Inevitably the women mourn the loss of their wings; and just as they become reconciled to a second-hand joy in their daughters' flights, Peachy's husband informs her that flying is unwomanly — that woman's place is in the home, not in the air (!) — and that their daughter must be shorn of her wings as soon as she's eighteen.

What next? Rebellion, with Julia shining gloriously as leader. She had been waiting for this. And in ten pages of profound, simple, magnificent talk — if only every woman in the world would read it! — she explains to the others that they must learn to walk. Peachy objects, because she dislikes the earth. "There are stars in the air," she argues. "But we never reached them," answers Julia. The earth is a good place, and they must learn to live in it. Besides, their children will fly better for learning to walk, and walk better for knowing how to fly; and she prophesies that

then will be born to one of them a boy child with wings.

The women hide and master the art of walking. While they're doing this their poor wings have a chance to grow a little, and by the time the men are ready to capture and subdue them a second time they have achieved a combination of walking and flying that puts them beyond reach. Then the men submit . . . and Julia asks Billy to marry her.

That's all, except one short chapter about Julia. She has a son with wings! And then she dies — radiant, white, goddess-woman, whose life had been so fine a thing. The beauty of it all simply overwhelmed me.

All of which points to several important conclusions. First, that Mrs. Gillmore is a poet and prophet of golden values. Second, that prejudice is the most foolish thing in the world. A general prejudice against that obvious form of comedy called farce might cause you to miss *The Legend of Leonore*. And a stubborn caution in regard to allegories — which, I concede, generally *are* unsubtle — might keep you from *Angel Island.*

Correspondence

Two Views of H. G. Wells

I AM just reading *The Passionate Friends*, and every time I read anything of Wells's I wonder why it is I don't like him better. *The World Set Free* that has been running in *The Century* was intensely worth while, I thought — really prophetic. One tasted something almost divine; human nature is capable of such wonderful undreamed of things! It was like Tennyson prophesying the Federation of the World, airships, etc. Wells does seem inspired in some ways. But every time I read any of his novels — well, you remember I have a distinct mid-Victorian flavor that has to be reckoned with. I wasn't brought up in a minister's family for nothing! I suppose it's what we used to call our conscience. Mine isn't much good, alas; I sometimes think of it as a little old Victorian lady. She sits in the background of my consciousness and knits and knits and nods her head. Meanwhile I go blithely about, espousing all sorts of causes and thinking out all sorts of theories — imagining, you know, that I'm perfectly free. Suddenly she wakes up — she lays aside her knitting with a determined air and says, "Mary Martha, *what* are you thinking about! Stop that right now; I'm ashamed of you." And she has authority, too, you know. I stop. Ridiculous, isn't it? — but so it is.

And every time I read a Wells novel my little old lady folds her hands and sits up very primly and says, "Aha, you're reading something of that man's again. Well, I'm not asleep — I'm right on the job and I know just what I think of *him*." So you see! And the worst — or the best — of it is that I agree with her. I can't like him. I read along and it's all so reasonable — he's so clever and he *thinks;* but his conclusions are all so weak — if he comes to any. One passage in *The Passionate Friends* has made me furious. How can a man who's at all worth while be so really wicked — (an-

other word gone out of style). I mean this:

> It is manifestly true that for the most of us free talk, intimate association, and any real fellowship between men and women turns with extreme readiness to love. And that being so, it follows that under existing conditions the unrestricted meeting and companionship of men and women in society is a notorious sham, a merely dangerous pretence of encounters. The safe reality beneath those liberal appearances is that a woman must be content with the easy friendship of other women and of one man only, letting a superficial friendship towards all other men veil impassable abysses of separation, and a man must in the same way have one sole woman intimate. . . . To me that is an intolerable state of affairs, but is reality.

Now can you suppose that is Wells's own reasoning that he puts into the mouth of his unfortunate hero? Talk about Edith Wharton being thin-lipped in the pursuit of her heroines — that's a great deal better than being loose-lipped; don't you agree with me? It may be true, and I rather think to some extent it is true, that a man cannot have an absorbing friendship with a woman and not run the risk of falling in love. But what does that prove? That he should be allowed free rein and carry on as many *liaisons* veiled under the name of friendship as he chooses? Or unveiled, rather, for Wells seems to want everything in the open. He's like a child who says: Here's a very dangerous beast in a flimsy, inadequate cage. Frequently he escapes from it and has to be put back in. Let's abolish the cage and let the beast run about openly, doing what it wants. And the good old-fashioned word for that beast is lust, and it should be caged; if the cage is getting more and more inadequate it's only a piece with what Agnes Repplier calls our loss of nerve. How I liked that article of hers! What in the name of sense are we in this world for if not to build up a character? That's all that amounts to anything, and it comes from countless denials and countless responses to duty. And what Goethe said, some time ago, is still everlastingly true: "*Euch behren sollst Du, sollst entbehren!*" (Deny yourself, deny, deny.) He ought to know, too, because he tried indulgence, goodness knows, and knew the dregs at the bottom of that cup. And I can't forgive Wells. He knows better than to let people make all manner of experiment with such things. They wouldn't even be happy; for happiness is built of stability, loyalty, character, and again character. My husband said, after reading that passage in *The Passionate Friends,* "The trouble with him and the class he writes of is that they aren't busy enough. Let 'em work for a living, be interested in something vitally for ten hours out of the twenty-four, and they'll forget all about their neighbors' wives and be content with good men friends and casual women friends."

The trouble lies with poor old human nature, I guess, and the way it wants what it cannot and ought not to have. But Wells says all unreality is hateful to him. Let's tear down the barriers, let's show up for what we are. Poor Smith wants something his neighbor has — well, let's give it to him, whether it's his neighbor's success or his wife or his happiness. Nature is still unbearably ugly in lots of ways. When we can train it to be unselfish and disinterested then it will be time to tear down barriers.

Lady Mary in *The Passionate Friends* is an unconvincing character, too. I can conceive of a woman who will take all of a man's possessions, giving him nothing in return, not even fidelity, but I cannot conceive of her justifying herself unless she is an utter moral degenerate. The danger of such writers as Wells is

that they are plausible enough till you look below the surface. He tries to represent Lady Mary as charming, but she, it seems to me, even more than modern society which he arraigns, is "honeycombed and rotten with evil."

"M. M."

The description of a "little old Victorian lady" who sits in the background of our consciousness and plays conscience for us is charming; but . . . She's a sweet-faced little lady to whom the universe is as clear as crystal and as simple as plane geometry. She is always knitting, and what she knits is a fine web of sentimentality with which to cover the nakedness of truth — "for it is not seemly, my dear, that anything, even truth, should be naked."

This web of hers is as fine as soft silk and as strong as chain mail. It's sticky, too. And it clothes truth so thoroughly that she grows unrecognizable to any but the most penetrating searcher — to H. G. Wells, for instance. It's natural enough that the old lady should dislike Wells, for he's found her out; he's made the astonishing discovery that underneath the web life is not sentimentally simple. He discloses to her scandalized eyes various unfortunate facts which she has done her best to conceal, as for instance the fact that there is such a thing as sex.

"Sex," says Wells in effect in every one of his novels, "is a disturbing element, *the* disturbing element, in life. So long as sex exists it is a physical impossibility that life should be the sweetly pretty parlor game our little Victorian lady would have it."

Right here the husband of the little lady has something to say: "The trouble with him and the class he writes of," he announces, "is that they aren't busy enough. Let 'em work for a living, be interested in something vitally for ten hours out of the twenty-four, and they'll forget all about their neighbors' wives and be content with good men friends and casual women friends." This is an excellent example of what Wells finds the next most disturbing element in life — "muddle-headedness," the lack of ability to think straight, to think things through. "Let Wells be vitally interested in something for ten hours of the twenty-four!" Doesn't he see that if Wells had ever limited himself to ten hours of interest he would be making shirts today? It is because Wells works twenty-five hours of the twenty-four at being "vitally interested in something" that he is one of the major prophets of our time. And the thing in which he is interested is life itself, the great unsolvable mystery, life which extends below the simple, polished surface that is all the Victorian lady knows as the sea extends below its glassy smoothness on a summer day.

One of the greatest things that Wells has done for some of us who came on him young enough so that our minds did not close automatically at his first startling revelation, is this: he taught us to look at life squarely, without moral cant, and with a scientific disregard as to whether it pleased us personally or not. We may not always agree with him — very likely we don't — but at least we must face the issue squarely and not take refuge in the vague sentimentality and slushy hopefulness of the Victorian lady.

Wells states facts and very frequently lets it go at that. Witness the shock this method is to our little old lady. She asks how anyone at all worth while can be so "really wicked" as to write about sex and society as he does.

She admits that what he says is a fact,

but — it sticks out like a jagged, untidy rock from the smooth surface of things; therefore it is wicked. As a matter of fact that statement of his has no more to do with morality, is no more wicked, or virtuous, than the statement of a physical fact — to say, for instance, that glass breaks when hurled against a stone wall. It is unfortunate, but it is not "wicked."

No, the day of Victorianism is past. We are slashing away the web, we are learning to *think*. It is a slow and painful process and we know not yet where the struggle will end. But at least we shall be nearer to the divine nakedness of truth. If Wells has done nothing else than to prove to us how much of our thinking is dictated not by our own souls but by the artificially-imposed sentimentality of the "little old Victorian lady" he has done a full man's work. And we who owe our emancipation largely to his vision can never be too thankful to him.

FRANCES TREVOR.

Rupert Brooke and Whitman

You treated Brooke in a masterly way in the last issue. I saw many things I hadn't seen before, and understood the *Wagner* better. But I disagree with you in one way.

The *Wagner* and the *Channel Passage* are merely clever realistic satire — that's always worth while. But it's the thought behind the *Menelaus and Helen* sort of thing that I don't like. Of course there's no doubt that Helen grew wrinkled and peevish. But to say that therefore Paris in his grave was better off than Menelaus living is just a bit decadent, isn't it? I'm forced to picture Brooke as the sort of chap who couldn't enjoy a good dinner if he had to wash the dishes afterward: — instead of regarding dishwashing as a natural variety of living that could be thoroughly enjoyable with shirtsleeves and a pipe. I'm afraid he wouldn't play American football for fear of getting his face dirty. He's just a bit finicky about life. He's afraid to commit himself for fear he'll have to endure something about which he can't weave golden syllables. That's the reason I don't agree with you about Whitman liking all of him. Whitman was frank about the whole world, dirt and all, and he accepted it enthusiastically. Brooke writes about dirt in such a way as to make it seem horrible.

This poem of Whitman's will prove my point:

Afoot and light hearted, I take to the open road;
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good fortune — I myself am good fortune;
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, heed nothing;
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth — that is sufficient;
I do not want the constellations any nearer,
I know they are very well where they are;
I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

Still, here I carry my old delicious burdens;
I carry them, men and women — I carry them with me wherever I go.
I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them;
I am filled with them and I will fill them in return.

You road I enter upon and look around! I believe that you are not all that is here;
I believe that much unseen is also here.

Here the profound lesson of reception, neither preference nor denial;
The black and his woolly head, the felon, the diseased, the illiterate person, are not denied;
The birth, the hasting after the physician; the

beggar's tramp, the drunkard's stagger, the laughing party of mechanics,
The escaped youth, the rich person's carriage, the fop, the eloping couple,
The early marketman, the hearse, the moving of furniture into town, the return back from town
They pass — I also pass — anything passes — none may be interdicted;
None but are accepted — none but are dear to me.
Mon enfant! I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money;
I give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

Beside this, doesn't the *Menelaus and Helen* seem like an orchid? — a very beautiful, rich orchid, to be sure, but not of the Whitman family.

George Soule.

More About the "New Note"

The idea of "the new note" might be worked out more fully, but after all little or nothing would be gained by elaboration. Given this note of craft love all the rest must follow, as the spirit of self-revelation, which is also a part of the new note, will follow any true present-day love of craft. You will remember we once discussed Coningsby Dawson's *The Garden Without Walls.* What I quarreled with in that book was that the writer looked outside of himself for his material. Even realists have done this — as, for example, Howells; and to that extent have failed. The master Zola failed here. Why do we so prize the work of Whitman, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Twain, and Fielding? Is it not because as we read we are constantly saying to ourselves, "This book is true. A man of flesh and blood like myself has lived the substance of it. In the love of his craft he has done the most difficult of all things: revealed the workings of his own soul and mind"?

To get near to the social advance for which all moderns hunger, is it not necessary to have first of all understanding? How can I love my neighbor if I do not understand him? And it is just in the wider diffusion of this understanding that the work of a great writer helps the advance of mankind. I would like to have you think much of this in your attitude toward all present-day writers. It is so easy for them to bluff us from our position, and I know from my own experience how baffling it is constantly to be coming upon good, well-done work that is false.

In this connection I am tempted to give you the substance of a formula I have just worked out. It lies here before me, and if you will accept it in the comradely spirit in which it is offered I shall be glad. It is the most delicate and the most unbelievably difficult task to catch, understand, and record your own mood. The thing must be done simply and without pretense or windiness, for the moment these creep in your record is no longer a record, but a mere mass of words meaning nothing. The value of such a record is not in the facts caught and recorded but in the fact of your having been able truthfully to make the record — something within yourself will tell you when you have not done it truthfully. I myself believe that when a man can thus stand aside from himself, recording simply and truthfully the inner workings of his own mind, he will be prepared to record truthfully the workings of other minds. In every man or woman dwell dozens of men and women, and the highly imaginative individual will lead fifty lives. Surely this can be

said if it can be said that the unimaginative individual has led one life.

The practice of constantly and persistently making such a record as this will prove invaluable to the person who wishes to become a true critic of writing in the new spirit. Whenever he finds himself baffled in drawing a character or in judging one drawn by another, let him turn thus in upon himself, trusting with child-like simplicity and honesty the truth that lives in his own mind. Indeed, one of the great rewards of living with small children is to watch their faith in themselves and to try to emulate them in this art.

If the practice spoken of above is followed diligently, a kind of partnership will in time spring up between the hand and the brain of the writer. He will find himself becoming in truth a cattle herder, a drug clerk, a murderer, for the benefit of the hand that is writing of these, or the brain that is judging the work of another who has written of these.

To be sure this result will not always follow, and even after long and patient following of the system one will run into barren periods when the brain and the hand do not co-ordinate. In such a period it seems to me the part of wisdom to drop your work and begin again patiently making a record of the workings of your own mind, trying to put down truthfully those workings during the period of failure. I would like to scold every one who writes, or who has to do with writing, into adopting this practice, which has been such a help and such a delight to me.

Sherwood Anderson.

To E

Sara Teasdale

The door was opened and I saw you there
And for the first time heard you speak my name.
Then like the sun your sweetness overcame
My shy and shadowy mood; I was aware
That joy was hidden in your happy hair,
And that for you love held no hint of shame;
My eyes caught light from yours, within whose flame
Humor and passion have an equal share.

How many times since then have I not seen
Your great eyes widen when you talk of love,
And darken slowly with a far desire;
How many times since then your soul has been
Clear to my gaze as curving skies above,
Wearing like them a raiment made of fire.

To S

EUNICE TIETJENS

From my life's outer orbit, where the night
That bounds my knowledge still is piercèd through
By far-off singing planets such as you,
Whose faint, sweet voices come to me like light
In disembodied beauty, keen and bright,—
From this far orbit to my nearer view
You came one day, grown tangible and true
And warm with sympathy and fair with sight.

Then I who still had loved your distant voice,
Your songs, shot through with beauty and with tears
And woven magic of the wistful years,
I felt the listless heart of me rejoice
And stir again, that had lain stunned so long,
Since I had you, yourself a living song.

The Critics' Critic

AGNES REPPLIER ON POPULAR EDUCATION

THROUGH all of Miss Repplier's latest essays in *The Atlantic* runs a note of appeal for the sterner virtues, which she thinks are in danger of dying out under modern conditions. So persistently is this note, admirable in itself, sounded, that we wonder if it doesn't hark back a bit to Sparta, and the casting away of the unfit. When it comes to the question of an education broad enough to fit the needs of every child, we may all pause and take a deep breath. We may not approve of a school of moving pictures, advocated by Judge Lindsey, and yet we may not wish to go to the other extreme of severe discipline advocated by Miss Repplier. If only all children were of exactly the same type, so that the same kind of schooling would suffice for all their needs! Or even if they could come from the same kind of homes with more or less similar ideals!

Let us hear what she and Mr. Lindsey have to say about Tony — (Tony is a boy who does not like school as it is at present organized). "Mr. Edison is coming to the rescue of Tony," says Judge Lindsey. "He will take him away from me and put him in a school that is not a school at all but just one big game. . . . There will be something moving, something doing at that school all the time. When I tell him about it Tony shouts 'Hooray for Mr. Edison!' right

in front of the battery, just as he used to say 'To hell wid de cop!'" On the other hand:—"The old time teacher," says Miss Repplier, "sought to spur the pupil to keen and combative effort, rather than beguile him into knowledge with cunning games and lantern slides. . . . The old time parent set a high value on self discipline and self control."

But can she believe for one moment that Tony's parents ever dreamed of "setting a high value on self discipline and self control?" Or that Tony's sister was taught to "read aloud with correctness and expression, to write notes with propriety and grace, and to play backgammon and whist?" . . .

Figurez-vous! And so, if we can reach little Tony's darkened vision by the simple method of moving pictures, keep him off the streets until he learns at least not to become a hardened criminal—are we not that much to the good? Tony will never, never be ambassador to the court of St. James (or if he is going to be, he'll be it in spite of movies!) but he may be a fairly honest, happy fruit vendor some day, instead of No. 207 in a cell. Useless to cite the dull boys in school, who absolutely refused pedagogic training and later blazed their way—luminaries—through the world, when once they had found the work that interested them. To interest, stimulate, and arouse is the prelude to work: and precious few kiddies, except those who don't really need it, do enough work that they dislike to strengthen their little characters. But even if they do, are those who will not to have nothing?

Of course, education is a thing that can't be disposed of in a few well meaning phrases. Miss Repplier may be right, too, in what she says of the education of Montaigne. You remember he learned to talk Latin under a tutor, at an early age, in much the same way that our modern young ones learn French and German.

"All the boy gained by the most elaborate system ever devised for the saving of labor," she says, "was that he overskipped the lower forms in school. What he lost was the habit of mastering his prescript lessons, which he seems to have disliked heartily." But how does any one know that that was all he gained? I should hardly select Montaigne as my model, if I were trying to point out the ill effects of any particular type of education. Besides, whatever its effect may have been on him, I should hate to lose the mental picture of the little lad Latinizing with the "simple folk of Perigord." Charming little lad, and wonderful old father, doing his best to elevate and help his boy. No, decidedly; whatever Miss Repplier may do to dispose of Tony and his ilk, I am glad she had nothing whatever to do with the education of Montaigne!

The Little Review

Since it appears to be my duty to read all the critical journals and dissect their contents for these columns, I can't in good faith neglect The Little Review. I have just devoured the first issue. What can I say about the superb "announcement"? I agree ardently with it. It needed to be said; the magazine needed to be born. There's no quarrel between art and life except where one or the other is kept back of the door. Anyone with a keen appreciation of art can't help appreciating life too, and Mrs. Jones who runs away from her husband can't fairly stand for "life." Besides, why should anybody object to a thing because it's transitorial? Everything is transitorial. It must either grow or perish.

Mr. Wing's criticism of *Mr. Faust* is

admirable—direct, unpretentious, sound. But you must let me register a slight objection to Dr. Foster's Nietzsche article. It seems to me there's just too much enthusiasm to be borne by what he actually says. When I came to the end of that third paragraph on page fifteen I sneaked back to Galsworthy's letter and found an answering twinkle in its eye. I felt like going up to Dr. Foster with a grin, putting my hand on his shoulder and saying, "My dear man, a candidate for major prophet doesn't need political speeches. It is really not half so important that we unregenerate should give three cheers for him as that we should live his truth. Won't you forget a little of this sound and fury and tell us as simply as you can just what it is that you want us to do?"

I went from his article with the impression that here was a man who was very enthusiastic about Mr. Nietzsche. I'm sure that's not the impression Dr. Foster intended to make. But I have a feeling that pure enthusiasm wasting itself in little geysers is intrinsically ridiculous. Enthusiasm should grow trees and put magic in violets—and that can't be done with undue quickness, or in any but the most simple way. Nobody cares about the sap except for what it does. And, anyhow, it always makes me savage to be orated at, or told that my soul will be damned if I don't admit the particular authority of Mr. Jehovah or Mr. Nietzsche or Mr. anybody else.

That's all by the way, however, and the impression of the magazine as a whole is clear, true, swift. Its impact can't be forgotten. You haven't attained your ideal—which is right; but you've done so well you'll have to scratch to keep up the speed,—which is right, too.

M. H. P.

Women and the Life Struggle

Clara E. Laughlin.

The Truth About Women, by C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan). [Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.]

Mrs. Gallichan has not told the whole truth about woman; but she has told as much of it as has been told by any one writer except Olive Schreiner; and although she has made no important discovery, educed no brilliant new conclusion, she has summarized the best of all that has been said in a book which can scarcely fail to render notable service.

It is interesting to recall how the truth about women has been disclosed. The voice of Mary Wollstonecraft, crying in the wilderness, in 1792, pleaded that "if woman be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge; for truth must be common to all." Yet it was nearly sixty years before Frederick Denison Maurice was able to open Queen's College, and give a few English women the opportunity of an education. (In America, Mary Lyon had already broken ground for the higher education of her countrywomen.)

Here and there, in those days, an intrepid female declared herself a believer in woman's rights; but her pretensions were scarcely honored to the point even of ridicule. Women were inferior creatures, designed and ordered by God to be subordinate to men. Didn't everything go to prove it? And, indeed, nearly everything seemed to!

In 1861, several scholarly gentlemen

in Europe were delving in fields of research where they were destined to upturn facts of great interest to the inferior sex. One of these was John Stuart Mill, whose impassioned protest against the subjection of women was then being written, although it was not published until eight years later. Another was Henry Maine, who was disclosing some significant things about the ancient law on which our modern laws are founded. Another was Lecky, who was gathering material for his *History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne,* and — incidentally — discovering that "natural history of morals" wherewith he was to shock the world in 1869. But two of the others were searching back of Augustus — "back" of him both in point of time and also in degree of civilization. One of these was Bachofen, a German, who published, in 1861, *Das Mutterrecht,* in which he made it clear that women had not always been subordinate, dependent, but among primitive peoples had been the rulers of their race. McLennan's *Primitive Marriage,* published in 1865, brought prominently to British thinkers this quite-new contention of woman as a creature born to rule, but defrauded and degraded.

Then, in 1871, Darwin startled the world with *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex;* and those who accepted his theory of evolution had to revise all their previous notions about the relations of the sexes.

During the next quarter-century many minds were busy with this wholesale revision of ideas, but nothing signal was set forth until Charlotte Stetson — working with the historical data of Maine and Mill and Lecky and their followers, with the ethnological data of Bachofen and McLennan, and many more, and with the natural history of morals as Darwin and Wallace and Huxley and their school disclosed it — declared that the enslavement of women was economic in its origin and in its final analysis. This was not the whole truth, but it was so important a part of the whole that the book *Women and Economics* may be said to have given the most productive stimulus the feminist movement had had since *The Descent of Man.*

Scores, almost hundreds, of books dealing with some phase or other of woman's history, appeared in the next few years. But while many of them were valuable, and some were all but invaluable, none of them was epoch-marking until Olive Schreiner put forth her magnificent fragment on *Woman and Labor,* the chapter on Parasitism being the noblest and most pregnant thing that any student of woman has given to the world. Olive Schreiner saw much further into the question of women and economics than Charlotte Stetson knew how to see. She has a greater vision. She perceives that women are ennobled by what they do — just as men are — and that they are degraded by being denied creative, productive labor — not by being denied the full reward of their toil.

Mrs. Gallichan does not advance upon the contribution of Mrs. Schreiner, as Mrs. Schreiner did upon that of Mrs. Stetson: but she had less opportunity to do so: Mrs. Schreiner did not leave so much for some one else to say. But Mrs. Gallichan has summarized all that has been said more fully than any other writer has done; and she has done it so interestingly, so ably, that she deserves grateful praise.

Her book has three sections: the biological, the historical, and the modern.

Let no one resent or think useless an analogy between animal love-matings and our own. In tracing the evolution of our love-passions from the sexual relations of other mammals, and back to those of their ancestors, and to the humbler, though scarcely less beautiful, ancestors of these, we shall discover what must be considered as essential and should be lasting, and what is false in the conditions and character of the sexes today; and thereby we shall gain at once warning in what directions to pause, and new hope to send us forward. We shall learn that there are factors in our sex-impulses that require to be lived down as out-of-date and no longer beneficial to the social needs of life. But encouragement will come as, looking backwards, we learn how the mighty dynamic of sex-love has evolved in fineness, without losing in intensity, how it is tending to become more mutual, more beautiful, more lasting.

Two suggestions which Mrs. Gallichan makes in the biological section are especially striking. One is derived from the bee, and one from the spider. The bee, she reminds us, belongs

to a highly evolved and complex society, which may be said to represent a very perfected and extreme socialism. In this society the vast majority of the population — the workers — are sterile females, and of the drones, or males, only a very few at the most are ever functional. Reproduction is carried on by the queen-mother . . . specialized for maternity and incapable of any other function. . . . I have little doubt that something which is at least analogous to the sterilization of the female bees is present among ourselves. The complexity of our social conditions, resulting in the great disproportion between the number of the sexes, has tended to set aside a great number of women from the normal expression of their sex functions.

The danger to society, when maternity shall be left to the stupid parasitic women who are unable to exist as workers, is pointed out by Mrs. Gallichan; as is also that exaggerated form of matriarchy which is realized among the ants and bees. And she reminds women who are workers, not mothers, that in the bee-workers the ovipositor becomes a poisoned sting. She warns women not to become like the sterile bees; but she warns them also against state endowment of motherhood. And she does not suggest how the great excess of women are to become mothers without reorganizing society.

The second example she cites in warning, the common spider, whose courtship customs Darwin described in *The Descent of Man*, is "a case of female superiority carried to a savage conclusion." And from this female who ruthlessly devours her lover, Mrs. Gallichan deduces a theory for "many of those wrongs which women have suffered at the hands of men. Man, acting instinctively, has rebelled, not so much, I think, against woman as against this driving hunger within himself, which forces him helpless into her power."

The stages by which parasitism was transferred from the male to the female still need some elucidation — like the stages by which marriage passed from endogamy to exogamy. But Mrs. Gallichan's suggestion about the male preserving himself by appearing as self-sufficient and as dominant as he can, is highly interesting. It will probably not be long before we know a great deal more of this.

In the historical section of her book, Mrs. Gallichan devotes four admirable chapters to the mother-age civilization, and four others to the position of women in Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome.

Of immense significance is the relation between the enviable status of women in Egypt and that love of peace and of peaceful pursuits which characterized the Egyptian people. War, patriarchy, and the subjection of women, have gone hand in hand. Social organizations in which might was right have minimized the worth of women; those in which ingenuity, resourcefulness, and ideality

were set above brute force have given women most justice.

Mrs. Gallichan's chapter on the women of Athens and of Sparta is most suggestive. So is that on the women of Rome.

In her modern section she discusses women and labor:

> The old way of looking at the patriarchal family was, from one point of thought, perfectly right and reasonable as long as every woman was ensured the protection of, and maintenance by, some man. Nor do I think there was any unhappiness or degradation involved to women in this co-operation of the old days, where the man went out to work and the woman stayed to do work at least equally valuable in the home. It was, as a rule, a co-operation of love, and in any case it was an equal partnership in work. But what was true once is not true now. We are living in a continually changing development and modification of the old tradition of the relationship of woman and man. . . . The women of one class have been forced into labor by the sharp driving of hunger. Among the women of the other class have arisen a great number who have turned to seek occupation from an entirely different cause, the no less bitter driving of an unstimulating and ineffective existence, a kind of boiling-over of women's energy wasted, causing a revolt of the woman-soul against a life of confused purposes, achieving by accident what is achieved at all. Between the women who have the finest opportunities and the women who have none there is this common kinship — the wastage not so much of woman as of womanhood.

She considers "the women who have been forced into the cheating, damning struggle for life," and urges that "the life-blood of women, that should be given to the race, is being stitched into our ready-made clothes; washed and ironed into our linen; poured into our adulterated foods"; and so on. But her reasoning in this chapter is not very clear. Women, to avoid parasitism, must work, and only a relatively small proportion of them can now find in their homes work enough to keep them self-sustaining. Protest against the sweating of women is not only philanthropic — it is perfectly sound political economy. Women workers not only should be protected against long hours, unnecessary risks, insanitary surroundings, merciless nerve tension, and the computation of their wages on a basis of their assured ability to live partly by their labor and partly by the legitimatized or unlegitimatized sale of their sex; but this *can*, and *must*, be done. Yet, when all this has been accomplished, will Mrs. Gallichan feel satisfied that the struggle for life is not "cheating, damning," if owing to conditions we cannot regulate that struggle fails also to comprehend the struggle to give life, to reproduce?

> It is because we are the mothers of men that we claim to be free.

This is the keynote of her book. But she is by no means clear in her mind as to how the mothers of men are to maintain themselves in a freedom which shall be real, not merely conceded; nor as to how the millions of women who, under our monogamous societies, cannot be permanently mated, are to justify their struggle for existence by becoming "mothers of men."

The something that Mrs. Gallichan lacks, not in her retrospect so much as in her previsioning, has been lacked by many of the great investigators and writers who have built up the magnificent literature of evolution and evolutionary philosophy: she has an admirable survey of the "whenceness" of life and love and labor, but a short-sighted, astigmatic vision of its "whereuntoness."

If the sole purpose of life and love and labor, among humans as among lower animals, is to continue life, to transmit the life-force, then indeed are

those frustrated, futile creatures who are cheated, or who cheat themselves, out of rendering this one service to the world which can justify them for having lived in it.

But if, as most of us believe, we are more than just links in the human chain; if we have a relation to eternity as well as to history and to posterity, there are splendid interpretations of our struggles that Mrs. Gallichan does not apprehend. If souls are immortal, life is more than the perpetuation of species, or even than the improvement of the race; it is the place allotted to us for the development of that imperishable part which we are to carry hence, and through eternity. And any effort of ours which helps other souls to realize the best that life can give, to seek the best that immortality can perpetuate, may splendidly justify our existence.

Mrs. Gallichan's conclusion about religion is that it is an "opium" to which women resort when they have no proper outlet for their sex-impulses. "I am certain," she says, "that in us the religious impulse and the sex impulse are one." And when she was able to satisfy the sex impulse, she no longer had any need of or interest in religion.

The limitations this puts upon her interpretation of life are too obvious to need cataloging. And this is the reason she signally fails to tell the whole of the truth about woman. This is the reason why the latter chapters of her book, in which she writes of marriage and divorce and prostitution, are of less worth to the generality of readers than the earlier ones; though this is not to say that these chapters do not contain a very great deal of vigorous thinking and excellent suggestion. But to anyone who holds that the continuance of life is the principal justification for having lived, yet deplores free love and state endowment of mothers, there is inevitably an appalling waste, for the elimination of which she may well be staggered to suggest a remedy.

Mrs. Gallichan's book is not constructive in effect. But it is so excellently analytical, as far as it goes, that it can scarcely fail to provoke a great deal of thought.

"Change"

There is coming soon, to the Fine Arts Theatre — that charming Chicago home of the Irish Players and of "the new note" in drama — a play with an interesting title. It is called *Change.* It is to be given by the Welsh Players — which fact alone has a thrill in it. But the theme is even more compelling.

Two old God-fearing Welsh people have denied themselves of comforts and pleasures to give their sons an education. Then, when they expect to reap the benefits of the sacrifice, three unexpected and awful things happen: the student son has so fallen under the influence of modern skepticism as to be forced to abandon his father's Calvinistic creed. The second one has become soaked with socialism and syndicalism. The third, a chronic invalid, is a Christian and a comfort; but he is killed, quite unnecessarily, in a labor conflict instigated by his brother. Then — the two old people again, alone. What can a playwright do with such a situation? Nothing, certainly, to attract a "capacity house." But we shall be among the first of that small minority who likes thinking in the theatre to hear what Mr. Francis has to say. His theme is tremendous.

The Poetry of Alice Meynell

Llewellyn Jones

NOT least among the stirring events of our present poetical renaissance are the publication of the collected editions of the works of Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson (Scribner). Spiritually akin, mutually influencing one another in material as in more subtle ways, their poetry stands in vivid contrast to the muse of our younger singers, the makers of what English critics hail as a new Georgian Age. That this difference gives them an added significance, and not as some critics have said, a lessened one, is the burden of the present appreciation of the poems of Alice Meynell. For there is a tendency for the reader who is intoxicated with poetic modernity to reason somewhat after this fashion. Here, he will say,— as indeed Mr. Austin Harrison has said of Francis Thompson — is a "reed pipe of neo-mediaevalism . . . a poet of the gargoyle," not of this modern world, and so neither in sympathy of thought or melody with us of the twentieth century, its free life and *vers libre*. All this, of course, because, Francis Thompson was — as is Mrs. Meynell — a child of the Catholic Church. Our supposititious reader will continue to the effect that there is no spiritual profit to be had in reading these poets when the modern attitude is to be found in such writers as W. W. Gibson, Masefield, and Hardy. But in so arguing, our reader will be entirely wrong as to the facts, and mistaken in his whole manner of approach to the realm of poetic values.

Mr. Max Eastman, in his charming book, *The Enjoyment of Poetry*, lays stress on the fact that poetry is not primarily the registering of emotions but the expression of keen realizations. A mathematical concept may arouse an emotion, but the poet makes the actual emotion transmissible by his selective power in picking out the focal point of the experience by which it is aroused. If poetry is essentially realization of life, then we have no longer any excuse for asking our poets to share our doctrinal views before we consent to read them. On the contrary, we should be more anxious to read Mrs. Meynell than Mr. Gibson, if we are modernists, for Mr. Gibson may, conceivably, not be able to tell us anything we have not already felt. Mrs. Meynell, on the other hand, can inform our feelings with fresh aspects of experience, and she does so abundantly. Her Catholicism is not mediaevalism, but, in so far as it is translatable into her poetry it is simply a vocabulary for the expression of certain emotional realizations of life which we modernists find it very hard to express because we do not have the necessary vocabulary. What can be more modern than the doctrine of the immanence of God and his abode in man, that much-discussed "social gospel?" Yet the following poem, not in spite of but through its Catholic terminology, heightens our realization of brotherhood and dependence one upon another. It is entitled *The Unknown God:*

One of the crowd went up,
And knelt before the Paten and the Cup,
Received the Lord, returned in peace, and prayed
Close to my side; then in my heart I said:

"O Christ, in this man's life—
This stranger who is Thine—in all his strife,
All his felicity, his good and ill,
In the assaulted stronghold of his will,

"I do confess Thee here,
Alive within this life; I know Thee near
Within this lonely conscience, closed away
Within this brother's solitary day.

"Christ in his unknown heart,
His intellect unknown—this love, this art,
This battle and this peace, this destiny
That I shall never know, look upon me!

"Christ in his numbered breath,
Christ in his beating heart and in his death,
Christ in his mystery! From that secret place
And from that separate dwelling, give me grace."

The spectacle of a general communion again gives Mrs. Meynell inspiration for a poem whose last two stanzas apply equally as well to the secular, evolutionary view of salvation as they do to the ecclesiastical view, and whose last stanza is most suggestive in the light it throws upon the puzzling discrepancy between the littleness of man and the unlimited material vast in which he finds himself a floating speck:

I saw this people as a field of flowers,
Each grown at such a price
The sum of unimaginable powers
Did no more than suffice.

A thousand single central daisies they,
A thousand of the one;
For each, the entire monopoly of day;
For each, the whole of the devoted sun.

Even so typically modern a philosopher as Henri Bergson would find one of his leading and rather baffling ideas beautifully realized in one of Mrs. Meynell's sonnets. Matter, Bergson tells us, in all its manifestations is moulded by a spiritual push from behind it, so that the sensible world is not a mosaic of atoms obeying fixed laws but rather a cosmic compromise between matter and spirit, a *modus vivendi* the operation of which would seem very different to us were our viewpoint that of pure spirit. Says Mrs. Meynell in *To a Daisy:*

Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide
Like all created things, secrets from me,
And stand, a barrier to eternity.
And I, how can I praise thee well and wide

From where I dwell—upon the hither side?
Thou little veil for so great mystery,
When shall I penetrate all things and thee,
And then look back? For this I must abide,

Till thou shalt grow and fold and be unfurled
Literally between me and the world.
Then I shall drink from in beneath a spring,

And from a poet's side shall read his book.
O daisy mine, what shall it be to look
From God's side even of such a simple thing?

The sense of what might, perhaps, be called restrained paradox in that sonnet, is frequently met with in Mrs. Meynell's writings, and it corresponds to aspects of reality which the old religious phraseology she has so freshly minted for us is alone fitted to convey. *The Young Neophyte* is a beautiful sonnet enshrining the fatefulness of every human action, the gift of the full flower which is implicit in the gift of the smallest bud, the preparation we are constantly making for crises which are yet hidden in the future. *Thoughts in Separation* also deals with the paradoxical overcoming of the handicaps of personal absence of our friends through community of thought and feeling. Not only are these paradoxes in human psychology delicately set forth by the poet, but those darker ones of human work and destiny are consolingly illuminated in such a poem as *Builders of Ruins*—which does not depend for its quality of consolation upon anything foreign to its poetic truth.

One poem in the book is, perhaps, most remarkable for the light it throws upon the sense in which the term poetic truth may be used, and as showing the

difference between the poetic, the realizable, and, therefore, the true side of a religion — the side Matthew Arnold was so anxious to keep — and the mere theological framework, always smelling of unreality and always in need of renovation. The poem may stand as a warning against confusing real poetry — in whose truth we need not be afraid to trust because its author does not inhabit our own thought world — with versified theology. If all of Mrs. Meynell's work were like her *Messina, 1908*, then the critic and reader who now mistakenly shun her would be right. And the poem is a curious commentary upon Mr. Eastman's insistence that poetry is realization. For in her other poems the author has presented those aspects of her religion which are verifiable in experience. Perhaps the quotations given above bear out that point. But one aspect of religious thought has now been pretty generally abandoned, not because it has ever been proven false, but because we have never succeeded in realizing it for ourselves. The God of orthodox church theodicy never did "make good"; Christ, the Saints, and even the very material form of the cross itself had to mediate between man and the divine. And it is precisely in the one case in this book where Mrs. Meynell tries to present the governing rather than the immanent God to us that she fails — as, if poetry be realization, we should expect her to fail. The first stanza of the poem addressed to the Deity describes in a few bold strokes the wreck of Messina, and ends with the lines:

> Destroyer, we have cowered beneath Thine own
> Immediate unintelligible hand.

The second stanza describes the missions of mercy to the stricken city, and ends:

> . . . our shattered fingers feel
> Thy mediate and intelligible hand.

The essential weakness of this dependence for poetic effect upon the two adjectives and their negatives is no less obvious than the weakness of the poet's attribution of such apparently impulsive and then retractatory conduct to a God whose ways must either be explicable in terms of a human sense of order or not made the subject of human discourse at all.

Mrs. Meynell describes herself in one of these poems as a singer of a single mood. Some of her critics have taken her at her word and saved themselves some trouble thereby in their task of appreciation. But as a matter of fact, she should not be taken at her own modest estimate, for her one mood is such a pervasive one, such a large and sane mood, that it pays to look at more than one aspect of life through its coloring. And in truth, besides her better-known poems which need no further mention here, *The Lady Poverty* and *Renouncement*, for example, there will be found within the small compass of her beautifully-housed collection of verse many aspects of nature, all of them instinct with a mystic shimmer of life, as well as aspects of the innermost life of man which it is given to few spirits to sing in words — only, in fact, to those spirits whose effort it is to make their poetry

> Plain, behind oracles . . . and past
> All symbols, simple; perfect, heavenly-wild
> The song some loaded poets reach at last —
> The kings that found a Child.

To have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive, and it is not denied to criticism to have it; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge. — Matthew Arnold in *Essays in Criticism* (First Series).

An Ancient Radical

William L. Chenery

Euripides and His Age, by Gilbert Murray. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.]

The "conspiracy of silence" which oppressed the youth of those of us who were born in the late Victorian era never seems more hateful than when some master hand connects the present labors of liberty with the strivings of the infinite past. In some fashion the dominating spirits of a generation ago contrived to make the struggles for human freedom appear as ugly isolated episodes without precursors or ancestry. They forgot the Shelleys and the Godwins and they even denied the significance of the classic forerunners of today's ardent prophets.

There were happy exceptions. Some of us cherish the teachings of a Virginia professor who, as far as the adolescent capacities of his students permitted, bridged the gap between Socrates's free questionings and the contemporary yearnings for a world of uncompromising justice and beauty. What that Southern student did for his small band of followers Gilbert Murray has long been doing for the great world. His present contribution belongs to that satisfying series, *The Home University Library*. Incidentally, one reflects that this *Home University* is one of the few institutions of learning which has completely avoided the blinders so many are complacently wearing. The Euripides of Murray suggests to the author — and to the reader, one may claim — both Tolstoi and Ibsen. But, one hastens to state, Professor Murray is too learned and thoughtful a man to paint a revolutionary Euripides such as *The Masses* — much as one loves that exuberant Don Quixote — would delight to honor and to portray. His onset, however, catches us:

> "Every man who possesses real vitality can be seen as the resultant of two forces," says Murray. "He is first the child of a particular age, society, convention; of what we may call in one word a tradition. He is secondly, in one degree or another, a rebel against that tradition. And the best traditions make the best rebels. Euripides is the child of a strong and splendid tradition and is, together with Plato, the fiercest of all rebels against it. . . . Euripides, like ourselves, comes in an age of criticism, following upon an age of movement and action. And for the most part, like ourselves, he accepts the general standards on which the movement and action were based. He accepts the Athenian ideals of free thought, free speech, democracy, 'virtue,' and patriotism. He arraigns his country because she is false to them."

The suffragist and the feminist movements have recently brought the great dramatist to his proper appreciation in respect to women. Some of the passages in the *Medea* are quoted as often in suffragist campaigns as the words of Bernard Shaw or of Olive Schreiner. This Greek is sometimes said to be the first literary man who understood women. For that reason, as Professor Murray so charmingly emphasizes, Euripides was ever accounted a woman hater, despite even the implications of his great chorus which sings so nobly woman's destined rise as a power in the world. His statement of the cause of barbarian woman against a civilized man who has wronged her is incomparably more contemporary than *Madam Butterfly*, and with Murray we may doubt "if ever the deserted one has found such words of fire as Medea

speaks." And, as the author continues, "Medea is not only a barbarian; she is also a woman, and fights the horrible war that lies, an eternally latent possibility, between woman and man. Some of the most profound and wounding things said both by Medea and Jason might almost be labelled in a book of extracts 'Any Wife to Any Husband' or 'Any Husband to Any Wife.'"

The change which came over the spirit of Euripides's vision, as Athens itself was transformed by empire lust from the first glories of Pericles, suggest again the purifying satire of our ablest moderns. War is hateful and the picture which the Attic dramatist drew of the horrors of dying Troy leave little to the present imagination. Euripides accordingly became as popular in imperialistic Athens as was Bebel among the Kaiser's ministers. Murray interprets this phase magnificently. He concludes: "This scene, with the parting between Andromache and the child which follows, seems to me perhaps the most heartrending in all the tragic literature of the world. After rising from it one understands Aristotle's judgment of Euripides as the 'most tragic of the poets.'" One has only to recall the brave gentleness of Hector's wife, described first in Homeric words, to agree with the present author.

On the purely critical side Professor Murray's words are vastly important. Especially valuable is his discussion of the chorus and the *deus ex machina* concerning which so much error has been taught since Horace wrote on the art of poetry. But this small book is not designed for those whose interest in Greek drama is technical. It is Euripides, the philosopher; Euripides, the satirist of his times; Euripides, the preacher of lofty virtues, the apostle of new men and more righteous gods, who concerns the great awakening world of 1914. The intellectual battles which Euripides fought on behalf of Athens have been waged again and often for the millions who slumber and are content. They are being fought now with an intensity unprecedented. So it brings courage and it brings calm to realize the continuity of the conflict, and to recall the signal victories of the olden days. Gilbert Murray's achievements are too numerous to permit praise. One may only say now that the present book is in line with the fine things of his past: that by virtue of his labors the world agony for liberty and justice and beauty reveals new phases of the intrinsic dignity and honor which have been its possession since men desired better things.

For those whose lives are chaotic personal loves must also be chaotic; this or that passion, malice, a jesting humor, some physical lust, gratified vanity, egotistical pride, will rule and limit the relationship and color its ultimate futility. — H. G. Wells in *First and Last Things.*

Isn't it possible to be pedantic in the demand for simplicity? It's a cry which, if I notice aright, nature has a jaunty way of disregarding. Command a rosebush in the stress of June to purge itself; coerce a convolvulus out of the paths of catachresis. Amen! — *Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody.*

Equal Suffrage: The First Real Test

Henry Blackman Sell

THE query of the anti-suffragist — "Will the women really use suffrage if they have it" — was rather conclusively answered in the affirmative at Chicago aldermanic elections on April 7, when equal suffrage was given its first real test in an American city of first rank. This election brought out many interesting incidents which might be considered as having "laboratory" value.

It has been contended by the "antis" that the women would be bad losers; that they would not support the non-partisan ideals which are becoming a definite part of our "new patriotism"; that the result of equal suffrage would simply be one of double vote, wives voting as their husbands decided; that the women coming out in the first enthusiasm of registration would not take the same interest in the prosaic work at the polls; that the fights against bad nominees would result either in a duplication of man-run campaigns, or in ineffective and lady-like campaigns.

The first of these contentions was proved untrue to even the most casual observer at the polls on election day. The women were fighting uphill all the way, and where the so-termed "suffrage men" were slightly unpleasant in their attitude towards the "antis," the women were all cheerfulness and all refreshing encouragement. As one explained: "It has been the most wonderful feeling, working shoulder to shoulder with the men in something that has really been our duty all along."

Nine women candidates were up for election and not one was chosen: and yet, after talking with five defeated women candidates and three defeated men candidates, I concluded that the women knew more about the philosophy of politics and its sad uncertainties than men who had been contesting for years.

True, election to office is but a by-product of political experience; it is a most coveted by-product, nevertheless, and when a woman like Marion Drake, who ran a close race against Chicago's "bad" alderman, says, at the closing of the polls, "I have not been elected, but every minute of the time I have expended has been worth while and I shall try again at the next election," — it shows the right spirit and the fundamental error in the assertion that women cannot lose gracefully.

Non-partisanism could be given no real test, for these ideals seemed necessary of application in only two or three wards. In one — the twenty-first — an alderman with a bad record was up for re-election in opposition to a Republican of no particular merit. The women got together, with the aid of some of the better men, and selected a non-partisan candidate. This man was elected directly through the efforts of the women who, Republican, Democratic, and Progressive, rallied in true non-partisan spirit to his aid.

As to the control of the women's votes by the men: it is interesting to note that in the more intelligent wards there was considerable variance between the men and the women, while in the wards of the poorer and less intellectually-inclined portions of the city the votes ran a great deal alike.

The women came out in good numbers

and, as a matter of fact, the masculine vote was considerably higher than usual; but even with this advantage, the registered women outvoted the registered men by a small per cent.

The campaigns conducted by the various women were distinctly different from the ordinary political campaigns. They were dignified, straightforward, strong, and effective. Miss Drake, in her campaign against John Coughlin, colloquially and delicately known as "Bathhouse John," — the name originating from the fact that the gentleman in question received his political training as a mopper and rubber in one of Chicago's most infamous bath houses, — made a direct appeal, in a house to house, voter to voter, canvass of her ward. In this way she told over two-thirds of the people of the "Bathhouse's" territory all about the gentleman, his ambitions, his desires, and his insidious motives. And while she was defeated, it must be remembered that though Coughlin received a sufficient plurality, he by no means attained his boast: — "I'll beat that skirt by 8,000 votes." In fact, where his plurality at the last elections was approximately eight to one, this year it was less than two-and-a-half to one, making an obvious deduction that Miss Drake's campaign was decidedly successful even though she did not win.

The Education of Yesterday and Today

William Saphier

The Education of Karl Witte, translated by Leo Wiener and edited by H. Addington Bruce. [Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.]

Mr. Saphier is a Roumanian who came to this country only a few years ago and learned English. The following review is his first attempt at writing, and we print it just as it came to us, hoping our readers will find it as interesting as we did.

French, Italian, English, Greek, and German at the age of nine, a Ph.D. degree at fourteen, a doctor of laws and an appointment to the teaching staff of the Berlin University at sixteen — these were some of the achievements of Karl Witte. Or shall I say of pastor Witte, the father? For the boy had very little to do with it: he was merely a piece of putty in the able hands of a strong-willed man who knew what he wanted and how to get it. A child of ordinary abilities, according to pastor Witte and others, Karl absorbed an enormous amount of knowledge in a comparatively short time, as a result of a method of education which began almost as soon as he showed intelligence.

The book, originally written about one hundred years ago when scientific advice on the subject was lacking, is a remarkable document. It is full of useful information and practical hints to parents and people interested in the education of children, even in this day of scientific methods and conflicting authorities. But as we might have expected, the discipline reminds us a little of the German "Kaserne." The spilling of a little milk on the tablecloth was punished by enforced abstinence from all foods except bread and salt. Punishment as a remedy for an offense is always wrong, because it does not prove the responsibility of the act to the child.

The spirit in which pastor Witte went about his task is shown in the following passage:

The firmness in executing my purpose went so far that even our house dog knew the emphasis of the words: "I must work," and calmed down the moment we spoke these words softly into his ears. Almost from the outset this made an enormous impression on Karl. He soon became accustomed to look upon his work time as something sacred.

The development of intellectual and moral courage, the most important qualities any man or woman may possess, were neglected, at least were not given the attention they deserve. To inculcate in the child a desire for liberty and social equality, he overlooks entirely.

The father is really the more remarkable of the two. A product of the method of education prevailing at the time, he stands as a refutation of his own theories. Pastor Witte conceived and carried out an idea successfully. He did something, at least theoretically, worth while. The son died at eighty-three. Now what difference would it have made either to the boy or to the world if his appointment to the teaching staff of Berlin had come at a later date? Most methods of education aim at the training of the senses and the accumulation of facts. While these are necessary, I think the speed at which this is done is immaterial to the child.

Some of the finest men and women, who made this a better world to live in, had no scientific training in their childhood or later. We need not go back to history to find them. Maxime Gorky, for instance, lost his parents before he was four years old, and began to read under the supervision of a cook at sixteen. Jack London is another instance that suggests itself readily to one's mind.

Of course these are exceptional people, but take the thousands of able and brainy men and women in labor organizations and idealists in all walks of life. Usually they had very little attention from their parents, either because they had no time or did not know enough. These men and women who had to rub up against the rough edges of our money-making machinery and to stand squarely on their feet facing this world and its problems,—willing to lend a hand, yes, even to give their lives for the betterment of social and economic conditions —these persons are worthy of the name.

Now I don't want to say anything against the early training of children. The kindergarten and all the methods of early training in schools have come into existence because there is a real need for them. Parents, for many reasons, no longer have the time to train their own children; but we expect results from education in general that cannot be accomplished.

What good are all the learning and scientific facts that we have accumulated up to now, if we don't use them to make our life richer and more beautiful? Knowledge and ability are worthless if there is no moral and intellectual courage to back them up. Pastor Witte thought the education of his son finished when he reached the age of sixteen. We to-day do things in the same spirit. We get things done. Nothing slow about us. The result, of course, is very poor; nobody is satisfied. Our experts, always ready with advice on any and everything, tell us that what we need is technical training to provide industry with efficient help. These educators do not see that the difficulty is not with the child but with industrial conditions. They are going to fit the child to this misery called modern industry. But remove the possibility of the unscrupulous taking advantage of the inexperienced and simple-minded, and many of the so-called educational problems will disappear.

Some Book Reviews

A New-Old Tagore Play

Chitra: A Play in One Act, by Rabindrauath Tagore.
[The Macmillan Company, New York.]

Nothing is more irritating to a really modern critic than to have to join in a chorus of universal praise. It is particularly irritating when the person acclaimed is a Nobel prize winner, for surely those of us who sit in private judgment in secluded places ought to be able to discern values subtler than the ones open to the eyes of some mysterious frock-coated and silk-hatted jury of professors in Stockholm, or wherever it may be. The very marrow in the bones of criticism curdles at the thought of agreeing with a popular award.

But a certain native honesty and a distinct desire to spread good news obliges one, in the case of *Chitra,* to withhold the amiable dissecting knife. The play is far too beautiful to serve as a cadaver for the illustration of either the anatomist's skill or the facts of anatomy. Let it be confessed that this reviewer, who was about to send the book back with a refusal to review any work of Tagore, found, after reading a few lines, that he was forced to go on; and that having once gone on, he preferred to write the review rather than to give up the book.

This play was written twenty-five years ago, and belongs, therefore, to that earlier strata of Tagore's life which is to the normal mind so much more alluring than the latter detritus that seems to have accumulated over him. His later work appears to be old with the old age of Asia and with the old age of himself. Its fundamental feeling is the only too familiar impulse to recline on the bosom of a remote God. We who regard this attitude as a perversion of manhood will turn from it with relief to the earlier writing, in which the very lifeblood of our own hearts seems quivering with the intimations of a better-than-godlike beauty.

As I have suggested, there is very little that can rationally be said about this play *Chitra.* To indicate something of the nature of so perfect a work is the sole office that I can profitably perform.

Chitra, daughter of a King who had no sons, was brought up to live the life and perform the activities of a man, with a man's hardness of frame and a man's directness of will. One day while hunting in the forest, she found sleeping in her path Arjuna, the great warrior of the Kuru Clan. "Then for the first time in my life I felt myself a woman, and knew that a man was before me . . . " Going to the gods of love, Chitra obtained from them the gift of a perfect and world-vanquishing beauty to last for one year only; and returning to Arjuna she overcame by this invincible weapon the monastic vows which he had taken upon himself, and swept him away into the wild and glorious current of her year of beauty. Thus the year begins:

Chitra

At evening I lay down on a grassy bed strewn with the petals of spring flowers, and recollected the wonderful praise of my beauty I had heard from Arjuna; — drinking drop by drop the honey that I had stored during the long day. The history of my past life, like

that of my former existences, was forgotten. I felt like a flower, which has but a few fleeting hours to listen to all the humming of the woodlands and then must lower its eyes from the sky, bend its head, and at a breath give itself up to the dust without a cry, thus ending the short story of a perfect moment that has neither past nor future.

Vasanta (The God of Love)

A limitless life of glory can bloom and spend itself in a morning.

Madana (The God of the Seasons)

Like an endless meaning in the narrow span of a song.

Chitra

The southern breeze caressed me to sleep. From the flowering *malati* bower overhead silent kisses dropped over my body. On my hair, my breast, my feet, each flower chose a bed to die on. I slept. And suddenly, in the depth of my sleep, I felt as if some intense eager look, like tapering fingers of flame, touched my slumbering body. I started up and saw the Hermit standing before me. The moon had moved to the west, peering through the leaves to espy this wonder of divine art wrought in a fragile human frame. The air was heavy with perfume; the silence of the night was vocal with the chirping of crickets; the reflections of the trees hung motionless in the lake; and with his staff in his hand he stood, tall and straight and still, like a forest tree. It seemed to me that I had, on opening my eyes, died to all realities of life and undergone a dream birth into a shadow land. Shame slipped to my feet like loosened clothes. I heard his call — "Beloved, my most beloved!" And all my forgotten lives united as one and responded to it. I said, "Take me, take all I am!" And I stretched out my arms to him. The moon set behind the trees. Heaven and earth, time and space, pleasure and pain, death and life merged together in an unbearable ecstasy. . . . With the first gleam of light, the first twitter of birds, I rose up and sat leaning on my left arm. He lay asleep with a vague smile about his lips like the crescent moon in the morning. The rosy-red glow of the dawn fell upon his noble forehead. I sighed and stood up. I drew together the leafy lianas to screen the streaming sun from his face. I looked about me and saw the same old earth. I remembered what I used to be, and ran and ran like a deer afraid of her own shadow, through the forest path strewn with *shephali* flowers. I found a lonely nook, and sitting down covered my face with both hands, and tried to weep and cry. But no tears came to my eyes.

Madana

Alas, thou daughter of mortals! I stole from the divine storehouse the fragrant wine of heaven, filled with it one earthly night to the brim, and placed it in thy hand to drink — yet still I hear this cry of anguish! . . .

A few words, a half dozen pages of prose modulated to perform an office as subtle as that of blank verse, give us the exquisite essence of the year that follows; and toward the end there steal into it notes of the inadequacy which the great warrior feels in this perfection, and his desire for the old and harsher round of human life. Thus the year ends:

Madana

Tonight is thy last night.

Vasanta

The loveliness of your body will return tomorrow to the inexhaustible stores of the spring. The ruddy tint of thy lips, freed from the memory of Arjuna's kisses, will bud anew as a pair of fresh asoka leaves, and the soft, white glow of thy skin will be born again in a hundred fragrant jasmine flowers.

Chitra

O gods, grant me this my prayer! Tonight, in its last hour, let my beauty flash its brightest, like the final flicker of a dying flame.

Madana

Thou shalt have thy wish.

And as it ends, and as Chitra realizes that there is to fall from her that radiance which has been, for a year, the sole bond between her and her lover, and also the sole barrier between the real her and him, she finds that his profounder longing has changed into a desire for the companionship of that strong and eager boy-woman that she was before her transformation.

Chitra (cloaked)

My lord, has the cup been drained to the last drop? Is this indeed the end? No; when all is done something still remains, and that is my last sacrifice at your feet.

I brought from the garden of heaven flowers of incomparable beauty with which to worship you, god of my heart. If the rites are over, if the flowers have faded, let me throw them out of the temple *(unveiling in her original male attire)*. Now, look at your worshipper with gracious eyes.

I am not beautifully perfect as the flowers with which I worshipped. I have many flaws and blemishes. I am a traveller in the great world-path, my garments are dirty, and my feet are bleeding with thorns. Where should I achieve flower-beauty, the unsullied loveliness of a moment's life? The gift that I proudly bring you is the heart of a woman. Here have all pains and joys gathered, the hopes and fears and shames of a daughter of the dust; here love springs up struggling toward immortal life. Herein lies an imperfection which yet is noble and grand. If the flower-service is finished, my master, accept this as your servant for the days to come!

I am Chitra, the king's daughter. Perhaps you will remember the day when a woman came to you in the temple of Shiva, her body loaded with ornaments and finery. That shameless woman came to court you as though she were a man. You rejected her; you did well. My lord, I am that woman. She was my disguise. Then by the boon of gods I obtained for a year the most radiant form that a mortal ever wore, and wearied my hero's heart with the burden of that deceit. Most surely I am not that woman.

I am Chitra. No goddess to be worshipped, nor yet the object of common pity to be brushed aside like a moth with indifference. If you deign to keep me by your side in the path of danger and daring, if you allow me to share the great duties of your life, then you will know my true self. If your babe, whom I am nourishing in my womb, be born a son, I shall myself teach him to be a second Arjuna, and send him to you when the time comes, and then at last you will truly know me. Today I can only offer you Chitra, the daughter of a king.

Arjuna

Beloved, my life is full.

Arthur Davison Ficke.

An Unorthodox View of Burroughs

Our Friend John Burroughs, by Clara Barrus. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.]

That title engenders a resentment in me, a sense of unfitness. It is an epitome of a popular approval which has cheapened the word "friendship." If Walt Whitman, John Muir, and Francis F. Browne had jointly written of Burroughs, the words "our friend" in the title of their collaboration would have been inevitable and nice. The common disregard of so unimportant a matter as this seems to be in the author's opinion exhibits the crass liberties which the public is wont to take with personalities. The result is that a great man may become popular and useful before he is understood.

Burroughs happily is both read and understood. His popularity therefore is wholesome. But the mild and consistent protest which his life has been and is against the necessary artificialities in which most of his "friends" live has never drawn them into a comprehending, practicing sympathy with it. He is read, applauded, and envied — but not followed. His softness and gentle unconcern with affairs are the antitheses of those dynamic qualities which confer leadership and vitalize men's impulses and deeds. His urban admirers go to the country to rusticate and picnic but not to live a life like his. He does too

much speculative thinking to give his attitude toward the world an opportunity to go home to his readers.

Whitman, with a similar indifference to a following, drives men into the open road; Thoreau lures them to Walden Ponds to repeat his experiment; Ik Marvel persuades them to farm; David Grayson charms city folk back to the land, to anchor and live. Burroughs attracts visitors to Slabsides. He is on the verge of becoming an institution, a curiosity. His life has been a personal success. He is young in spirit and surprisingly robust at nearly eighty years of age — he is seventy-seven this month — and I daresay that his obvious failure to lead his readers towards country homes of their own or seriously to interest them in the art of simple living has never given him the slightest pain. He has assumed no responsibility for the ways of the world. Nature is capable of working out her own salvation during a future eternity. A leaf on a tree does not quarrel with or attempt to reform its personal kin. It functions alone; the life of which it is a part must take care of horticultural sociology. Burroughs to me acknowledges himself to be a leaf on the great tree. That is exceedingly interesting; but endow leaves with reason, give them an expanding consciousness, and their functions must change. Burroughs would require to be more than a predestinated leaf if his fellows were leaves.

By virtue of society's struggle and industry, in which Burroughs is not interested, he has made of the world, so far as he is concerned, a quiet, beautiful outdoor cathedral, domed by the sky, its chief priest being fed and clothed by the slaves of productive industry in your world and mine. With great respect and admiration I pronounce him a sagacious man, a clever leaf that has employed its reason with remarkable personal advantage. In Burroughs' world the tragedies, strife, and noise that we experience do not exist; his cathedral is a by-product and he is a modest beneficiary of humanity's work. In relation to the masses of people it is as unreal as it is unproductive of racial fitness to persist in the world as most men know it. He loves to dream, think, and write in his cathedral; what is going on outside does not disturb him. He revels in the leisure, order, and security which the outsiders have provided. He assures us that it is pleasant and satisfying, and we honor and reward him for the information, but I should like to ask him whether the largest freedom and selfhood that are achievable apart from working, conflicting, warring men are not themselves fundamentally artificial.

Burroughs does not seem to be sufficiently alive to suspect that he has missed something greater than personal contentment. A reader of everything that he has published, I never, until I read the autobiographical sketches in this work, felt the pity and unsocial contempt — not for the man but for the type — which I have here tried to express.

D. C. W.

Another Masefield Tragedy

The Tragedy of Pompey the Great, by John Masefield.
[The Macmillan Company, New York.]

Creative artist that he is, Masefield moves forward into amazing clearness, heightened by flashes of poetic light, the scenes of nearly two thousand years ago

in Rome. The fidelity of this tragedy to the facts of history, and the remarkable extent to which it reproduces the overwhelming glory of a great struggle, are new proofs of the author's special affinity with the sanguinary deeds of heroic men. Masefield's plays and narrative poems give the element of tragedy something of its old vividness and nobility in art. Some of his phrases sound like the fall of a guillotine. He is a master of the magic of objectifying tremendous unrealities. He hates feeble passions; wanton courage and oaken physical power in action are the big things that he likes to ennoble with poetic treatment. And his success is incomparable, so far as his contemporaries are concerned.

Måsefield's great characters, true to the glossed facts of life, in crises exhibit indwelling cave-men. His frankness and honesty are themselves tragical. Life *is* full of and inseparable from tragedy. Pompey "saw a madman in Egypt. He was eyeless with staring at the sun. He said that ideas come out of the East, like locusts. They settle on the nations and give them life; and then pass on, dying, to the wilds, to end in some scratch on a bone, by a cave-man's fire." The old warrior lies awake, thinking. "What are we?" he asks Lucceius, and that actor in a great play replies, "Who knows? Dust with a tragic purpose. Then an end." Masefield surveys the recorded history of the past, sees into the heart of the present and exclaims, "Tragedy!" And of course that is in his own life; otherwise he could not see it apart from himself. In sheer desperation he endues dust with a "tragic purpose," but he does not believe so much as he hopes that a "purpose" inheres in that resultant of life, for in the big poem with which he summarizes the record of Pompey he says:

And all their passionate hearts are dust,
  And dust the great idea that burned
In various flames of love and lust
  Till the world's brain was turned.

God, moving darkly in men's brains,
  Using their passions as his tool,
Brings freedom with a tyrant's chains
  And wisdom with the fool.

Blindly and bloodily we drift,
  Our interests clog our hearts with dreams,
God make my brooding soul a rift
  Through which a meaning gleams.

The Tragedy of Pompey the Great, unlike any Shaw play or even *The Tragedy of Nan*, is not good reading; its short sentences, tragic with import, are mere outlines. But they drive incarnate reality into one's soul.

What was the tragedy of Pompey? Well, it began hundreds of years before he was born; he was the accidental embodiment of it. He had earned security and peace. He had aided Caesar in conquering Gaul. "Caesar would never have been anybody if Pompey hadn't backed him." But that tyrant's lust for power provoked a civil war, and the end was "a blind, turbulent heaving towards freedom." Pompey's dream of freedom — his conviction that power was in too few hands — cost him his life. To him Rome was inwardly "a great democratic power struggling with obsolete laws." He declared that "Rome must be settled. The crowd must have more power." But Pompey's dream was shallow and human, even if great, for, regarding the "thought of the world" as of transcendent importance, he asks, "For what else are we fighting but to control the thought of the world? What else matters?"

History seems to try to repeat itself. Lentulus, fearing that they were losing Rome, said to Pompey, "You have done nothing." The reply — "Wait" — has

a modern sound. Pompey was preparing to fight Caesar, but public opinion, voiced by Metellus, excitedly demanded, "but at once. Give him no time to win recruits by success. Give them no time here. The rabble don't hesitate. They don't understand a man who hesitates."

That too might have been said by a modern American newspaper, affecting to speak for the crowd.

Philip, beloved of the maiden Antistia, is fanatically true to his master, whom he would follow "To the desert. To the night without stars. To the wastes of the seas. To the two-forked flame." To him this blind devotion meant more than Antistia's love. "We shall have to put off our marriage," he said to her, and she, speaking from the deep heart of the mother, unachieved, answered:

> Why, thus it is. We put off and put off till youth's gone, and strength's gone, and beauty's gone. Till we two dry sticks mumble by the fire together, wondering what there was in life, when the sap ran. . . . When you kiss the dry old hag, Philip, you'll remember these arms that lay wide on the bed, waiting, empty. Years. You'll remember this beauty. All this beauty. That would have borne you sons but for your master.

Whatever the fate of Pompey, Antistia's was the supreme tragedy.

DeWitt C. Wing.

A Net to Snare the Sun

The World Set Free, by H. G. Wells.
[E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.]

Do you remember the little verse of Kipling's in the *Just So Stories* about the small person who kept so many serving men

> "'One million Hows, two million Wheres,
> And seven million Whys?''

There's something very much like that small person in a decidedly larger person called H. G. Wells. For all the great sweep and astonishing convincingness of his later novels he still keeps the childlike quality of asking startling questions about everything in the universe. He still wants to know: "Why can't I catch the sun, and what would happen if I did?"

In his last half dozen novels he has been asking about various phases of our modern society, politics, and the sex question. But in this latest book, *The World Set Free*, he goes back to a type of question that interested him some years ago, the type half fanciful and half sociological that produced *In the Days of the Comet*, *The Time Machine*, and *When the Sleeper Wakes*. But this book is not entirely like the earlier ones. For one thing the science is for the first time so nearly possible that it is almost probable, and for another this book is the work of an older, quieter soul with less regard for externals and with more faith in the ultimate high hope for mankind.

What Wells has asked himself this time is: "What would happen if man were suddenly given command over an unlimited amount of physical power?" He brings this about by modern chemistry. A scientist discovers a new theory of matter which enables him to break down metals by radio-activity and so generate practically limitless power. The first use the world makes of this power is to go to war. We can hardly quarrel with Wells for the improbability of this because it sweeps the board so clear for his reconstruction period, which is the heart of the story.

A strange story it is; one whose hero

is mankind — mankind in the bulk, groping, struggling, trying half blindly to adapt himself to the new conditions, and at last, after a desperate period of reconstruction, coming out into the sunlight, triumphant, clean, and at peace. Now and then an individual is caught up for an instant into the story, transfigured for the moment by circumstances into a mouthpiece for the mass of mankind,— a scientist, a middle-class Englishman who wrote his memoirs, the Slavic Fox, a dying prophet of the later age,— but for the most part it is just mankind who speaks. Wells, by the great sweep and vision of his ideas and the almost superhuman handling of the technical difficulties of such an impersonal story, succeeds in raising us for a moment out of our personal selves so that we are completely identified with the race, and view its later successes with a serene and personal pride.

Each of us becomes a link in the great chain of humanity that reaches from the cave man through the "chuckle-headed youth" to the dying professor, the men who dreamed of snaring the sun in a net and taming it to their hand. "Ye auld red thing . . ." we say with the chuckle-headed youth, "We'll have you *yet!*" And the dying prophet cries for each of us to the setting orb:

> "Old Sun, I gather myself together out of the pools of the individual that have held me dispersed so long. I gather my billion thoughts into science and my million wills into a common purpose. Well may you slink down behind the mountain from me, well may you cower. . . ."

EUNICE TIETJENS.

A $10,000 Novel

Diane of the Green Van, by Leona Dalrymple.
[The Reilly and Britton Company, Chicago.]

About the middle of last December Mr. F. K. Reilly sent a telegram to a Miss Leona Dalrymple of Passaic, New Jersey, in which he asked: "May I call upon you Thursday afternoon?" The telegram was the result of the $10,000 prize contest which the Reilly and Britton Company had planned early in the year; and Miss Dalrymple had just been announced as the winner by the three judges — S. S. McClure, Ida Tarbell, and George N. Madison. She knew nothing of this, however, though she thought Mr. Reilly's telegram must mean an interest in her work; so she replied calmly that she would be pleased to see him on Thursday. Then Mr. Reilly's eyes begin to twinkle, as he tells the story, for it *is* rather a joke to set out on a journey with a $10,000 check in your pocket for an unsuspecting young woman. Even when he explained to her and presented the check she remained calm — though she is only twenty-eight years old and this was her first taste of real fame. She told Mr. Reilly that she had another novel which she hoped might interest him — but he took the words out of her mouth by saying that he had come prepared to make a contract for it!

So much for the latest of modern fairy tales. *Diane of the Green Van* is the prize-winning novel, and, despite our first suspicion of it because of that very fact, it proves to be a good one. Miss Dalrymple loves the outdoors, and her present story of an American girl who goes jaunting in a van in the Florida Everglades was suggested by a newspaper clipping about an adventur-

ous young Englishwoman who managed to break away from conventions once a year and roam the country in a gipsy wagon. Not all "best sellers" have as much real charm as this one. Perhaps its freshness and spontaneity are due to the fact that it had to be written in six weeks for the contest.

Miss Dalrymple has stated that her purpose in writing novels is to "entertain wholesomely through optimism and romance." Usually that type of purpose is linked up with a sentimentality which means being sweet at the expense of truth. But this author is not that sort: in expressing her dislike of sex stories, for instance, she attributes their shortcomings to treatment, not to material — "since there is absolutely no subject under the sun which may not be treated with perfect good taste in a novel." She has also stated that in her opinion the modern woman is over-sexed — a popular though altogether wrong-headed view which we mean some time to argue with her in these columns.

Slime and the Breath of Life

The Russian Novel, translated from the French of Le Vicomte E. M. de Vogüe by Colonel H. A. Sawyer.

[George H. Doran Company, New York.]

Although this book was written in 1886, its treatments of Pushkin, Gogol, Turgeneff, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy are now first made accessible to the English reader, and will still be worth his attention. In fact one reads them with a growing regret that the author, who died in 1910, did not continue his interpretation of the Russian spirit as the religious and mystic tone of its nihilism gradually faded and left us the bleaker outlook of such men as Gorky. With Tolstoy, however — "probably the greatest demonstrator of life which has arisen since Goethe" — the book closes.

The author treats his subject from the standpoint of a certain formula which he finds to hold throughout the range of that realism which succeeded the romanticism of Pushkin — a romanticism which disappeared in 1840. Thereafter there grew up the great realistic school which gives Russia the leadership of the world in the field of realistic fiction — a leadership due partly to the temperamental standpoint of the Russian, adapted for just the kind of work which the great realistic novel involves, and partly to the importance of the novel as the vehicle of those ideas which the censor barred from every other channel of expression.

In the bible we are told that God made man out of the slime of the earth and breathed into him the breath of life. In those words is the secret of the Russian realistic novel. For the realism of his own country the author of this work has little praise. Because, he says, it lacked that human sympathy which saw in man not only the slime of the earth but the breath of life, it is barren.

Dickens, on the other hand, and George Eliot gave to English realism a standpoint which was moulded, nay, impregnated through and through, with the religion of that book to which Mary Evans had renounced formal allegiance — the Protestant bible. In fact, De Vogüe goes so far as to say that some of her writing, for instance "the meeting between Dinah and Lisbeth," is biblical in the quality of its appeal, and might

have been written by the hand that gave us *Ruth.*

This spirit, but without the Anglo-Saxon hardness, is the spirit of Russian realism. It has all the photographic accuracy, the preoccupation with all types of life that distinguishes French realism; but the preoccupation with the divine, the mystical turning away from the things of this world, is also present. The sympathy of Gogol is intensified to painfulness in Dostoevsky and is apotheosized into a new religion of renunciation in Tolstoy.

And because (in contrast to the French) the Russians "disentangled themselves from these excesses, and like the English gave realism a superior beauty moved by the same moral spirit of a compassion cleansed of all impurities and glorified by the spirit of the gospels" — because of this De Vogüe regards Russian realistic literature as the one force that can rejuvenate the literary art of the European nations.

The author writes with the authority of long study and gives us a sufficient basis for what we must now do ourselves — namely, read comtemporary Russian literature and ask ourselves what it tells us; whether or not it tells us that Christian realism is a contradiction in terms.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

A Drama of the Two Generations

Nowadays: A Contemporaneous Comedy in Three Acts, by George Middleton. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.]

Some little theatre company ought to send eight of its members on tour through all the smaller cities of the country in *Nowadays.* It would be the most effective way in the world to awaken the people of those slumbering places to the really amazing revolutions in contemporary life — and incidentally in the contemporary theatre. For one thing, it shows how parents and children are gradually bridging the foolish gulf between the generations — the gulf that Shaw has called the degrading objection of youth to age; for another, it reflects the extraordinary renaissance that has come to our theatre since the first visit of the Irish Players.

Mr. Middleton takes a typical small-town family — a father, mother, son, and daughter — and leads them through a domestic crisis that has probably been the sad lot of most modern families. The daughter, like all proper young women, has an ambition: she wants to be a sculptor. The mother understands, having had similar longings before she married a man who made it his business to suppress them. The father refuses to listen to the daughter's idea, and tells her that if she goes to New York it will be without his help. But she goes; and the play opens with her first visit home. The son, a weakling without ability of any sort except to spend money and sow wild oats, has also left home; but he has managed to live very comfortably because of a monthly allowance from his father. The justice of the situation harks back to the antique theory that even a weak boy has more right to the splendors of the world than a girl of any type.

Diana's father refuses to think about woman suffrage. "I don't have to think

about something I *feel*. I tell you, if we had woman suffrage, women would all vote like their husbands."

"They say it would double the ignorant vote," answers Diana's friend, Peter, the journalist, who has encouraged her in rebelling.

"He's a good-natured old fossil," Peter says later to Diana. And when the girl insists that she loves her father anyhow, Peter says, "I love radishes, but they don't agree with me. If he had a new idea he'd die of dropsy."

The result of Diana's visit is to produce certain rebellions in her mother, who goes back to New York with her to help make a home of that lonely little flat, and to revive her own early ambitions as a painter. Later the father succumbs to the new order. It is all good "comedy"; also it's tremendously good thinking. If only it could be read by all the people who misunderstand the surging modern spirit that is riding so bravely through traditions and inheritances.

But *Nowadays* has another value besides that of its story. It is made of the stuff of the new drama; it fulfills our demand that the theatre shall give us the truth about life in a simple way. However, we shall talk more about this in another issue.

Our Mr. Wrenn and Us

Our Mr. Wrenn, by Sinclair Lewis.
[Harper and Brothers, New York.]

The poverty of American workaday criticism has rarely shown more threadbare than in the fact that of all the reviews of *Our Mr. Wrenn*, a first novel by Sinclair Lewis, a new author, not one has mentioned the idea under the book.

They have been good reviews, too, as reviews go. Many have praised the book, have talked around it, described its characters, attempted to classify it — under names so various as Locke, Wells, and Dickens. Yet so expected is the novel that means nothing, and so dead is critical vision, that no one has thought to say "Here is a new American writer. What is in his soul?"

Let me prove the point. "Our Mr. Wrenn" is a mouse-like little clerk in the office of a New York novelty company. He is called "Our Mr. Wrenn" in business correspondence by the manager of the firm. He is overshadowed by "the job." He lives uncomfortably in Mrs. Zapp's downtown boarding house. Because the author can see, various figures from the drab stream one meets in the street are made human. Because the author has whimsicality and scorn and sympathy, the book has humor and satire and pathos. All these things have been noted by the critics.

Mr. Wrenn is not always "Our." He becomes his own in the gorgeously illustrated travel leaflets sent out by steamship companies. Eventually he does go to England on a cattle steamer. He is "Bill Wrenn" and licks a tough. He meets adventures — Istra, an over-fine artist girl who likes him because he's real. In the end he pathetically sees her soar above him and sails back to America, where he goes into the office again, falls in love with a sweet little lingerie-counter clerk, marries, and "settles down." All these things the critics have told us.

But Mr. Wrenn is at once glorious and pathetic, not only because he says "Gee!" when he has the emotions of a

poet. It isn't only the little things of the book that twist our smiles.

There is an epic conflict between Mr. Wrenn of the job and Bill Wrenn of the sunsets and the sea. Our Mr. Wrenn, oppressed and bullied, scuttling out of the way, not quite daring to think his own thoughts or dream his own dreams, not knowing quite enough to understand the great things of the world — this man is everywhere in New York, in America; he is in our own souls. And when he musters courage to become Bill Wrenn, when he sets out on dangerous quests and loves strange beauty, he becomes a conqueror who rallies with him the great of history, and stands on the high places of our own spirits.

Pitifully inadequate Bill Wrenn is, of course. The lonely tragedy of that conventionally "happy ending" has escaped the critics. The drab, the commonplace, creep over Bill again without his knowing it. That's the frightful part of it. It's very like what appears to happen to everybody. Our Mr. Wrenn he is at the end, sunk in comfort and forgetting his flags in sunsets.

It is a poignant, bitterly human novel. After reading it in sympathy one cannot lean back in satisfaction and write commonplaces. It leads to understandings and resolutions. When we learn to demand such things of American writers, their primary purpose will then cease to be either to entertain or to "teach a lesson."

Gilbert Alden.

Lantern Gleams

Little Essays in Literature and Life, by Richard Burton.
[The Century Company, New York.]

Readers of *The Bellman* will welcome in this permanent form many little lantern gleams of thought that have been shed athwart their path by this unacademically-minded incumbent of a Minnesota chair.

Mr. Burton flashes his lamp fitfully over a large area, and shows us loitering spots as well as boggy ground it were well to avoid. Opening his book at random, we find here a hint on reading and here a warning gleam over some political or social morass.

When the morass is a deep one, however, we must not expect to sound its depths with a lantern gleam, and so sometimes Mr. Burton disappoints us. Thus in discussing the individual and society he merely tells us what we all know: that we pay for the advantage of sociality, of mutual comfort, and support by the loss of individuality, by the growth of a fear to do the thing that commends itself to our best judgment. But what must we do? Must we fill in this particular morass by throwing in all the individuals? Or will the individuals be able to jump it? Mr. Burton is discreet on such points.

More satisfactory than that essay and others like it are those on literature. Under "Books and Men" the author deplores the tendency which characterized Chaucer ("Farewell my books and my devotion") of drawing an antithesis between men and books, between literature and life. Literature has its origin in life and its apparent separation from it is an accidental result of the printed book method of spreading what used to be spread by the human voice alone or in chorus.

Illiam Dhone.

About Nietzsche

Nietzsche and Other Exponents of Individualism, by Paul Carus.
[The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.]

Expositions of Nietzsche are usually written by uncritical disciples with little knowledge of formal philosophy. In so far as Nietzsche was a poet, some of these productions may be of value in spots, but in so far as Nietzsche was an intellectual critic of life they are worthless.

Dr. Carus writes from the standpoint of a philosopher in the most formal sense of that word. To him Nietzsche the thundering voice of protest named *Zarathustra* is of less importance than Nietzsche the extreme nominalist. The chief value of his work therefore is purely informative. He will certainly not send the philosophic debutante further into the matter.

Even from the purely informative side, however, Dr. Carus's work is delimited by his own attitude, which is that of the old time believer in the validity of universals. Recurrence, uniformity, eternal norms of things behind the changing phenomena are the foundations of Dr. Carus's stated or implied world view.

He therefore treats Nietzsche as simply a forerunner of such, to him, mischievous people as William James and Henri Bergson. He takes great pains, indeed, to show that there are many Nietzsches, and among them he classes George Moore, on the strength of extracts from his *Confessions of a Young Man.* Of more value than that is his consideration of the philosophy of Stirner—mainly because Stirner is not so well known as Nietzsche, nor so well as he deserves to be on his merits.

One undoubted merit the book has, and that is the industrious collection of personal recollections of Nietzsche and of Nietzsche portraits which Dr. Carus has brought together in its pages. These will give the book a positive value to the Nietzsche enthusiast, while the sight of Dr. Carus's cool, scholastic temperament trying to drench the burning bush of Nietzsche will at least interest him.

Illiam Dhone.

Feminism and New Music

Anthony the Absolute, by Samuel Merwin.
[The Century Company, New York.]

It is interesting to watch the struggles of an essentially chivalrous masculine soul caught in the whirlpool of modern feminism. Samuel Merwin, ever since the old days of *A Short Line War* and *Calumet K.*, written in collaboration with Henry Kitchell Webster, has held towards women the attitude of the knight errant. Recently, as shown in *The Citadel, The Charmed Life of Miss Austin*, and even more strongly in this latest book, *Anthony the Absolute,* he has become a determined feminist. But the attitude has not changed. Formerly his hero laid at the feet of the lady of his choice as much wealth, fame, and position as he could acquire: this latest hero gives her in the same spirit a career and

the chance to develop her own personality. Mr. Merwin says: "The man who deliberately stops a woman's growth—no matter what his traditions; no matter what his fears for her—is doing a monstrous thing, a thing for which he must some day answer to the God of all life." He is still the knight errant. It is still man who permits woman to develop.

None the less it is a very readable tale. The male characters are all clearly and convincingly drawn, not without humor. The lady is a little nebulous, but very charming. Illustrating the absoluteness of Anthony and serving as an introduction to the charming Heloise is an interesting musical theme. The scene is laid in China, where Anthony is studying primitive music, and Heloise is able to sing for him a perfect close-interval scale, in eighth tones instead of the "barbarous" half and whole tones of the piano scale.

Unfortunately Mr. Merwin has permitted himself to be led by the exigencies of a popular magazine, in which the story appeared in serial form, into giving the tale a certain meretricious air of sex allurement which it fundamentally does not possess. On the whole, except in a certain technical facility in handling the situations and sustaining the tension of the plot, *Anthony the Absolute* is a decided falling below the really splendid standard of excellence which Mr. Merwin set for himself in *The Citadel.*

EUNICE TIETJENS.

Of all our funny little Pantheon the absurd little god who gets the least of my service is the one labeled "Personal Dignity."—*Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody.*

New York Letter

George Soule

IS IT true that a Chicago woman's club recently declared any book to be immoral which contains a character whom you wouldn't invite into your home to meet your daughter? If so, the world is to be congratulated, because all novels except the *Rollo Books* are labeled immoral, and we needn't worry any more about the word. Provided, of course, that the daughters of this particular woman's club are sheltered as carefully as they should be, having been brought up by such mothers.

I'm afraid only authors and publishers know just how threatening this fear of "immoral" books is getting to be. The most significant American novelist has just written a masterful book which has been declined by two at least of the oldest and best publishing houses because it is "too frank." The men in charge want to publish it; they think the world ought to have a chance at it. But they are afraid. And the author, unlike most authors under similar circumstances, won't modify the book. He says he'll wait twenty-five years, if necessary, but he won't change a word. And yet, if the book were published, some people would accuse him of "pandering to commercialism."

Don't blame the publisher. Mitchell Kennerley came near being fined hundreds of dollars and sent to jail recently for issuing *Hagar Revelly* — a serious though by no means a great novel. Anthony Comstock, who earns his living by attempting to suppress anything which he happens to consider immoral, is likely at any time to pick out a good piece of work for his thunderbolts — and he is a government official in the post office department. You can't tell what he is going to do next. Everybody remembers his ill-advised censorship of Paul Chabas's delicate and inoffensive little *September Morn;* yet in every cheap picture-store window in New York there is now displayed without protest a photograph of a nude woman which makes no pretense to art or beauty.

Not many people know that six men decide what Boston may or may not read. *The Watch and Ward Society*, a group of puritans backed up by the blue laws of the state, have long been active in this pharisaical undertaking and from time to time have arrested booksellers. The booksellers in self-defense have recently formed a committee of three to act with three members of this society. When a new book comes along which anybody "suspects," it is put before the joint committee, and if that decides against it, Boston cannot buy it except by mail. *The Devil's Garden* only barely escaped, because somebody had read to the end of the book and labeled it "religious." In other words, it teaches a lesson. But the same argument did not save Witter Bynner's *Tiger*.

Magazine editors will tell you similar facts by the hour. *The Metropolitan* was recently held up by the post office because it contained photographs of nude statuary — from the winter exhibition of the National Academy!

We shall not rid ourselves of this vicious situation by simply getting enraged at the censors. The truth is, they are too well entrenched in public opinion. The people who enforce the law are

ignorant postal clerks, clergymen of archaic convictions, and lower court judges of the tobacco-chewing, corner-saloon type to whom any thought of sex is necessarily nasty. But behind them is the man who is always saying that such and such a book or play "oughtn't to be allowed." He is always wanting to protect "the young," or somebody else, although he rarely reads books himself, and probably would resent interference with his own often vicious pleasures. His mind is essentially rotten. He is incapable of understanding the pure beauty of the human body, because he has seen so many "musical comedies." He would be shocked by the statement that passion is a beautiful element of nature toward which we should be reverent. He has a sense of propriety, not so much about what should be done as about what should be said. And then there is the vast Florence Barclay contingent, largely women, who, because they don't know what the world is like, don't want to know, and don't think anybody should be allowed to know.

The trouble with censorship is that we always want it to apply to other people, never to ourselves. It is our national weakness that we try to prescribe conduct by law, instead of seeing that the individual is strong and truth-seeing, and leaving conduct to take care of itself, allowing ideas to fight their own battles. If we must have a censorship, let it be in the hands of the strong and intelligent. Let us forbid all books which are not true. Mental and moral fibre is really vitiated by the Florence Barclay sort of thing. People brought up on that are enemies of light and progress. Their world is an exercise-place for impossible ethics. Their emotion is washed-out sentiment. Courage and vigor are unknown to them. And the worst of it is that their soft and clinging hands are wrapped about the rest of us, as they try to drag us down from the rain-washed skies of the morning to their stuffy hair-cloth religion and pink-candy pleasures.

The fight between the writers and the censors is sure to grow bitter in the next few years; both sides are getting more determined every day. But such crises are welcomed by the adventurous. We shall end not only by riding over our small opponents, but by carrying with us an army awakened to the true issues of art and life.

William Butler Yeats to American Poets

The current number of *Poetry* prints a speech that William Butler Yeats made during his recent visit to Chicago, in which he took occasion to warn his confreres in America against a number of besetting sins. He said, in part:

Twenty-five years ago a celebrated writer from South Africa said she lived in the East End of London because only there could she see the faces of people without a mask. To this Oscar Wilde replied that he lived in the West End because nothing interested him but the mask. After a week of lecturing I am too tired to assume a mask, so I will address my remarks especially to a fellow craftsman. For since coming to Chicago I have read several times a poem by Mr. Lindsay, one which will be in the anthologies, *General Booth Enters Into Heaven.* This poem is stripped bare of ornament; it has an earnest simplicity, a strange beauty, and you know Bacon said, "There is no excellent beauty without strangeness." . . .

I have lived a good many years and have read many writers. When I was younger than Mr. Lindsay, and was beginning to write in Ireland, there was all around me the rhetorical poetry

of the Irish politicians. We young writers rebelled against that rhetoric; there was too much of it and to a great extent it was meaningless. When I went to London I found a group of young lyric writers who were also against rhetoric. We formed the Rhymers' Club; we used to meet and read our poems to one another, and we tried to rid them of rhetoric.

But now, when I open the ordinary American magazine, I find that all we rebelled against in those early days — the sentimentality, the rhetoric, the "moral uplift" — still exists here. Not because you are too far from England, but because you are too far from Paris.

It is from Paris that nearly all the great influences in art and literature have come, from the time of Chaucer until now. Today the metrical experiments of French poets are overwhelming in their variety and delicacy. The best English writing is dominated by French criticism; in France is the great critical mind.

The Victorians forgot this; also, they forgot the austerity of art and began to preach. When I saw Paul Verlaine in Paris, he told me that he could not translate Tennyson because he was "too *Anglais,* too noble" — "when he should be broken-hearted he has too many reminiscences."

We in England, our little group of rhymers, were weary of all this. We wanted to get rid not only of rhetoric but of poetic diction. We tried to strip away everything that was artificial, to get a style like speech, as simple as the simplest prose, like a cry of the heart. . . .

Real enjoyment of a beautiful thing is not achieved when a poet tries to teach. It is not the business of a poet to instruct his age. He should be too humble to instruct his age. His business is merely to express himself, whatever that self may be. I would have all American poets keep in mind the example of François Villon.

So you who are readers should encourage American poets to strive to become very simple, very humble. Your poet must put the fervor of his life into his work, giving you his emotions before the world, the evil with the good, not thinking whether he is a good man or a bad man, or whether he is teaching you. A poet does not know whether he is a good man. If he is a good man, he probably thinks he is a bad man.

Poetry that is naturally simple, that might exist as the simplest prose, should have instantaneousness of effect, provided it finds the right audience. You may have to wait years for that audience, but when it is found that instantaneousness of effect is produced. . . .

We rebelled against rhetoric, and now there is a group of younger poets who dare to call us rhetorical. When I returned to London from Ireland, I had a young man go over all my work with me to eliminate the abstract. This was an American poet, Ezra Pound. Much of his work is experimental; his work will come slowly, he will make many an experiment before he comes into his own. I should like to read to you two poems of permanent value, *The Ballad of the Goodly Fere* and *The Return.* This last is, I think, the most beautiful poem that has been written in the free form, one of the few in which I find real organic rhythm. A great many poets use *vers libre* because they think it is easier to write than rhymed verse, but it is much more difficult.

The whole movement of poetry is toward pictures, sensuous images, away from rhetoric, from the abstract, toward humility. But I fear I am now becoming rhetorical. I have been driven into Irish public life—how can I avoid rhetoric?

Letters to The Little Review

What an insouciant little pagan paper you flourish before our bewildered eyes! Please accept the congratulations of a stranger.

But you must not scoff at age, little bright eyes, for some day you, too, will know age; and you should not jeer at robustness of form, slim one, for the time may come when you, too, will find the burdens of flesh upon you. Above all, do not proclaim too loudly the substitution of Nietzsche for Jesus of the Little Town in the niche of your invisible temple, for when you are broken and forgotten there is no comfort in the Overman.

One thing more: Restraint is sometimes better than expression. One who has learned this lesson cannot refrain from saying this apropos of the first paragraphs in the criticism of *The Dark Flower*. Do not give folk a chance to misunderstand you. Being a woman, you have to pay too high a price for moments of high intellectual orgy.

Forgive all this and go on valiantly.

SADE IVERSON.

Chicago.

I am greatly indebted for a copy of THE LITTLE REVIEW. I take this opportunity of stating that the publication is one of the cleverest and best things I have seen. It deserves success, for it contains stuff which will compare very favorably with the best that is being written.

G. FRANK LYDSTON.

Chicago.

Will you allow me to congratulate you on your magnificent effort in bringing out THE LITTLE REVIEW?

I have found it very refreshing after having suffered for so long by reading the so-called book review magazines that have no right to more than passing notice.

You have accomplished wonders, and if your efforts of the future come up to those put into the first number of THE LITTLE REVIEW, your success is assured.

The best wish I can offer is that its path may be covered with roses and bordered with the trees of prosperity.

Again congratulating you, I am, with every good wish, very truly yours,

LEE A. STONE, M. D.

Chicago.

THE LITTLE REVIEW came this morning! And I have read it all! And I love it! Much more than I expected, to be perfectly honest! I feared something too radical — too modern — if that is possible. If it had been like *The Masses* — well, I can never express my contempt for that sheet. But you're perfectly sane, intelligent, readable, and enthusiastic — gloriously so!

Your description of Kreisler is worth much to me. It is precisely what I have always felt about him. Paderewski, too. But I think the Mason and Hamlin reference a little too commercial. I realize you want THE LITTLE REVIEW to be straightforward, honest, intimate, etc., but I fear that kind of thing will be taken as advertisement and not as a personal belief and enthusiasm.

If I should never know anything more

of Mr. George Soule than his sonnet and New York letter I should have to like him. The man who could feel and write that last paragraph is a splendid type.

But the whole thing is beautiful, and worth while, whether you agree with it all or not. A thousand congratulations!

AGNES DARROW.

Dayton, Ohio.

[Of course our remarks about the Mason and Hamlin violated all journalistic traditions. But traditions are so likely to need violation, and diplomacy and caution are such uninteresting qualities! What we feel and tried to say about that piano is that it's as definitely a work of art as good poetry or good music. Why not say so, quite naturally? We know something of the man who is responsible for its quality of tone; he's as authentic an artist as those musicians who create on his foundations. Is there any reason why such an achievement is not to be mentioned in a journal that means to devote itself to beauty? Is anything vital ever gained by a cautious regard for *"on dit"*? Above all, if one can discover no importance in journalistic tradition of that type, why defer to it? — THE EDITOR.]

I haven't got over your beautiful magazine yet. Don't let anybody keep you from making it a truthful expression of yourself — but you won't.

First of all, it's beautifully made. You couldn't have done better typographically. It's the most *inviting* magazine published. I like the color and the paper label.

Second, its spirit blows keen and with a pure fragrance. If you can continue to show such freshness you will have gone far toward achieving the goal Mr. Galsworthy urges — that "sleeping out under the stars" which cleans our hearts of all things artificial.

With sincerest congratulations,

HENRY S.

New York.

I am very much pleased with the first issue of THE LITTLE REVIEW. I am very glad to know that such a thing should be started, and it should be both a cause and an effect of better times in literature. I shall do everything I can to make it better known.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Yale University.

When I found that the local bookstores had sold out their first orders of THE LITTLE REVIEW I was delighted; for it meant folks were interested in the fledgeling. The first number deserves the praise and congratulations of everybody interested in literature; everything in it is fine, even unto the composition of the "ad" pages. With its fresh, cheerful note THE LITTLE REVIEW very fittingly comes forth on the first day of Spring. Long may it spread sweetness and light.

W. W. G.

Chicago.

There are so many things that I admire in the first issue of THE LITTLE REVIEW that I find it difficult to decide just where to begin. It was like taking up a copy of the Preludes of Debessy for the first time; after playing them over and over again I found it difficult to know whether it was what he said or the way he said it which held the greater charm for me. I congratulate you most sincerely on the distinct personal quality which is so evident in your magazine and you may count upon me to rejoice with you if it meets with anything like the great success which it so distinctly merits.

F. L. R.

Chicago.

Your new publication has just fallen into my hands. The vital thing!

I cannot begin to tell you what its pulsating, teeming import means to me. I know nothing today in magazine form that will mean so much to busy, thinking people.

NANNIE C. LOVE.

Indianapolis.

Please let me offer my sincerest congratulations and my warmest wishes for the continued success of THE LITTLE REVIEW. There are numerous points in the first issue that I should like to discuss with you; I must warn you that you are tempting your readers and must not be surprised if you are overwhelmed with letters, questioning, approving, and criticising.

The foreword strikes such a splendid note! I hope no criticism will influence you to change it.

You agree, evidently, with the point that *The Dark Flower* suggests a Greek classic; so do I. But, conceding that, how could you have been surprised that countless people care nothing for it? Don't you know that the majority of people in the world do not really "possess" the Greek classics? Without the background of the world's thought, ages ago, and its progress — unless we agree with Alfred Russell Wallace that we have made no progress — can't you see that *The Dark Flower* could genuinely startle many people? So I beg for less sharpness toward those who do not feel the wonder of it. The tragedy is in their lives.

For just the same reason *Jean Christophe* belongs to a few, comparatively. If you had never before felt the power of a great epic, could you really grasp this one? Modern as we claim to be — and independent — must there not be some foundation? Oh dear! — I do want to tell you why I think *Vanity Fair* is greater than *Succession* and why Ysaye's music is inspired — when I listen, at least. But one can't go on forever.

Since the "Critics' Critic" expressed a doubt about that quotation from Euripides and since you insisted that it sounded like a Gilbert Murray translation, you may be glad to know that it is both. But you quoted it wrong. It is from *Aeolus*, a lost play, and this is the correct version:

> This Cyprian,
> She is a thousand, thousand changing things;
> She brings more pain than any god; she brings
> More joy. I cannot judge her. May it be
> An hour of mercy when she looks on me.

I do agree that "a million, million changing things" is somehow more perfect; I even agree now, though not at first, with the order of attributes: "She brings more joy than any god, she brings more pain." On a re-reading of *Aeolus* I am taken with the way you misquoted it. Joy was surely first in the Greek's life. And of course the human beauty of the thing made me think immediately of the way Mrs. Browning "struck off" Euripides:

> Our Euripides, the human,
> With his droppings of warm tears
> And his touches of things common
> Till they rose to touch the spheres!

KATHERINE TAPPERT.

Davenport, Iowa.

. . . I don't know when I've read anything so inspiring as that letter from Galsworthy. Can't all of you who are helping to make the magazine arrange to march up to it mentally and present your "copy" for approval before you decide to print it?

I like the article on Paderewski and the one about *The Dark Flower*. But do be careful of "beauty" and "passion."

It's easy to make them commonplace. Also spare your adjectives a bit; you don't need an adjective for everything. I realize that your abbreviations are made in the interest of readableness, but however informal you want to make it you only succeed in sounding hideously colloquial. It doesn't read well, and it makes me feel that you're trying to achieve through the style what ought to be achieved quite simply through the material itself. Not that I approve of anything stilted, but you can easily overdo the other side of it. And wouldn't it be better to leave some of the things unsigned? People who don't know that the various Anderson contributors are unrelated will think it's rather a family monopoly.

The Ficke poems are exquisite; and how I love Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's! Also I like the New York letter very much, but George Soule's *Major Symphony* could just as well be unwritten. Poetry has to be so much better than that to be real poetry. Another thing: I think your quotations from *Succession* weren't as efficient as you hoped. It's a book that can't well be quoted except to one who knows it.

You wanted frankness, so here it is. Otherwise, I have nothing but praise for the whole glorious undertaking!

LOIS ALLEN PETERS.

Philadelphia.

[Being a sister of the editor, Mrs. Peters speaks her mind with a freedom that enchants us. It also helps us — though we want to shake her for one or two of those remarks. However — may her letter serve as a model to timid but opinionated readers! — THE EDITOR.]

If you will allow me to be perfectly frank about your first issue, I should like to tell you that THE LITTLE REVIEW seems rather too esthetic in tone and spirit to avoid being "restrictive" — a wish you expressed in your editorial. There is not enough variety in it, for one thing. For another, some of its critical judgments are too personal — are too largely temperamental judgments — to be of any permanent value. You seem to have set out to exploit personalities; and there's a juvenility in many of the articles that I'm afraid you'll all blush for in ten years.

A WELL-MEANING CRITIC.

The first number of THE LITTLE REVIEW came as a delightful surprise and I have enjoyed reading it. I particularly appreciate the spirit of appreciation running through the pages, which I believe will be of inestimable service to young writers, if you are able to keep it up.

M. K.

New York.

THE LITTLE REVIEW looks very interesting. I hope to have the pleasure of reading it through very soon, but at the moment my small sister is devouring it and refuses absolutely to give it up. If you are as successful in pleasing women generally as you have been in pleasing her you need have no fear for the success of the magazine.

J. C. P.

New York.

Professor Foster's essay on *The Prophet of a New Culture* is magnificent — a soul-searching, heart-breaking bit of writing, fiery and tragic. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's *How a Little Girl Danced* is a delightful thing — airy, high-minded, and full of his burning spirit. In fact, THE LITTLE REVIEW is full of things that one reads with a keen zest.

W. L. C.

Denver.

The Little Review came to hand promptly, but I was unable to read it until last night. That is where I made my first mistake, as I had been denying myself a very pleasant two hours. My second mistake was in having read it at all, as it has now become one of those eight or ten journals which are always welcome and more or less necessary. Ten journals each month (and some weeklies), quietly yet insistently urging me to take them up, are like those good friends who tempt me with an outing in Spring when work is crowding. So with The Little Review. It has with one reading become a distinctly individual friend. W. M. L.

Philadelphia.

Your Little Review has just reached me. I took it home for leisurely examination on Sunday. I congratulate you upon launching and hope that you'll meet no adverse trade winds in your voyage. Its atmosphere is certainly anything but editorial, and you've put plenty of your own personality into it. And what a delightfully charming letter is that from Galsworthy!

I should take sharp issue with you on one or two slight points could I face you across a lunch table, but as it is, I tuck my differences away, with a sigh of envy at your enthusiasm, and the sincere wish that you may always keep it.

With best wishes for your good luck.

Beatrice L. Miller.

Boston.

I think your first number very interesting indeed, and congratulate you on your fine start. I am always delighted with every new manifestation of the life and enthusiasm in Chicago!

With best wishes for your future.

Alice C. Henderson.

Chicago.

. . . I've fallen in love with M. H. P., "The Critics' Critic." She's just the sort of person I'd like to go and talk with this afternoon. Please ask her to write a letter properly sitting on Agnes Repplier for her *Atlantic* essays. A very delicate, cultured, polite little woman sitting behind a tea-table in her aloof apartment, and given over to well-bred sneering at things she doesn't know anything about — that's how I picture Miss Repplier.

A Contributor.

The Little Review is here, and I have so enjoyed going over it.

It is a great first number and sets a pace that would have made most of us breathless before we started; but anyone can know it isn't so with you, from that last paragraph of your announcement. It was lovely!

I loved the Paderewski, too. Was there anything more wonderful than the glory of the Funeral March as he played it the afternoon of his first recital here this winter? I know you heard it from the way you write of it. An emotion that brings the tears and makes the sobs struggle in the back of your throat is always worth living through, and I wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

With the best of good wishes.

Mabel Reber.

Chicago.

I want to tell you how very good the first issue of The Little Review is. I don't know what the succeeding numbers will be like, but you have set a place in this one that will demand some vigorous effort to keep up. After that "gripping" announcement no one will doubt the real purpose of the Review and the fine optimism that is behind it. I don't have to believe everything you are going to print, but if those who write it do, by

all means keep them together. And *don't* let George Soule get away.

It's too early to make suggestions, but I should say that Number One is well balanced and very readable, and I like the trick of throwing the light on from different angles — like the Galsworthy and Nietzsche discussions. The tone is high, and I am quite sure I never read more intelligent reviews anywhere.

Good luck to The Little Review!

J. D. Marney.

Springfield, Ill.

Will you let me thank you for giving me a very pleasant experience in reading the first copy of The Little Review? There are many things in the first number which arouse one's interest, though I am not sure that I would at all agree in all the critical judgments which are there pronounced. Anyway, you will let me wish you all success, and wave you my hand with the hope that The Little Review shall be the biggest review in the country.

D. W. Wylie.

Iowa City, Iowa.

Congratulations must be pouring in on you from all sides, but I want, just the same, to add my voice to the chorus of "Bravos" that surrounds you.

The Little Review is a triumph. It even outdoes my picture of it; and that is saying much, for I have known it was to be something exceptionally nice.

It is a delight to look at, showing somebody's good personal taste; and the contents — well, I like them *lots* more than I could say adequately or put in this space.

Blessings on you and the heartiest congratulations to all concerned in the making of The Little Review.

Margaret T. Corwin.

New Haven, Conn.

I am pleased with its general appearance, and the contents are inspiring — full of the spirit of youth. I wish The Little Review every success.

Georgia M. Weston.

Geneva, Ill.

The initial number of The Little Review has impressed me so favorably that I want some of my friends also to share in its appreciation.

You surely have made a fine beginning and, in my judgment, cannot do better than to adopt as the creed of The Little Review the sound and encouraging advice given in Mr. Galsworthy's inspiring letter.

Albert H. Loeb.

Chicago.

From the first page to the last book announcement I have read The Little Review with pride and delight.

Its sincerity attracts me even more than its obvious literary merit, and its comprehensiveness and quality will appeal to all who read at all — especially to those who go below the surface.

Alethea F. Grimsley.

Springfield, Ill.

Thank you so much for The Little Review! I liked it from the moment I saw it, both outside and in. I like particularly the personal note you put into your writing. It's as though you were really talking to me and telling me how you feel about *The Dark Flower* and Paderewski and dear little Antoine with his bad room that was "pretty but stupid for the sound."

With best wishes to you in your beautiful, big undertaking.

Zetta Gay Whitson.

Chicago.

The "Best Sellers"

The following books, arranged in order of popularity, have been the "best-sellers" in Chicago during March:

The Inside of the Cup	Winston Churchill	Macmillan
Diane of the Green Van	Leona Dalrymple	Reilly and Britton
Pollyanna	Eleanor Porter	L. C. Page
Laddie	Gene Stratton-Porter	Doubleday, Page
T. Tembarom	Frances Hodgson Burnett	Century
Sunshine Jane	Anne Warner	Little, Brown
The Woman Thou Gavest Me	Hall Caine	Lippincott
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Joseph C. Lincoln	Appleton
Passionate Friends	H. G. Wells	Harper
Old Valentines	S. H. Havens	Houghton Mifflin
The Devil's Garden	W. B. Maxwell	Bobbs-Merrill
The White Linen Nurse	Eleanor Abbott	Century
When Ghost Meets Ghost	William DeMorgan	Henry Holt
The After House	Mary Roberts Rinehart	Houghton Mifflin
The Iron Trail	Rex Beach	Harper
The Dark Hollow	Anne Katherine Green	Dodd, Mead
The Rocks of Valpre	E. H. Dell	Putnam
The Light of Western Stars	Zane Gray	Harper
Peg o' My Heart	Hartley Manners	Dodd, Mead
The Dark Flower	John Galsworthy	Scribner
Daddy Long Legs	Jean Webster	Century
It Happened in Egypt	C. N. and A. M. Williamson	Doubleday, Page
Darkness and Dawn	George Allan England	Small, Maynard
The Forester's Daughter	Hamlin Garland	Harper
Westways	S. Weir Mitchell	Century
My Wife's Hidden Life	Anonymous	Rand, McNally
Home	Anonymous	Century
The Valley of the Moon	Jack London	Macmillan
The Harvester	Gene Stratton-Porter	Doubleday, Page
Gold	Stewart Edward White	Doubleday, Page
A People's Man	E. Phillips Oppenheim	Little, Brown
The Way Home	Basil King	Harper
Martha by the Day	Julie M. Lippman	Holt
The Rosary	Florence Barclay	Putnam
Making Over Martha	Julie M. Lippman	Holt

The "Best Sellers"

NON-FICTION

Crowds	Gerald Stanley Lee	Doubleday, Page
Alone in the Wilderness	Joseph Knowles	Small, Maynard
Autobiography	Theodore Roosevelt	Macmillan
What Men Live By	Richard C. Cabot	Houghton Mifflin
The Gardener	Rabindranath Tagore	Macmillan
The Modern Dances	Ellen Walker	Saul

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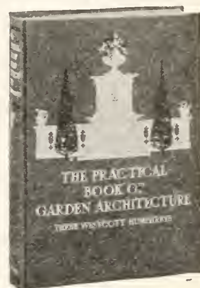

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MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

MAY, 1914

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The Little Review

Vol. I MAY, 1914 No. 3

On Behalf of Literature

DeWitt C. Wing

IT is well-nigh incredible that Edwin Björkman, of his own free will, should have written the "open letter to President Wilson on behalf of American literature" which appeared in the April *Century*. Whenever a man of promise and power shows the white feather those who admire him suffer a keen, personal pain. And yet Mr. Björkman is by no means the last man whom I should expect to make a plea for an official recognition, through honors, prizes, and subsidies, of an American literature. A conventional literary man could have done it, but a great man never.

Mr. Björkman, after remarking the President's ability to appreciate the importance of what he purposes to lay before him, asks, "Will this nation, as a nation, never do anything for the encouragement or reward of its poets and men of letters?" He thinks it ought to do something because "the soul of a nation is in its literature," and because "we shall never raise our poetry to the level of our other achievements until we, as a nation, try to find some method of providing money for the poet's purse and laurels for his brow."

No specific proposal is made to the President. Mr. Björkman outlines the general question, instances England, France, Sweden, and Norway as bestowing honors and rewards upon their writers, and says that he has "learned by bitter experience what it means to strive for sincere artistic expression in a field where brass is commonly valued above gold," and "should like to see the road made a little less hard, and the goal a little more attractive, lest too many of those that come after lose their courage and let themselves be tempted by the incessant clangor of metal in the market-place." Wherefore "on behalf of men and women who are striving against tremendous odds to give this nation a poetry equaling in worth and glory that of any other nation in the world" he appeals to the Chief Executive to take the lead.

A literature worthy of national fostering does not require it.

When President Wilson read Mr. Björkman's letter — we may assume that he has somehow found time to do so — my little wager is that he smiled sadly, and perhaps recalled a sentence that he wrote nearly twenty years ago, when the spirit of youth gave a sort of instinctive inerrancy to his judgments. In an essay on *An Author's Company* he said:

> Literatures are renewed, as they are originated, by uncontrived impulses of nature, as if the sap moved unbidden in the mind.

In the same essay occurs this wide-worldly phrase:

> There is a greater thing than the spirit of the age, and that is the spirit of the ages.

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A man capable of the deep, wide thought which these excerpts contain is not the man seriously to consider Mr. Björkman's appeal. Literature is not a response to a monetary or other invitation; it is as inevitable as the sunrise, and opportunity neither originates nor develops it. The conditions that govern the rise of sap and its transformations into beauty cannot be set up by legislation nor made easier by Nobel prizes. An artist of original power, born pregnant with a poem, a picture, or a symphony, will inevitably give it birth. His necessity is not to receive but to give. He is independent of the caprice of chance. He has no thought of a chance "for sincere artistic expression." He is not interested in the control of circumstance; he is the instrument of something that controls him. Opportunity never knocks at his door; his door cannot be opened from without; it is pushed open by an indwelling, outgrowing guest. The process is as uncontrived as the unfolding of an acorn into an oak.

I fear that Mr. Björkman's definition of art, if he have one, needs expansion. The so-called art which he wishes to have encouraged as something geographically local is an imitation which probably would suffice in a petty world of orthodox socialism, where writing was a kind of sociological business. Since unmistakable art is born, not manufactured or induced, it were folly to try to nurture it. Unborn art is nurtured by an inner sap; it cannot be fed on sedative pap. It always has been and always will be born of suffering, in unexpected, unprepared places, like all its wild and wonderful kin. Eugenics cannot be applied to its unfathomable heredity.

The soul of a nation is not in its literature but in its contemporary life. Literatures haven't souls, even if, haply, they have considerable vitality or permanence. Literatures are intricate autobiographies, vague symbols of personal feeling, lifted by a modicum of consciousness into mystic articulation. The great literatures that are on the way will be more and more psychological. What people call love in the world of realism will play a sublimer part in the world of consciousness. Prose and poetry in which our conscious life is more intimately portrayed will challenge and in a million years increase consciousness, so that through emphasis and use this later acquisition of the race will transmute information into perfect organic knowledge. A larger consciousness will break up the chaos of unnumbered antagonisms in human relationships. The literature of description and the blind play of instinct has served its purpose and had its day. The literature of the future must deal with a vaster world than that in which animals prey upon one another. Such a literature will not bear the name of a man, a state, a nation, or an age.

We are opposed to the whole idea of nationalism; we even object to worldliness in literature; we want something still bigger: a literature with a sense of the planets in it. In this new day it is too late to fuss about nations, geographical literatures, and races. We are called toward the universe and mankind. In this land of blended nationalities our hope is to evolve a literature vitalized by the blood of multitudinous races and linked in pedigree with the infinite ages of the past. Walt Whitman's poetry was cosmic; the new poetry will extend to the planets. The summit of Parnassus now rests in the gloom of the valley, and the poet of the future will look down from the higher eminence to which science has called him. Man today soars in flying machines in the old realm of

his young imagination. Poets must outreach mere science.

What little patriots call a nation is a huge dogma that must be overcome. In poetry there must be an increasingly larger sense of the universe instead of nations as man's habitation. National literatures are exclusive of and alien to one another; they should be interrelated and fundamentally combinable. There can be no local literature if the thought of the world is embodied in it, and any other quality of literature must lack integrity. Wild dreamers insist upon a literature that shall be superior to political boundaries. The idea of nationalism involves the setting up of barriers and the fossilizing of life. It is a small idea that belongs to the dark ages. If we are ever to expand in feeling, thought, and achievement we must rise above nations into the starry spaces. We shall at least be citizens of the world, and, if citizens of the world, then truth-seekers beyond the reach of land and sea.

The little question put to President Wilson by Mr. Björkman cannot escape a negative answer, unless through petty exclusions and barbaric insularities we continue trying to organize, cement, and perpetuate a nation — that smug dream of our forefathers who reeked with selfishness and reveled in a freedom that at the core was slavery. Statehood must give way to a universal brotherhood. And if this were achieved it would still be idle twaddle to talk about "providing money for the poet's purse and laurels for his brow"; for a poet — I am not thinking of facile versifiers, who are capable of intoxicating emotional persons with philological colors and sensuous music — is rewarded not by money but by understanding, and he fashions his own laurel, even as the sea pink crowns itself with its ample glory. The kind of poet whose measure is taken by Mr. Björkman's pale solicitude is already generously provided for by an unpoetic public, and there awaits his moist brow a laurel of uncritical, national homage.

Whitman, chanter of the earth's major note, and Blake, exquisite singer of its subtlest minors, are clearly recognizable mutations. Apart from the work of four or five men English verse falls into infinite grades of imitative excellence and mediocrity. The best of it is highly finished manufactured or in part reproduced art, obedient to a commercial age, in which little men with renowned names gossip about nations, and worship the god of utility.

Poetry of the highest quality — great enough to burst a language — is the outflow of the unconfinable passion of exceedingly rare individualities that can be neither encouraged nor discouraged by any external condition. They are vagrant leaps of life, wild with the creative power of projecting variety. They come off the common stock as new forms having many characteristics common to their ancestors but expressing their unlikeness in mental or physiological development. Real poets are genuine "sports" or mutations; near-poets are made by cultivation. As a nation grows old and the impact of its culture upon all classes of people increases, the greater its production of so-called classical art; but this has nothing to do with what I mean by poetry.

What is popularly termed poetry may represent sincere work; it may answer to all the technical requirements of versification; it may possess a sheen of word-music; it may contain deep, subtle thought, and yet, despite all these customary earmarks, it is not real poetry.

To be sure, thousands of critics will acclaim it as authentic, and lecturers will quote it as beautiful wisdom, but it is soon lost to eye and memory. And in a large sense this must be true of the greatest poetry.

One reason why we haven't more and better contemporary poetry and prose is that we are under the tyranny of so-called masters. It is foolishly assumed that masterpieces are finalities in their fields. By talking, writing, and teaching this absurdity we set up popular prejudices against vital work of our own time, so that even literary artists, with an alleged sharp eye for genius, cannot identify an outstanding genius when it appears before them. Only that poetry or prose which is a reminder of or is almost as good as a celebrity's work is accepted as art. We thus evolve "forms of appraisal" or standards with which we try to hammer rebels and geniuses into line. The artist who, confident, fearless, ample, and resolute, can go through this acid test without compromise (fighting, even dying, for his vision) is the hope of men. He does not ask for anything; he is a god; the gods merely command — not always posthumously — and all the world is theirs.

It is quite possible to encourage the profession of writing verse and prose by making the road easier and the goal more attractive for the weaklings who whine for nationalized alms, to enable them to pursue a craft; but literature in the big sense is created by all sorts of men and women who cannot withhold it, let the world approve, condemn, or ignore. Hence literature is incapable of encouragement.

In his *Gleams*, which are the most intimately personal things that he has published, Mr. Björkman reiterates the conviction that artists ought to have a better chance than they now enjoy to express themselves. For instance, he says:

> He who is to minister to men's souls should have time and chance to acquire one for himself.

And this:

> The children will build up the New Kingdom as soon as they are given a chance.

These extracts from his *Gleams* taken in connection with our concluding quotation from his *Century* article indicate if they do not prove that Mr. Björkman regards artists as meticulous persons who must be coaxed, humored, coddled, and rewarded in order to incite them to creative activity. Obviously he means craftsmen when he uses the word artists. An artist is impelled to do his work, which is his pain, joy, and passion. If life is made easy for him the chances are that he will lose his independence and power, and descend to a popular success. Stevenson could not endure prosperity; once a man, accustomed to a hard, uphill road — he did his noblest work then — a sentimental public made it so easy for him that he eventually grew fairly Tennysonian in his output of pretty trifles.

A literature worthy of the name might address itself, in Whitman's words, to authors who would be themselves in life and art:

> I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes;
> You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
> You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
> You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd — you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction, before you are call'd by an irresistible call to depart.

The Challenge of Emma Goldman

Margaret C. Anderson

Emma Goldman has been lecturing in Chicago, and various kinds of people have been going to hear her. I have heard her twice — once before the audience of well-dressed women who flock to her drama lectures and don't know quite what to think of her, and once at the International Labor Hall before a crowd of anarchists and syndicalists and socialists, most of whom were collarless but who knew very emphatically what they thought of her and of her ideas. I came away with a series of impressions, every one of which resolved somehow into a single conviction: that here was a great woman.

The drama audience might have been dolls, for all they appeared to understand what was going on. One of them went up to Miss Goldman afterward and tried, almost petulantly, to explain why she believed in property and wealth. She was utterly serious. No one could have convinced her that there was any humor in the situation; that she might as well try to work up a fervor of war enthusiasm in Carnegie as to expect Emma Goldman to sympathize in the sanctity of property. The second audience, after listening to a talk on anti-Christianity, got to its feet and asked intelligent questions. Men with the faces of fanatics and martyrs waved their arms in their excitement pro and con; some one tried to prove that Nietzsche had an unscientific mind: a suave lawyer stated that Miss Goldman was profoundly intellectual, but that her talk was destructive — to which she replied that it would require another lawyer to unravel his inconsistency; and then some one established forcibly that the only real problem in the universe was that of three meals a day.

Most people who read and think have become enlightened about anarchism. They know that anarchists are usually timid, thoughtful, unviolent people; that dynamite is a part of their intellectual, not their physical, equipment; and that the goal for which they are striving — namely, individual human freedom — is one for which we might all strive with credit. But for the benefit of those who regard Emma Goldman as a public menace, and for those who simply don't know what to make of her — like that fashionable feminine audience — it may be interesting to look at her in a new way.

To begin with, why not take her quite simply? She's a simple person. She's natural. In any civilization it requires genius to be really simple and natural. It's one of the most subtle, baffling, and agonizing struggles we go through — this trying to attain the quality that ought to be easiest of all attainment because we were given it to start with. What a commentary on civilization! — that one can regain his original simplicity only through colossal effort. Nietzsche calls it the three metamorphoses of the spirit: "how the spirit becometh a camel, the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child."

And Emma Goldman has struggled through these stages. She has taken her "heavy load-bearing spirit" into the wilderness, like the camel; become lord of that wilderness, captured freedom for new creating, like the lion; and then

created new values, said her Yea to life, like the child. Somehow *Zarathustra* kept running through my mind as I listened to her that afternoon.

Emma Goldman preaches and practises the philosophy of freedom; she pushes through the network of a complicated society as if it were a cobweb instead of a steel structure; she brushes the cobwebs from her eyes and hair and calls back to the less daring ones that the air is more pure up there and "sunrise sometimes visible." Someone has put it this way: "Repudiating as she does practically every tenet of what the modern state holds good, she stands for some of the noblest traits in human nature." And no one who listens to her thoughtfully, whatever his opinion of her creed, will deny that she has nobility. Such qualities as courage — dauntless to the point of heartbreak; as sincerity, reverence, high-mindedness, self-reliance, helpfulness, generosity, strength, a capacity for love and work and life — all these are noble qualities, and Emma Goldman has them in the *n*th power. She has no pale traits like tact, gentleness, humility, meekness, compromise. She has "a hard, kind heart" instead of "a soft, cruel one." And she's such a splendid fighter!

What is she fighting for? For the same things, concretely, that Nietzsche and Max Stirner fought for abstractly. She has nothing to say that they have not already said, perhaps; but the fact that she says it instead of putting it into books, that she hurls it from the platform straight into the minds and hearts of the eager, bewildered, or unfriendly people who listen to her, gives her personality and her message a unique value. She says it with the same unflinching violence to an audience of capitalists as to her friends the workers. And the substance of her gospel — I speak merely from the impressions of those two lectures and the very little reading I've done of her published work — is something of this sort:

Radical changes in society, releasement from present injustices and miseries, can come about not through *reform* but through *change;* not through a patching up of the old order, but through a tearing down and a rebuilding. This process involves the repudiation of such "spooks" as Christianity, conventional morality, immortality, and all other "myths" that stand as obstacles to progress, freedom, health, truth, and beauty. One thus achieves that position beyond good and evil for which Nietzsche pleaded. But it is more fair to use Miss Goldman's own words. In writing of the failure of Christianity, for instance, she says:

> I believe that Christianity is most admirably adapted to the training of slaves, to the perpetuation of a slave society; in short, to the very conditions confronting us today. Indeed, never could society have degenerated to its present appalling stage if not for the assistance of Christianity. . . . No doubt I will be told that, though religion is a poison and institutionalized Christianity the greatest enemy of progress and freedom, there is some good in Christianity itself. What about the teachings of Christ and early Christianity, I may be asked; do they not stand for the spirit of humanity, for right, and justice?
>
> It is precisely this oft-repeated contention that induced me to choose this subject, to enable me to demonstrate that the abuses of Christianity, like the abuses of government, are conditioned in the thing itself, and are not to be charged to the representatives of the creed. Christ and his teachings are the embodiment of inertia, of the denial of life; hence responsible for the things done in their name.
>
> I am not interested in the theological Christ. Brilliant minds like Bauer, Strauss, Renan, Thomas Paine, and others refuted that myth long ago. I am even ready to admit that the theological Christ is not half so dangerous as

the ethical and social Christ. In proportion as science takes the place of blind faith, theology loses its hold. But the ethical and poetical Christ-myth has so thoroughly saturated our lives, that even some of the most advanced minds find it difficult to emancipate themselves from its yoke. They have rid themselves of the letter, but have retained the spirit; yet it is the spirit which is back of all the crimes and horrors committed by orthodox Christianity. The Fathers of the Church can well afford to preach the gospel of Christ. It contains nothing dangerous to the régime of authority and wealth; it stands for self-denial and self-abnegation, for penance and regret, and is absolutely inert in the face of every indignity, every outrage imposed upon mankind. . . . Many otherwise earnest haters of slavery and injustice confuse, in a most distressing manner, the teachings of Christ with the great struggles for social and economic emancipation. The two are irrevocably and forever opposed to each other. The one necessitates courage, daring, defiance, and strength. The other preaches the gospel of non-resistance, of slavish acquiescence in the will of others; it is the complete disregard of character and self-reliance, and, therefore, destructive of liberty and well-being. . . .

The public career of Christ begins with the edict, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

Why repent, why regret, in the face of something that was supposed to bring deliverance? Had not the people suffered and endured enough; had they not earned their right to deliverance by their suffering? Take the Sermon on the Mount, for instance; what is it but a eulogy on submission to fate, to the inevitability of things?

"Blessed are the poor in spirit. . . ."

Heaven must be an awfully dull place if the poor in spirit live there. How can anything creative, anything vital, useful, and beautiful, come from the poor in spirit? The idea conveyed in the Sermon on the Mount is the greatest indictment against the teachings of Christ, because it sees in the poverty of mind and body a virtue, and because it seeks to maintain this virtue by reward and punishment. Every intelligent being realizes that our worst curse is the poverty of the spirit; that it is productive of all evil and misery, of all the injustice and crimes in the world.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

What a preposterous notion! What incentive to slavery, inactivity, and parasitism. Besides, it is not true that the meek can inherit anything.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you . . . for great is your reward in heaven."

The reward in heaven is the perpetual bait, a bait that has caught man in an iron net, a strait-jacket which does not let him expand or grow. All pioneers of truth have been, and still are, reviled. But did they ask humanity to pay the price? Did they seek to bribe mankind to accept their ideas? . . . Redemption through the Cross is worse than damnation, because of the terrible burden it imposes upon humanity, because of the effect it has on the human soul, fettering and paralyzing it with the weight of the burden exacted through the death of Christ. . . .

The teachings of Christ and of his followers have failed because they lacked the vitality to lift the burdens from the shoulders of the race; they have failed because the very essence of that doctrine is contrary to the spirit of life, opposed to the manifestation of nature, to the strength and beauty of passion.

And so on. In her dissolution of other "myths" — such as that of morality, for instance, — she has even more direct things to say. I quote from a lecture on *Victims of Morality:*

It is Morality which condemns woman to the position of a celibate, a prostitute, or a reckless, incessant breeder of children.

First as to the celibate, the famished and withered human plant. When still a young, beautiful flower, she falls in love with a respectable young man. But Morality decrees that unless he can marry the girl, she must never know the raptures of love, the ecstasy of passion. The respectable young man is willing to marry, but the Property Morality, the Family and Social Moralities decree that he must first make his pile, must save up enough to establish a home and be able to provide for a family. The young people must wait, often many long, weary years. . . . And the young flower, with every fiber aglow with the love of life? She develops headaches, insomnia, hysteria; grows embittered, quarrelsome, and soon becomes a faded, withered, joyless being, a nuisance to herself and every one else. . . . Hedged in her narrow confines with family and social

tradition, guarded by a thousand eyes, afraid of her own shadow — the yearning of her inmost being for the man or the child, she must turn to cats, dogs, canary birds, or the Bible class.

Now as to the prostitute. In spite of laws, ordinances, persecution, and prisons; in spite of segregation, registration, vice crusades, and other similar devices, the prostitute is the real specter of our age. . . . What has made her? Whence does she come? Morality, the morality which is merciless in its attitude to women. Once she dares to be herself, to be true to her nature, to life, there is no return; the woman is thrust out from the pale and protection of society. The prostitute becomes the victim of Morality, even as the withered old maid is its victim. But the prostitute is victimized by still other forces, foremost among them the Property Morality, which compels woman to sell herself as a sex commodity or in the sacred fold of matrimony. The latter is no doubt safer, more respected, more recognized, but of the two forms of prostitution the girl of the street is the least hypocritical, the least debased, since her trade lacks the pious mask of hypocrisy, and yet she is hounded, fleeced, outraged, and shunned by the very powers that have made her: the financier, the priest, the moralist, the judge, the jailer, and the detective, not to forget her sheltered, respectably virtuous sister, who is the most relentless and brutal in her persecution of the prostitute.

Morality and its victim, the mother — what a terrible picture! Is there, indeed, anything more terrible, more criminal, than our glorified sacred function of motherhood? The woman, physically and mentally unfit to be a mother, yet condemned to breed; the woman, economically taxed to the very last spark of energy, yet forced to breed; the woman, tied to a man she loathes, yet made to breed; the woman, worn and used-up from the process of procreation, yet coerced to breed, more, ever more. What a hideous thing, this much-lauded motherhood!

With the economic war raging all around her, with strife, misery, crime, disease, and insanity staring her in the face, with numberless little children ground into gold dust, how can the self and race-conscious woman become a mother? Morality cannot answer this question. It can only dictate, coerce, or condemn — and how many women are strong enough to face this condemnation, to defy the moral dicta? Few indeed. Hence they fill the factories, the reformatories, the homes for feeble-minded, the prisons. . . . Oh, Motherhood, what crimes are committed in thy name! What hosts are laid at your feet. Morality, destroyer of life!

Fortunately, the Dawn is emerging from the chaos and darkness. . . . Through her re-born consciousness as a unit, a personality, a race builder, woman will become a mother only if she desires the child, and if she can give to the child, even before its birth, all that her nature and intellect can yield . . . above all, understanding, reverence, and love, which is the only fertile soil for new life, a new being.

I have talked lately with a man who thinks Emma Goldman ought to have been hanged long ago. She's directly or indirectly "responsible" for so many crimes. "Do you know what she's trying to do?" I asked him.

"She's trying to break up our government," he responded heatedly.

"Have you ever read any of her ideas?"

"No."

"Have you ever heard her lecture?"

"*No!* I should say not."

In a play, that line would get a laugh. (It did in *Man and Superman.*) But in life it fares better. It gets serious consideration; it even has a certain prestige as a rather righteous thing to say.

Another man threw himself into the argument. "I know very little about Emma Goldman," he said, "but it has always struck me that she's simply trying to inflame people — particularly to do things that she'd never think of doing herself." That charge can be answered best by a study of her life, which will show that she has spent her time doing things that almost no one else would dare to do.

In his *Women as World Builders* Floyd Dell said this: "Emma Goldman has become simply an advocate of freedom of every sort. She does not advocate violence any more than Ralph Waldo Emerson advocated violence. It

is, in fact, as an essayist and speaker of the kind, if not the quality, of Emerson, Thoreau, and George Francis Train, that she is to be considered." I think, rather, that she is to be considered fundamentally as something more definite than that:—as a practical Nietzschean.

I am incapable of listening, unaroused, to the person who believes something intensely, and who does intensely what she believes. What more simple—or more difficult? Most of us don't know what we believe, or, if we do, we have the most extraordinary time trying to live it. Emma Goldman is so bravely consistent—which to many people is a confession of limitations. But if one is going to criticise her there are more subtle grounds to do it on. One of her frequent assertions is that she has no use for religion. That is like saying that one has no use for poetry: religion isn't merely a matter of Christianity or Catholicism or Buddhism or any other classifiable quantity. Also, if it is true that the person to be distrusted is the one who has found an answer to the riddle, then Emma Goldman is to be discounted. Her convictions are presented with a sense of definite finality. But there's something splendidly uncautious, something irresistibly stirring, about such an attitude. And whatever one believes, of one thing I'm certain: whoever means to face the world and its problems intelligently must know something about Emma Goldman. Whether her philosophy will change the face of the earth isn't the supreme issue. As the enemy of all smug contentment, of all blind acquiescence in things as they are, and as the prophet who dares to preach that our failures are not in wrong applications of values but in the values themselves, Emma Goldman is the most challenging spirit in America.

No sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this, too, will be swept away. . . . Observe always that everything is the result of a change, . . . get used to thinking that there is nothing Nature loves so well as to change existing forms and to make new ones like them.—Marcus Aurelius.

Chloroform

Mary Aldis and Arthur Davison Ficke

A sickening odour, treacherously sweet,
Steals through my sense heavily.
Above me leans an ominous shape,
Fearful, white-robed, hooded and masked in white.
The pits of his eyes
Peer like the port-holes of an armoured ship,
Merciless, keen, inhuman, dark.
The hands alone are of my kindred;
Their slender strength, that soon shall press the knife
Silver and red, now lingers slowly above me,
The last links with my human world . . .

. . . The living daylight
Clouds and thickens.
Flashes of sudden clearness stream before me,—and then
A menacing wave of darkness
Swallows the glow with floods of vast and indeterminate grey.
But in the flashes
I see the white form towering,
Dim, ominous,
Like some apostate monk whose will unholy
Has renounced God; and now
In this most awful secret laboratory
Would wring from matter
Its stark and appalling answer.
At the gates of a bitter hell he stands, to wrest with eager
fierceness
More of that dark forbidden knowledge
Wherefrom his soul draws fervor to deny.

The clouds have grown thicker; they sway around me
Dizzying, terrible, gigantic, pressing in upon me
Like a thousand monsters of the deep with formless arms.
I cannot push them back, I cannot!
From far, far off, a voice I knew long ago
Sounds faintly thin and clear.
Suddenly in a desperate rebellion I strive to answer,—
I strive to call aloud.—
But darkness chokes and overcomes me:
None may hear my soundless cry.

A depth abyssmal opens
And receives, enfolds, engulfs me,—
Wherein to sink at last seems blissful
Even though to deeper pain. . . .

O respite and peace of deliverance!
The silence
Lies over me like a benediction.
As in the earth's first pale creation-morn
Among winds and waters holy
I am borne as I longed to be borne.
I am adrift in the depths of an ocean grey
Like seaweed, desiring solely
To drift with the winds and waters; I sway
Into their vast slow movements; all the shores
Of being are laved by my tides.
I am drawn out toward spaces wonderful and holy
Where peace abides,
And into golden aeons far away.

But over me
Where I swing slowly
Bodiless in the bodiless sea,
Very far,
Oh very far away,
Glimmeringly
Hangs a ghostly star
Toward whose pure beam I must flow resistlessly.
Well do I know its ray!
It is the light beyond the worlds of space,
By groping sorrowing man yet never known—
The goal where all men's blind and yearning desire
Has vainly longed to go
And has not gone:—
Where Eternity has its blue-walled dwelling-place,
And the crystal ether opens endlessly
To all the recessed corners of the world,
Like liquid fire
Pouring a flood through the dimness revealingly:
Where my soul shall behold, and in lightness of wonder rise
higher
Out of the shadow that long ago
Around me with mortality was furled.

I rise where have winds
Of the night never flown;
Shaken with rapture
Is the vault of desire.
The weakness that binds
Like a shadow is gone.
The bonds of my capture
Are sundered with fire!

This is the hour
When the wonders open!
The lightning-winged spaces
Through which I fly
Accept me, a power
Whose prisons are broken —

. . . . . .

. . . But the wonder wavers —
The light goes out.
I am in the void no more; changes are imminent.
Time with a million beating wings
Deafens the air in migratory flight
Like the roar of seas — and is gone . . .
And a silence
Lasts deafeningly.
In darkness and perfect silence
I wander groping in my agony,
Far from the light lost in the upper ether —
Unknown, unknowable, so nearly mine.
And the ages pass by me,
Thousands each instant, yet I feel them all
To the last second of their dragging time.
Thus have I striven always
Since the world began.
And when it dies I still must struggle . . .

. . . . . .

The voice I knew so long ago, like a muffled echo under
the sea
Is coming nearer.
Strong hands
Grip mine.
And words whose tones are warm with some forgotten consolation,
Some unintelligible hope,
Drag me upward in horrible mercy;
And the cold once-familiar daylight glares into my eyes.

He stands there,
The white apostate monk,
Speaking low lying words to soothe me.
And I lift my voice out of its vales of agony
And laugh in his face,
Mocking him with astonishment of wonder.
For he has denied;
And I have come so near, so near to knowing. . . .

Then as his hand touches me gently, I am drawn up from the lonely abysses,
And suffer him to lead me back into the green valleys of the living.

"True to Life"

EDITH WYATT

A RECENT sincere and beautiful greeting from Mr. John Galsworthy to THE LITTLE REVIEW suggests that the creative artist and the creative critic in America may wisely heed a saying of de Maupassant about a writer "sitting down before an object until he has seen it in the way that he alone can see it, seen it with the part of him which makes This man and not That."

Mr. Galsworthy adds: "And I did seem to notice in America that there was a good deal of space and not much time; and that without too much danger of becoming 'Yogis,' people might perhaps sit down a little longer in front of things than they seemed to do."

What native observer of American writing will not welcome the justice of this comment? Surely the contemporary American poems, novels, tales, and critiques which express an individual and attentively-considered impression of any subject from our own life here are few: and these not, it would appear, greatly in vogue. Why? Everyone will have his own answer.

In replying to the first part of the question — why closely-considered individual impressions of our life are few — I think it should be said that the habit of respect for close attention of any kind is not among the American virtues. The visitor of our political conventions, the reader of our "literary criticism" must have noted a prevailing, shuffling, and perfunctory mood of casual disregard for the matter in hand. Many American people are indeed reared to suppose that if they appear to bestow an interested attention on the matter before them, some misunderstanding will ensue as to their

own social importance. Nearly everyone must have noted with a sinking of the heart this attitude towards the public among library attendants, hotel-clerks, and plumbers. This abstraction is not, however, confined to the pursuers of any occupation, but to some degree affects us all. In the consciousness of our nation there appears to exist a mysterious though deep-seated awe for the prestige of the casual and the off-hand.

Especially we think it an unworthiness in an author that he should, as the phrase is, "take himself seriously." We consider the attitude we have described as characterizing library attendants and hotel-clerks as the only correct one for writers — the attitude of a person doing something as it were unconsciously, a matter he pooh-poohs and scarcely cares to expend his energy and time upon in the grand course of his personal existence. You may hear plenty of American authors talk of "not taking themselves seriously" who, if they spoke with accuracy, should say that they regarded themselves as too important and precious to exhaust themselves by doing their work with conscience.

This dull self-importance insidiously saps in our country the respect for thoroughness and application characteristic of Germany; insidiously blunts in American penetrative powers the English faculty of being "keen" on a subject, recently presented to us with such grace in the young hero's eager pursuits in Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street;* and disparages lightly but often completely the growth of the fresh and varied spirit of production described in the passage of de Maupassant to which Mr. Galsworthy refers. This passage expresses the clear fire of attention our American habits lack, with a sympathy it is a pleasure to quote here in its entirety. De Maupassant says in the preface of *Pierre et Jean:*

For seven years I wrote verses, I wrote stories, I wrote novels. I even wrote a detestable play. Of these nothing survives. The master (Flaubert) read them all, and on the following Sunday at luncheon he would give me his criticism, and inculcate little by little two or three principles that sum up his long and patient lesson. ''If one has any originality, the first thing requisite is to bring it out: if one has none, the first thing to be done is to acquire it.''

Talent is long patience. Everything which one desires to express must be considered with sufficient attention and during a sufficiently long time to discover in it some aspect which no one has yet seen or described. In everything there is still some spot unexplored, because we are accustomed to look at things only with the recollection of what others before us have thought of the subject we are contemplating. The smallest object contains something unknown. Let us find it. In order to describe a fire that flames and a tree on the plain, we must keep looking at that flame and that tree until to our eyes they no longer resemble any other tree, or any other fire.

This is the way to become original.

Having besides laid down this truth that there are not in the whole world two grains of sand, two specks, two hands, or two noses alike, Flaubert compelled me to describe in a few phrases a being or an object in such a manner as to clearly particularize it, and distinguish it from all the other beings or all the other objects of the same race, or the same species. ''When you pass,'' he would say, ''a grocer seated at his shop door, a janitor smoking his pipe, a stand of hackney coaches, show me that grocer and that janitor, their attitude, their whole physical appearance, including also by a skilful description their whole moral nature so that I cannot confound them with any other grocer or any other janitor: make me see, in one word, that a certain cab-horse does not resemble the fifty others that follow or precede it.

One underlying reason why American writers so seldom pursue such studies and methods as these is the prevailing disesteem for clearly-focussed attention we

have described. Another reason is that the American writer of fiction who loves the pursuit of precise expression will indubitably have to face a number of difficulties which may perhaps not be readily apparent to the writers of other countries.

Naturally enough, in his more newly-settled, or rather his settling, nation, made up of many nationalities, the American writer who desires to "particularize" a subject from his country's contemporary history, and "to distinguish this from all the other beings and all the other objects of the same race," will have many more heretofore unexpressed conditions and basic circumstances to evoke in his reader's mind than the German or French or English writer must summon.

For instance, the young French writer of de Maupassant's narrative who was to call up out of the deep of European life the individuality of one single French grocer, would himself have and would address an audience who had — whether for better or worse (to my way of thinking, as it chances, for worse) — a fairly fixed social conception of the class of this retail merchant. The American writer who knows very well that General Grant once kept an unsuccessful shoe store, and that some of the most distinguished paintings the country possesses have been selected by the admirably-educated taste and knowledge of one or two public-spirited retail dry-goods merchants; and who also has seen gaunt and poverty-stricken Russian store-keepers standing among stalls of rotten strawberries in Jefferson Street market, in Chicago — that writer will neither speak from nor address this definite social conception according to mere character of occupation which I have indicated as a part of the French author's means of exactitude in expression.

Nothing in our own random civilization, as it seems to me, is quite so fixed as that French grocer seated in his doorway, that de Maupassant and Flaubert mention with such charm. Nothing here is so neat as that. To convey social truth, the American writer interested in giving his own impression of a grocer in America, whether rich or poor or moderately prospering, will have to individualize him and all his surrounding condition more, and to classify him and all his surrounding condition less, than de Maupassant does, to convey the social truth his own inimitable sketches impart.

Again, ours is a very changing population. Its movement of life through one of our cities is attended with various and choppy and many-toned sounds communicating a varied rhythm of its own. To return to our figure of the retail tradesman — if this tradesman be in Chicago, for instance, he may neither be expressed clearly by typical classifications, nor shown without a genuine error in historical perspective against a static street background and trade life. This background must have change and motion, unless the writer is to copy into his own picture some foreign author's rendition of a totally different place and state of human existence. The tune of the story's text, too, should repeat for the reader's inward ear the special experience of truth the author has perceived, the special ragged sound and rhythm of the motion of life he has heard telling the tale of that special place.

May one add what is only too obvious, and said because I think it may serve to explain in some degree why individual impressions of American life are not greatly encouraged in this country? It will be quite plain that such a limpid, clear-spaced, reverent style and stilled

background as speaks in one of Mr. Galsworthy's stories the tragedy of a London shoe-maker's commercial ruin, would be false to all these values. It will be quite plain that such a bright, hard, definite manner as that which states with perfection the life of the circles of the petty government-official and his wife in *The Necklace* would be powerless to convey some of the elements we have selected as characterizing the American subject we have tried to suggest.

But many American reviewers and professional readers and publishers, who suppose themselves to be devoted to "realism" and to writing of "radical" tendency, believe not at all that the realistic writer should adopt de Maupassant's method and incarnate for us his own American vision of the life he sees here, but simply that he should imitate the manner of de Maupassant. Many such American reviewers and professional readers and publishers believe not at all that the radical writer should find and represent for us some unseen branching root of certain American social phenomena which he himself has detected, but simply that he should copy some excellent drawing of English roots by Mr. Galsworthy, or of Russian roots by Gorky.

The craze for imitation in American writing is almost unbelievably pervasive. The author here, who is devoted to the attempt to speak his own truth — and the more devoted he is the more reverently, I believe, will he regard all other authors' truth as theirs and derived exactly from their own point of view — will find opposed to him not only the great body of conventional romanticists and conservatives who will think he ought to stereotype and conventionalize his work into a poor, dulled contemporary imitation of the delightful narratives of Sir Walter Scott. He will also find opposed to him the great body of conventional "realists" and "radicals" who will think he ought to stereotype and conventionalize his work into a poor, blurred imitation of the keen narratives of Mr. H. G. Wells.

Sometimes these counsellors, not content with commending a copied manner, seriously urge — one might think at the risk of advising plagiarism — that the American author simply transplant the social ideas of some admirable foreign artist to one of our own local scenes. Thus, a year or two ago, in one of our critical journals, I saw the writer of a novel about Indiana state politicians severely blamed for not making the same observations on the subject that Mr. Wells had made about English national parliamentary life in *The New Machiavelli*. Not long since another American reviewer of "radical" tendency harshly censured the author of a novel about American under-graduate life in a New York college, because the daughter of the college president uttered views of sex and marriage unlike those expressed in *Ann Veronica*.

This sort of criticism — equally unflattering and obtuse, it appears to me, in its perception of the special characterizations of Mr. Wells's thoughtful pages, and in its counsel to the artist depicting an alien topic to insert extraneous and unrelated views in his landscape — proceeds from a certain strange and ridiculous conception of truth peculiar to many persons engaged in the great fields of our literary criticism and of our publishing and political activities.

This is a conception of truth not at all as something capable of irradiating any scene on the globe, like light: but as some very definite and limited force, driving a band-wagon. People who

possess this conception of truth seem to argue very reasonably that if Mr. Wells is "in" it, so to speak, with truth, and is saying "the thing" to say about sex or about the liberal party, then the intelligent author anywhere who desires to be "in" it with truth will surely get into this band-wagon of Mr. Wells's and stand on the very planks he has placed in the platform of its particular wagon-bed. It is an ironical, if tragic, comment on the intelligence of American reading that the driver I have chanced to see most frequently urged for authors here should be Mr. H. G. Wells, who has done probably more than any other living writer of English to encourage varied specialistic and non-partisan expression.

We have said that to tell his own truth the American writer will have to sit longer before his subject and will have more to do to express it, than if he chose it from a country of more ancient practices in art, and of longer ancestral sojourns. We have said that he will be urged not to tell his own truth considerably more than an English or German or French writer would be. These authors are at least not advised to imitate American expression, and they live in countries where the habit of copying the work of other artists is much less widely regarded as an evidence of sophistication than it is here.

The American writer must also face a marked historical peculiarity of our national letters. The publishing centres of England and of Germany and of France are in the midst of these nations. Outside the daily press, the greater part of the publishing business of our own country is in New York — situated in the northeast corner, nearly a continent away from many of our national interests and from many millions of our population. By an odd coincidence, outside the daily press, the field of our national letters in magazine and book publication seems to be occupied not at all with individual impressions of truth from over the whole country, but with what may be called the New York truth.

The young American author in the Klondike or in San Francisco who desires to sit long before his subject and to reveal its hitherto unrecorded aspect must do so with the clear knowledge that the field of publication for him in the East is already filled by our old friend the New York Klondike, scarcely changed by the disappearance of one dog or sweater from the early days of the gold discoveries; and that no earthquake has shaken the New York San Francisco.

Of course we know, because she almost annually reassures the country on these points, that New York instantly welcomes all original and fresh writing arising from the remotest borders of the nation; and that in all these matters she is not and never possibly could be dull. Yet one can understand how the Klondike author, interested, as Mr. Galsworthy advises, in seeing an object in "the way that he alone can see it" and "with the part of him which makes him This man and not That," might feel a trifle dashed by New York's way of showing her love of originality in spending nearly all the money and energy her publishers and reviewers have in advertising and in praising authors as the sixteenth Kipling of the Klondike or the thirtieth O. Henry, of California. This is apt to be bewildering, too, for the readers of Mr. Kipling and O. Henry, who have enjoyed in the tales of each of these men the truth told "with the part of him which makes him This man and not

That." It is possible to understand, too, how the young author in San Francisco may feel that since New York's consciousness of his city has remained virtually untouched for eight years by the greatest cataclysm of nature on our continent, perhaps she overrates the extreme swiftness and sensitiveness of her reaction to novel impression from without; and might conceivably not hear a story of heretofore unexpressed aspects of San Francisco told by the truthful voice of one young writer.

These are some of my own guesses as to why individual impressions of our national life are few and why they are not greatly in vogue in America. Whether they be poor or good guesses they represent one Middle Western reader's observation of some of the actual difficulties that will have to be faced in America by the writer who by temperament desires to follow that golden and beautiful way of Flaubert's, which Mr. Galsworthy has mentioned.

This writer will doubtless get from these difficulties far more fun than he ever could have had without them. They are suggested here in the pages of THE LITTLE REVIEW, not at all with the idea of discouraging a single traveler from setting out on that splendid road, but rather as a step towards the beginning of that true and long comradeship with effort that is worth befriending which our felicitous English well-wisher hopes may be THE LITTLE REVIEW's abiding purpose.

"Henceforth I ask not Good Fortune: I, myself, am Good Fortune."

Impression

GEORGE SOULE

Her life was late a new-built house—
Empty, with shining window panes,
Where neither sorrow nor carouse
Had left red stains.

A passing vagrant, least of men,
Entered and used; her hearth-fire shone.
She mellowed, he grew restless then—
Left her alone.

Now she is vacant as before,
Desolate through the weary whiles;
Yet play about the darkened door
Shadows of smiles.

Art and Life

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

ODIUM THEOLOGICUM—it is a deadly thing. But the ridicule and obloquy, formerly characteristic of credal fanaticism, seem to have passed over in recent years into the camp of art connoisseurs. No denying it, it was a Homeric warfare that reverberated up and down the earth from land to land, and from century to century, between what was ever the "old" faith and the "new." In this year of grace, however, it is the disciples of "classic" art—aureoled with the sanctity of some antiquity or idealism—and "modern" art—in whatever *nuance* or novelty of most disapproved and screaming modernity—who hereticize each other, who even deny each other right of domicile, save, perhaps, in the unvisited solitudes of interstellar spaces. To be sure, those august and frozen solitudes of the everlasting nothing may be conceivably preferable to the theological *Inferno*, though probably this question has not yet received the attention from critics and philanthropists that its importance would seem to merit.

At the outset it seemed as if the religious warfare had a certain advantage over the esthetic—it agitated more peo-

ple, and seized men in their idiomatic and innermost interests, while, on the other side, but small and select circles participated in partisan questions and controversies respecting art. But it looks now as if it would soon be the other way around. The people face religious problems with less and less sympathy and understanding. But art, art of some kind and some degree, they are keenly alive as to that, and quick to appraise or to argue. The churches are ever emptier; the theatres, concert halls, museums, "movies," ever fuller. A religious book — short of epoch-making — finds, at best, only a reluctant and panicky publisher; a new play, a new novel, see how many editions it passes through, how hard it is to draw at the libraries, even after the staff and all their friends and sweethearts have courteously had first chance at it!

Now, it is of no use to quarrel with this turn matters have taken. And we miss the mark if we say that it is all bad. Off moments come to the best of us when we grow a bit tired of being "uplifted" and "reformed." Humanity has turned to art and, in doing so, has, on some side of its life, moved forward apace, mounted to higher modes of existence, and, whether the church knows it or not, along the steeps of Parnassus and in the home of the muses has heard some music and caught some glimpses of the not too distant fatherland of the divine and the eternal.

First-rate spirits of light and leading have pointed the way to a new esthetic culture — prophetic spirits who in blackest night when deep sleep had fallen upon most men saw the rosy-fingered dawn of our new day. It was to be a day when beauty should be bidden to lead the dance at the ball of life. There were serious philosophers — there was Kant, who contemplated art as the keystone in the sublime structure which modern knowledge and moral will should be summoned to erect in life. There was Schopenhauer, to whom art was the unveiling of the riddle of the world, the most intimate revelation of the divine mystery of life. There was the hero of Baireuth, who, in his artistic creations, summed up all the spiritual and moral forces of humanity, and made them fruitful for the rebirth and fruition of our modern day.

Among these prophets of a new esthetic culture, *Friedrich Nietzsche* occupies a quite special place, and influences the course of coming events. As a most enthusiastic apostle of the gospel of a world-redeeming art he first flung his fire-brand into the land, but only to scorn and blaspheme soon thereafter the very gods he had formerly so passionately worshipped; now degrading them to idols. His faith in art, not this art or that, but in all art, in art as such, pathetically wavered. Still the artist in him himself did not die; its eye was undimmed and its bow abode in strength. And though he later confronted every work of art with a malevolent and exasperating interrogation, all this was only his pure and pellucid soul wrestling for better and surer values, for new and nobler revelations, of the artistic genius. Indeed, it was precisely in these interrogations that he was at once our liberator and our leader — our liberator from the frenzy into which the overfoaming enthusiasm as regards art had transported men; our leader to a livelier, loftier beauty summoned to the creation of the humanest, divinest robes for the adornment of humanity as a whole.

The great movement and seething in the artistic life of our age signifies at the same time a turning point in our

entire cultural life. This turning point discloses new perspective into vast illimitable distances where new victories are to be achieved by new struggles. The great diremption in our present world, making men sick and weak, calling for relaxation and convalescence, appears at a definite stage as the opposition between life and art. Life is serious, art is gay — so were we taught. Seriousness and gaiety — it was the fatality of our time that these could not be combined. So art and life were torn asunder. Art was no serious matter, no vital matter, satisfying a true and necessary human requirement. Art was a luxury, a sport, and since but few men were in a position to avail themselves of such luxury, art came to be the prerogative of a few rich people. Down at the bottom, in homes of want and misery, life's tragedies were real and fearful; life was real, indeed, life was earnest, indeed; at the top, however, pleasures claimed the senses and thoughts of men; so much so, that even tragedies served but to amuse; tragedies were an illusion of the senses, not realities of life and pain. What God had joined together man had put asunder — and there was art without life, life without art, and both art and life suffering from ailments which neither understood.

There was a time when men worked, too, but it was a beautiful halcyon time, when pleasure and joy throbbed in the very heart of the work itself; when a sunny serenity suffused life's profoundest seriousness. Art pervaded all life, active in all man's activities, present in every nook and corner whither his vagrant feet wandered. Indeed, art was the very life of man, revealing his strength, his freedom, his creativeness, with which he fashioned things after his own image and according to his own likeness. Every craftsman was an artist, every peasant a poet. Man put his soul into all that he said and did, all that he lived; his work was a work of art, his speech a song, his life beauty. No man lived by bread alone; everyone heard and had a word that was the True Bread. His cathedrals — domes of many-colored glass — preached it to him; his actors sang it to him; even his priests were artists. With a sort of divine humor, man thus subjected to himself all the anxiety and need of life.

Then, later, man came to think that he could live by bread alone. Even the True Bread came to be mere bread — public influence; political power. And then man's poor soul hungered. And when he longed for a Living Word that was not mere bread, he was given printer's ink and the "sacred letter" of the Bible. But this — ah, this was no soul's food. So the soul lost its soul. Then, as man had no soul to work with, he had to work with his head, his arms, his feet. Man ceased to be an artist who breathes his living soul into his life, an artist who illumined all the seriousness of life with the sunshine of his living love. Would he art, he could not make it, he had to buy it. Could he not buy it, he had to do without it. Thus, life became as jejune and rational as a Protestant service, where, to be sure, there was no priest more, but also no artist, only scribe and theologian — where religion became dogmatics, faith a sum in arithmetic, Christianity a documentarily deposited judicial process between God and man. To be sure, under certain circumstances, decoration and color, even pomp and magnificence, may be found in this church, but no living connection between the outward appearance of these churches and their inner and peculiar service. Thus, too, our

private dwellings have lost living union between their appointments and their inmates. What all are curious to know about these houses is whether the men who dwell in them are rich or poor, not whether they have souls, and what lives in their souls, should they have any.

And because art had no soul of its own more, it became patronizing and mendicant — coquetting for the favors of the rich and powerful, sitting at their tables, perhaps even picking up the crumbs that fall beneath the tables. Art, ah, art sought bread — mere bread — and adopted the sorry principle that to get bread was the sacredest of all duties.

Art without life, life without art! Then came that mighty movement of spirits to bring art and life together again, to reconquer and recreate and re-establish a view of life in which man should learn to see and achieve beauty once yet again. Of that movement, Friedrich Nietzsche was the purest and intensest herald. Bold, fiery spirit, with words that burn, he uttered what had been for a long time a soul-burden of all deeper spirits. This burden of souls was that an art creation should go on in every human life as its highest and holiest calling; that, without the living effectuation of the artistic power of the human soul, all human culture would serve but beastliness and barbarity.

To this end our poet-philosopher returns to the *Urgrund,* the abyss of nature's life, from whose mysterious deep all tempestuous, wild impulses tumble forth and struggle for form and expression in man. It is life which seeks death in order to renew itself in the painful pleasure of its destruction, perceived but then by man in the thrill of delight which prepares the way for his most original eternal revelation. To breed pleasure from pain; to suck forces of life from the most shocking tragedies; to eavesdrop on the brink of the abysmal so as to fashion sweet phantoms in the divine intoxication of the soul, — this is music, this is art, in this, man struggles beyond and above his whole contradictory nature, transfigures death, creates forms and figures in which he celebrates his self-redemption from seriousness, from the curse of existence. Here, at last, art is no sport, no fiddle-faddle, but at once highest and gayest seriousness. It returns from the service of death which it has performed, to its life, which it receives from "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Herein lies the overpowering, the prophetic, in this Nietzschean preaching of art. It tells us that we are very far from comprehending life when we have but measured its length and breadth with yardstick and square; that nature is far different from what scholars have figured it out to be, or from what investigators have seen of it with telescope and microscope. It teaches us to listen to the old eternal murmurs of the spirit, whose sigh we hear indeed, but whence it comes and whither it goes we never know — murmurs and sighs which bring forth the elementary forces, instincts, passions, and friendships in man, which men fashion and shape, regulate and direct indeed, but whose coming and going, whose ebbing and flowing, is not within their power. Inspiration, divine in-breathing — a dead concept as applied by theologians to their Bible — comes into its own again in human nature as a whole, it is the true element in man's life, by virtue of which the soul feels within itself a creative life — its own proof that its dependence is no slave-service, but freedom; that its deepest suffering of pain is itself creative life, creative pleasure.

Is it, now, the tragic fatality of a sick soul, is it the demoniac play of a spirit of negation when precisely the very preacher of this grandiose art-prophecy goes astray in his own preaching, when he finally thrusts it from him, with shrill laughter? The poet-philosopher begins *to think* concerning his preaching! Art makes the thinker's heart heavy! Art ever speaks a language which thought cannot express. Art strikes chords in the human heart, and there are at once intimations of a Beyond of all thought. And the thinker of today has bidden good-bye to every Beyond of his thought. Nothing unthinkable was to be left for the feelings. So the thinker felt a stab in every art for his thinker's heart, a doubt whether he should hold fast to the incomprehensible or sell himself to the devil of the universally comprehensible. And this doubt becomes an open confession of sin in the Zarathustra poesy: poets — and Zarathustra himself was a poet — lie too much! It is adulterated wine which they set before the thirsty. They muddy all their streams so that they shall appear deep. Into the kingdom of clouds they go, and build their air-castles on all too airy foundations. Thus, Zarathustra, poet, grows weary of their lies; he is a bit tired even of himself. And so, now, this doubt-respecting art slips into the soul of even its most enthusiastic prophets — nor are they the worst artists at whose souls these doubts gnaw! To create a beautiful culture in which man shall receive a higher revelation of life, and mount to a higher stage of his development, to *this*, art which receives its consecration in dizziness and dream, is not yet called. In fact, these artists do lie too much! They seek life indeed, they hunger for life: but, because life is too living to them, too natural, they create an artificial glow in whose heat they think they first have life. Thus, the second deception becomes worse than the first. The devil of matter-of-fact prose is driven out by the beelzebub of over-stimulated nerves, and men flee from the monotony of every-day life to the refinement of sensibility, which art shall superinduce. *Poets* do lie too much, not because they tell us fairy tales — fairy tales could be the beautifulest, holiest truths! But because they simulate feelings they do not have — feelings which arise in them not naturally but narcotically! *Sculptors*, *painters*, do lie too much, not because they create forms and colors which no man's eyes have ever seen, but because they create their own selves unfaithfully — an alien life which they have somewhere inoculated themselves with and given out as their own. Even *architects* lie too much, because they compel their works to speak a foreign language, as if stone should be ashamed to speak as stone, wood as wood, iron as iron!

The Nietzschean doubt respecting art — today this has become a demand for *truth in art* and for *truthfulness in the artist!* And from these a third — the demand for *simplicity!* And all this is of a piece with the purpose to live a *simple* life.

Man does not live by bread alone. It is a living question for the sake of future humanity that our art shall give the True Bread to the heart of man, so that we may form a life in us and around us, a life whereon shall not repose the dead weight of a culture artificially burdened with a thousand anxieties and cares, but a life wherein man shall breathe freer, because he breathes the fresh free air of life itself. Beautiful life, artistic culture; this means the opposite of what many mean by it today —

it means, not upholstered chairs, not more cushions and carpets, not motlier pictures on the walls, and not a pleroma of all varieties of ornaments overloading stands and tables, but it means a life full of soul, warm with the sunshine of love, it means that all man does, all that environs him, shall find through eye and ear the mystic pathway to the heart, to bear witness there of a joy and an ardor, of a freedom and a truth, inspiring men to cry: It is good to be here, let us build tabernacles! For such beautiful life, so little is required, yet so much! So little sumptuousness, so much soul! So little money, so much man!

Patriots

ON THE "7:50"

PARKE FARLEY

As you go in and out upon the train,
You're always reading poetry?

. . . Yes.
At first it slightly did embarrass me
To have the people stare,
Like you, over my shoulder,
Catching, as it were, a sudden flashing thigh,
Or gleam of sunlight on a truth laid bare,
Then sizing *me* up from the tail of the eye.
I used to shield the books, and myself, too,
But now I have grown bolder — I don't care . . .
They say this morning train from Lake Forest to Chicago
Carries more money, more *living* money
Than any train of its length and size in the world.
There's the Club car, for Bridge, and then the Smoker,
And four or five other coaches.
It makes one *feel* rich merely to ride upon it. . . .

No, it's not Keats or Shelley — yes, well enough,
But these are living.
I like them young and strenuous,
And when I find one that has done with lies,
I send a word . . .

"Change" at the Fine Arts Theatre

DeWitt C. Wing

YOUR enthusiastic welcome of *Change*, published in the April number of The Little Review, compelled me to see the play, and I hasten to report a memorable evening. Have you ever heard the hard, sharp, battering, hammering of an electric riveter used on a steel bridge? *Change* has a punch like that, and every punch is a puncture. No kind of orthodoxy can resist it.

I have never spent a dozy moment in the Fine Arts Theatre. I shall never forget *Candida, Hindle Wakes, Miles Dixon, Prunella, Change*, and other dramas and tragedies that I have witnessed there. I shall not even forget *Cowards*. Chicago some day will reproduce and expand the truth which a dozen plays have driven into the souls of people who have sat in that beautiful little room. Whatever the commercial outcome of an attempt to present beauty and truth as expressions of life, the management has already achieved a noble success. Hundreds of men and women will always remember the Fine Arts Theatre as an inner shrine of authentic art, where the furthermost reaches of the human spirit in the fiction of plays have touched and quickened the heart of reality.

Change represents an ever-new voice rising above the rattle of inevitable dogma and decay. It rings true to life. Even its name is profoundly appropriate as a label for an inexorable law. If a play reveals splendid thinking I am almost indifferent to what in that case becomes largely the incident of acting, for to be engrossed in enforced thought is to lose that narrow vision of the outward eye which merely looks on a performance. One is not then an onlooker but a discoverer. *Change* was hard, subtle thinking plus admirable interpretative acting. Like the Irish and English players who have appeared in the Fine Arts Theatre, the Welsh company who recently gave us this trenchant criticism of life endowed the word "acting" with a fresh significance. One does not think of them as players; they impress one as re-livers of the life that they portray. That is art of a high order. If we Americans are proud of our wealth and wonders, we must bow in humility when we consider that the biggest plays that we have seen and the best acting that we have witnessed are not of domestic authorship. They are imported, and we have enjoyed them at the Fine Arts Theatre in Chicago.

Change is in four acts, written by J. O. Francis. It was awarded the prize offered by the Incorporated Stage Society of London for the best play of the season. The scene is in a cottage on the Twmp, Aberpandy, in South Wales. The time is the present. A tragic change occurs in a family, whose head was a collier. It is a kind of drama that might inspire the private regret that the tragic martyrdom of Christian fanatics is no longer in vogue, and offers a species of justification of summarily removing human obstacles. Who among real men wouldn't have an impulse to take an active hand in ridding life of a suppressive old barnacle like John Price? He and his conscience and his God stood against the primal law of change, with blind passion and colossal

selfishness. If his sons John Henry and Lewis had mangled him I should have admired their passion. Gwen Price, the wife and mother, suffered more than all because she was capable of suffering; I did not wish a change on her account; she was a woman. Her suffering and weakness were her triumph and strength. Besides, she was not at war with life as she saw it in her sons. Her love was great and wise enough to confer tragic beauty and adorn a soul: that kind of love is the supreme religion.

What John Price felt and expressed as religion was a contemptible mental narrowness and spiritual poverty; a counterfeit religion based upon fear and hardened by ceremonial practice. Its one virtue was that it offered the most formidable opposition to the unfolding of manhood in two young men. Youth is ever pushing its entangled feet down against the hard substrata of anterior generations. Too often it is stuck and gradually smothered in the upper mud, which solidifies as insidiously as it forms. A man who can be held by dying or dead impedimenta is himself dead. A man who struggles out and stands triumphant upon it, with the antennae of his being reaching up and out for the widest and finest contacts, fulfills destiny by adding a golden grain of solid value on which a succeeding aspirant for a larger life may stand that much higher on the old foundation. The man who conforms, remains in and a part of the common level, plastically flattens out like dough under a rolling pin, merely fulfills the law of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of mass. Whereas youth's great dream is symbolized by the over-topping king of the forest, standing stiff-spined and straight upon the old earth, its head in rare aloofness, the ease-lover functions as a lowly parasite.

With wild winged thoughts of which these remarks are vague memories I took *Change* in my consciousness from the theatre. No thoughtful person could have returned unchanged from the playhouse. The transitoriness of religions, institutions, customs, and all other so-called fixtures which constitute modern civilization is the tremendous fact that makes *Change* a powerful supplement to social forces. Of course to the modern mind the idea is already old, but to the primitive majority it is a prophecy.

The author tempered his mild radicalism with the hard-headed sagacity of Sam Thatcher, a one-armed pointsman, who, while unintellectually aware of the changelessness of change, "figured it out" that life is cyclic; that as experience broadens the attitudes of men lose their little individualities in a common resignation, defeat, and decay, which to him meant contentment. "I've been round the world some — round and round. That's how things go — round and round — I know, round and round." Sam thus epitomized an old theory which has so many supporters that it must be wrong. But if we do not go "round and round" in what direction do we go? Nobody knows. If our movement is circular there is the desperate possibility of sufficient momentum to gain new territory by virtue of centrifugal force. We can at least make the circle larger. Races have bloomed, fruited, and passed; planets have shone for an abbreviated eternity and disappeared; baffling facts about life-forms upon the earth have come to light. Our conscious life is young, densely ignorant, and full of pain; our instinctive life is ageless, has perfected its knowledge and can endure, as it has endured, the aeons of change. We shall some day get the idea of change into our consciousness.

Unthinkingly one might regret that Sam was clever enough to sway back toward dogma those wavering minds which might otherwise have yielded to the drama's punches. But his pathetically amusing romance should have made it clear to respectable auditors flirting with new ideas that he was not a competent critic of their particular class-slice of life. What he said was reassuring, assuaging, brilliantly trite, and an untroubled mind would take it and reject the austere, burning truth of the essential message of the play.

"Naught may endure but mutability" : Shelley thus expressed what every educated man knows. Change is the unvarying order, and yet we are constitutionally averse to it. Comfortable people dislike it. "All great natures love stability." Why do we make John Prices of ourselves? (I think that H. G. Wells, more than any other literary man, has lived in consonance with the law of change.) An expanding knowledge precludes constancy. All John Prices are obscurantists. Convictions and blind faith based upon glorified ignorance have for thousands of years encysted, cramped, and twisted personal life, but somehow it has burst through the fetters and arrayed itself for successive struggles. Analyzing what we see and know, and confessing what we think we feel, we have the ancient riddle before us. We applaud a play like *Change*, but seek security and stability in every relationship. Eventually every man must feel what Rousseau wrote: "Everything in this world is a tangled yarn; we taste nothing in its purity, we do not remain two moments in the same state. Our affections, as well as bodies, are in perpetual flux." Maybe Sam Thatcher was wise, but if we knew that our life were cyclic the joy of it to us would cease. The wiser man does not know so much as Sam professed, but his endless endeavor is to try to know more. The law of change, which he sees enforced everywhere, increases his insatiability.

It is ultimate questions to which *Change* gives rise, and to such questions there are no satisfactory answers. The social value of the play lies in the graphic clearness with which it illustrates the slow but epochal shifts that are always under way in thinking individuals, families, and nations.

There is no Rock of Ages in the land of courageous knowledge. Nothing endures but mutability. The purpose of a play like *Change* is to open the inner mind to this glorious truth, so that with a fortitude born of understanding we may accept misfortune, calamity, and death as the effects of unalterable law, and not as donated penalties or inscrutable accidents. Poise, power, and personality are the fruits of this attitude toward change, and whoever achieves these has climbed out of the "reddest hell"

Armoured and militant,
New-pithed, new-souled, new-visioned, up the steeps
To those great altitudes whereat the weak
Live not.

Correspondence

The Vision of Wells

I SHOULD like to set "M. M.'s" mind at rest about H. G. Wells, but I can't quite understand what her objection to him really is. She seems to be in what the charming little old Victorian lady would have called "a state of mind." Something about Wells annoys her; she hasn't thought it out clearly, but she raps Wells wherever she can get at him, as a sort of personal revenge for her discomfort.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the passage she quotes from the hero really represents Wells's feeling about the relations between the sexes. He believes that "*under existing conditions*" there is always danger of love between men and women unless the man has one sole woman intimate, and lets "a superficial friendship toward all other women veil impassable abysses of separation." "M. M." wisely admits the truth of that — in fact, it's the most obvious of truisms. Then the hero — or Wells — goes on to say that this, to him, is an intolerable state of affairs. For this "M. M." calls him "wicked," and "Mr. M. M." accuses him of not being busy enough, and of not working for a living.

I wonder if "M. M." stopped to think exactly why the hero considers this an intolerable state of affairs. The statement means nothing more than that the man would like to have intimate friendships with more than one woman. He doesn't say he wants to love more than one woman. Well, it is easily conceivable that a man of active mind and companionability would like to have some degree of intimacy with various women. There doesn't seem to be anything wicked about that, and it's possible that he should feel so even if he was "working for a living." If we confine ourselves to one intimacy, we're likely to lose the full relish of it before many years. The thought of that is certainly intolerable. A man who is close to a good many people is usually better fitted to appreciate his best friend. A woman novelist who has a conspicuously successful marriage put it well the other day. "If you go into a room where there is a bunch of violets," she said, "you are charmed by the odor. If you stay in the room all the time, you forget about the odor — or it bores you. But if you are continually going out and coming in again, it greets you every time, and you learn to appreciate its subtleties." Perhaps "M. M." thinks that reason is begging the question. Well, take the other side. Any human being who is expanding has an insatiable desire for new experience, new knowledge. That is the healthiest instinct in mankind. Such a person would naturally fret at the inability to be intimate with a new acquaintance who interests him. That feeling would not be wicked; it would be right, by any sane standard.

Forgive the blatant obviousness of all this. But I'm bent on carrying through the discussion to the end. Granted, then, that our hero's feeling is not intrinsically wicked — what then? He faces a dilemma. Either he must run the risk of a new love affair, or — and this, I think, escaped "M. M."— present condi-

tions must be changed. If he has a new love affair, he is at the least violating the Victorian lady's conventional morality, which says that every man must love not more than one woman as long as that woman lives. We come then to an extremely vital problem. On the one hand, is conventional morality desirable? On the other, can present conditions be so changed as to eliminate the danger? The solution of that problem is of great importance to anyone interested in human beings. If it can't be solved, it means that the man or woman must quench a right and healthy instinct along whichever line he or she chooses. And that's a bit of pessimism which a warm-hearted man like H. G. Wells doesn't want to accept without further investigation. That's the reason he wrote *The Passionate Friends.* He is engaged in the noble endeavor to do something at least toward freeing the great spirit of mankind from the network in which it is enmeshed. The history of that struggle is the history of human progress.

Perhaps it isn't necessary further to defend Mr. Wells for the sort of novels he writes. But I'd like to offer an illustration of the difference between Wells and the old-fashioned novelist. The old writer started with the conviction that certain laws and fundamental conditions were forever fixed, and must limit the destinies of his characters. He then works out his little story according to rules, and gets his effect by arousing in us pity for the misfortunes, hatred for the sins, and joy for the virtuous triumphs of his people. The tendency of the whole was to show us once more what the eternal verities were — and the result was highly "moral." Every character was an object lesson. Wells, on the other hand, is not a preacher, but a scientist. He starts with the conviction that, through lack of impartial investigation, we don't really know what the eternal verities are, or what power can be derived from them. His attitude is as far from the old writers' as is Mme. Curie's from the alchemists'. He attempts to free his mind from every prejudice. Then he begins his experiment, puts his characters in their retort under "controlled conditions," and *watches what happens.* What his characters do corresponds to fact as well as his trained mind can make it. The result may be negative or positive — but at least it is true, and, like all truth, it is really valuable.

"M. M." prejudges the case when she talks about denial, and building up character, and loyalty, and unselfishness. These things may demand her conclusion, and again they may not. At best they are means to an end. She may be right. But Wells is going ahead to find out. He isn't arguing for anything. We may be denying something we ought to have; we may be building the wrong kind of character; we may be loyal to a false principle; we may be unselfish with evil result. But if we cease to becloud the issue, and watch carefully the experiment of Mr. Wells and his followers, we shall know more about it than we do.

And, for a general toning of her mind, I should like to ask "M. M." to read *The Death of Eve*, by William Vaughn Moody, to pay particular attention to the majestic song of Eve in the garden, and after she has felt the tremendous impulse of that line—

Whoso denyeth aught, let him depart from here

to turn back to her words about denial, and see whether she still thinks denial is always synonymous with strength.

George Soule.

Another View of "The Dark Flower"

IT is with no desire to be carping that I offer this criticism of *The Dark Flower*, for I, too, am a devoted disciple who hangs on the master's lips; but being a skeptical modern woman withal, I am not abject. Perhaps we should be satisfied with what Galsworthy has given us — this searching vision into the soul of a rarely sensitive man. The writing of it — what we term style — is beyond doubt Galsworthy's most distinguished performance, far more poetical than any of his verse. Its material is invaluable for its sheer honesty as well as its sheer beauty. Its reality and intimacy are grippingly poignant. And yet how account for the pain of futility which sweeps over you as you close the book, drowning for the time the ecstasy of high joy in all its beauty? It is as if the heavy aroma of autumn's decay had invaded a garden in early spring.

Yes, there is something essentially futile about *The Dark Flower*. It lies so hidden in the warp and woof of the whole fabric that the casual reader passes it over unseen. I can best explain by referring to the novel itself. Each of the three episodes deals with Mark Lennan's passion for a woman: in his youth for an older woman, in his maturity for a woman his own age, in his approaching autumn for a young girl. And in all three passion — the great primal force — is made an illicit emotion. In the first two episodes the women are married; in the last, Lennan is. It is scarcely by chance that Lennan's loves were unlawful; on the contrary, a symbolic significance seems to be intended, that passion is natural, free, coming and going by tides unbound by man's will or law. But if that was Galsworthy's aim, he has run an unnecessary stretch beyond his goal. By his over-emphasis, passion becomes purposefully illicit, voluntarily seeking out the forbidden object and the secret passage. And instead of being the priceless inheritance from a free God, passion becomes an ailment laid upon us by some designing fate.

And now glance at the dénouement of each episode. In the first it is the woman who closes the little drama; Mark merely watches her go. In the second the woman's husband kills her, and Mark is left dazed. In the last his wife steps in and turns the current of events. Always an extraneous force makes the decision for him. He is never permitted to grapple with the situation created. Galsworthy forever extricates him. Not once is his passion allowed to run its course. Each experience is abortive. If I had been Mark Lennan I should have been tempted to curse the meddling fate that insisted upon rescuing me just before I jumped.

No, a woman would not have had her perfect moment with Mark Lennan, but only the promise of it.

Mark is a futile person: his love life a procession of futile experiences. But in spite of its futility it is an exquisite record for which I whole-heartedly give thanks.

MARGUERITE SWAWITE.

Dr. Foster's Articles on Nietzsche

M. H. P.'s remarks in "The Critics' Critic" of the April number of The Little Review on Dr. George Burman Foster's paper entitled "The Prophet of a New Culture" in the March issue induced me to give that notable article a third reading. M. H. P. says " . . . there's . . . too much enthusiasm to be borne out by what he actually says," and then asks the author, "Won't you forget a little of this sound and fury and tell us as simply as you can just what it is that you want us to do?" This obviously tired and disturbed "critic" continues: " . . . I have a feeling that pure enthusiasm, wasting itself in little geysers, is intrinsically ridiculous. Enthusiasm should grow trees and put magic in violets — and that can't be done with undue quickness, or in any but the most simple way. Nobody cares about the sap except for what it does."

This irrelevant criticism is an intellectually lazy protest of a sensuous, self-styled "healthy" person blundering through an interpretative analysis of hard, serious thought, expecting to find a program or a plan, cut and dried, ready for the seekers of a new culture. Dr. Foster properly avoided making any definite proposals based upon his study of Nietzsche. With a contagious enthusiasm he wrote his own response to Nietzsche's attitude toward the universe. To condemn his animation is barbaric stupidity. He probably was not conscious when he wrote the paper that anybody wanted him to outline in desiccated phrases a scheme to crystallize the Nietzschean philosophy into personal or social action. He was fired by his subject, and his function — I do not say his purpose — was to spread the flame. The depths of feeling must be reached before action can be more than an abortion of the mind. Dr. Foster's serious, almost sad, enthusiasm, makes the spirit of Nietzsche arouse feeling, and feeling underlies every organic social action. It is not what *he* "actually says" but what Nietzsche says *to* him that explains and justifies Dr. Foster's enthusiasm.

An incoherent generalization like "pure enthusiasm wasting itself in little geysers is intrinsically ridiculous" is a part of the typical literary method of veneering ignorance or prejudices. For a critic who asks "what is it that you want us to do?" which is the desperate voice of an imitationist, and then talks glibly of "pure enthusiasm," which is gaseous rhetoric, I have neither respect nor compassion. What *is* "pure enthusiasm?"

M. H. P.'s objection to "sound and fury," which he associates with "political speeches" "for a major prophet," clearly is attributable to a temperamental inability to understand Nietzsche or emotionally to respond to his dynamic appeal to intelligence. A "healthy" critic — was there ever one? — is a myth, or a morbidly self-conscious person whose striving after "healthy" attitudes is an infallible sign of disease at the top. Such a person is pathologically interesting, but in the realm of philosophical criticism he is incompetent. I should expect him to demand that "enthusiasm should grow trees and put magic in violets" — which is a ridiculous horticulture. To limit enthusiasm to so definite a purpose as this is to affect a poetic attitude whose labored simplicity has

nothing in common with the magic of violets.

Your critic, who has a mania for "the most simple way," is aware of his own amorphous complexity, and demands that thinkers and writers be specific, calm, easy, leisurely, "healthy," and lucid, thereby economizing his unhealthy distress. For him, Nietzsche has no message, and upon him Dr. Foster's enthusiasm is wasted. To him "sound and fury" exist where to Nietzsche's "preordained readers" there is the new music of truth. It is that deep harmony which ran in legitimate fury through the remarkable article contributed by Dr. Foster. "Nietzsche was a Knight of the Future." This sentence from the article bears interestingly upon M. H. P.'s allegation of "undue quickness" in what the author expects from the adoption of the Nietzschean view of life. As for nobody caring about the sap, I should say that if he have an enthusiasm for growing trees and putting magic in violets he will, perforce, have that care for the sap which conditions the strength of the tree and the magic of the violet. Nietzsche's superman is not to be achieved in a society that cares nothing about the sap.

Whoever reads Nietzsche and Whitman "slowly, profoundly, attentively, prudently, with inner thoughts, with mental doors ajar, with delicate fingers and eyes," will be better qualified than M. H. P. to serve as a critic of articles like Dr. Foster's. Why not call it "the critics' gossip"?

DeWitt C. Wing.

H. G. Wells's Man of the Future

In a little while he will reach out to the other planets, and take the greater fire, the sun, into his service. He will bring his solvent intelligence to bear upon the riddles of his individual interaction, transmute jealousy and every passion, control his own increase, select and breed for his embodiment a continually finer and stronger and wiser race. What none of us can think or will, save in a disconnected partiality, he will think and will collectively. Already some of us feel our merger with that greater life. There come moments when the thing shines out upon our thoughts. Sometimes in the dark, sleepless solitudes of night one ceases to be so-and-so, one ceases to bear a proper name, forgets one's quarrels and vanities, forgives and understands one's enemies and oneself, as one forgives and understands the quarrels of little children, knowing oneself indeed to be a being greater than one's personal accidents, knowing oneself for Man on his planet, flying swiftly to unmeasured destinies through the starry stillnesses of space.— H. G. Wells in *Social Forces in England and America.*

Lawton Parker

Eunice Tietjens

PARIS, the iridescent dream of every struggling art student on the round world; Paris the sophisticated, the most provincial of all cities — as provincial as Athens of old in the sense that she is complacently sufficient to herself and all the world else may wag as it will, since she cares for nothing that does not happen on a few square miles of soil beside the Seine; Paris the proud, the difficult: — Paris has recently done the one thing that could be surprising from her. She has laid aside her prejudices and her pride and has awarded to a foreigner — and that foreigner an American — the most coveted prize in the whole realm of painting. She has given to Lawton Parker of Chicago the first medal at the Old Salon.

Hitherto it has been an unwritten law that the first medal was not to go out of France. The most ambitious American student, dreaming in his little atelier high up among the pigeons, over fifty centimes' worth of roast rabbit from the *rôtisserie* and a glass of *vin ordinaire*, never has dared even to dream of a first medal. A second has been the height of his wildest hopes. Ten times only since the foundation of the Old Salon has a second medal, of which more than one is given each year, been awarded to an American. Sargent had one. Mary Green Blumenschein, H. O. Tanner, Manuel Barthold, Robert Mac Cameron, Aston Knight, the son of Ridgeway Knight, and Richard E. Miller are among the others so honored. Gari Melchers and Frederick MacMonnies have had a third medal.

Now Lawton Parker has carried off the first! Even for a Frenchman this is an extraordinary honor. It is kept for paintings of most unusual merit, and often no work of the many thousands submitted is considered worthy of the honor. At least four Salons have passed without the award being made at all.

The painting with which Mr. Parker has enchanted Paris is called *Paresse*, or *Indolence*. It is a picture of a nude model resting on a couch. She lies perfectly relaxed, her body twisted a little and one arm raised behind her head. The delicate flesh tones are outlined against pale draperies, mauve, gray, and light yellow. The whole composition is in a very high key, the red hair of the girl being the strongest note in the picture.

But it is the lighting which seems most strongly to have impressed the French critics. More than forty reviews in Europe have contained favorable accounts of this painting, and they have been unanimous in their praise of the effects of lighting. Indeed, they have almost exhausted the vocabulary in their efforts to describe it. It is the light of a gray day filtered through a Venetian blind, and the picture's most puissant charm lies in the way Mr. Parker has caught the delicate and subtle values of this lighting. "Delicate, nebulous, pale, sifted, intimate, tender, harmonious"— these are some of the adjectives used by the French reviewers to describe it.

All this is, however, built on a foundation of solid knowledge. Mr. Parker is an excellent draughtsman and understands thoroughly the possibilities and limitations of his medium. He has long

been known among the artists in the Quarter as the most scientific of them all. The chemical composition of the colors, their action and interaction, and the result of time on their brilliancy — these Mr. Parker has studied minutely. It is a subject with which the old masters were thoroughly familiar, but which painters of to-day too often neglect.

Sanity is one of the chief characteristics of Mr. Parker's work. This is a day of extravagance, of cutting loose from all ties that bind us to the past. In Paris the academies are virtually emptied of students, that the young men may search for individuality in their own little ateliers. The Cubists and the Futurists are the flowering of the tree of experimentation that has thrust its roots even into the most academic of sanctuaries. Many a promising young man has lost his head entirely. But Lawton Parker has succeeded in keeping his.

He has gone forward with his day, but not blindly. He has carefully tested each step as he came to it, and has stopped short where sanity stopped. The old virtues of draughtsmanship, composition, and color he has kept. But he has added thereto the modern discoveries in the treatment of light.

He and his colleagues, the little group of painters called the Giverny school, are already known as Luminists. Frederick C. Frieseke, Richard E. Miller, and Karl Anderson belong to this group. During the summer months they paint at the beautiful little village of Giverny. They experiment with light in all its possible manifestations. Frieseke and Parker have an open-air studio together, a "water-garden" traversed by a little brook. Here on warm days they paint beautiful opalescent nudes in the sunlight, among the shimmering greens of the leaves or beside the luminous water surfaces. All who have followed the exhibitions in France or even in America during the last few years are familiar with this "nymph pasture," as it has been wittily called. It was here that the prize picture was painted — but not on warm, sunny days. A year ago it rained all summer, and in desperation Mr. Parker resorted to an indoor canvas, executed in the house adjoining. It was painted with extreme care. One comparatively unimportant part of the canvas, a bit of wall space, he painted over twelve or fifteen times to get just the precise shade he wanted. This painting is now on exhibition in this country.

Lawton Parker's canvases in his Giverny style are interesting technically. On a foundation of very careful drawing they are handled with great freedom of execution. The brush work is loose and vigorous, the paint being laid on thickly, especially in the background. The flesh is painted more closely, always with great subtlety in the values. A nude body in the shade flecked with spots of brilliant sunlight is a favorite and very difficult subject, in which this subtlety is well shown. The color is excellent, at times, as in the prize picture, very delicate and carefully harmonized; at times dealing successfully with great splashes of autumn leaves or the vivid green of spring foliage. The composition is pleasing.

Mr. Parker is not by any means limited to this style. Indeed, it is in another and quite different character that he is best known in this country. As a portrait painter his work has for a number of years been gaining steadily in popularity. Many prominent people have sat for him, including President Harry Pratt Judson, Judge Peter S. Grosscup, Martin Ryerson, Mrs. Leonard Wood, and Mrs. N. W. Harris.

This portrait style of Mr. Parker's is very different from his Giverny style. He developed it much earlier in his career, but still uses it on occasion. The difference is one of psychological viewpoint rather than of technic. A portrait, he feels, should be a livable presentation of the subject. It is not a picture to be looked at casually and passed by, but a work to be lived with intimately for long spaces of time. The exceptions are, of course, those portraits of well-known men and women which are to hang in public places. Generally speaking, he paints his portraits in color schemes that will wear well, in a rather low key, with neutral backgrounds. These likenesses are solid, dignified, and simple. To catch the individuality of the sitter is of more importance to him than to paint a striking canvas. That his portraits are successful technically is proved by the fact that he has taken a number of prizes with them, both here and abroad.

Lawton Parker was born at Fairfield, Michigan, in 1868, but spent his early youth in Kearney, Nebraska. When he took up seriously the study of painting he moved to Chicago, which has since remained his *pied-à-terre* in this country. He studied and taught at the Art Institute there. Later he went to New York, where, in 1897, he took the "Paris Prize" founded by John Armstrong Chaloner: a five years' scholarship abroad. In Paris he studied under Gerome, Whistler, and Jean Paul Laurens. In 1899 he took the "*Prix d'atelier*" at the Beaux Arts. In 1900 he received honorable mention at the Old Salon with a nude; in 1902 a third medal, on a portrait. Four years ago he missed by three votes a second medal, which was fortunate for him, since the first cannot be awarded a painter who has received a second.

He has also received medals from the Chicago Society of Artists, the St. Louis Exposition, and the International Exhibition in Munich in 1905.

All lovers of art in this country, as well as the painters themselves, should thank Mr. Parker for having opened the way in Paris for so unprecedented an honor.

It is rhythm that makes music, that makes poetry, that makes pictures; what we are all after is rhythm, and the whole of the young man's life is going to a tune as he walks home, to the same tune as the stars are going over his head. All things are singing together.— George Moore in *Memoirs of My Dead Self.*

New York Letter

George Soule

PAVLOWA and her Russian dancers have just finished their tour here in a high tide of enthusiasm,—and financial success, which is worth mentioning because it means other tours next year. There is a whisper that we shall see a ballet still more important which hasn't hitherto been coaxed west of London and Paris. Only a little of the new art-form now being developed by Fokine, Diaghilev, Bakst, Rimski-Korsakoff, and the rest of the great Russian romanticists of the stage, has come to us. But the important fact is that America, as always behind Europe in seeing new ideas that are not mechanical, is at last waking up to the dance as an art on equal terms with the greatest.

It is curious, but not comforting, to know that in this case the original inspiration came from Illinois. My authority is Troy Kinney, who is, without question, our best-informed critic of dancing outside of the performers and choregraphers themselves. Mr. Kinney tells me that after Isadora Duncan failed to arouse much interest in America she went to Europe, leaving a trail of heated discussion there. When she reached St. Petersburg the head of the imperial academy, Fokine, saw the vision of a renaissance of the dance from its classic sterility. He gathered about him the group of dancers whose names are now known around the world, and persuaded them to desert the imperial academy, which clung to the formalism of the old French and Italian ballet. Artists and musicians were attracted to the movement. This proceeding was quite as daring as it would have been for the superintendent of the United States Naval Academy to desert with part of his faculty and the best of the middies. But Diaghilev espoused their cause and persuaded the government not to punish them, but to let them work out their ideas and then make themselves useful politically by showing western Europe that Russia was not as barbarous as was generally supposed. They are now fully recognized in St. Petersburg and Fokine is again head of the academy.

On the basis of the old formal steps and positions Fokine built a freer structure of movement whose chief aim is not virtuosity or pure beauty of line, but expression. In this new style more modern music was not only possible, but necessary. Meanwhile, setting and costume of the most imaginative type—often futuristic—had to be developed. They all set to work with an ardor possible only to tradition-breakers and are producing an art which is likely to achieve the supreme place first dreamed of by the inventors of modern opera.

Here is another keenly interesting relation brought to light by Mr. Kinney. Everybody knows, of course, that opera was begun during the Renaissance as an attempt to revive the Greek drama. It now appears that in our present Renaissance the revived ballet is probably much nearer the highest form of Greek drama than opera or anything else ever has been. The early drama of Athens, according to Mme. Nelidoff of Moscow, consisted largely of pantomime, dance, and chorus. Words were introduced for the literal-minded. As the size of theatres increased, the actors came to use

megaphones, to conceal which the mask was invented. The masks were made larger and heavier to add to the height. With this handicap to dancing, the actor had to depend more on his voice and stature; and the elaborate dialogue, combined with the high heels of the cothurnus, gave dancing its final blow. This kind of drama, says Mme. Nelidoff, appealed largely to the less imaginative and uncultivated, on account of their desire to know in detail what was going on. The other kind, however, continued being developed for smaller audiences, and retained its purer beauty of form in space, sound, and thought. We have little record of it outside of sculpture simply because there were few words, and a choregraphic vocabulary had not been invented. We have almost no record of Greek music, either. It is a bit shocking to think that Aeschylus and Sophocles were, perhaps, contributors to an inferior art, but there seem to be grounds for the ingenious theory.

Everyone who has been to a "movie show" knows how effective even crude pantomime can be. But make your pantomime a portrayal of moods and emotions rather than of events, give it visual beauty which will occasionally wring tears from anyone sensitive to line, and accompany it with music whose most complex rhythm and harmonic color are intensified by the stage picture, and you have an expression on a plane of the imagination where the introduction of a spoken word is like the creak of a piano pedal. If we can't lead the people back from the movies to "plays," can't we give them the modern ballet?

That is exactly what Kinney proposes. He wants a National Academy for America, with resources equal to the backing of the Metropolitan Opera House. Big managers and opera authorities have already admitted that such an undertaking would, if properly managed, be successful. Compared with the present interest in good ballet the interest in good music with which Theodore Thomas started, was nothing. But it is a miracle if America does a thing like that in the right way. Our princes have, as a rule, neither good taste nor much public spirit. Our race of artists — thinkers — mental heroes — is small and largely uncourageous. Our government accurately represents the most of our people, who still regard art either as immoral or entertaining and hence not worth the attention of sensible people.

How bitterly we need missionaries like The Little Review and the people who feel the same spirit! But our case is far from hopeless. The good fighters among us are glad there is a lot still to do. Such visions give strength to our hewing arms as we cry room for our new images.

The men who are cursed with the gift of the literal mind are the unfortunate ones who are always busy with their nets and neglect the fishing.— Rabindranath Tagore in *Sadhana*.

Union vs. Union Privileges

Henry Blackman Sell

"WE have granted the miners every union demand," benevolently asserts the remarkable J. D. R., Jr., "but we will not recognize their organization"—and here is the hitch. The average lay observer of the fearful struggle raging in Colorado tosses aside his paper after reading this, and possibly comments that he can't see what the miners want, if all the union privileges have been granted.

That was my first thought, but I felt that there must be something behind the trouble; so I hunted out my old friend Tony Exposito, a walking delegate for Chicago's pick-and-shovel men, and asked him to explain.

Now Tony never took a degree, and his English is reminiscent of sunny Italy, but he knows just what the trouble is in Colorado.

"Eh? You wanta know what ees matta downa there? Eh? Meester Rokefella say he geeve union preeveleg to all da men? Eh? Meester Rokefella say begess shara men no wanta strike? Eh? He geeve many thengs to da men? Sure! Sure! He *geeve* many thengs! *He* geeve many preeveleg! Sure! *He* geeve! Das justa trubble! Das why da men go strike! No wanta thengs be geeva to them. Santa Maria! when a man breaka hees back en wear da skeen off hees hans wet da pick en da shovel, hasn' he gotta *right* to da money he gets? Eh? Now, w'at you theenka dat? Eh?"

"Well, Tony," I answered, "I never thought of it that way. It does seem as though a man might have what he earns without its being handed to him as if it were a charity."

"Sure! Sure!" cut in the impetuous Tony. "Sure! das da theng—*charety!* Meester Rokefella, he say, 'Coma here, leetle slave, nica leetle slave, coma here;' en he patta on da head en say, 'You donna have to work so meny hours; I geeve you tena cents more pay!' Eh? en then what? Eh? He calla all the newsapaper up en tella dem, 'I maka mucha mon; I geeve some to my workaman.' Then all the peeple say, 'Whata fuss about?' Eh? I tella you: Workaman want to sell hees labor justa lika Meester Rokefella buy hees beega machenes. Notheng extra to nobody. Eh?"

"But, Tony," I interrupted, "they say that only a few of the men want the union recognized. What about that?"

"Sure! Das true! Sure! Das jus da fac. When deesa beeg, granda countree fighta Eengeland, deed all the men wanta fight? Eh? Tell me! Eh? No, et was justa few et ferst, dena more, dena more, teel everyone wanta to be free. Sure! Das da way. Poor nuts, dea don'a know whata rights dea shoulda have, en dea musta be ah—*educate* to steek togeater."

And I wondered how many of my highly educated friends realized so well as Tony Exposito how frightfully devitalizing gratuities are, and what it means to be able to take a week's pay with the feeling not of accepting a charity, but of receiving an honest wage for honest work; what it means to teach mentally stunned and browbeaten laborers that they have certain definite rights of life and happiness, and that they must earn them: that when they have earned those rights, it is no *favor* given or received.

Book Discussion

Mr. Chesterton's Prejudices

The Flying Inn, by G. K. Chesterton.
[John Lane Company, New York.]

G. K. Chesterton really possesses a philosophy, but it is a question whether he has ever shown a clear intellectual title to it. His method of asserting ownership is to abuse those who question either his right to possess it or the desirability of the philosophy itself.

In *The Flying Inn* Mr. Chesterton does two things. He writes a most amusing criticism of modern tendencies the while he is defending his philosophy of Augustinian Christianity.

It may be news to some of Mr. Chesterton's readers that he is a symbolist with a profound philosophy to expound, and I would never have guessed from his latest work that he was fighting over again the battle of St. Augustine against the Pelagians. But this book recently fell into the hands of a more than usually industrious and erudite critic, Mr. Israel Solon, and in a recent issue of *The Friday Literary Review* of *The Chicago Evening Post*, Mr. Solon took the trouble to explain some of Mr. Chesterton's symbolism. The general reader, however,— and what a good thing it is — does not care a red cent about the triumph of Augustinian Christianity, while the unbiased student of religion knows that Pelagianism, a healthy-minded British heresy of about 400 A. D., which denied original sin, was a more reasonable proposition than the Christianity which it tried to displace.

The only real interest of Mr. Chesterton's latest book, then, is in his criticisms of life, and that interest arises from their humor rather than from their worth.

Mr. Chesterton's theory of criticism is very simple. Poke fun at everything you do not like. If it is difficult to poke fun at it on account of its worth or dignity then misrepresent it first.

The present story, for instance, covers the adventures of an Irishman who left the British navy and became a soldier of fortune, and an innkeeper whose inn is closed by a fanatical temperance advocate holding office under a very fussy pseudo-liberal government. This personage, who is an amateur of religions and wishes to combine Mahomedanism and Christianity, drives the innkeeper into vagabondage. The Irishman accompanies him, and they carry the old inn sign and a keg of rum and a round cheese with them. They buy a donkey and cart, and travel the neighborhood breaking up meetings in favor of temperance, vegetarianism, polygamy, and other absurdities advocated by the teetotal aristocrat.

Most of the fooling is excellent, but some of it is very childish. It shows Mr. Chesterton at his most characteristic. He dislikes all liberalism, so the efforts of the present British government toward various forms of amelioration of bonds — ecclesiastical, puritanic, and economic — are satirized by the implication that the aristocrats of this story wish to re-establish the Eastern vices of

polygamy and abstinence from wine. He dislikes the Ethical Societies, so he represents them as meeting in little tin halls and listening to fakers from the East preaching strange exotic doctrines in return for large fees. He dislikes the Jews, and so a particularly mean and futile character is painted very carefully as a Jew who mixes in British politics — a thing which Mr. Chesterton and his political allies seem to think should be forbidden by statute.

If we discount all this, however, we shall be able to derive a lot of enjoyment from Mr. Chesterton. In particular we shall enjoy his songs against temperance. One of them concerns Noah's views on drinking:

> Old Noah, he had an ostrich farm, and fowls on the greatest scale;
> He ate his egg with a ladle in an egg-cup big as a pail,
> And the soup he took was Elephant Soup and the fish he took was Whale;
> But they all were small to the cellar he took when he set out to sail;
> And Noah, he often said to his wife when he sat down to dine,
> "I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't go into the wine."
>
> The cataract of the cliff of heaven fell blinding off the brink,
> As if it would wash the stars away as suds go down a sink;
> The seven heavens came roaring down for the throats of hell to drink,
> And Noah, he cocked his eye and said: "It looks like rain, I think."
> The water has drowned the Matterhorn as deep as a Mendip mine,
> But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine.

And for other drinks than those of orthodox alcoholic content he has nothing but contempt. Witness the following remarks:

> Tea is like the East he grows in,
> A great yellow Mandarin,
> With urbanity of manner,
> And unconsciousness of sin;
> All the women, like a harem,
> At his pig-tail troop along,
> And, like all the East he grows in,
> He is Poison when he's strong.
>
> Tea, although an Oriental,
> Is a gentleman at least;
> Cocoa is a cad and coward,
> Cocoa is a vulgar beast,
> Cocoa is a dull, disloyal,
> Lying, crawling, cad and clown
> And may very well be grateful
> To the fool that takes him down.
>
> As for all the windy waters,
> They were rained like trumpets down,
> When good drink had been dishonored
> By the tipplers of the town.
> When red wine had brought red ruin,
> And the death-dance of our times,
> Heaven sent us Soda Water
> As a torment for our crimes.

To the American cocoa debauchee — if there be any — it should be intimated that in all probability Mr. Chesterton's turn for symbolism is at work in the second of the stanzas quoted above. The English cocoa interests are very powerful and very much interested in the progress of the present liberal government. In England not cocoa drinkers but certain liberal politicians will wince with pained appreciation of that particular stanza.

Such is the method of attack with which Mr. Chesterton goes after liberal Christianity, the Ethical Movement, temperance legislation, futurist art, and — for some insane reason — the Mechnikoff lactic acid bacillus treatment. As we have said, it is, except in spots, most interesting and most amusing, but, except in spots, it is not significant.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

Dr. Flexner on Prostitution

Prostitution in Europe, by Abraham Flexner.
[The Century Company, New York.]

There can be no doubt whatever in the mind of any student of the evolution of "civic conscience" that the prominence now being given to the subject of prostitution is one of the most promising signs of our day. It is inevitable in the first uncovering of what has been hidden for many generations that this prominence should be marred by much that is to be regretted, by much wild hysteria, and much morbid dwelling on erstwhile forbidden topics. But in the main the knowledge by the people at large of the cess-pools that lie below our civilization is the only starting-point from which to set about the draining and cleaning up of these cess-pools.

As Dr. Flexner points out repeatedly in this volume, it is public opinion, and in the last analysis, that only, which determines the fate of prostitution in any given city. Even the most stringent laws are of comparatively little service when unsupported by an intelligent and watchful interest on the part of the people at large. And on what can an intelligent interest be founded except on knowledge? The voices raised in protest — the voice of Agnes Repplier, for instance — belong surely to the protected "leisure class" — the class which sees no need for change since they have never known from personal experience that such problems exist. Yet it is safe to say that for the great majority of the world's population the question of prostitution and its attendent train of disease, misery, and degeneration is and has always been one of the most vital questions of life.

A single calm, wise, scientific book, like this of Dr. Flexner's, given into the hands of our boys and girls of eighteen, would do quite as much good, and for many dispositions infinitely more, than a whole battery of moral lectures, warning vaguely against the "wickedness of human nature" and the "allurements of sin." Not that this book was written for boys and girls. Far from it. It was written for the serious student of the social evil by Dr. Flexner as representative of the Bureau of Social Hygiene of New York City. It is an unprejudiced, authoritative statement of the present condition of prostitution in the various countries of Europe, and is the result of an impartial and painstaking personal investigation which required two years of the time of an educational expert.

Dr. Flexner nowhere raises any question as to how far European experience is significant for America, but it is inevitable that the reader should form certain conclusions of his own. Much of the book is devoted to the relative merits of the two systems of handling prostitution now prevalent in Europe: regulation and so-called "abolition." The weight of evidence is overwhelmingly on the side of abolition. Regulation is left without a leg to stand on. This, however, is not a burning issue in America. The New York Committee of Fifteen decided, years ago, that "regulation does not regulate," and such has been the general opinion in the United States. But the remainder of the book and much that is brought out in the discussion of regulation can be of great service.

It is impossible to summarize here a book so rich both in thought and material. But one thing may be said for the encouragement of future readers: There is in this volume absolutely no trace of the hysteria so prevalent today, and on the other hand, no trace of the morbid dwelling on details from which even some of our official investigations have unfortunately not been free. There is in the entire book not a detailed account of an individual case to turn the stomach. Yet the opinion of every prominent expert in Europe is given, and a calm, scientific attitude is maintained throughout. We are, as Jane Addams has so aptly expressed it, "facing an ancient evil with a new conscience," and this book of Dr. Flexner's is the embodied voice of that conscience. This is his last word on the subject:

In so far as prostitution is the outcome of ignorance, laws and police are powerless; only knowledge will aid. In so far as prostitution is the outcome of mental or moral defect, laws and police are powerless; only the intelligent guardianship of the state will avail. In so far as prostitution is the outcome of natural impulses denied a legitimate expression, only a rationalized social life will really forestall it. In so far as prostitution is due to alcohol, to illegitimacy, to broken homes, to bad homes, to low wages, to wretched industrial conditions — to any or all of the particular phenomena respecting which the modern conscience is becoming sensitive, — only a transformation wrought by education, religion, science, sanitation, enlightened and far-reaching statesmanship can effect a cure. Our attitude towards prostitution, in so far as these factors are concerned, cannot embody itself in a special remedial or repressive policy, for in this sense it must be dealt with as a part of the larger social problems with which it is inextricably entangled. Civilization has stripped for a life-and-death wrestle with tuberculosis, alcohol and other plagues. It is on the verge of a similar struggle with the crasser forms of commercialized vice. Sooner or later it must fling down the gauntlet to the whole horrible thing. This will be the real contest, — a contest that will tax the courage, the self-denial, the faith, the resources of humanity to their uttermost.

Eunice Tietjens.

The welfare of mankind is as much promoted by the mistakes and vanity of fools and knaves as by the virtuous activity of wise and good men.— The late Professor Churton Collins in *The English Review.*

The Critics' Critic

Masculine and Feminine Literature

SOMEWHERE lately I read a review of *Home* and the reviewer says that it was probably written by a woman, giving I forget what reason as to description of home life, and details of that sort, which "no one but a woman could have written with such fidelity to truth." But I couldn't believe it even before the truth came out the other day. *Home* is distinctly a man's story, written by a man. The psychology of it is man-psychology (unconscious of course), and its appeal is more strongly to masculine than to feminine taste — much as I hate to think they differ in literature. I have heard several men speak of it as one of the best stories they ever read, and I, myself, though liking it, could never become more than mildly enthusiastic. To be sure, it is a great tale of adventure. But for whom is the great adventure? Alan and Gerry go blithely about the world in pursuit of it. Alix, Gerry's wife, after taking a feeble little step in the direction of what was for her a stirring adventure, returns home, chastened, and is properly punished by years of waiting for her husband to close up his small affairs. Her great adventure was sitting at home rearing Gerry's child. Clem's seems to have been sitting at home waiting for Alan to get through roving and come back to her. And never a comment to the effect that this should not have been perfectly soul-satisfying to both of the women, and never a notion, apparently, but that they were richly rewarded for their waiting by being allowed to spend the rest of their lives caring for the two bold adventurers. I couldn't believe a woman living in the twentieth century could even have imagined such stupidities. I don't mean that *Home* isn't interesting, as stories go, but it is the crudest kind of man-psychology and will be as out-of-date in a few years as *Clarissa Harlowe* is now.

I've been wondering a great deal lately whether there is a masculine and feminine literature after one is grown up. I know there was for me as a child. When a story like *Camp Mates* began in *Harper's Young People* I regretted that it was not something by Lucy C. Lillie, who wrote of adorably nice little girls. But possibly if I had ever gone out for long walks and camped for the day in the open as my own little lad does now, I too would have read *Camp Mates*. A man not undistantly related to me by marriage confessed the other day that he was fondest of stories telling of castaways on desert islands. "It's a thing I'd like to do myself — have a try at an island," he said, eagerly. "With your wife?" I asked, tentatively. He nodded, and gulped his dinner, and then immediately repented: "With no woman, he said, firmly; "they bring civilization, and I'd want it wild." Well, I don't blame him. It's appalling to think of how many men would measure up to a desert island test — would procure by hook or crook some manner of sustenance. And I can think of few, very few women (among whom I do not include myself) whom I should select as companions if I were thus stranded. I mean, of course, as far as their resourcefulness is concerned. Perhaps that is why, in stories of adventure, the woman is left behind, inevitably; or, if she is

washed up on the shore by the waves, proves an encumbrance, delightful or otherwise. And it is all a matter of training — not, as our novelist would have us believe, a deplorable lack of brains and stamina.

The Education of Girls

And speaking of training — an interesting thing in March *Atlantic* about *The Education of the Girl* has set me thinking. How am I going to bring up my daughter? The education of a boy is, compared to that, a simple matter. Too ridiculous, too, the answers to my query returned to me by different friends and relatives. "Make her a good girl," says one. But surely "Be good, fair maid; let those who will be clever," has been ridiculed to a timely demise. Another said: "I hope I shall be able to bring up my daughter so that when she is grown she can persuade some nice man to take care of her, as her mother did." No mention is made, of course, of what happens if the plan miscarries. It sometimes does. And it is too funny when one realizes that several decades ago, when absolutely no question was raised as to woman's sphere (home and the rearing of children), she received in college a severely classical or scientific training; and now, when it is by no means admitted without argument that home is her one vocation, noted educators are recommending that women's colleges abolish Greek and Latin or treat them and science as purely secondary and take up domestic science, economics, nursing, etc., in their place. How can I tell beforehand which of the two my daughter is going to need? I think of myself, filled to the brim with Greek, Latin, French, and German, producing in my early married life a distinctly leathery and most unpleasant pie, or rushing to the doctor with my baby to have him treat a dreadful sore which turned out to be a mosquito bite, and my tearful struggles with the sewing machine on my first shirtwaist which I christened a "Dance on the Lawn," for obvious reasons . . . and I wonder. Never would I willingly give up my classics and the joy they gave me. But a *soupçon* of domesticity would surely have done me no harm. Miss Harkness, in this article, is inclined to think that it does us all harm. She says:

> Would men ever get anywhere, do you think, if they fussed around with as many disconnected things as most women do? And the worst of our case is that we are rather inclined to point with pride to what is really one of the most vicious habits of our sex.

But in the meantime that daughter of mine! Suppose she prefers to run a house and be the mother of six children! Some women do, and are wonderfully fitted for it. Won't she be happier if she knows beforehand how to do it most efficiently? I hope, of course, she will choose, besides, a career of her own; but if she doesn't want to? And to give both does mean a scattering of potentialities! Which brings me back to the statement that the education of the modern girl is a complex — oh, but a very complex problem.

You remember Stevenson's poem to his wife. I speak of it in this connection because it throws light on one facet of the feminist problem which perhaps is not sufficiently illuminated. He says:

> Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
> With eyes of gold and bramble-dew;
> Steel-true and blade straight,
> The great artificer made my mate.

"Steel-true" and "blade straight" are epithets more often applied to men;

and indeed Mr. McClure, in speaking of Mrs. Stevenson in his memoirs, says: "She had many of the fine qualities that are usually attributed to men rather than women: a fair-mindedness, a large judgment, a robust, inconsequential philosophy of life."

How then, if in seeking an ideal education for girls, we should dismiss, or at least diminish, the importance of a purely utilitarian aspect and look for something that will eventually ensure such qualities?

If, as the feminists urge, they are trying to raise men to a higher plane. why not apply a little of this passion for uplift to the education of women into nobler, higher attitudes? Steel-true, and blade straight! I like the sound of that.

This education of the girl is getting to be an obsession with me. Everything I read resolves itself into terms of girl-psychology. A ridiculous tale, not long ago, appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*, called *Letting George Do It.* George, in charge of the kitchen for a few weeks or days, immediately revolutionized everything; shortened and lightened labor, invented all sorts of labor-saving devices, etc., etc. Immediately all men say, derisively: "Well, that's exactly what a man *would* do. You boast that women are as good as men. Why haven't they, years ago, done all these things for themselves." It seemed unanswerable. I have heard housekeepers, bright women, too, speak with exasperation of the foolish story. while helplessly admitting its truth. But I really think I've stalked the beast to its lair. Granted it is true, but have men spent their lives for centuries in a narrow round of domestic drudgery? Women have, and with very little intellectual diversion, besides, their society limited to other domestic drudges, and to their own husbands, who don't try to broaden them unless they are exceptional men. And if men had lived such lives would they have blithely introduced these reforms just because their masculinity makes them so superior to women that they would develop, even under adverse conditions? They wouldn't stay drudges, they claim. Well, we won't either, so George is not so smart as he thinks he is!

German-Americans and Americans

I have been greatly interested in an article in the May *Century.* It was by Prof. Edward A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, the title being *The Germans in America.* You know why, of course. My father was born in Germany, and came over in 1850. About ten years ago Hugo Münsterberg had an article in the *Atlantic* on the same subject, in which he tried to explain the antagonism existing between native-born Germans and Americans. His argument summed itself up in the statement that the German considers the American no gentleman, and the American considers the German no gentleman. But *why?* I was willing enough to believe him because of a curious experience of my childhood. I can remember the incident perfectly, though it is many years since it happened. I was in the fifth grade, and the girl who figured prominently therein — her name was *Siddons,* by the way, and most appropriately, for she spelled tragedy to me — had called out on the street to a little boy who was carrying my books home for me, "Aw, George, do you like the Dutch? George is going with a Dutchman!"

George was certainly no cavalier, for he dropped my books, mumbled something, and was off, while I continued

on my dazed, bewildered way, wondering what it was all about. Children learn so quickly to keep their deepest hurts to themselves that I doubt whether I should ever have mentioned it at home had it not been for this same bewilderment. My mother was indignant, not, it seems, because I had had names flung at me in scorn, but because it was the wrong name! "You are not Dutch. You are German, and proud of it," she said, holding her head a little higher. Pressed for an explanation, she revealed that my father had been born in Germany, "but you must never, never be ashamed of that," she added earnestly. "Your father was an educated, cultured gentleman." I was then taken into our little library with its crowded shelves climbing to the ceiling, and shown volumes of Schiller, Goethe, Lessing in German, Tauchnitz editions of the great English writers, books of philosophy and history, and shelves full of Hayden, Beethoven, and Mozart. "He was a graduate of a German university," said mother, "and you must pay no attention to these foolish children whose parents never even saw an American university." All very well, but had my mother been German herself? No, indeed, so she could hardly realize what it meant to be an alien and an outcast. Many times during that hard year, while the detested Siddons crossed my unwilling path would I have bartered an educated and cultured German forbear for any kind of American, be his lowly occupation what it might. Later that year a little French girl, Dunois by name, came into our grade. Joy! Here was another alien who would be a companion in misery. But to my great surprise she was courted and flattered by this same Siddons and the two became bosom friends. The Dunois père kept a small, unsavory restaurant in a side street, but the glamour of his "Frenchness" was an aureole compared to the stigma of my "Dutchness." That is still something of a mystery to me, but the article in the *Century* explains in part the cause of this attitude among unthinking Americans. Prof. Ross says:

"Between 1839 and 1845 numerous old Lutherans, resenting the attempt of their king to unite Lutheran and Reformed faiths, migrated hither. . . . The political reaction in the German states after the revolution of 1830, and again after the revolution of 1848, brought tens of thousands of liberty-lovers." And again he says of these political exiles that they "included many men of unusual attainments and character. . . . These university professors, physicians, journalists, and even aristocrats aroused many of their fellow-countrymen to feel a pride in German culture, and they left a stamp of political idealism, social radicalism and religious skepticism which is slow to be effaced."

Possibly one reason for American antagonism to these earlier, superior settlers was the fact that they did somewhat despise American culture and hold rather closely to their own German ways of thinking. I remember in my childhood, in my own home, that although we had *Harper's Young People* and *St. Nicholas*, we also had English *Chatterbox* — I rather fancy as a corrective to Americanisms to be found in the other magazines. You know Germans in their own land today do not wish for American governesses to teach their children English; it must be Englishwomen. All our toys were sent for from the beloved Fatherland, and beautiful toys they were, too. We had a system of Froebel with all his methods established in our own home, long before the middle west-

ern cities dreamed of a public kindergarten. This deep distrust of American methods and culture could not help but impress Americans unfavorably; they would retaliate with the cry of Dutchman, perhaps. Prof. Ross goes on to say:

"Germans brought a language, literature, and social customs of their own, so that although when scattered they Americanized with great rapidity wherever they were strong enough to maintain church and schools in their own tongue they were slow to take the American stamp." So much for those earlier immigrants. The case is vastly different with the later tides of immigration. "After 1870," he writes, "the Teutonic overflow was prompted by economic motives, and such a migration shows little persistence in flying the flag of its national culture. Numbers came, little instructed." In the words of a German-American, Knortz, "nine-tenths of all German immigrants come from humble circumstances and have had only an indifferent schooling. Whoever, therefore, expects pride in their German descent from these people who owe everything to their new country and nothing to their fatherland, simply expects too much."

Well, then! If they no longer pride themselves on being German, and are easily assimilated by the second generation, we should expect to see the slight stigma of being of German descent removed by this time. But is it? Not long ago I had occasion to attend a Bach revival and the beautiful passion music was played and sung. One of my friends remarked, "You have to get used to this music before you can appreciate it," and I retorted condescendingly, "I don't; I have heard it from childhood. This is the kind of music we sing in the Lutheran church." This same friend later, guiding my tottering steps through the mazes and pitfalls of society in the "most aristocratic suburb of New York," said hesitatingly, "I don't think I'd mention it, especially to people in general, that I was a Lutheran, if I were you." Of course I was seized immediately with a perfectly natural desire to talk of it in season and out to everyone I met. Why not? Why not be a Lutheran as naturally as an Episcopalian or a Methodist? "Well, they are mostly Germans, you see." But I don't see, and I never have seen, although this article, enlightening and interesting, goes nearer to the reasons for such an attitude than anything else I have ever read.

Rejections by Editors

Never again shall I feel a sense of shame and humiliation on receiving my rejected MS. *and* the printed slip. I have always suspected that it was on account of the editors' lack of taste and discrimination; now I am sure of it. Indeed, I'm not quite sure but that it argues more to be rejected than to be accepted. I'm beginning to be *proud* of it. Read Henry Sydnor Harrison's article in the April *Atlantic*—*Adventures with the Editors*—and see if you don't feel the same way! Or, perhaps, you've never been rejected with the added ignominy of the printed slip. If so, don't read this; it is not for you. But all ye rejected ones take renewed hope from this statement that an editor, actually an editor himself, has made:

"I think I can tell you why editors so frequently reject the earlier and often the best work of writers: it is because any new writer who sends in first-class work sends in work that is very different from what editors are used to."

It reminds me of a time when I wrote, maliciously, I admit, to a certain well-known magazine, to tell its editors a story they had printed by a renowned author had been cribbed entire (unconsciously, possibly) from an old classic; and I told them, too, if they would prefer to print original stories, I had one on hand. I got back such a deliciously solemn reply regretting the unconscious plagiarism and asking me to send on any story I had. I did not do so, for the good and sufficient reason that I had already sent it to them several weeks previously, and had had it rejected without comment. No doubt it deserved to be rejected; every one else did the same with it. To be sure, one kindly editor took the pains to tell me why, personally. "The trouble is," he said, "there isn't enough story. Your character-drawing is both careful and sincere, however." So it must have been dull to deserve anything like that. I wish we could hear a little more of the experiences of those poor rejected, who never do "get over the wall," as Mr. Harrison terms it. I imagine it would be both illuminating and ludicrous.

And, oh! the happy moments I had on reading E. S. Martin's comments, in *Life*, on Mr. Harrison's article. Mr. Harrison makes the charge that magazines will print poor stories of well known writers in preference to good stories of the unknown, and Mr. Martin's response is:

"It does not follow that the editors were wrong because they did not buy Mr. Harrison's tales before *Queed*. Maybe they were not more than average stories. But after *Queed* they were stories by the author of *Queed* . . . *Queed* pulled all Mr. Harrison's past tales out of the ruck, and put them in the running. It was hardly fair to expect the editors to pick them for winners beforehand."

What then are editors for, if not to "pick winners?" And Mr. Harrison says himself that *Queed* was rejected by two publishers. Probably it was hardly fair to expect the publishers to pick such a winner in advance. We, the rejected, have always humbly thought that was their occupation — their *raison d'être*. And if Mr. Harrison's short stories *were* "not more than average stories," doesn't it prove his contention that average poor stories by the known are more acceptable to editors than good ones by the unknown?

At least I am going to think so, and some day I shall write an article on the lofty distinction of being rejected.

M. H. P.

The witty mind is the most banal thing that exists.— James Stephens in *The English Review*.

Sentence Reviews

The Goldfish: The Confessions of a Successful Man. Anonymous. [The Century Company, New York.] Proves conclusively, for anyone who may need such proof, that the "successful" man misses those adventures which William James ascribed to poverty: "The liberation from material attachments; the unbribed soul; the manlier indifference; the paying our way by what we are or do, and not by what we have; the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly — the more athletic trim, in short, the fighting shape. . . ."

Walt Whitman: A Critical Study, by Basil De Sélincourt. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] Any biography of Whitman which reveals a large understanding of his big poems of personality is notable. De Sélincourt proves in his closing sentence that he knows his subject, for it is the clearest and best characterization of the poet that has ever been written: "He rises . . . above nationality and becomes a universal figure: poet of the ever-beckoning future, the ever-expanding, ever-insatiable spirit of man."

Socialism: Promise or Menace? by Morris Hillquit and Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan. [The Macmillan Company, New York.] A sophomoric debate between two dogmatists that ran in *Everybody's Magazine.* One instinctively feels that two evils are guised as panaceas and he will have neither of them. The church, of course, has the last word — in the book.

Penrod, by Booth Tarkington. [Doubleday, Page, and Company, New York.] At rare intervals we have a book on boys that holds the genuine boy boyeousness. *The Real Diary of a Real Boy* captivated us with the story of big little boys in a village; *The Varmit* told us of the irresponsible capers of little big boys in "prep" school; and now we have *Penrod,* in which Mr. Tarkington tells us much — well, of just *boys.*

Joseph Pulitzer: Reminiscences of a Secretary, by Alleyne Ireland. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] An extraordinarily interesting piece of Boswellizing.

Sadhana: The Realisation of Life, by Rabindranath Tagore. [The Macmillan Company, New York.] A quiet essay full of the queer charm of conquered strength memorable for at least one splendid sentence: ". . . life is immortal youthfulness, and it hates age that tries to clog its movements." But Tagore is vying too much with Tango just now among people who can neither orient nor dance.

The Meaning of Art, by Paul Gaultier. Translation by H. & E. Baldwin. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.] What is art? This book gives the best answer that we have read, but when the author is psychological he is wrong, in most cases. He has a rare faculty of compelling one to read between his lines, and argue things out with oneself.

The Deaf: Their Position in Society, by Harry Best. [Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.] An astonishing compilation of facts and figures by a social economist who makes a morbid subject interesting to a healthy citizen unafraid of truth about life.

Hail and Farewell: Vale, by George Moore. [D. Appleton & Company, New York.] A completion of the most fascinating autobiography in the English language.

American Policy: The Western Hemisphere in Its Relation to the Eastern, by John Bigelow. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.] Cautious discussions that respect diplomatic red tape interest patriotic pedants but bore personalities who are concerned with bigger things than national policies.

The Fortunate Youth, by William J. Locke. [John Lane Company, New York.] Has all the Locke charm — and all the Locke prettinesses. The dish has been served so often that it has become a bit tasteless. Most accurately described as the kind of story whose heroine is always called "princess" and whose hero rises from the slums to make flaming speeches in parliament and achieve the "Vision Splendid." It will probably run into ten editions and bring much joy.

The Wonderful Visit, by H. G. Wells. [E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.] A reprint of a story published in 1895 which shows Mr. Wells in the very interesting position of groping toward his present altitude.

Sweetapple Cove, by George Van Schaick. [Small, Maynard, and Company, Boston.] The kind of sweet, gentle love story that a publisher would rather discover than anything Ethel Sidgwick could write. We searched in vain for just one page to hold our attention.

Idle Wives, by James Oppenheim. [The Century Company, New York.] Despite a narrative style that at times fairly suffocates with its emotionality, Mr. Oppenheim has put up a very strong case for the woman who demands something of life except having things done for her.

Bedesman 4, by Mary J. H. Shrine. [The Century Company, New York.] The outline is traditional: an English peasant boy makes his way through Oxford, becomes a brilliant historian and a ''gentleman,'' and marries a ''lady.'' But the treatment is fresh and delightful; there is something real about it.

Over the Hills, by Mary Findlater. [E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.] There are no new things to say about a Findlater novel. They are always good.

Sunshine Jane, by Anne Warner. [Little, Brown, and Company, Boston.] Jane has our own theory that one can get what he wants out of life if he wants it hard enough. Though we don't advocate some of her ''sunshine'' sentimentalities.

The Full of the Moon, by Caroline Lockhart. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.] As superfluous as *The Lady Doc.* Those people who are always asking why such books as *The Dark Flower* should be written ought to turn their questioning to things of this type.

The Congresswoman, by Isabel Gordon Curtis. [Browne and Howell Company, Chicago.] The tale of an Oklahoma woman elected to congress which closes with a retreat — though not an ignominious one — to a little white house with a fireside and a conquering male.

The Last Shot, by Frederick Palmer. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.] A war novel without a hero by a man who has experienced many wars.

The Women We Marry, by Arthur Stanwood Pier. [The Century Company, New York.] One of the most amateurish attempts to meet the modern demand for sex stories that we have seen.

A Child of the Orient, by Demetra Vaka. [Houghton Mifflin Company, New York.] A blend of Greek poetry and Turkish conquest and American progress in autobiographical form, by the Greek woman who wrote *Haremlik.*

Anybody but Anne, by Carolyn Wells. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.] A mystery story of which the most fascinating feature is the architect's plan of the house in which it takes place.

The Flower-Finder, by George Lincoln Walton; with frontispiece by W. H. Stedman and photographs by Henry Troth. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.] Worth owning if merely for the end-papers which literally lead you into a spring woods. A comprehensive pocket guide to wild flowers.

Prisons and Prisoners: Personal Experiences of Constance Lytton and Jane Warton, Spinster. [George H. Doran Company, New York.] As Lady Lytton, an enthusiastic convert to militant suffrage, the author received courteous treatment in prison; disguised successfully as a middle-class old maid she was handled shamefully. Everyone who doubts the martyrdom or the intrepidity of the suffragettes ought to read this record.

Women as World Builders, by Floyd Dell. [Forbes and Company, Chicago.] Birdseye views of the feminist movement by a literary aviator whose cleverly-composed snapshots actually justify his cocksure audacity.

Women and Morality, by a mother, a father, and a woman. [The Laurentian Publishers, Chicago.] Men and immorality discussed bravely by two women and a man, without the artistic justification of ''getting anywhere.''

Karen Borneman and *Lynggaard & Co.*, by Hjalmar Bergström, translated from the Danish by Edwin Björkman; *The Gods of the Mountain, The Golden Doom, King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior, The Glittering Gate,* and *The Lost Silk Hat,* by Lord Dunsany; *Peer Gynt,* by Henrik Ibsen, with introduction by R. Ellis Roberts. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] New volumes in *The Modern Drama Series.*

What Is It All About? A Sketch of the New Movement in the Theatre, by Henry Blackman Sell. [The Laurentian Publishers, Chicago.] The ''art theatre'' is explained illuminatingly for those who are vague about the movement. Condensed, to the point, and really informing.

The Beginning of Grand Opera in Chicago (1850-1859), by Karleton Hackett. [The Laurentian Publishers, Chicago.] Mr. Hackett is a man of ideas and he might have written an interesting book by taking ''grand opera in Chicago'' as his theme. Instead, he has done a hack job with its early history and been given the distinction of tasteful binding and printing.

Tuberculosis: Its Cause, Cure, and Prevention, by Edward O. Otis, M.D. [Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.] A revised edition of an old, popular book ''for laymen.'' Abounds in hard, cocksure rules that, if followed, ought to discourage any germ whose host could outlive it. A valuable work for persons who must have a definite programme to guide them in fighting an always individualized disease.

Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases, classified and arranged so as to facilitate the expression of ideas and assist in literary composition, edited by C. O. Sylvester Mawson. [Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.] A revised edition in large type on thin paper.

Richard Wagner: The Man and His Work, by Oliver Huckel. [Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.] Between W. J. Henderson's characterization of Wagner as ''the greatest genius that art has produced'' and Rupert Brooke's as an emotionalist with ''a fat, wide, hairless face'' there ought to be a man worth biographies *ad infinitum.* Dr. Huckel's is simply a clear condensation for the general reader of standard biographical material, and is worth while.

The Book of the Epic: All the World's Great Epics Told in Story, by H. A. Guerber; with introduction by J. Berg Esenwein. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.] The most satisfying compilation in the field that has ever been offered to the young student or general reader.

The Practical Book of Garden Architecture, by Phebe Westcott Humphreys. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.] A weighty chronicle of garden architecture, observations in many lands and under many conditions. ''A pick up and browse'' book for the nature lover, with delightful illustrations and much interesting general data of sunny gardens, cobble walls, and running streams.

I am that which unseen comes and sings, sings, sings; which babbles in brooks and scoots in showers on the land, which the birds know in the woods, mornings and evenings, and the shore-sands know, and the hissing wave.—Walt Whitman.

Letters to The Little Review

A. S. K., Chicago:

With your permission I shall try to explain why I am not enthusiastic about the second issue of your magazine:

The crime of the April issue lies in the fact of its closely following (chronologically) the issue of March. In the beginning you appeared to us as a prophet, and we wistfully listened to your unique message; now you have degenerated into a priest, a dignified station indeed, but don't you think there are already more priests than worshippers in our Temple? If you are going to be "one of many" I question the *raison d'être* of THE LITTLE REVIEW.

Your debut was a revelation, a new word, a rejuvenating breeze in the tepid atmosphere of our periodical press. It was a wonderful number, all fresh and beautiful; even the one or two grotesque pieces that had smuggled in drowned in the mass of splendor, just as the heavy colors of the rainbow soften in the powerful symphony of the spectrum.

Now, frankly, would you sign your name under every article of the April REVIEW? I hope not! You have turned your temple into a parliament of dissonances; you have admitted Victorian ladies and sentimental crucifiers of Nietzsche; you have even polluted your pages with an anti-Bathhouse tirade! Then that cacophony of personal letters: I blushed at the sight of these tokens of familiarity and tappings over your shoulder on the part of the benevolent readers. I wished to shout to the Misses Jones to keep off the altar, lest they besmirch your white robe with their penny compliments and saccharine effusions.

I could hardly make myself believe that this irritating copy was THE LITTLE REVIEW.

Pardon this frankness. But I wish you success, not popularity.

Mary W. Ohr, Indianapolis:

Let me tell you how much pleasure you have given me in the second issue of your magazine. You are certainly to be congratulated upon having the initiative to start anything so great as this.

I have reserved writing to you until now, for I wished to avoid the appearance of trying to tear down or discourage an effort that was so much bigger than anything I could ever achieve. Your article on *The Dark Flower* made me feel that possibly intolerance might be your stumbling block, and that your youth and enthusiasm might lead you into many pitfalls that might not be for the betterment of your work. But this number has made me your equal in enthusiasm, and I believe THE LITTLE REVIEW is here to stay.

Verne DeWitt Rowell, London, Ontario:

THE LITTLE REVIEW is a whirlwind surprise. There is nothing like it in America. I am glad to see you playing up Nietzsche. Over here in this little town we have a Nietzschean vogue, and we are all delighted. Truly the intellectual center of America has shifted westward. To be sure, New York has *The International;* but Chicago has THE LITTLE REVIEW, *The Trimmed Lamp,* and one or two other magazines of real literature. Then there is Burns Lee's *Bell Cow* in Cleveland. Nietzsche is coming into his own at last. Wishing every success to THE LITTLE REVIEW, which is one of the two best magazines in America (the other is *Current Opinion).*

Mollie Levin, Chicago:

The formal bow that THE LITTLE REVIEW made to the public in its first issue violated tradition beautifully by doing what formal bows never do — really mean something. It is glorious to be young and enthusiastic, and still more so to be courageous; and whatever goes into THE LITTLE REVIEW in that spirit is admirable, regardless of any reader's personal judgment.

It's good, too, to have used THE LITTLE REVIEW: It makes me think of a child — beautiful in its present stage and with promise of infinite fulfillment.

Marie Patridge, Clearfield, Pa.:

I've been tremendously interested in the second issue. It seems to me your critic is wrong in speaking of juvenility or the restrictive tone of the magazine. It's exactly that which gives THE LITTLE REVIEW an excuse for being, that it is not like all other magazines with their cut-and-dried precision and their "Thus saith the Lord" attitude toward things.

As time goes on I think it will be wise to enlarge the scope — more of drama, more of

music, more of world politics and science. You will thus get away from the aesthetic tendency which your critic mentions.

I enjoyed the Wells discussion so much. And yet Miss Trevor doesn't advance any real arguments. It's very easy to call people muddleheaded and vaguely sentimental, but an appeal to the upbuilding of character isn't slushy. I'm inclined to agree with "M. M.," though I'd like to hear an advanced — not a hysterical — argument on the subject. I'm willing to be convinced of the other side, but assuredly it would take something stronger and sterner and more logical than Miss Trevor.

[The suggestion about enlarging our scope is one we hoped no one would make until we had done it, that being the plan closest to our hearts. We can only explain our shortcomings in this regard by refering to a homely but reasonable saying about not being able to do everything at once.—THE EDITOR.]

Mabel Frush, Chicago:

You have invited frank criticism, and that is my reason for not writing at first: I could not accept it all. In the first place, regarding Paderewski. Do you never find him a bit overpowering; do you never feel that a trifle more restraint might give greater strength? In Grieg, for instance, does he carry you up into the high places, give you that impression of unlimited space, rugged strength, and wild beauty? Is he not too subjective?

I quite agree with you as regards Chopin and Schumann. There he is satisfying. His interpretations carry a quality that other artists sometimes treat too lightly; forgetting "a man's reach must exceed his grasp," and so sacrificing the greater to the lesser in striving for perfection. Impotency is the price of ultra-civilization.

Your comments on temperament are interesting, but I feel you are not quite fair in your comparisons. Is not Paderewski's genius largely a racial gift? To me all Russian (or Polish) art — both creative and interpretative — possesses the flame of the elemental, that generative quality which marks the difference between technical perfection and living, breathing, throbbing art. Appreciating that "all music is what awakens in you when reminded by the instrument," he strives for but one thing: an emotional releasement that results in a temperamental orgy which leaves his hearers dazed, lost in the labyrinth of their own emotions.

As for Rupert Brooke's poetry, I regard him as decadent — at least too much so to be really vital. Perhaps my vision is clouded, but I could as easily conceive of Johnson worshipping at the shrine of Boswell as of Whitman liking Brooke. Now and then he impresses me as being effete, and I can never separate him from a cult, though I do delight in some of his poems.

Mrs. William H. Andrews, Cleveland:

May I put in my little word and wish you all good speed, editor of THE LITTLE REVIEW?

You evidently live in the clear blue sky where fresh enthusiasms rush on like white clouds bearing us irresistibly along. Life grows even more vivid under such stimulating courage and pulsing optimism.

The world is indeed wonderful if we but live it passionately, as did Jean Christophe and Antoine, leaping forward, breasting the waves, with music in the soul. My ears are singing with the third movement of Tschaikowsky's immortal *Pathetique,* which to me, in larger part, so belies its name.

Hail to THE LITTLE REVIEW! May it dart "rose-crowned" along its shining way, emblazoning the path for many of us.

Mary Carolyn Davies, New York:

I have just finished reading THE LITTLE REVIEW from cover to cover, and much of it twice over.

Thank you for loving the things I love, and thank you for being young and not being afraid to be young! This is such a good day to be young in!

With all good wishes for the success of THE LITTLE REVIEW (though it needs no good wishes, for it cannot help succeeding).

P. H. W., Chicago:

The article on Mrs. Meynell in your April issue sounded a little curious in its surroundings, as it was a piece of pure criticism and THE LITTLE REVIEW is the official organ of exuberance. It is the only one, in fact, and it is a good thing to have such an organ.

The "Best Sellers"

The following books, arranged in order of popularity, have been the "best sellers" in Chicago during April:

FICTION

Diane of the Green Van	Leona Dalrymple	Reilly & Britton
Pollyanna	Eleanor H. Porter	L. C. Page
Inside the Cup	Winston Churchill	Macmillan
The Fortunate Youth	William J. Locke	Lane
Overland Red	Anonymous	Houghton Mifflin
T. Tembarom	Frances H. Burnett	Century
Penrod	Booth Tarkington	Doubleday, Page
Laddie	Gene Stratton-Porter	Doubleday, Page
Chance	Joseph Conrad	Doubleday, Page
Pidgin Island	Harold McGrath	Bobbs-Merrill
The Devil's Garden	W. B. Maxwell	Bobbs-Merrill
Quick Action	Robert Chambers	Appleton
Sunshine Jane	Anne Warner	Little, Brown
Light of the Western Stars	Zane Gray	Harper
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Joseph Lincoln	Appleton
The Woman Thou Gavest Me	Hall Caine	Lippincott
Daddy-Long-Legs	Jean Webster	Century
World Set Free	H. G. Wells	Dutton
The After House	Mary R. Rinehart	Houghton Mifflin
Miss Billy Married	Eleanor H. Porter	L. C. Page
Flying U Ranch	B. M. Bower	Dillingham
Ariadne of Allan Water	Sidney McCall	Little, Brown
Anybody but Ann	Carolyn Wells	Lippincott
Rocks of Valpre	E. M. Dell	Putnam
White Linen Nurse	Eleanor Abbott	Century
When Ghost Meets Ghost	William DeMorgan	Holt
Dark Hollow	Anna Katherine Greene	Dodd, Mead
The Forester's Daughter	Hamlin Garland	Harper
Peg o' My Heart	Hartley Manners	Dodd, Mead
Passionate Friends	H. G. Wells	Harper
Martha by the Day	Julie Lippman	Holt
Westways	S. Weir Mitchell	Century
Gold	Stewart E. White	Doubleday, Page
Valley of the Moon	Jack London	Macmillan

Home	Anonymous	Century
It Happened in Egypt	C. M. & A. M. Williamson	Doubleday, Page
The Treasure	Kathleen Norris	Macmillan
Witness for the Defense	A. E. W. Mason	Scribner
Iron Trail	Rex Beach	Harper
Friendly Road	David Grayson	Doubleday, Page

NON-FICTION

Crowds	Gerald S. Lee	Doubleday, Page
What Men Live By	Richard C. Cabot	Houghton Mifflin
Modern Dances	Caroline Walker	Saul
Gitanjali	Rabindranath Tagore	Macmillan
Autobiography	Theodore Roosevelt	Macmillan

The press of my foot to the earth springs a hundred affections.—Walt Whitman.

I . . . am he who places over you no master, owner, better, God, beyond what waits intrinsically in yourself.—Walt Whitman in *Leaves of Grass.*

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MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

JUNE, 1914

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

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"Incense and Splendor"

Margaret C. Anderson

A YOUNG American novelist stated the other day that the American woman is oversexed; that present-day modes of dress are all designed to emphasize sex; and that it is high time for a reaction against sex discussions, sex stories, and sex plays.

But I think she's entirely mistaken. The American woman, speaking broadly, is pathetically undersexed, just as she is undersensitive and underintelligent. The last adjective will be disputed or resented; but it's interesting once in a while to hear the thoughtful foreigner's opinion of our intelligence. Tagore, for instance, said that he was agreeably surprised in regard to the American man and astonished at the stupidity of the American woman. As for our fiction and drama — we've had much about sex in the last few years, some of it intensely valuable, much of it intensely foolish; but it's quite too early to predict the reaction. The really constructive work on the subject is yet to be done.

And the pity of the whole thing is that the critics who keep lecturing us on our oversexedness don't realize that what they're really trying to get at is our poverty of spirit, our emotional incapacities, our vanities, our pettinesses — any number of qualities which spring from anything but too much sex. Nothing is safer than to say that the man or woman of strong sex equipment is rarely vain or petty or mean or unintelligent. But as a result of all this vague bickering, "sex" continues to shoulder the blame for all kinds of shortcomings, and the real root of the trouble goes untreated — even undiagnosed. One thing is certain: until we become conscious that there's something very wrong with our attitude toward sex, we'll never get rid of the hard, tight, anæmic, metallic woman who flourishes in America as nowhere else in the world.

This doesn't mean the old Puritan type, to whom sex was a rotten, unmentionable thing; nor does it mean the Victorian, who recognizes the sex impulse only as a means to an end. They belong to the past too definitely to be harmful. It means two newer types than these: the woman who looks upon sex as something to be endured and forgiven, and the woman who doesn't feel at all.

The first type has a great (and by no means a secret) pride in her spiritual superiority to the coarse creature she married, and a never-dying hope that she can lead him up to her level. She talks a lot about spirituality; she has her standards, and she knows how to classify what she calls "sensuality"; she's convinced that she has married the best man in the world, but — well, all men have this failing in common, and the only

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thing one can do is to rise above it magnificently, with that air of spiritual isolation which is her most effective weapon. Shaw has hit her off on occasion, but he ought to devote a whole three acts to her undoing; or perhaps an Ibsen would do it better, because tragedy follows her path like some sinister shadow, as inevitably as those other "ghosts" of his. The second type has no more capacity for love or sex than she has for music or poety — which is none at all. Like a polished glass vase, empty and beautiful, she lures the man who loves her to a kind of supreme nothingness. She will always tell you that marriage is "wonderful"; and she urges all her friends to marry as quickly as possible, for that's the only way to be perfectly happy. Marriage is "wonderful" to her just as birth is "wonderful" in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's satire:

Birth comes. Birth —
The breathing re-creation of the earth!
All earth, all sky, all God, life's sweet deep whole,
Newborn again to each new soul!
"Oh, are you? What a shame! Too bad, my dear!
How will you stand it, too. It's very queer
The dreadful trials women have to carry;
But you can't always help it when you marry.
Oh, what a sweet layette! What lovely socks!
What an exquisite puff and powder box!
Who is your doctor? Yes, his skill's immense —
But it's a dreadful danger and expense!"

It's all a powder-puff matter: marriage means new clothes, gifts, and a house to play with. It gives her another chance to get something for nothing — which is immoral. But the beauty of the situation is that the immorality (thanks to our habits of not thinking straight) is so perfectly concealed: it even appears that she is the one who does the giving. As for any bother about sex, she'll soon put an end to that. And so she goes on her pirate ways, luring for the sake of the lure, adding her voice to the already swelled chorus which proclaims that truth and beauty lodge in things as they are, not in things as they might or should be.

But, to return to the novelist's argument about clothes, the present fashion for low necks and slit skirts has nothing to do with sex necessarily. Its origin is in vanity — which may or may not have a bearing upon sex. And of course it usually hasn't; for vanity is an attribute of small natures, and sex is an attribute of great ones.

There has never been a time when women had such an opportunity to be beautiful physically. And they are taking advantage of it. Watch any modern matinée or concert or shopping crowd carefully. There's something about the new style that points to a finer naturalness, just as it is more natural for men to wear clothes that follow the lines of their bodies than to pad their shoulders and use twice too much cloth in their trouser legs. The move of muscles through a close-fitting suit gives an effect of strength and efficiency and animal grace that is superbly healthy. And it is so with women, too. With the exception of the foolish and unnecessary restrictions in walking women have such a splendid chance to look straight, unhampered, direct, lithe. I don't know just why, but I want to use the word "true" about the new clothes. They're so much less dishonest than the old padded ways — the strange, perverted, *muffled* methods. The old plan was built on the theory that the suppression of nature is civilization; the new plan seems to be that a recognition of nature is common sense. We may become Greek yet. By all of which I'll probably be credited with supporting the silly inde-

cencies we see every day on the street — ridiculous, unintelligent manifestations of the new freedom — instead of merely seeing in its wise expression a bigger hope of truth. I think the preachers who are filling the newspapers with hysterical protests about women's dress had better look a little more closely at the real issue and stop confusing a fine impulse with its inevitable abuses.

But after all there's only one important thing to be said about sex in its relation to a full life. Some day we're going to have a tremendous revaluation of the thing known as feeling. We're going to realize that the only person who doesn't *err in relation to values* is the artist; and since the bigger part of the artist's equipment is simply the capacity to *feel*, we're going to begin training a race of men toward a new ideal. It shall be this: that nothing shall qualify as fundamentally "immoral" except denial — the failure of imagination, of understanding, of appreciation, of quickening to beauty in every form, of perceiving beauty where custom or convention has dwarfed its original stature; the failure to put one's self in the other person's place; the great, ghastly failure of life which allows one to look but not to see, to listen but not to hear — to touch but not to feel.

The other night I heard Schumann's *Des Abends* — that summer-night elegy of a thousand, thousand cadences — played near a place where trees were stirring softly and grass smelling warm and cool; some one said afterward that it was pretty. . . . The other day I heard a violin played so throbbingly that it was like "what the sea has striven to say"; and through it all a group of people talked, as though no miracle were happening. Not very long after these two —— (I can't find a noun), I talked with some one who tried to convince me that the biggest and most valiant person I know was — "well, not the sort one can afford to be friends with." Somehow all three episodes immediately linked themselves together in my mind. Each was a failure of the same type — a failure of imagination, of feeling; the last one, at least, was tragedy; and it will become impossible for people to fail that way only when they stop failing in the first two ways.

Not long ago I went into a music store and bought Tschaikowsky's *Les Larmes*. It cost twenty-eight cents. I walked out so under the spell of the immense adventure of living that I realized later how imbecile I must have looked and why the clerk gazed at me so suspiciously. But I had a song which had cost a man who knows what sorrow to write — a thing of such richness that it meant *experience* to any one who could own it. One of the world's big things for twenty-eight cents! And such things happen every day!

Sex is simply the quintessence of this type of feeling, plus a deeper thing for which no words have been made. But we reach the wonder of the utmost realization in just one way: by having felt greatly at every step.

"American artists know everything," said a young foreign sculptor lately; "they know that much" (throwing out his arms wide), "but they only feel *that* much!" (measuring an inch with his fingers). How can we produce the great audiences that Whitman knew we needed in order to have great poets, if we don't train the new generations to feel? How can we prevent these crimes against love and sex — how put a stop to human waste in all its hideous forms — if we don't recognize the new idealism which means not to deny?

A Kaleidoscope

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

Blanche Sweet—Moving-Picture Actress

[After seeing the reel called *Oil and Water*.]

Beauty has a throne-room
In our humorous town,
Spoiling its hobgoblins,
Laughing shadows down.
Dour musicians torture
Rag-time ballads vile,
But we walk serenely
Down the odorous aisle.
We forgive the squalor,
And the boom and squeal,
For the Great Queen flashes
From the moving reel.

Just a prim blonde stranger
In her early day,
Hiding brilliant weapons,
Too averse to play;
Then she burst upon us
Dancing through the night,
Oh, her maiden radiance,
Veils and roses white!
With new powers, yet cautious,
Not too smart or skilled,
That first flash of dancing
Wrought the thing she willed:—
Mobs of us made noble
By her strong desire,
By her white, uplifting
Royal romance-fire.
Though the tin piano
Snarls its tango rude,
Though the chairs are shaky
And the drama's crude,
Solemn are her motions,
Stately are her wiles,
Filling oafs with wisdom,

Saving souls with smiles;
Mid the restless actors
She is rich and slow,
She will stand like marble,
She will pause and glow,
Though the film is twitching
Keep a peaceful reign,
Ruler of her passion,
Ruler of our pain!

Girl, You Shall Mock No Longer

You shall not hide forever,
I shall your path discern;
I have the key to Heaven,
Key to the pits that burn.

Saved ones will help me, lost ones
Spy on your secret way —
Show me your flying footprints
On past your death-bed day.

If by your pride you stumble
Down to the demon-land,
I shall be there beside you,
Chained to your burning hand.

If, by your choice and pleasure,
You shall ascend the sky,
I, too, will mount that stairway,
You shall not put me by.

There, 'mid the holy people,
Healed of your blasting scorn,
Clasped in these arms that hunger,
Splendid with dreams reborn,

You shall be mastered, lady,
Knowing, at last, Desire —
Lifting your face for kisses —
Kisses of bitter fire.

The Amaranth

Ah, in the night, all music haunts me here . . .
Is it for naught high Heaven cracks and yawns
And the tremendous amaranth descends
Sweet with glory of ten thousand dawns?

Does it not mean my God would have me say:—
"Whether you will or no, oh city young
Heaven will bloom like one great flower for you,
Flash and loom greatly, all your marts among?"

Friends I will not cease hoping, though you weep.
Such things I see, and some of them shall come,
Though now our streets are harsh and ashen-grey,
Though now our youths are strident, or are dumb.

Friends, that sweet town, that wonder-town shall rise.
Naught can delay it. Though it may not be
Just as I dream, it comes at last, I know
With streets like channels of an incense-sea!

An Argument

I. *The voice of the man who is impatient with visions and Utopias.*

We find your soft Utopias as white
As new-cut bread, as dull as life in cells,
Oh scribes that dare forget how wild we are,
How human breasts adore alarum bells.

You house us in a hive of prigs and saints
Communal, frugal, clean, and chaste by law.
I'd rather brood in bloody Elsinore
Or be Lear's fool, straw-crowned amid the straw.

Promise us all our share in Agincourt.
Say that our clerks shall venture scorns and death.
That future ant-hills will not be too good
For Henry Fifth, or Hotspur, or Macbeth.

Promise that through tomorrow's spirit-war
Man's deathless soul will hack and hew its way,
Each flaunting Cæsar climbing to his fate
Scorning the utmost steps of yesterday.

And never a shallow jester any more.
Let not Jack Falstaff spill the ale in vain.
Let Touchstone set the fashions for the wise,
And Ariel wreak his fancies through the rain!

II. *The Rhymer's reply. Incense and Splendor.*

Incense and splendor haunt me as I go.
Though my good works have been, alas, too few,
Though I do naught, High Heaven comes down to me
And future ages pass in tall review.

I see the years to come as armies vast,
Stalking tremendous through the fields of time.
Man is unborn. Tomorrow he is born
Flamelike to hover o'er the moil and grime;

Striving, aspiring till the shame is gone,
Sowing a million flowers where now we mourn —
Laying new precious pavements with a song,
Founding new shrines, the good streets to adorn.

I have seen lovers by those new-built walls
Clothed like the dawn, in orange, gold, and red;
Eyes flashing forth the glory-light of love
Under the wreaths that crowned each royal head.

Life was made greater by their sweetheart prayers;
Passion was turned to civic strength that day —
Piling the marbles, making fairer domes
With zeal that else had burned bright youth away.

I have seen priestesses of life go by
Gliding in Samite through the incense-sea: —
Innocent children marching with them there,
Singing in flowered robes — "the Earth is free!"

While on the fair deep-carved, unfinished towers
Sentinels watched in armor night and day —
Guarding the brazier-fires of hope and dream —
Wild was their peace, and dawn-bright their array!

Darling Daughter of Babylon

Too soon you wearied of our tears.
And then you danced with spangled feet,
Leading Belshazzar's chattering court
A-tinkling through the shadowy street.
With mead they came, with chants of shame,
Desire's red flag before them flew.
And Istar's music moved your mouth
And Baal's deep shames rewoke in you.

Now you could drive the royal car:
Forget our Nation's breaking load: —
Now you could sleep on silver beds —
(Bitter and dark was our abode).
And so for many a night you laughed
And knew not of my hopeless prayer,
Till God's own spirit whipped you forth
From Istar's shrine, from Istar's stair.

Darling daughter of Babylon —
Rose by the black Euphrates flood —
Again your beauty grew more dear
Than my slave's bread, than my heart's blood.
We sang of Zion, good to know,
Where righteousness and peace abide . . .
What of your second sacrilege
Carousing at Belshazzar's side?

Once, by a stream, we clasped tired hands —
Your paint and henna washed away.
Your place (you said) was with the slaves
Who sewed the thick cloth, night and day.
You were a pale and holy maid
Toil-bound with us. One night you said: —
"Your God shall be my God until
I slumber with the patriarch dead."

Pardon, daughter of Babylon,
If, on this night remembering
Our lover walks under the walls
Of hanging gardens in the spring—
A venom comes, from broken hope—
From memories of your comrade-song,
Until I curse your painted eyes
And do your flower-mouth too much wrong.

I Went Down Into the Desert

I went down into the desert
To meet Elijah—
Or some one like, arisen from the dead.
I thought to find him in an echoing cave,
For so my dream had said.

I went down into the desert
To meet John the Baptist.
I walked with feet that bled,
Seeking that prophet, lean and brown and bold.
I spied foul fiends instead.

I went down into the desert
To meet my God,
By Him be comforted.
I went down into the desert
To meet my God
And I met the Devil in Red.

I went down into the desert
To meet my God.
Oh Lord, my God, awaken from the dead!
I see you there, your thorn-crown on the ground—
I see you there, half-buried in the sand—
I see you there, your white bones glistening, bare,
The carrion birds a-wheeling round your head!

Encountered on the Streets of the City

THE CHURCH OF VISION AND DREAM

Is it for naught that where the tired crowds see
Only a place for trade, a teeming square,
Doors of high portent open unto me
Carved with great eagles, and with Hawthorns rare?

Doors I proclaim, for there are rooms forgot
Ripened through æons by the good and wise:
Walls set with Art's own pearl and amethyst
Angel-wrought hangings there, and heaven-hued dyes:—

Dazzling the eye of faith, the hope-filled heart:—
Rooms rich in records of old deeds sublime:
Books that hold garnered harvests of far lands
Pictures that tableau Man's triumphant climb:

Statues so white, so counterfeiting life,
Bronze so ennobled, so with glory fraught
That the tired eyes must weep with joy to see,
And the tired mind in Beauty's net be caught.

Come, enter there, and meet Tomorrow's Man,
Communing with him softly, day by day.
Ah, the deep vistas he reveals, the dream
Of Angel-bands in infinite array—

Bright angel-bands that dance in paths of earth
When our despairs are gone, long overpast—
When men and maidens give fair hearts to Christ
And white streets flame in righteous peace at last!

The Stubborn Mouse

The mouse that gnawed the oak-tree down
Began his task in early life,
He kept so busy with his teeth
He had no time to take a wife.

He gnawed and gnawed through sun and rain,
When the ambitious fit was on,
Then rested in the sawdust till
A month in idleness had gone.

He did not move about to hunt
The coteries of mousie-men;
He was a snail-paced stupid thing
Until he cared to gnaw again.

The mouse that gnawed the oak-tree down
When that tough foe was at his feet—
Found in the stump no angel-cake
Nor buttered bread, no cheese, nor meat—

The forest-roof let in the sky.
"This light is worth the work," said he.
"I'll make this ancient swamp more light"—
And started on another tree!

The Sword-Pen of the Rhymer

I'll haunt this town, though gone the maids and men
The darling few, my friends and loves today.
My ghost returns, bearing a great sword-pen
When far off children of their children play.

That pen will drip with moonlight and with fire;
I'll write upon the church-doors and the walls;
And reading there, young hearts shall leap the higher
Though drunk already with their own love-calls.

Still led of love, and arm in arm, strange gold
Shall find in tracing the far-speeding track
The dauntless war-cries that my sword-pen bold
Shall carve on terraces and tree-trunks black—

On tree-trunks black, 'mid orchard-blossoms white—
Just as the phospherent merman, struggling home,
Jewels his fire-paths in the tides at night
While hurrying sea-babes follow through the foam.

And, in the winter, when the leaves are dead
And the first snow has carpeted the street,
While young cheeks flush a healthful Christmas red,
And young eyes glisten with youth's fervor sweet—

My pen will cut in snow my hopes of yore,
Cries that in channelled glory leap and shine—
My village gospel—living evermore
'Mid those rejoicing loyal friends of mine.

Futurism and Pseudo-Futurism

Alexander S. Kaun

THAT Futurism is not a mere fad, a capricious bubble, is apparent from the fact that after five years of stormy existence the movement does not disappear or abate, but, on the contrary, continually gains soil and spreads deep and wide over all fields of European art. The critics of the new school no longer find it possible to dismiss it with a contemptuous smile as a silly joke of oversatiated modernists, but they either attack the Futurists with the vehemence and fury of a losing combatant, or they discuss the doctrine earnestly and apprehensively.

To set art free of the atavistic fetters of the old culture and civilization, to imbue it with the nervous sensitiveness of our age, have been the negative and positive aims of Futurism. It is absurd to abide by the forms of Phydias and Æschylus in the days of radium and aeroplanes. The influence of the old masterpieces is accountable for the fact that of late humanity ceased to produce great works of art. It is quite natural that the protest against the "historical burden" should have originated in Italy, a country which, after having served for centuries as a pillar of light, has so degenerated that in our times it can boast only of such names as the saccharine Verdi and the pretentious D'Annunzio. It is natural, I should like to add, that in this country Futurism is still a foreign plant; for, fortunately or unfortunately, we have been free of a burdensome heritage, and an iconoclastic movement would appear quixotic.

Started in Milan in the end of the year 1909, the movement has swept the continent and has revolutionized art. Even conservative England feebly echoes the battle-cry in the attempts of the

Imagists. I do not intend to prognosticate the future of Futurism; it is still in its infantile stage, growing and developing with surprising leaps, continually taking on new forms; but the present-day Futurism is abundant with quaint, grotesque features approaching caricature; and some of them merit a few words.

The "parent" of Futurism and the present leader of Futurist poets, Marinetti, is, to say the least, an unusual personality. His Boswell, Tullia Pantea, describes his master's life in its minutest nuances and chants dithyrambs to his wonderful achievements. We learn that Marinetti was born in Egypt in voluptuous surroundings, his father being a millionaire. From his childhood on he disposed of unlimited sums of money. "At the age of eleven he knew a woman; at fifteen he edited a literary magazine, *Papyrus*, printed on vellum paper; at seventeen he fought a duel." We follow this *enfant terrible* to Paris where he lavishly squanders his millions, fights duels, and faces the court for his pornographic poems. He is sentenced to an eight weeks' imprisonment for an exotic work which I shall not venture to quote, as it is too repulsive to the English reader. Pantea further describes his master's kingly palazzo in Milan, where ". . . at night in the bed-chamber decorated with astonishing elegance and with mad extravagance meet the most beautiful women of Italy and Europe."

I quote these nauseatic details, for they help to explain the erotic aroma of Marinetti's poems. Their erotism is morbid, aroused by artificial "convulsions of sensuality," "imitation of madness," "a cancan of dancing Death." Yet we cannot overlook the beauty of the verses, their devilish rhythm, and enchanting mysticism. Some of his early poems, more natural than his latest *Words at Liberty*, are intoxicating with their mad exoticism.

The following is one of his best-known poems, *The Banjos of Despair:*

Elles chantent, les benjohs hystériques et sauvages,
comme des chattes énervées par l'odeur de l'orage.
Ce sont des nègres qui les tiennent
empoignées violemment, comme on tient
une amarre que secoue la bourrasque.
Elles miaulent, les benjohs, sous leurs doigts frénétiques,
et la mer, en bombant son dos d'hippopotame,
acclame leurs chansons par des flic-flacs sonores
et des renâclements.

The hysteric and savage banjos that meow like cats maddened by the odor of the storm; the sea which, swelling its back of a hippopotamus, applauds their songs with its sonorous twick-twacks and snorts — I understand the poet, I believe him. But, as I said, this is Marinetti's early poetry. How far he has "progressed" you may judge from the following quotation from his latest *Words at Liberty*, as it appears in *The London Times:*

INDIFFERENZA
DI 2 ROTONDITA SOSPESE
SOLE + PALLONE
FRENATI

flamme giganti — colonne di fumo — spirali di scintille
villaggi — turchi — incendiati
grande T
rrrrrzzzonzzzzzzante d'ue monoplano bulgaro + neve di manifesti.

This "poem" is a description of a battle during the Turco-Bulgarian war; the

style is supposed to be "polychromatic, polymorphous, and polyphonic, that may not only animalize, vegetalize, electrify, and liquefy itself, but penetrate and express the essence and the atomic life of matter." This is the *dernier cri* of Italian Futurism which originated in a — draff-ditch. Here is Marinetti's own "electrified" description of that memorable event:

As usual we spent the night in our favorite café, which is attended by the most elegant women. Some one suggested that we take an automobile ride in the suburbs. We whirled over the sleepy streets. Out of town. Deep darkness. . . . Moment of falling. We are hurled into an abyss. Ecstasy. . .

Then — we are on the bottom of a ditch filled with malodorous dregs. We drown in the mud. Mud covers the face, the body, mud blinds the eyes, fills the mouth.

Finally we succeed in getting out of the filthy ditch and we go back to the city. But . . .

For a certain time there remained with us the taste of rottenness; we could not get rid of the rotten odor that permeated all pores of our bodies. In the moment of falling into that ditch the idea of Futurism came into my head. On the same night before dawn we wrote the entire first manifesto on Futurism.

Thus the new art was born under peculiar circumstances — "under the sign of scandal" — and scandal became the tactics of Italian Futurists who have professed their "delight in being hissed" and their contempt for applause.

A few points of that manifesto:

We shall sing of the love of danger, the habit of energy and boldness. Literature has hitherto glorified thoughtful immobility, ecstasy of sleep; we shall extol aggressive movement, feverish insomnia, the double quick step, the somersault, the box on the ear, the fisticuff.

There is no more beauty except in strife. We wish to glorify war — the only purifier of the world — militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of the anarchist, the beauty of Ideas that kill, the contempt for women.

We wish to destroy the museums, the libraries, to fight against moralism and feminism, and all opportunistic and utilitarian meannesses.

This bombastic program has been heralded by the Italian Futurists ever since 1909. Fortunately they went no further than threats, but they strove to attract attention and in this they gloriously succeeded.

Their attitude toward women was expressed in the motto: "*Méprisez la femme.*" Love for woman is an atavism and should be discarded into archives.

We chant hymns to the new beauty that has come into the world in our days, a hymn to *swiftness*, a doxology to *motion*.

Woman is justified in her existence inasmuch as she is a prostitute. Sensuality for the sake of sensuality is extolled as the only stimulus in human life,— its only aim. Otherwise human beings are of no importance, at best as important as inanimate objects.

The suffering of a man is of the same interest to us as the suffering of an electric lamp, which, with spasmodic starts, shrieks out the most heart-rending expressions of color.

These aphorisms belong to the pen of Marinetti or to those of his disciples, who are but pigmies in comparison with their leader. They greeted the war with Turkey in Tripolitania enthusiastically, and Marinetti joyously witnessed the splendor of "bayonets piercing human bodies" and similar features of the great "health-giver" — war. At that time he began the cycle of his pictorial poems recently published in the *Words at Liberty*. Here is one of his early descriptions:

A stream. A bridge. Plus artillery. Plus infantry. Plus trenches. Plus cadavers. Dzang-bah-bakh. Cannon. Kha-kh-kha. Mitrailleuse. Tr-r-r. Sh-sh-sh-sh. S-s-s-s-s. Bullets. Chill. Blood. Smoke.

To complete the character of Marinetti I shall quote his article in *The London Daily Mail* in which he states his "profound disgust for the contemporary stage because it stupidly fluctuates between historic reconstruction (pasticcio or plagiarism) and a minute, wearying, photographic reproduction of actuality."

His ideal is the smoking concert, circus, cabaret, and night-club as "the only theatrical entertainment worthy of the true Futurist spirit." "The variety theater is the only kind of theater where the public does not remain static and stupidly passive, but participates noisily in action." The variety show "brutally strips woman of all her veils, of the romantic phrases, sighs, and sobs which mark and deform her. On the other hand, it shows up all the most admirable animal qualities of woman, her powers of attack and of seduction, of treachery, and of resistance."

> The variety theater is, of course, antiacademical, primitive, and ingenuous, and therefore all the more significant by reason of the unforeseen nature of all its fumbling efforts. . . . The variety theater destroys all that is solemn, sacred, earnest, and pure in Art — with a big A. It collaborates with Futurism in the destruction of the immortal masterpieces by plagiarizing them, parodying them, and by retailing them without style, apparatus, or pity.

At this point I am ready to agree with the Russian critic, A. Lunacharsky, who thus defines Marinetti:

> He combines in his personality the exoticism of an East-African with the cynical *blaguerie* of a Parisian and the clownishness of a Neapolitan.

In connection with the foregoing it is curious to observe the pranks of Marinetti's colleagues in the land of eternal contradictions — Russia. The Russian Futurists, Ego-futurists, and Acmeists, vie with the Italians in noisiness and eccentricity, and they have aroused an extensive pro and con polemic. In the last issue of *Russkaja Mysl* there is an interesting criticism of the Futurist poetry written by Valery Brusov. This foremost poet, known on the continent as the Russian Verhaeren, began his literary career some fifteen years ago with the one-line "poem": "Oh, conceal thy pallid legs." This extremist is now ranked by the Futurists among the reactionaries. Brusov is not hostile to Futurism, although he opposes the contemporary bearers of its banner. In a dialogue supposedly carried on between a Symbolist and a Futurist Brusov makes the latter say:

> Tell me, what is poetry? The art of words, is it not? In what else does it differ from music, from painting? The poet is the artist of words: they are for him what colors are for the painter or marble for your sculptors. We have determined to be artists of words, and only of words, which means to fulfill the true vocation of the poet. You, what have you done with the word? You have transformed it into a slave, into a hireling, to serve your so-called ideas! You have debased the word to a subservient rôle. All of you, the realists as well as the sympolists, have used words just as the ''Academicians'' have used colors. Those understood not that the essence of painting is in the combination of colors and lines, and they have strived to express through colors and lines some meager ideas absolutely useless for commonly known. You likewise have not understood that the essence of poetry lies in the combination of words, and you have mutilated them by forcing them to express your thoughts borrowed from the philosophers. The futurists are the first to proclaim the true poetry, the free, the real freedom of words.

And so, since words have become enslaved and carry, unfortunately, within them the ballast of established notions and conceptions, the Futurists experiment in liberating the words of their accepted meanings by creating new words, weird combinations of syllables, skilful

arrangements of sounds which defy translation. For the benefit of that part of mankind which does not understand Russian the Futurists invented a "universal tongue" which consists exclusively of single vowels. Here is a specimen under the title *Heights*. I give the original letters and their English transliteration.

е у ю — yeh oo you
и а о — ee ah oh
о а — oh ah
о а е е и е я — oh ah yeh yeh ee yeh yah
о а — oh ah
е у и е у — yeh oo ee yeh oo
и е е — ee yeh yeh
и и ы и е и и ы — ee ee ēh ee yeh ee ee ēh

Do you feel the heights? The poet does, however, and he proclaims in his defense: "The more subjective is truth, the more objective is the subjective objectivity."

Brusov's point of view is expressed in the impassioned words of the historian of literature who appears at the end of the above-mentioned dialogue:

In the new poetry, that is, in the poetry of the last centuries, one observes a definite shifting of two currents. One school puts forward the primary importance of the *content*, the other — that of *form;* later the same tendencies are repeated in the two successive schools. Pseudo-Classicism, as a school, placed above all form not the ''what'' but the ''how.'' The content they borrowed from the ancients and then performed the task most important in their eyes — the elaboration of that material. The Romanticists, in contra-distinction to the Pseudo-Classicists, insisted first of all on the content. They admired the middle ages, their yearning for an ideal, their religious aspirations. Of course, the Romanticists contributed their did this, so to speak, casually, while actually they neglected the form of their verses; recall, if you will, the frolics of Musset or the carelessness of the poems of Novalis. The Parnassians once more proclaimed the primariness of form. ''Reproachless verse'' became their motto. It was they who declared that in poetry not the ''what'' was important, but the ''how,'' and it was none other than Théophile Gautier who invented the formula ''art for the sake of art.'' The Symbolistic school again revived the content. All this was in reality not so simple, schematic, rectilineal, as I expressed it. To be sure, all true poets have endeavored to bring into harmony both content and form, but I have in view the prevailing tendency of the poetic school as a whole. If my point of view is correct, then it is natural to expect that there is to come a new school, replacing the Symbolists, which will once more consider form of primary importance. At the appearance of a new school the doctrine of the old corresponding school becomes more subtle, more poignant, more extreme. The Parnassians went further than their progenitors, the Pseudo-Classicists. It is natural then to foresee that the new coming school will in its cult of form go further than the Parnassians. As such a school, destined to take the place of Symbolism, I consider Futurism. Its historic rôle is to establish the absolute predominance of form in poetry, and to repudiate any content in it.''

The weak point of Futurism appears to be, as is the case with every revolutionary movement, the fact that alongside with the true fighters for new horizons straggle parasitic marauders, that on the heels of the sincere searchers of artistic truth tread nonchalantly buffoons and charlatans. The number of the latter is so great that the true prophets drown in the vast slough, and the public sees but the caricature side of the movement. Take for instance, the Post-Impressionist and the Futurist painters. Any unbiased and open-minded observer will admit that many of them, like Odilon Redon, Duchamp, Picasso, Chabaud, even Matisse, have created works which, whether you like them or not, possess the sure criterion of art: they stir you, arouse your thoughts and emotions. Yet how easy it is to smuggle into their midst colossal nonsense and counterfeit can be judged from the following episode:

A group of young painters in Paris decided to arouse public opinion against the unrestricted accessibility of the Independent Salon by proving that among the exponents of the exhibition such an "independent" artist as a donkey could find a place. The editors of *Fantasio* undertook to assist them in carrying out their plan. A manifesto was issued of which I quote a few pearls:

To art-critics:
To painters:
To the public:

A manifesto of the school of the Excessivists. Hurrah! Brother-Excessivists, hurrah! Masters splendid and renascent, we are on the eve of various exhibitions of banal and stereotypical paintings. Let us smash, then, the palettes of our forefathers; let us set fire of joy to the pseudo-masterpieces, and let us establish great canons destined to rule art henceforward.

The cannon is contained in one word: *L'excessivisme.*

"Excess in everything is a defect," once said a certain ass. We proclaim the reverse: excess at all times, in everything, is the absolute power. The sun can never be too ardent, the sky too blue, the sea-perspective too ruby, darkness too black, as there can never be heroes too valiant or flowers too fragrant.

Down with contours, down with half-tones, down with craft! Instead — dazzling and resplendent colors! And so on. Bombastic phrases borrowed from Marinetti and his colleagues. The manifesto is signed Joachim Raphael Boronali. Boronali is the anagram of Aliboron — the French word for donkey. The jesters later explained that they intended by the euphony of an Italian name "to arouse with more certainty the admiration of the crowd."

The next step was to procure the services of Lolo, an old donkey well known to the artists on Montmartre, as its stable is at the cabaret Lapin Agile. The following procedure is immortalized in an official protocol, the most unique document in the annals of art:

Protocol *(Procès-verbal de constat).* On the 8th of March, before me, Paul Henri Brionne, magistrate of the civil court of Paris, in my office on *rue du Faubourg Montmartre,* 33, appeared M. ———,* of the periodical *Fantasio,* whose residence is in Paris, boulevard Poissonière, 14, and declared:

"Every year there takes place an exhibition of various works of drawing, painting, and sculpture under the name of the Salon of the Independent Artists;

"This exhibition is open for all painters, and unfortunately, alongside with productions of high value there figure ridiculous works that have no signs of art;

"In order to show to what extent any work can be accepted in that exhibition, to the detriment of the meritorious productions, he intends to send there in the name of *Fantasio,* a picture the author of which would be a donkey. The picture will be entered in the catalogue under the title *Et le soleil s'endormit sur l'Adriatique,* and signed *J. R. Boronali;*

"For said reasons he asks me to be present at the painting of said picture in order to witness the process and draw an official report about it."

Having consented to the request, I went in the company of Messrs. ———, the editors of *Fantasio,* to the cabaret du Lapin Agile, where in front of said establishment Messrs. ——— set up a new canvas on a chair that took the place of an easel. In my presence they arranged paints — blue, green, yellow, and red; to the tail-extremity of the donkey, which belongs to the owner of the cabaret Lapin Agile, was tied a paint-brush.

Then the donkey was brought to the canvas, and M. ——— upholding the brush and the tail of the beast allowed her to daub in all directions taking care only of changing the paints on the brush.

I assured myself that the picture presented various tones passing from blue into green and from yellow into red without constituting anything definite and resembling nothing.

When the work had been finished, in my presence the picture and author were photographed.

* The names were not revealed.

In testimony of the aforesaid I have written and issued this protocol for legal use.

P. BRIONNE.

From the photograph it may be seen that the donkey had been teased with some appetizing food held before his mouth, to which tantalization the so-called Boronali responded with the wags of his "tail-extremity," according to the phraseology of the solemn document.

The picture then having been taken to the Salon, Monsieur Boronali was asked to pay his membership fee, and thenceforward his name figured among those of Matisse, Rousseau, Le Fauconnier, and other great. To the astonishment of the *Fantasio group*, their prank remained unnoticed for some time; the critics spoke of Boronali's work along with the other pictures, and the manifesto of the Excessivists was but slightly commented upon. In a series of sensational articles and piquant stories *The Fantasio* finally succeeded in drawing general attention to their *chef d'oeuvre.* The Paris press, as well as the foreign, opened a hot discussion on the significance of Boronali's work in a serious tone. Only the *Kölnische Zeitung* in a review of the manifesto and the picture carefully remarked, "If it is not a carnival joke" — referring to the manifesto but not doubting the authenticity of Boronali's canvas. True, the title of the picture seemed mystifying: why *The Sun Asleep over the Adriatic*, when there were neither sun nor sea? *The Gazette de France* ridiculed the title. *The New York Herald*, endeavoring to justify the name of the picture, suggested that the sun was asleep *beneath* the Adriatic — an ingenious hypothesis. *The Revue des Beaux-Arts* gave a detailed and scholarly account of the picture, but found in it nothing extraordinary in comparison with the other Independents. The hardest blow to Boronali's genius was dealt by *De l'Art Ancien et Moderne*, which accused him of being *banal.* "Among the cosmopolite crowd, along with Messrs. Ghéon, Klingsor, Jamet . . . struts the sheer banality of M. Boronali."

The scandal that took place after the mystificators had revealed their trick is of secondary importance. What looms out of this incident is the dangerously vague line of demarcation between what is true art and what is mere daubery in Futurism.

The *Gaulois* summed up the affair in a few significant words:

The scholastics had maintained that "It is much easier for the ass to disprove than it is for the philosopher to assert." But here came an ass and proved something in spite of all the philosophers of the world. He has proved — not *a priori* but *a posteriori* — that the most manifest daubery may pass as a picture in the eyes of those who accept the non-real, the improbable, and the absurd for new art.

Thought uttered becomes an untruth.— *Thaddeus Tutchev.*

A Wonder-Child Violinist

Margaret C. Anderson

THE wonder-child is not so much a "wonder" in Europe as in this country. "At seven, yes — even up to eleven, perhaps," a young German violinist who began to concertize at six once told me. "But after that — there are so many and they all play so *beautiful!* So it is more common there and people think not so much of it." And she went on to tell me, with the most wistful seriousness, how at twelve she had felt suddenly so oppressed with age and weariness that for two years she had wanted not to play at all. She described it as a period when she wanted to "stop feeling and run in the country all day and be only with animals."

But on the whole her theory seemed to be that it was the simplest thing in the world for a child to play well — better, in some ways, than he will ever play later on; and very likely it's true. The newer psychologists have given us enough reason to think so.

It still comes with something of a shock to us here, however; and when we started for The Chicago Little Theatre one night two weeks ago to hear Master Ruby Davis, aged twelve, give a violin recital, it was with the most excited anticipations. I had never heard a child play the violin. Surely disappointment was inevitable . . .

A little boy walked quietly out on to the stage, smiling. (I heard afterward that some one had asked him if it didn't frighten him to face all those people. "Oh, no," he said, "I'm going to play my violin!") He had on a little soft white shirt and knickerbockers. His hair was almost auburn and curled away from his forehead: his eyes were blue and his skin the softest white. His hands were the long, slender, "artistic" type rather than the blunt, heavy type which is quite as common among first-rate violinists. "Antoine" — that was all I could think.

And then he lifted his bow and swung into the Haendel Sonata in A with all the assurance of a master. It was only a matter of seconds until you knew that he could not disappoint — ever: he knew how to feel! A musician may commit all the crimes in the musical universe, or he may play so flawlessly that you marvel; but none of it matters particularly. A phrase will tell you whether he is an artist — the way the notes rise or fall or seem to be gathered up into that subtle thing which is the difference between efficient Playing and Music by the grace of God.

Ruby Davis makes Music. And how he loved doing it! He played a *Canzonetta* by Ambrosia, and the Jarnefelt *Berceuse*, and other difficult things like the Pugnani *Praeludium*, and that *Motto Perpetuo* of Ries, beside the regulation *Cavatina* and the Dvořák *Humoresque* — every one of them, in spite of small deficiencies that will be corrected, with a quality that is genius. As nearly as I can register it this is the picture of him I shall remember:

A little slender, eager, swaying body, and a great violin above which his face seemed worshipping. His eyes turned deep blue as flowers when he raised his head for some lovely soaring tone or dropped it on his instrument over some

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The New Paganism

DeWitt C. Wing

ONE of the momentous achievements of applied science is the convincing demonstration that the earth is a living thing. It is as truly a live organism as any of the animals of which it is the mother. Life could not have been evolved by or from it if there had not been life in it. We do not require an inexplicable miracle to account for the evolution of man; we can trace his pedigree back to an ancestry with fins and gills, and of course it stretches far beyond that comparatively recent stage in his development. From the beginning of the world conditions have steadily grown more favorable to the habitation of the earth by the higher animals. Since man is a part of the earth, what he himself has done to bring about this auspicious change may be credited to the mind or life resident in the earth. Then there is essential goodness in the earth —which is not saying that there is no evil in it. The world is a better place for a man to live in now than it was when his ancestors occupied dismal caves. It is no illusion that, design or no design, the cosmic urge has been toward goodness, by which I mean an increasingly hospitable dwelling-place for men. There have been recessions, and there will be others, but, apart from faith and hope, established facts compel the man who understands them to declare his absolute and unalterable certainty that the inexorable law of life's becoming greater than it is cannot be nullified. So that, regardless of all poverty and misery, of all that is unlovely, of all the blind and passionate class hatreds and sex quibbles, the man who really thinks must think hopefully. There is indeed the most ample justification of optimism.

The world is God, and the man who worships it the new pagan. He comes off the same stock as the old pagans, who were called heathens — because they were not Christians. They were, in fact, the classic earth-lovers, and, hence, more truly the sons of God than the crusaders who, directed by an anthropomorphic Deity, tortured and killed them. The new pagan, who not only feels, smells, hears, and sees the earth, but comprehends the established scientific facts about it, finds a keener and larger delight and satisfaction in it than his forefathers could experience. He loves it with his heart and his mind. Having this attitude toward it, he wishes to serve it, prompted by the same motive which actuates him when he serves his immediate father and mother.

Ruskin was sure that his beautiful England was desecrated when steel rails were laid across its green fields and factory smoke contaminated the golden air; he canonized the landscape, and when it changed, his heart ached. He was an artist, not a prophet. The industrialism that he hated disseminated his written appreciations of beauty. Machinery is the extension of man's personality and power; the instrument with which he is realizing the bounties and the Fatherhood of God. At present it is too much an end in itself instead of a means toward nobler results, but tomorrow will

see the needed adjustment. Wherefore the new pagan is not saddened but gladdened at the sight of factories and the development of commerce. The awful carnage which commercialism entails is the price which we have been fated to pay for experience. Through commerce we are paving the way for the action of the world-mind — the collective thought of men. Collective thinking precludes socialism as well as individualism, and brings in humanism. The increasing complexity of civilizations symbolizes the enlarged intricacy of human life. Experience and consciousness are expanded by the maze of external detail through which a child in a modern state passes to maturity. The extension of a more highly organized civilization into every habitable region of the earth, and commercial and intellectual communication among all nations, will synthesize the thought of the world. Toward this goal every vital movement is directed, whether consciously or unwittingly. The germ of life was the original leaven, and it will leaven the whole lump. That races and states should disappear does not matter; if human life as a whole were to vanish the birth-labor that the world has begun would be retarded but not abandoned. Man would return in a few billion years. If not, a higher animal would; man himself is on the long way to ever-new heights. He has climbed up out of the sea, and with the birth of reason in his brain he began to ascend into loftier realms. The power of reason is a late acquisition, but it has provided the wondrous banquet at which the modern pagan feasts. It has enabled him literally to soar and revel in high, thin air.

All the fine arts are subsidiary to and dependent upon material progress, and the primal source of well-being is the soil. Man is a land animal, and he must have access to the land with the same freedom that a babe enjoys at its mother's breast; otherwise he will be stunted and dwarfed. The earth is the Old Mother, yielding an abundance of food for all her children. More reason and more consciousness on their part will induce them to share it with one another, not like unreasoning pigs but like reasoning men. The "new freedom" means eventually the accessibility of the earth to every man. In the meantime the biggest business at hand is to build soils as well as schools; to keep the land full of sap; to extend mechanism into the arts of agriculture; to unify the thought and purpose of city and country. All this will follow the world-mindedness that is being developed by industrialism and internationalism.

All constructive thought and action must deal not less with the city but more and more with the country — the land. Typical cities are sapping the wealth of life that grows up round them. The obsessed man in the market place needs the poise and power of the shepherd on the hill. The only true and durable magnificence of a state lies in the equitable use of its natural resources. No man who has thought profoundly wants to own land, but the majority of men do want to use it. That ought to be every man's privilege, for every man is in some fashion a lover of the verdant earth. But even the millions of us who are landless, because a few men legally own the earth, have occasional esthetic accesses to it, and if we passionately loved its beauty we should hasten the day of its release by an uneconomic monopoly. An intelligent love of the earth as a living thing

is at the bottom of the dynamic impulse of man to be forever becoming.

And as these lovely days of wanton greenness steal like fairies into the secret recesses of his child-heart, man has a sense of eternal kinship with

> . . . that small untoward class which knows the divine call of the spirit through the brain, and the secret whisper of the soul in the heart, and for ever perceives the veils of mystery and the rainbows of hope upon our human horizons; which hears and sees, and yet turns wisely, meanwhile, to the life of the green earth, of which we are part, to the common kindred of living things, with which we are at one — is content, in a word, to live, because of the dream that makes living so mysteriously sweet and poignant; and to dream, because of the commanding immediacy of life.

Gloria Mundi

Eunice Tietjens

In what dim, half imagined place
  Does the Titanic lie to-day,
  Too deep for tide, too deep for spray,
In night and saltiness and space?

Oh, quiet must the sea-floor be!
  And very still must be the gloom
  Where in each well-appointed room
The splendor rots unto the sea.

Through crannies in the shattered decks
  The sea-weed thrusts pale finger-tips,
  And in the bottom's jagged rips
With ghostly hands it waves and becks.

The mirrors in the great saloons
  Sleep darkly in their gilt and brass
  Save when the silent fishes pass
With eyes like phosphorescent moons.

On painted walls are slimy things,
  And strange sea creatures, lithe and cool,
  Spawn in the marble swimming pool
And shall, a thousand springs.

For as it is, so it shall be,
  Untouched of time till Doom appears,
  Too deep for days, too deep for years
In the salt quiet of the sea.

The Will to Live

George Burman Foster

LIKE the sense for the true, the good, the holy, the esthetic sense is elementary. Man comes to himself as man in all alike. Without the effectuation of his peculiar artistic impulse, man, the born artist, could not find the real consecration and dignity of the human. Indeed, the worth of all human culture depends upon the sense for the beautiful. As religion is not restricted to some fragment of our experience but informs the whole, so culture requires that life shall be beautiful down to the commonplace and homely things of the daily round. The new program, to which this modern insight points, means a rebirth of our entire moral and social life.

Why is it, then, that those who vocationally and constantly worship in the sanctuary of art — the priests in this sanctuary — often so easily and singularly fail in the consecration which the worship of beauty is supposed to supply to the human personality? The lives of those whose calling it is to exhibit and exemplify the beautiful, why are they often so very ugly, so bereft of lovable emotions? The shortcomings of the artist, why do we count among these the pettiest and the basest known to man? To be specific, why do we speak almost proverbially of an artistic vanity, an artistic sensitiveness, an artistic envy or jealousy? If we answered, "Because the shadows of the 'human all too human' seem so dark in the golden light of the artistic calling," that would be true, but it would not be the whole truth. Does not the professional occupation of oneself with art involve a danger to character? To live constantly in the world of the emotions, to fable and fantasy and dream, in all this there is so easily something weak, not to say "effeminate" and sickly, and hence enervating. Of great spirits this is true often enough — how much more of the lesser who sophistically find warrant in the weakness of the great for the greatness of their weakness! For instance, they have heard of "inspiration"—something not under the control of the artist, something that must "come upon him," but only when the divine hour strikes, as it struck at the pentecostal "outpouring" of the "spirit" upon the early Christians. Hence no care for a thousand things — in both cases — for which other men must care! Hence a standard of life different from that by which other men live! To be outwardly different from others, to set oneself above others, that is to be artistic. Because some great artists are different from other people in moods and manners and morals, it is naively concluded that to emulate the latter is to be the former, and right merrily does the emulation go on. It must be a grief to a real artist, this culture of the eccentric head and the more eccentric heart. Therefore we need a man to free us from these eccentricities, a man to lift us above these caricatures because he has himself put them beneath his feet. This man is *Friedrich Nietzsche.*

The sickness and the soundness of life, both these were in Nietzsche. In his demand for an artistic culture he put his finger upon the wound of present humanity. This demand was accepted, the meaning of the demand was lost sight of. This was the fatality — as if

Nietzsche required a new artistic culture only, and not at the same time a new life culture! Beauty the form of life indeed, but strength, will, deed, the content — that was the brave burden of the prophet's message.

Nietzsche was born into a time that marked the climax of a more than millennial *cultus* of Death. The old songs of death as bridge of sunset into the eternal day of Bliss, songs of earthly lamentation and heavenly yearning and anticipation, these no longer came from the heart, to be sure; though still sung, the voices of "the faithful" grew ever thinner and thinner; and the songs were a monument of past piety rather than a witness to a present. Like vice, this earth which was once "a monster of so frightful mien" was first endured, then pitied, then embraced — and even wedded by man; its sufferings were healed and its delights enjoyed. The pain, the pleasure of earth, what does it mean? man's heart again asked as it asked in happy Greece long ago. But as time went by, the human mind was bruised and broken over this question, until it concluded that all we call life is *a great illusion.* And back and behind this life, with its tumult and fitful fever, there is the "vasty deep" of the infinite nothing. Life is a cheat. And now there is *Weltschmerz, Lebenschmerz* — simply a naturalistic form of the old ecclesiastical longing for death. It said the same "No!" to life that the old church song said — it, too, valued the day of death higher than the day of birth; it, too, urged that, since life is intrinsically evil, the cure of the evil is to live as little as possible.

Into such a world Friedrich Nietzsche was born, breathed its atmosphere, was himself once drunk upon its drugged drinks. The preacher of this modern yearning for Nirvana, — *i. e.*, not metaphysical non-existence but psychological desirelessness, — was Schopenhauer as well as his disciple von Hartmann. This is the worst possible world, croaked Schopenhauer; No, moaned von Hartmann, it is not the worst possible world, it is the best possible world, but it is worse than none! And once Nietzsche called Schopenhauer his teacher — went forth as an enthusiastic apostle of the message of passive resignation to the inevitable sorry scheme of things, nay, of the message that the world is the work of an anguished god seeking redemption from the infinite misery of existence by the infinite negation of life.

And surely the anguish of Nietzsche fitted him, as no other, to be partner in distress of this anguished god. Surely he, if anyone, could say, To this end was I born and for this purpose came I into the world, to bear witness — to the body of this death. From his mother's womb was he set apart to suffer. Endowed with a transcendent and superabundant fulness of spirit, every fresh and forceful impulse of his personality he felt as an indictment of the inexorable pitiless limitations within which his best innermost life was imprisoned. He was a voice crying in the wilderness, not only to men, but to himself. Each new flash of light which illumined his inner eye let him see the graves upon which he was treading, and revealed those who claimed to be alive in the mask of the death to which they had succumbed. In the abounding wealth of youth he felt a mortal sickness getting its grip upon him. As life dragged on, he felt more and more the hell tortures of pain from which he had to wring his work every hour of his existence.

Who would have the effrontery to cast a stone at this man had he flung down

his arms into one of those graves, and cried with an old philosopher: This may all be very well for the gods, but not for me! But he did not lay down his arms! Freed from all encumbrances of conscience and debilitating sense of sin which had paralyzed the Christian, and from the Schopenhauer *Welt-und Lebenanschauung*, he welcomed all that life had to offer and went unhesitatingly toward the universal goal of annihilation with a blithe and unregretting spirit. Entertaining no illusions about indeterminism or free-will or immortality, he rejoiced in his strength, seized with avidity the passing moment, and fell fighting to the last. He spoke his courageous "Yes!" to life, while Schopenhauer, with his money and his mistress, and all the world beside, were crying to him to say "No!" For this we must thank him. In this we find an antidote to present-day tendencies to sink the individual in the multitude, to subordinate men to institutions, and to apotheosize mediocrity. Nietzsche met pain with a power which transformed even death into life, and turned the day of his death even into a festival of the soul. He taught himself and he taught others to believe in that power, which alone is great,— to believe in the *Power of the Will!* Nietzsche, like Jesus, proclaimed the inestimable worth of the individual man, saw for him vast and glorious possibilities, sought the regeneration of society through the regeneration of the individual. Both committed the fortunes of the cause to which they devoted their lives to individuals and not to masses of men. Both believed that the best was yet to be. Both believed in the inwardness, the self-dependence, and the autonomy of personality. Neither ever side-stepped or flinched.

Today we are suffering from impuissant personality, from cowardice, from weakness of the will. Taming the great wild strong instincts, making them small and weak, choking them, so that man can will nothing or do nothing great and original and special — this is what we call civilization. A comfortable existence, this is the final end of life, according to this civilization. No conflict, no danger, for these menace comfort! Not to know the comfort of a calm, safe existence from which you can look down upon the struggles in a neck-breaking life far below — that is barbarism indeed! And is not this comfort a virtue, buttressed by moral principles at that? So buttressed, one's slumbers are not disturbed. And may not one add to this virtue of comfort that other cardinal virtue of hatred of all that keeps matters stirred up, all that causes unrest, that causes sleepless nights and stormy days? What the man of civilization hates he calls "bad," what he loves he calls "good." Accordingly, as Neitzsche saw and said, the weak are the "good" people, the brave and the strong are the "bad." Accordingly, also, it is comfortable to be "moral." All one needs is to attune one's life to the "common run," to quarantine against every profound disturbance, to steal by every dangerous abyss of life. And if powers stir in man which do not amiably submit to taming, why, "morality" may be used as a whip to lash these insubordinate stirrings into subjection. And if the living heart crouches into submission under the lash, why, such crouching is called "virtue," and the daring to resist and escape the lash, this of course is "vice." In a word, the most will-less is the most virtuous. Thus — such was Nietzsche's

uncanny insight — "moral laws" are devices for disciplining the will into weakness! "Morality" is a poison with which man is inoculated, so that his strength may be palsied. "Morality" is itself death to a man, a will to weakness, a destruction of the will, while life is a will to power, a will to self-affirmation.

Every virtue has its double, easily confounded with it, in reality the exact opposite of it. Take meekness, peaceableness. It is a virtue which the cowardly, the over-cautious, arrogate to themselves — those who duck and bow and bend so as to give no offense, and to conjure up no violent conflict. Yet to be peaceable and meek is in truth supreme strength, having one's own stormy heart under control, and being absolutely sure of power over the militant spirits of men. Humility is a sign at once of smallness and of greatness. Patience is at once a lazy lassitude and an active steadfast strength. Chastity may be reduced vitality, fear of disease, fear of being found out, lack of opportunity, slavery to respectability, poverty, or it may be temperance and self-control in satisfying sex-needs. And so on. Every virtue may arise because a man is too weak for the opposite. And this virtue which walks the path of virtue because it lacks the courage and the strength not to do so, this complacent, harmless, untempted virtue, men make the universal criterion of all virtue, the codex of their morality. To-day still the pharisee, not the publican, the son who stupidly ate his fill in his father's house, not the "prodigal" who hungered in the far country, heads the scroll of the virtuous. To fear and flee vice, or to "pass a law," this is the current solution of morality, dinged into us from youth up, not to confront vice, battle with it, conquer and coerce it!

So misunderstood Nietzsche thought. He thought that the morality of "virtuous people" was, in fact, a foe of life, that the virtue of the weak was a grave for the virtue of the strong, and that, consequently the consciences of men must be aroused so that they could see the whole abomination of this, their virtue, of which they were so proud. To bridle and tame men is not to ennoble them; to make men too weak and cowardly for vice is not to make them strong and brave for the good. This anxious and painful slipping and winding and twisting between virtue and vice, this cannot be the fate of the future, the eternal destiny of man; this is to make man the eternal slave of man: to damn him in his innermost and idiomatic life to the lot of the eternal slave. Virtue and vice are values which men mint, stamps which men imprint upon their ever-changing conduct, not eternal values, born of life itself, sanctioned by the law of life itself. As time goes on tables of old values become sins. To obey them, to have the law outside and not inside us, is "to fall from grace" indeed. A law of life cannot be on paper, for paper is not living. Life must be the law of life. Life must interpret and reveal life. And life must be the criterion of life. What makes us alive, and strong, and mighty of will, is on that account good; what brings death and weakness, foulness and feebleness of will is bad. The courage which in the most desperate situation of life, in the most labyrinthan aberration of thought, dares to wring a new strength to live, is good: all pusillanimity, all over-mastery by pain, all collapse under the burden of life, all disappointing desert of the censure, "O ye of little faith,

why are ye fearful?" — all this is bad. It will be a new day for man when he feels it wrong and immoral to lament his lot, to whine, but right and moral to earn strength from pain, a will to labor from temptation to die. Not the fear of the moral man to sin, but the fear to be weak, so that one cannot do one's work in the world — that is to be the fear in the future. The powerful will, nay, the will become power itself, the fixed heart, the keyed and concentrated personality; this means freedom from every slave yoke. And it means that life is no longer at the mercy of capricious and contingent gain and loss, but a King's Crown conquered in conflict with itself, with man, and with God.

Also sprach Nietzche-Zarathustra!

Keats and Fannie Brawne

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

He tried to pour the torrents of his love
Into a tiny vase; a trinket — smooth,
Pretty enough — but fit to hold a rose
Upon some shrewd collector's cabinet.
Toward that small moon the wild tides of his love
Reared up, and fell back, moaning; and he died
Asking his heart why love was agony.

And she? She loved the best she could, I think,
And wondered sometimes — but not overmuch —
At poor John's queer, unseemly violence.

A New Woman from Denmark

Marguerite Swawite

Karen Borneman, by Hjalmar Bergström.
[Mitchell Kennerley, New York.]

FROM the north, whence Ibsen's Nora challenged the world as far back as 1879, comes a fresh message of rebellion in the more radical figure of Karen Borneman. In judging this play of Bergström's, which has but now appeared in Edwin Björkman's translation, we must remember that it was written in 1907—before we had grown so sophisticated concerning the rebel woman in her infinite manifestations. And yet, because this vanguard of a new morality is still a slender company, the addition of a new member cannot fail to arouse a ripple of excitement in the watchful rank and file. For that reason, as well as for some novel characteristics of her own, Karen Borneman merits a word for herself.

Bergström chose the most obvious method of contrast in projecting his heroine upon a background of stringent restraint. Her father is Kristen Borneman, a professor of theology whose chief interest in life is the propagation of the principles contained in his magnum opus, *Marriage and Christian Morality*. Her mother is an apparently submissive woman who sometimes questions the edicts of her husband. Her brother, Peter, is an adolescent youth, already awake to the conflict between the natural man and the unnatural economic system, and seemingly bound for destruction. Thora, her young sister, is already seeking out the clandestine outlet for an excessive and dangerous sentimentality. Another sister, Gertrude, has suffered a mental collapse and is confined in an insane asylum. These children, the author seems to say, are the results of a chafing restrictive discipline, and natural instincts gone wrong—a conclusion weakened, not strengthened by over-illustration. When four of a family of eight show signs of a similar abnormal development one suspects not only the disciplinary system but the purity of their inheritance.

Be that as it may, the chief protagonist, Karen, is quite a normal person—except in the matter of courage, of which she possesses an inordinate amount. But then all new women are courageous to a fault. She is a woman of twenty-eight, mature, cultivated, and a successful professional writer. Her most salient claim to consideration in the early scenes of the play is her quiet assurance in the right of her position. She voluntarily opens up her past to the professedly liberal physician who seeks her hand.

"Some years ago I—lived with a man. . . . You are a widower yourself. You may regard me as a widow or—a divorced wife."

And when he spurns her action as squalor, she indignantly replies, "Doctor, how dare you. A phase of my life that at least to me is sacred, and you cast reflections on it, that—"

There is a brevity, a terseness, about her words that create greater sense of her power than would any amount of emotional pyrotechnics. In the later scene with her father she is equally as simple:

"The sum and substance of it is this: I have been married twice. . . . I mean

that twice during my life — with years between — I have given myself, body and soul, to the man I loved, firmly determined to remain faithful to him unto death." Then follows the recital of the two love affairs — the first with a brilliant but very poor journalist who died prematurely, and the other with a sculptor, Strandgaard, whom she left on the discovery of his faithlessness.

Her vision is of a time of greater freedom for self-expression:

" . . . the day will come when we, too, will demand it as our right — demand the chance to live our own lives as we choose and as we can, without being held the worse on that account. Of course, I know that this is not an ideal, but merely a makeshift meant to serve until at last a time comes which recognizes the right of every human being to continue its life through the race."

Her justification is the characteristic one:

"I have, after all, lived for a time during those few years of youth that are granted us human beings only once in our lifetime, and that will never, never come back again. What have these other ones got out of their enforced duty and virtue except bitterness — bitterness and emptiness? I have, after all, felt the fullness of life within me while there was still time, and I don't regret it!"

The clash with her father whom she loves tenderly she accepts as inevitable in spite of the pain it must bring them both. The ecstasy of a great vision softens to the note of personal loss as she leaves him:

"Yes — I do pity you, father! Don't think my heart is made of stone. The sorrow I have done you cannot be greater than the one I feel within myself at this moment, when perhaps I see you for the last time! But how can I help that I am the child of a time that you don't understand? We have never wanted to hurt each other, of course — but I suppose it is the law of life, that nothing new can come into the world without pain — "

Because Karen advocates a course generally denoted by the term (of wretched connotation) free love, she is not to be confused with those of lesser fineness who are fighting at her side. For instance, with Stanley Houghton's heroine in *Hindle Wakes.* Anyone who sees in Karen another Fanny Hawthorne, has failed to understand Karen's position. She is a woman of culture and of ideals in all matters of life, and especially in that of the sex relationship. "I have given myself, . . ." she says, "to the man I loved, firmly determined to remain faithful to him unto death." This is a far cry from Fanny's reply to Alan: "Love you? Good heavens, of course not! Why on earth should I love you? You were just someone to have a bit of fun with. You were an amusement — a lark." To Karen the relationship is justified only by depth of passion, and she entered it with as great a solemnity and glow of consecration as did ever a serious woman a church-made marriage. To the many camp-followers of "established" feminism, those who don or doff their principles with the transient fashion, — to them Karen must seem a humorous, if not a pitiable figure. For she dares to have beliefs and gallantly cleaves to them.

Karen, then, is a new woman in the sense that in the moment of crisis she did not accept as inevitable the reply of convention, but weighed her need against the law, and, finding the latter wanting, fulfilled her need at the sacrifice of the law. On the other hand, she is not of those who break laws for the intrinsic pleasure of destruction.

"Of course," she admits, "it would have been ever so much more easy for me if, while I was still young, some presentable man, with all his papers in per-

fect order and a financially secure future, had come and asked for me —"

And she welcomes marriage with the good Doctor Schou in an attitude unpleasantly reactionary:

> " . . . I believe every woman who has reached a certain age — and you know I am twenty-eight — will, without hesitation, prefer a limited but secure existence by the side of an honest man to the most unlimited personal freedom."

And worst of all, she, who throughout the play declares herself unconvinced of guilt or stain, at the close of the first act becomes quite mawkishly sentimental over Heine's pretty line, "May God forever keep you so fair, and sweet, and *pure*."

Because Karen exhibits these painful inconsistencies, she is no less possible or real or worthwhile. We who know many women emerging in diverse odd shapes from the travail of awakening have discovered just as inconsistent a combination of precipitation and reaction; and thus will it ever be until we have at length worked out our way to the most serviceable harmony. It is for this very reason that Karen is interesting: she is no superwoman, but our own imperfect sister.

Of the other characters there is but one deserving special comment — Karen's mother, who to me is the most remarkable person Bergström has here created. She confesses to her husband that she has known for three years that Karen had been living in Paris with Strandgaard, but had kept the knowledge to herself because it had been too late to interfere, and because she did not regard the calamity as others would have in her place. From a terrible and bitter experience with another daughter, Gertrude, who had gone insane through the abrupt breaking off of a long engagement which had aroused primitive passion and left it unfulfilled, Mrs. Borneman had reached a revolutionary conclusion:

> " . . . from that day I have — after a careful consideration — done what I could to let our children live the life of youth, sexually and otherwise, in as much freedom as possible. The result of your educational method, my dear Kristen, is our poor Gertrude, who is now confined in an insane asylum, as incurable. The result of my method is Karen, I suppose. I don't know if it is very sinful to say so, but I feel much less burdened by guilt than I should if conditions were reversed."

When Karen, however, defends her course as an abstract ideal of "every human being to continue its life through the race," and appeals to her mother to understand, Mrs. Borneman retreats with, "I wash my hands of it, Karen. I don't dare to think that far. . . ."

It was her motherhood that had forced upon her the courage to overlook the law, and not any desire to throw over the old to set up a new law. The glory of the new vision means nothing to her in comparison with her husband's suffering to which she herself has added. She is the promise of a new type — the awakened mother.

As for the play as a whole, it appears to me that Mr. Bergström has tried to say too much in the slight space of one short play, for he has two distinct themes — the right of woman to love and life, and the relationship between marriage and children. The first is the chief theme, which is worked out in the story of Karen; the second is too important to be employed as a subsidiary thread, and instead of adding richness to the first it rather clutters and confuses it with unnecessary baggage. Mrs. Borneman pities one of her sons because he cannot afford to have children on his slender salary, and feels that her other son is not justified in blindly bringing child after

child into the world, depending upon the rest of the family for their maintenance. She asks her husband:

"So it is not enough for two people to live together in mutual love?"

"No, Cecilia, that has nothing to do with marriage. What is so inconceivably glorious about marriage is that, through it, God has delegated His own creative power to us simple human beings — that He has made us share His own divine omnipotence."

The poor professor is made consistent to the point of absurdity, and the main issue befogged, when he cries out to Karen:

"And yet I could have forgiven you everything — your wantonness and your defiance — if you had taken the consequences and had a child! If you had had ten illegitimate children — better that than none at all! But you have arrogantly defied the very commandments of nature, which are nothing but the commandments of God!"

Perhaps this matter was included for the sake of Karen's reply:

"Do you think I am a perfect monster of a woman, who has never felt the longing for a baby? Not *me* does your anger hit, but that society which will not regard it as an inevitable duty to recognize the right of every human being to have children — as a right, mark you, and not as a privilege reserved for the richest and the poorest. There are thousands of us to whom the right is denied — thousands of men as well as women. But we, too, are human beings, with love longings and love instincts, and we will not let us be cheated out of the best thing that life holds!"

Technically the play is not so perfect a thing as Mr. Björkman's unbounded encomiums would make us believe. It opens, for instance, in the good old fashion scorned by Ibsen — with the gossip of servants, who are here engaged in laying the table instead of in the time-honored task of dusting. The whole action is cast within some eight hours, thus causing a use of coincidence to the straining point. The most commendable feature of technique is the admirably sustained suspense: the story of Gertrude overshadows the entire piece from the opening scene to Mrs. Borneman's avowal in the last act. The powerful use of the story as contrast to Karen's career is also unusual.

And yet in spite of its faults — perhaps because of them — we have found *Karen Borneman* the most stimulating play of the year. We hope one of our two organizations dedicated to the drama will put it on in the near future.

When the ape lost his wits he became man.— *Viacheslav Ivanov.*

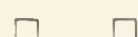
Galsworthy's Little Human Comedy

NO MAGAZINE that comes to this office is looked for more excitedly than *Harper's Weekly*. *Poetry and Drama* is a quarterly event that keeps us in a dignified intensity of expectation; and there are others. But *Harper's* is a weekly adventure in the interest of which we haunt the postman. At present it is featuring a series of sketches by Galsworthy — satirical characterizations of those human beings who pride themselves on being "different." Here is a man who knows himself for a philosopher; here is an "artist"; here is one of those rare individualities so enlightened, so superior, so removed, that there is only one label for him: "The Superlative."

But it is in *The Philosopher* that Galsworthy excels himself. It is probably the most consummate satire that has appeared in the last decade:

> He had a philosophy as yet untouched. His stars were the old stars, his faith the old faith; nor would he recognize that there was any other, for not to recognize any point of view except his own was no doubt the very essence of his faith. Wisdom! There was surely none save the flinging of the door to, standing with your back against that door, and telling people what was behind it. For though he did not know what was behind, he thought it low to say so. An "atheist," as he termed certain persons, was to him beneath contempt; an "agnostic," as he termed certain others, a poor and foolish creature. As for a rationalist, positivist, pragmatist, or any other "ist"— well, that was just what they were. He made no secret of the fact that he simply could not understand people like that. It was true. "What can they do save deny?" he would say. "What do they contribute to the morals and the elevation of the world? What do they put in place of what they take away? What have they got, to make up for what is behind that door? Where are their symbols? How shall they move and leave the people?" "No," he said; "a little child shall lead them, and I am the little child. For I can spin them a tale, such as children love, of what is behind the door." Such was the temper of his mind that he never flinched from believing true what he thought would benefit himself and others. Amongst other things he held a crown of ultimate advantage to be necessary to pure and stable living. If one could not say: "Listen, children, there it is, behind the door. Look at it, shining, golden — yours! Not now, but when you die, if you are good." . . . If one could not say that, what could one say? What inducement hold out? . . .

This is merely the first paragraph. The rest is even better. Such an analysis ought to extinguish the Puritan forever—except that he won't understand it. He'll think it was aimed at his neighbor. He knows any number of men like that. . . .



Knowledge or Prejudice

A CRITIC writes us that he finds no fault with freedom of speech, and that Emma Goldman's disregard of ordinary moral laws and blasphemy of religion do not destroy the fact that she exists. But such an article about her as appeared in our last issue is well calculated to make us appear absurd, he thinks; it sounds like the oration of some one who is just beginning to discover the things that the world has known always; and he closes with this deliciously naïve question: "Do you believe in listening respectfully to advocates of free love, and, because of their daring, applauding them?"

Yes, we believe in listening respectfully to any sincere programme; we believe that is the only way people get to understand things. We even believe in listening seriously to insincere programmes, because the insincere person usually thinks he is sincere and helps one to understand even more. By doing all these things one is likely to reach that altitude where "to understand all is to forgive all."

As for "advocates of free love"— we recall the impatient comment of a well-known woman novelist: "When *will* people stop using that silly, superfluous phrase 'free love'? We don't talk about 'cold ice' or 'black coal'!"

And, though our applause was not confined to Emma Goldman's daring,

as our critic would probably concede, is not daring a thing worthy of applause? Just as conflict is better than mediation, or suffering than security, daring is so much more legitimate an attitude than complacency.

But it is that remark about "things the world has known always" which exasperates us the most. The world has not known them always; it doesn't know them now. It has heard of them vaguely — just to the point of becoming prejudiced about them. And prejudice is the first element that sneaks away when knowledge begins to develop. If the world represented by our critic *knew* these things it might be roused to daring, too.

□ □

Rupert Brooke's Visit

RUPERT BROOKE was in Chicago for a few days last month. One of the most interesting things to us about his visit was that he so quickly justified all the theories we have had about him since we first read his poetry. First, that only the most pristine freshness could have produced those poems that some people have been calling decadent; second, that while he probably *is* "the most beautiful young man in England" it was rather silly of Mr. Yeats to add that he is also "the wearer of the most gorgeous shirts." Because Rupert Brooke doesn't wear gorgeous shirts; he appears to have very little interest in shirts, as we expected. He is too concerned with the big business of life and poetry. He is, as a very astute young member of our staff suggested, somehow like the sea.

□ □

"Books and the Quiet Life"

GEORGE GISSING has always had a peculiarly poignant place in our galaxy of literary favorites, and nowhere have we loved him more than in that little "autobiography" which he called *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.* The portions of that book which have to do specifically with books and reading have been brought together by Mr. Waldo R. Browne and published with Mr. Mosher's usual incomparable taste.

A good many people have loved books as well as George Gissing did, perhaps, but very few of them have been able to express that love like this:

> The exquisite quiet of this room! I have been sitting in utter idleness, watching the sky, viewing the shape of golden sunlight upon the carpet, which changes as the minutes pass, letting my eye wander from one framed print to another, and along the ranks of my beloved books. . . .
>
> I have my home at last. When I place a new volume on my shelves, I say: Stand there whilst I have eyes to see you; and a joyous tremor thrills me. . . .
>
> For one thing, I know every book of mine by its *scent,* and I have but to put my nose between the pages to be reminded of all sorts of things. . . .
>
> I regard the book with that peculiar affection which results from sacrifice . . . in no drawing-room sense of the word. Dozens of my books were purchased with money which ought to have been spent upon what are called the necessities of life. Many a time I have stood before a stall, or a bookseller's window, torn by conflict of intellectual desire and bodily need. At the very hour of dinner, when my stomach clamored for food, I have been stopped by sight of a volume so long coveted, and marked at so advantageous a price, that I *could* not let it go; yet to buy it meant pangs of famine. My Heyne's *Tibullus* was grasped at such a moment. It lay on the stall of the old book-shop in Goodge Street — a stall where now and then one found an excellent thing among quantities of rubbish. Sixpence was the price — sixpence! At that time I used to eat my mid-day meal (of course, my dinner) at a coffee-shop in Oxford Street, one of the real old coffee-shops, such as now, I suppose, can hardly be found. Sixpence was all I had — yes, all I had in the world; it would purchase a plate of meat and vegetables. But I did not dare to hope that the *Tibullus* would wait until the morrow, when a certain small sum fell due me. I paced the pavement, fingering the coppers in my pocket, eyeing the stall, two appetites at combat within me. The book was bought and I went home with it, and as I made a dinner of bread and butter I gloated over the pages.

New York Letter

George Soule

HILAIRE BELLOC is coming to America next fall for a lecturing tour. It is well to take stock of him, so that we shall know what to expect. He is clever, and a Catholic — that tells the whole story. We don't know exactly how he will say it, but we know what he will say. Through various smiling subtleties and paradoxes he will attack democracy, feminism, socialism, individualistic rebellion of any kind. It is quite possible that he will aim a few careless shots at Montessori, the discussion of sex questions in public, Galsworthy, and Bernard Shaw. He is a masculine, English, Agnes Repplier. He will entertain his cultivated audiences, and give them the impression that he is very modern and daring.

It is curious how the thinking mind immediately discounts the testimony of one who is known to have given his allegiance to an embracing authority of any kind. Whether the authority in question is the Vatican, Karl Marx, Business, Nietzsche, or Theodore Roosevelt, we know the man's whole mind is likely to be colored with it, and that the evidence is probably of less importance to him than his case. Yet there is always a moral suspicion against the man who refuses to enroll himself under any banner. He seems dead, inhuman, academic. March to the drums, salute the colors, or admit there is no blood in you! It is good that most of mankind does so. The strongest army (not necessarily the largest) will win, and the battle must come for the sake of the victory.

Therefore, let the radicals welcome Mr. Belloc as a good enemy. He stands for a sincere, highly organized, and powerful propaganda which cannot be ignored on the modern battlefield. On account of their worship of authority the Catholics have a solidarity which no other movement can boast. For the same reason they are doomed to an eternal enmity with adventurous souls, those who fight for change of any kind. They seem often to be in accord with advancing thinkers because they condemn present conditions. But closer investigation will always show that instead of pointing to the future they cling to the past. Mgr. Benson, during his recent visit to New York, stated in private conversation that present social conditions are intolerable. He went on to say that an ideal society can be attained only under feudalism, with the church in control.

There will be no more danger from the Catholics than from any other army as long as we know what they are fighting for, and are able to recognize their irregular troops.

But let there be no complacency among the enemies of the church on the ground that it may not be really in the field, or has not artillery when it gets there. Without investigation of any kind, I have heard of two books attacking the church which were suppressed by their publishers at the demand of Catholic authorities. In each case the weapon was a threat to withdraw an extensive text book business from the house in question. Naturally, the parties to the matter have not been anxious to give it publicity. A magazine which published an article displeasing to Catholics received a letter threatening it with black-

listing. There appears to be a well organized and efficient church publicity bureau to attend to these and other matters. A proposal was recently made by a Catholic journal that priests in confessional impose as penance the subscription to Catholic papers and the purchase of Catholic books, at the same time warning the people against secular publications. This was discussed with some approval by *America*, the New York Jesuit weekly, which regretfully admitted, however, that in the end Catholic publications must depend "mainly on their merit." We are likely to ignore such mediæval methods until we find them obstructing some actual movement of importance. They do obstruct such movements, however, sometimes very annoyingly.

All these methods are but the natural and blameless working of the doctrine of intolerance. And perhaps their greatest danger is that their temporary success will induce the opposing armies to use the same weapon and so shackle themselves. The intolerance of the Puritan was a natural result of his bitter struggle, yet it produced a century of aesthetic darkness. The advanced opponents of the Puritan era are now uttering pronunciamentos and personalities that are Archiepiscopal in their intolerance.

But, you say, intolerance is necessary in the soldier. He must hate his enemy and seek not only to dislodge but to silence his opponent. Well, I will admit that when the soldier is in battle he must shoot to kill. But there is a new kind of soldier developing who is more valuable to man than the old. He joins the army not so much because of the magic of the colors as because of the necessity of the cause and its temporary usefulness in serving the truth behind it. Just as he will not march to war without reason, so he will stop fighting his immediate enemy when his cause is won, and will not go on to bickering and pillage. He is ready to enlist under a new banner at any moment when a new banner represents a more glorious cause than the old. His General is not a god, but a leader. His freedom of choice is always the biggest asset of his strength. Therefore he cannot be intolerant. He is strong, hard, efficient, relentless, but never pompous or slavish. How much time the world has lost eliminating armies of strong men whose fatal fault was excessive, unreasoning loyalty!

That, after all, solves the riddle of my second paragraph. And if the soldier must subordinate his cause to his truth, how much more so the General and the King! The General has very little time to hate his enemy. He must know their strength, study their methods, adopt the best of their ideas, spy out the country, plan a campaign. He orders slaughter not for revenge or hatred, but for success. Therefore it is of supreme importance that his success be worth while.

And the King, the man who selects the cause and fires men to battle. The nearer he comes to an assertion of infallibility the surer is the final defeat of his cause. If he will allow no room for change and growth, change and growth will sweep him aside. We need big men who will not enlist under colors, but are always pushing back the horizon of truth. Distrust the leader who has found the final answer to the riddle. Some day shall we not have a Messiah who shall begin by saying: "Do not found in my name any church, cult, or school. If a man question my message, listen to him closely and learn what truth he has. Always seek the new, the more perfect. Always grow out from the fixed. So shall you begin a race of Kings greater than I."

Correspondence

Miss Columbia: An Old-Fashioned Girl

That the United States of America is young is a truism which needs no stating, and unfortunately its youth is hopelessly fettered in the strings of tradition.

Ferrero says that aesthetic taste in America shows itself in bathrooms; and certainly in plumbing we do seem to have a taste above that of the rest of the world. In other things America fears originality and change far more even than England does. Miss Columbia is a bright girl, sitting in a schoolroom, with well-worn editions of the English classics on the book-shelves. Miss Columbia writes verses and stories following the most approved models; she succeeds rather well, but, after all, they are only school essays. It seems impossible for Americans to have the courage to admit that Life is as they see it. Hence the shallow and frivolous optimism which hangs like an obscuring fog over practically all our writing. It would be a convention were it not that we think we believe it; it would be a conviction only that we never look at it close enough to test it. The vogue, a year or two ago, of Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler's *Scum o' the Earth* is a case in point. It deals with the problem of immigration, not as it is, but as it might be if it were. The poem is imitative as art, and false as life, but it flatters an existing condition, and paints a sore to represent healthy flesh; wherefore America hails it with content. Americans are afraid of Life, in the Victorian manner. A Catholic said to me, some time ago: "Sex is dirty." This sacrilege is a thoroughly Victorian sentiment, but sex alone does not come under the ban; pain, squalor, and, above all, the fact that virtue and effort frequently go unrewarded, are facts to which, in America, one must shut one's eyes. Miss Columbia is very young, and her gold must be minted before she recognizes it; in the matrix it looks insignificant to her inexperienced eyes.

Style is not manner, but personality. And the fact that our poets and story writers keep to the old forms and expressions proves (does it not?) that they have no inward urging which makes them find old molds too cramping.

In a play of George Cohan's, *Broadway Jones*, you have the best of middle-class America — its good points and its limitations. Perhaps this is even better brought out in his other play, *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*. "Crude," you say; "childish!" Quite true, but entirely and absolutely America. For the United States is governed by the Great God: *Mediocrity!* The middle-class, or, as we call him, "the man in the street," rules. Neither the gaunt simplicities of the lower class (although we talk a great deal about the lower class), nor the simplicities of the educated and intellectually alert, can leaven the lump of self-satisfied commonplaceness. Not only don't we know, but we don't want to know. An American writer, who had lived in Europe long enough to forget the peculiar American temper, was sufficiently ingenuous as to propose to the editor of one of our best-known magazines a series of three articles on six contemporary French poets. They were refused, because his clientèle did not care to read

of things of which they knew nothing. "They will know less than I," said the editor, "and I have only heard of two of these names."

We are a little better off as regards our musical taste, because music is a universal language, and we can hear music in the "original," so to say. In music, again, out output is more in accordance with the spirit of the whole world.

This does not mean that there are not good writers in America. There are. But most of them write "*dans le goût d'avant-hier*." I am only telling you that Miss Columbia is in her artistic 'teens, and is as unimaginatively conventional as is the human animal at the same age. And, again like the human animal, she was not so childish when she was a baby. Paul Revere, riding across the Middlesex Fells to rouse the minute men, was like any adult man on a job which he shrewdly suspects will change the fate of nations. Poe and Whitman were not exactly childish. But were Poe writing today, he would be told that his subjects were "unimportant" and that he "lacked social consciousness." For we in America are suffering from a pathological outlook on the world. Our activities function along the line of preventive medicine for communities. The richness and variety of personality is lost sight of in the lump. We forget that admirable truth set forth in the poem beginning "Little drops of water."

And then, too, poor America is so many different kinds of persons and places. What we are going to be lies on the lap of the Gods. But it seems quite clear that, whatever it is, it will not be Anglo-Saxon.

Go to any vaudeville theatre and you will see Americans "turkey-trotting" to an intricately syncopated music we have dubbed "rag-time." No European can dance it with just that zip and swing. It is a purely American thing. Stop a minute! Do you realize that this is America's first original contribution to the arts! Low or high, that is not the point; it is America's own product, and for that reason I regret to see the tango superseding it, although the tango is a better dance. I am told by those who know, that dancing is the first art practised by primitive peoples. I believe that in our "turkey-trotting" and "rag-time" we have the earliest artistic gropings of a new race. Our musicians scorn "rag-time," and it takes the clear eye of a Frenchman to see its interest. Debussy has seen it in his *Minstrels.*

AMY LOWELL.

Poetry to the Uttermost

We are afraid. We are all horribly afraid. The seal of poetic propriety is laid upon our lips, the burden of tradition bows us down. Crouched and abject beneath the dominance of the slave-driver, gap-toothed Custom, we set our shoulders to the toil — the useless toil — of dragging through the mile-years of simoom-whipped sand the impassive statue of Mediocrity.

What, if the vulture scream above us, can we dare to tell the meaning of its

cry? Sharp will descend the whip of circumstance to warn that otherwhere the nightingales are singing under a full-orbed moon and we must sing of them.

Does an all-reckless slave defy his Maker with a thunderbolt of blasphemy, forged in the furnace of his agony? Straight comes the penalty decreeing silence and neglect unless we chant apocalyptic anodynes.

If the challenge of the blood outbeats the clanging of the bonds and in the glowing dusk man and woman cling to each other until the uttermost is won, shall this be told in paean and in song? Not unless social usage has been satisfied and it be ascertained that desire has given place to design, that love has been exchanged for lucre, and that marriage has been substituted for mating; then are we bidden cull from the common-casket of permitted phrases the veil, the orange-flower wreath, and all the weary paraphernalia of convention, and write an epithalamium to the plaudits of the admiring throng.

Rituals began in poetry. And since all rituals today have lost most of their ancient power, serving to soothe and charm instead of to stir and challenge, we look to the poetry of today to lay the web whereon the rituals of the future shall be spun. Let not that web possess one strand of mediocrity. Platitudinizing is no pattern for the future. If we are fain to cry aloud, let our throats crack thereat; if we would hurl defiance, let us not fear to charge after our javelins and find our freedom in the breach ourselves have made.

Every true poet has the uttermost within, if he or she will but give it voice. Oh, poets of every craft, give of the uttermost! Better a single cry like *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, like *Bianca*, like *When I am dead and sister to the dust*—to touch on a few moderns only—than a lumber-loft of pretty and tuneful voicings of the themes that please but do not satisfy. There are those of us who read whose blood runs hot and red as well as yours. Dare, O you poets of every craft! Rise to the cry! Your hearts are high and full of gallantry, the world is waiting to be led by you to heights before unscaled. Shake cowardice away and dare!

Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

Reflections of a Dilettante

All art is symbolical. A mere presentation of things as they are seen by our physical eye is photography, not art. Yet there exists a Symbolistic school in contradistinction to other currents such as Realism, Impressionism, Neo-Romanticism, etc. Is not this a misnomer? Can we say, for instance, that Beaudélaire's *Fleurs du Mal* were symbols, while Goethe gave us but realistic reproductions of actual life? Should we exclude Whitman from the Symbolists for the reason that his poems are less fantastic, nearer to life than those of Poe? What about Vereshchagin: was not his brush symbolistic because he adhered to realistic methods? Obviously, an artist presents not objects

but ideas, and the symbolisticity of a certain work of art is rather a question of method and degree.

Perhaps we should differentiate artists according to their relationship with and attitude towards the public. The realist — and under this elastic term we may understand likewise the romanticist and the impressionist — is definite in his interpretation of life, is outspoken and clear in conveying his conceptions; he drags us unto his point of view, makes us see through his eyes and take for granted his impressions. He says to us: "Thus I see the world. Thus life and nature are reflected in my mind. This is precisely what I mean; please do not misinterpret me." We are bound to obey; the artist — provided he is a real artist — forces upon us his eyeglasses, and we follow his directions.

The purely Symbolistic artist, on the other hand, grants freedom to the public. Vague tones, dim outlines, abstract figures, imperceptible moods, misty reflections, make his art unyielding to a definite interpretation. All he imposes upon us is an atmosphere, into which we are invited to come and co-create. Here is a canvas, here are colors, here are moods; go ahead and make out of them what you like. We are thus left to our own guidance; we are enabled to put our ego into the artist's work, we are free to find in it whatever reflections we choose and to form our own conceptions. If we succeed in solving the problem, if we make the symbol live in our imagination, we experience the bliss of creation; should we fail in our task, should the symbol remain meaningless to us, we conclude that the given atmosphere is alien to our mind. Music of all arts is the most symbolical. True, Wagner and Strauss have endeavored to impose upon the listener *leit-motifs*, to dictate the public an interpretation of specific tones, but they have failed in their attempts to introduce a sort of a "key" to music; we remain autonomous in "explaining" *Siegfried* and *Don Quixote*.

Which of the methods is preferable? I should resent any narrow decision on this point. A crystalline September day or a purple-crimson sunset, how can we choose? We delight in both, but in one case we admire the visible beauty, while in the other we make one step forward and complement the seen splendor with strokes of our creative imagination. Perhaps my non-partisanship is due to my dilettantism; as it is, I approach a book or a picture with one scale: is it a work of art? If it is, then any method is justifiable, no matter how differently it may appeal to the individual taste.

Yet — and there is no inconsistency in my statement — I do discriminate in art productions in so far as my personal affections are concerned. Great as my delight is in the arts of Tolstoi and Zola, of Rubens and Corot, of Brahms and Massenet, of Pavlova and Karsavina, my mind is more akin to the mystic utterances of Maeterlinck and Brusov, to the hazy landscapes of Whistler and to the unreal women of Bakst, to the narcotic music of Debussy and Rachmaninov, to the wavy rhythm of Duncan and St. Denis. It is with them, with the latter, that I erect fantastic castles of my own designs and find expression of my moods and whims. I may not understand all of the Cubists and Futurists, but I owe them many new thoughts and emotions which I had not realized before having seen the new art. Schoenberg's pieces still irritate my conventional ear, but I allow him credit for discovering new possibilities in the region of sound interpretation. We, plain mortals, who are doomed to contemplate art without hav-

ing the gift to contribute to it, we are envious of genius and crave for freedom in co-creating with the artist. Hence my love for Bergson who appeals to the creative instinct of man: for him I abandoned Nietzsche, my former idol: it is so much more pleasant and feasible to be a creative being than to strive to become a perfect super-being.

ALEXANDER S. KAUN.

The Immortality of the Soul

Bergson argues that there is a spiritual entity behind all science and that it is impossible for scientists to go beyond a certain point in developing a knowledge of whence we came. Clara E. Laughlin, in writing a review of *The Truth about Woman*, by Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan, accuses the writer of possessing a short-sighted, astigmatic vision of "whereuntoness." She winds up her discussion with the sob of an ultra religionist by accusing Mrs. Gallichan of having left out a most important point in her discussion — that of the immortality of the soul. To quote Miss Laughlin exactly:

> But if, as most of us believe, we are more than just links in the human chain; if we have a relation to eternity as well as to history and to posterity, there are splendid interpretations of our struggles that Mrs. Gallichan does not apprehend. If souls are immortal, life is more than the perpetration of species, or even than the improvement of the race; it is the place allotted to us for the development of that imperishable part which we are to carry hence, and through eternity. And any effort of ours which helps other souls to realize the best that life can give, to seek the best that immortality can perpetuate, may splendidly justify our existence.

Very fortunately for the future of her book, Mrs. Gallichan ignores the religionist except to say of religion, "I am certain that in us the religious impulse and the sex impulse are one."

Mrs. Gallichan's book is a scientific discussion of woman yesterday and today, without any attempt at sentimentalism. Her analysis is perfect and decidedly constructive. She goes back to prehistoric times and discusses in scientific phraseology how woman has progressed through the ages, and describes the part she has taken in establishing civilizations. Nowhere does she forget that she is writing for posterity and indulge in the petty foibles that are sometimes so noticeable in the work of women who write on feminism.

LEE A. STONE.

[The question of whether whatever it is that is meant by the word *soul* is immortal — immortal in the sense that it will live forever in a realm of the spirit or the blessed — is answered affirmatively by those who hold to the orthodox faith, is not worth discussing by a rational man who is informed, and is discussed by avowed or implied atheists with a fanatical seriousness that destroys whatever force their main contention may have. The legitimate domain of argument is limited; truth that is verifiable by men here and now is its only content. As regards what uncritical people call "immortality" serious argumentation is absolutely impossible. Faith, quotations, and personal desires are not arguments. Mrs. Gallichan's book *is* in parts scientific, and is therefore of importance to thousands of people whose religion is an achievement of courageous thinking and living. To many excellent persons their professed belief in what they term "immortality" is a kind of merciful necessity. They crave and even invent assurances of it. To such persons there is no argument against it. To persons who produce the "negative" arguments there is no argument for it. And there you are! — W. C. D.]

Book Discussion

Dostoevsky—Pessimist?

The Possessed, by Fyodor Dostoevsky.
[The Macmillan Company, New York.]

Shatov was an incorrigible idealist, with a keen satirical ability to destroy his own ideals. He had made a god out of Verhovensky, the leading figure in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed.* Verhovensky was, he imagined, a god of selfish courage and supreme unconcern, the sort of man whom everybody followed involuntarily. Shatov knew that his hero had irreparably injured three women, one of them half-witted and defenseless. That did not bother the idealist at all; it was "in character." But when Verhovensky lied about it to avoid condemnation, Shatov hit him a savage blow on the cheek and brooded for weeks over the disappointment. The disappointment was deepened by the fact that Verhovensky did not kill him for the blow.

There is something characteristically Russian about that. It goes far to explain Russian pessimism, and give the key to this very book. Your Russian wants above all things to be logical. He will fasten upon an idea and enshrine it in his holy of holies. He will relentlessly follow the dictates of his idea though it lead him to insanity. There is greatness in his attitude, also absurdity. Witness Tolstoy. And when he recognizes his own absurdity he becomes gloomy and savage; there is no escape from the vanity of the world, the spirit, and himself.

I can imagine the mood of Dostoevsky when this book germinated in his mind. He saw this trait in the people about him, he felt it in himself. The intellectuals, each with his little theory, were steadily working towards — nothing at all. The government with its elaborate systems for economic improvement and individual repression, the revolutionary with his scheming insincerity and chaotic program, were equally futile. The women with their pathetic loves, the frivolous with their mad pursuit of amusement, the great and the small, the sycophant and the rebel, were all bitter failures. Suddenly it occurred to him — they are all mad in an insane world, each in his way, one no more than another. I will vent my disgust with these vermin in a book; I will show what they really are. Like the madman who carefully traces out his meaningless labyrinth, I will with the most painstaking psychology unravel their minds, and in so doing I will find my release and my fiendish joy. The only thing lacking in this madhouse is complete self-consciousness. That I will furnish. — And so Dostoevsky logically and nobly followed his idea to its insane conclusion.

The fascinating result cannot be described in a paragraph. It is done, of course, with consummate ability. Beginning the book is like walking into a village of unknown people. They are real enough outwardly; you don't know their nature or direction. Little by little you learn about them, and begin to take sides. Long habit makes you pick favorites. This man will be noble and successful; perhaps he is the hero. Suddenly you begin to suspect that some-

thing is wrong. All things are not working together for one end, as in well-regulated novels. Your favorites become jumbled up with the others. The author doesn't give you a chance, because he never shows you a cross-section of a mind. He merely tells what the people do and say. You must draw your own conclusions as in ordinary life. When you get used to this, you see an occasional subtlety, a flash of sardonic laughter. Some of the people are not quite right in their minds. And at length the truth dawns; the sane people are even crazier than the others! This impression comes by sheer force of magic; how the author creates it is inexplicable. But once you have it, the fascination of following an idea obsesses you. And at the end it is impossible to find any meaning or direction in the world.

Of course, no such obsession can find a firm footing in the American temperament. After a while it seems Russian and incredible. If you can't answer Dostoevsky logically, you will abandon logic. But he has stirred you up, and certain important conclusions rise to the surface.

One is that it would be impossible to be such a pessimist unless one looked for a good deal in the world, and looked for it rather sharply. Idealism and courage began this course of thought. Isn't a big share of our optimism shallow? Shouldn't we go a little deeper into things before being so sure they are right? Another is that no living individual is worth very much, after all. Our only salvation is in creating a nobler race. And for that any sacrifice of present individuals is supremely worth while.

It is as if some inspired member of a negro tribe in central Africa had suddenly awakened to the fact that his voodoo-worshipping friends were not acting rationally. From their status the burden of his chant might be horrible for its devilish revelations. But in our eyes he would be a seer and a prophet. Why should he have considered the feelings of the miserable savages? There is something more important than that!

George Soule.

The Salvation of the World à la Wells

Social Forces in England and America, by H. G. Wells.
[Harper and Brothers, New York.]

Like many philosophers, Mr. Wells is concerned mainly with the need of a new human race. All profound reformers want that. The method of achieving this desirable result is, however, the rock of turning. It probably isn't necessary to say that our present reformer is not one of those blind apostles of effortless immediacy. Such transmution was respectable when Botany Bay was a popular seaside resort for radical poets and philosophers. They of today realize something of the immensity of the developmental process. Their hopes are often so remote that they seem almost despair, but still time is trusted with a reliance on science for the urge toward human perfectibility. Of such the leader is H. G. Wells.

Clearly the conviction that civilization

needs a new race is well founded. All ideals, all ideas, civilization, culture are and have always been the products of a pitiful minority. The tendency at present is toward making the desire of the majority supreme. The majority do not cleave toward ideals— not even toward establishing their own glory. Rousseau imagined that millions loved righteousness; Jefferson made such beliefs the basis of the country's documents of incorporation. The idealists were manifestly mistaken. Men have never been drawn toward the ideals they have professed. Truth, justice, equality have never been valued when sex, property, or power were opposed. The virtues came in the early days from "Thus saith the Lord," and they come today, if they come at all, from "Thus saith a Strong Man."

Mr. Wells guesses that there are fifty thousand reading and thinking persons in England — keepers of the citadel. The fifty thousand are practically England. Perhaps his estimate is too low. John Brisben Walker says that in the United States the number of persons able to think independently about political and social matters has increased from a few score to about two hundred and fifty thousand within thirty years. The fact is, albeit, that the world has been fashioned always by this very small minority. Furthermore the present creation is not one in which there is reason for great pride.

The essay on the Great State is especially fine in this connection. Wells's idea of the Normal Social Life and of the constant divergence of a minority is altogether clarifying for the watcher from any vantage, but it is in his discussion of the labor unrest that the reader in Colorado discovers the prophecies he most needs. For illustration this:

> The worker in a former generation took himself for granted; it is a new phase when the toilers begin to ask, not one man here and there, but in masses, in battalions, in trades: "Why, then, are we toilers, and for what is it that we toil?"

The ruling minority in Colorado has been confronted with this question during the coal strike. So far no response has been given save the impromptu utterances of a hideous rage and fright at the thought of awakening workers.

Wells answers his own questions. He replies as Colorado will sometime if Colorado is to persist. It is in this tone:

> The supply of good-tempered, cheap labor — upon which the fabric of our contemporary ease and comfort is erected — is giving out. The spread of information and the means of presentation in every class and the increase of luxury and self-indulgence in the prosperous classes are the chief cause of that. In the place of the old convenient labor comes a new sort of labor, reluctant, resentful, critical, and suspicious. The replacement has already gone so far that I am certain that attempts to baffle and coerce the workers back to their old conditions must inevitably lead to a series of increasingly destructive outbreaks, to stresses and disorder culminating in revolution. It is useless to dream of going on now for much longer upon the old lines; our civilization, if it is not to enter upon a phase of conflict and decay, must begin to adapt itself to the new conditions, of which the first and foremost is that the wage earning laboring class, consenting to a distinctive treatment and accepting life at a disadvantage, is going to disappear.

That is the truth which men hate most to hear. It is the doctrine which "Mother" Jones preaches and for which she has been imprisoned regardless of laws and constitutions.

But this reasonableness of Wells appeals as little to the left wing of the socialists as it does to conservatives. The I. W. W.'s have no patience with the detailed delays suggested and Wells is as irritated with the losses in civiliza-

tion to which a violent revolution is likely to lead. He sets forth his feeling in a discussion of the American population, a curious phrase, necessary on account of his distaste for the word people. In speaking of the possibility of a national revolutionary movement as an arrest for the aristocratic tendency now so pronounced he says:

> The area of the country is too great and the means of communication between the workers in different parts inadequate for a concerted rising or even for effective political action in mass. In the worst event — and it is only in the worst event that a great insurrectionary movement becomes probable — the newspapers, magazines, telephones, and telegraphs, all the apparatus of discussion and popular appeal, the railways, arsenals, guns, flying machines, and all the materials of warfare, will be in the hands of the property owners, and the average of betrayal among the leaders of a class, not racially homogeneous, embittered, suspicious, united only by their discomforts and not by any constructive intentions, will necessarily be high.

It is true almost. There are always enough of the Gracchi family present to supply the minimum number of weapons essential. To the truth of this the revolutionary movement in Mexico is a witness and Colorado itself could tell tales.

Social Forces, a too collegiate title, sums up satisfactorily Wells's important opinions. The book isn't really a whole: some of the essays are journalistic and some are old. It lacks nearly everywhere the fierceness of *The Passionate Friends.* In this book Wells is in his dinner coat, comfortable and well fed. He is respectable — horrible admission — but he is still prophetic.

In a sense, too, *Social Forces* is a warehouse. There one may find stored the rough materials which on occasion are hammered into the poignancies of *Marriage* or *Tono-Bungay.* As a vista into a masterhand's workshop the book has its intense psychological interest, but most of all it is text for salvation of the world.

William L. Chenery.

A Novelist's Review of a Novel

Vandover and the Brute, by Frank Norris.
[Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.]

> "I told them the truth. They liked it or they didn't like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth; I knew it for the truth then, and I know it for the truth now."
> — Frank Norris.

It would seem inevitable that had Frank Norris lived he would have rewritten *Vandover and the Brute.* In the book, as it was rescued from the packing box that had been through the San Francisco fire and sent to the publisher, there is much that would have been discarded by the later Norris. Perhaps he would have thrown it all away and written a new story with the same theme. He was a big man and he had the courage of bigness. He could throw fairly good work into the waste-paper basket. The decay of man in modern society, the slow growth in him of the brute that goes upon all fours — what a big, terrible theme! What a book the later Norris would have made of it!

In the introduction by Charles G. Norris quotation is made from the Frank Norris essay, *The True Reward of the*

Novelist, in which this sentence stands out: "To make money is not the province of the novelist." Also it is suggested that the book was written under the influence of Zola, and there is more than a hint of Zola's formula that everything in life is material for literature in the way the job is done.

As it stands, *Vandover* wants cutting — cutting and something else. With that said and understood, we are glad that the book has been rescued and that it can stand upon our book shelves. American letters cannot know and understand too much of the spirit of Frank Norris, and just at this time when there is much talk of the new note and some little sincere effort toward a return to truth and honesty in the craft of writting, it is good to have this visit from the boy Norris. He was a brave lad, an American writing man who lived, worked, and died without once putting his foot upon the pasteboard road that leads to easy money. "The easy money is not for us," he said and had the manhood to write and live with that warning in his mind. He had craftlove. With a few more writers working in his spirit we should hear less of the new note. Norris was the new note. He was of the undying brotherhood.

When Frank Norris wrote *Vandover* he was not the great artist he became, but he was the great man; and that's why this book of his is worth publishing and reading. The greater writer would have possessed a faculty the boy who wrote this book had not acquired — the faculty of selection. He would have been less intent upon telling truly unimportant details and by elimination would have gained dramatic strength.

Read *Vandover* therefore not as an example of the work of Norris the artist but as the work of a true man. It will inspire you. Its very rawness will show you the artist in the making. It will make you understand why Frank Norris with Mark Twain will perhaps, among all American writers, reach the goal of immortality.

The Immigrant's Pursuit of Happiness

They Who Knock at Our Gates, by Mary Antin.
[Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.]

Shaking the Declaration of Independence in the face of all those opposed to immigration in any form Mary Antin makes an impassioned appeal for practically unrestricted immigration. Her motive is no doubt praiseworthy, her enthusiasm and eloquence are admirable. She contrasts the nature of our present-day immigrants with those who landed in the Mayflower. The self-satisfied middle class attitude peeps through the question: "Is immigration good for us?"

And of course it is good. The immigrants do more than three-quarters of our bituminous coal mining. They make seven-tenths of our steel. They do four-fifths of our woolen, nine-tenths of our cotton-mill work, nearly all our clothing, nearly all our sugar, eighty-five per cent of all labor in the stock-yards. You cannot but come to the same conclusions as Mary Antin: "Open

wide our gates and set him on his way to happiness."

On his way to happiness? One thinks of Lawrence, Massachusetts, where immigrants are not exactly happy; or Paterson, New Jersey; or an incident of this kind from Marysville, California, related by Inez Haynes Gillmore in *Harper's Weekly* for April 4: "An English lad, the possessor of a beautiful tenor voice, song leader of the hop pickers, was walking along carrying a bucket of water. A deputy sheriff shot him down." One thinks of the Michigan copper mines. Alexander Irvine told us something about peonage in the South in his "Magyar." The New York East Side with its 364,367* dark rooms and its †"lung block with nearly four thousand people, some four hundred of whom are babies. In the past nine years alone this block has reported two hundred and sixty-five cases of tuberculosis." In Pittsburgh alone, according to *The Literary Digest* of January 16, 1909, five hundred laborers are killed and an unknown number injured every year in the steel industry. According to Dr. Peter Roberts about eighty per cent of those suffering from rickets in Chicago are Italians, Greeks, and Syrians. This disease is almost unknown in the southern countries. The following is taken from an article by Henry A. Atkinson in *Harper's Weekly:*

> The policy of the companies has been to exclude the more intelligent, capable English-speaking laborers by importing large numbers from southern Europe: Greeks, Slavonians, Bulgarians, Magyars, Montenegrins, Albanians, Turks as well as representatives from all of the Balkan states. The Labor Bureau charges the large corporations of the state with hiring these men — "because they can be handled and abused with impunity." . . . Louis Tikas is dead. His body riddled with fifty-one shots from rapid fire guns, lay uncared for twenty-four hours at Ludlow where he had been for seven months the respected chief of his Greek countrymen. He was shot while attempting to lead the women and children to a place of safety. At least six women and fifteen little children died with him.

"Open wide our gates and set him on his way to happiness" says Mary Antin.

Sixty thousand illiterate women were admitted in 1911 to this country. The president of The Woman's National Industrial League says in this connection to the House Committee: "Syndicates exist in New York and Boston for the purpose of supplying fresh young girls from immigrants arriving in this country for houses of ill fame. Immigrants arriving in New York furnish twenty thousand victims annually." Mr. Jacob Riis said very recently: "Scarce a Greek comes here, man or boy, who is not under contract. A hundred dollars a year is the price, so it is said by those who know, though the padrone's cunning has put the legal proof beyond their reach."

But these are statistics, and Mary Antin is horrified by statistics except when she can prove that "the average immigrant family of the new period is represented by an ascending curve. The descending curves are furnished by degenerate families of what was once prime American stock." The "happiness" that those who knock at our gates run into once they land in our mines, factories, sweatshops, department stores, etc., might be traced further. The real question is this: Is immigration good for the immigrant? In view of the above facts there is but one answer so far as the illiterate and physically weak are

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* Fifth Report of Tenement House Department, 1909. Page 102.

† Ernest Poole:—*A Handbook on the Prevention of Tuberculosis.*

concerned. Twisting of facts out of a desire to reach certain conclusions will only harm the immigrant and the inhabitants of this country.

Mary Antin would have been Mary Antin in Russia, Turkey, or Aphganistan. The weak and the illiterate are the ones who keep this question in the foreground. Probably the only exception is the Russian Jew. He has no country of his own and the New York East Side is a comparative improvement over the Czar's empire.

William Saphier.

The Unique James Family

Notes of a Son and Brother, by Henry James.
[Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.]

Whatever the deprecators of Henry James's later manner may have to say about the difficulties of his involved style there are some situations, some plots, for which it is most happily suited. Was so haunting a ghost story ever written as that truly horrible one which involved two children — the name of which has unfortunately escaped me, for I should like to recommend it for nocturnal perusal. And in *The Golden Bowl* the gradual way you are led to perceive the wrong relationship between two of the characters, which, had it been offered bluntly, with no five degrees of approach and insinuation, would have lost half its mystery of guilt. As he himself says, in the *Notes of a Son and Brother,* "I like ambiguities, and detest great glares."

Unfortunately, the style that is fitting to a slow unfolding of a psychological situation does not lend itself well to biography. The direct way is the only possible way there, if the reader is to keep an unflagging interest, and the direct way is simply not possible for Henry James. And one asks nothing more than to be told simply of the student days at Switzerland and Germany, and the life afterward at Newport, just as the Civil War was beginning or best of all throughout the story of a united family — the four boys, little sister, father, mother, and aunt, quite unlike, I imagine, any other family in the world. The quality of the genius of the brothers seems to have sprung from the association with a father as unlike as possible to the American father of today. He did not influence them, we are told, by any power of verbal persuasion to his own ideas. It was quite simply himself, his personality and character, the way he lived life, that took hold upon his sons' imagination. Of course that is the only way anyone ever is influenced, but I think most parents do try the verbal persuasion as well. Henry James says of his father:

> I am not sure, indeed, that the kind of personal history most appealing to my father would not have been some kind that should fairly proceed by mistakes, mistakes more human, more associational, less angular, less hard for others, that is less exemplary for them (since righteousness, as mostly understood, was in our parents' view, I think, the cruellest thing in the world) than straight and smug and declared felicities. The qualification here, I allow, would be his scant measure of the dif-

ference, after all, for the life of the soul, between the marked achievement and the marked shortcoming. He had a manner of his own of appreciating failure or of not, at least, piously rejoicing in displayed moral, intellectual, or even material economies, which, had it not been that his humanity, his generosity, and, for the most part, his gaiety were always, at the worst, consistent, might sometimes have left us with our small saving, our little exhibitions and complacencies, rather on our hands.

Speaking of the "detached" feeling they had after returning from Europe to settle in Newport, he says:

I remember well how, when we were all young together, we had, under pressure of the American ideal in that matter, then so rigid, felt it tasteless and even humiliating that the head of our little family was *not* in business. . . . Such had never been the case with the father of any boy of our acquaintance; the business in which the boy's father gloriously *was* stood forth inveterately as the very first note of our comrade's impressiveness. *We* had no note of that sort to produce, and I perfectly recover the effect of my own repeated appeal to our parent for some presentable account of him that would prove us respectable. Business alone was respectable — if one meant by it, that is, the calling of a lawyer, a doctor, or a minister (we never spoke of clergymen) as well; I think if we had had the Pope among us we should have supposed the Pope in business, just as I remember my friend Simpson's telling me crushingly, at one of our New York schools, on my hanging back with the fatal truth about our credentials, that the author of *his* being was in the business of stevedore. That struck me as a great card to play — the word was fine and mysterious; so that "What shall we tell them you *are,* don't you see?" could but become on our lips at home a more constant appeal.

Very interesting are the occasional letters telling of Emerson and Carlyle. Especially so to me are the side lights on Carlyle, as chiming in somehow with the series of impressions I seem gradually to have accumulated about him as time goes on. Perhaps it really isn't fair, as a large amount of those impressions I feel sure I owe to Froude, but I can't help wondering what our times, with modern surgery and therapeutics, would have accomplished with Carlyle's indigestion, and what resultant difference there would assuredly have been in his philosophy. To quote from a letter of the elder Henry James:

I took our friend M—— to see him [Carlyle], and he came away greatly distressed and *désillusionné,* Carlyle having taken the utmost pains to deny and descry and deride the idea of his having done the least good to anybody, and to profess, indeed, the utmost contempt for everybody who thought he had, and poor M—— being intent on giving him a plenary assurance of this fact in his own case.

And again in a letter to Emerson:

Carlyle nowadays is a palpable nuisance. If he holds to his present mouthing ways to the end he will find no showman là-bas to match him. . . . Carlyle's intellectual pride is so stupid that one can hardly imagine anything able to cope with it.

An earlier letter has this delicious bit about Hawthorne:

Hawthorne isn't to me a prepossessing figure, nor apparently at all an *enjoying* person. . . . But in spite of his rusticity I felt a sympathy for him fairly amounting to anguish, and couldn't take my eyes off him all dinner, nor my rapt attention. . . . It was heavenly to see him persist in ignoring the spectral smiles — in eating his dinner and doing nothing but that, and then go home to his Concord den to fall upon his knees and ask his heavenly Father why it was that an owl couldn't remain an owl and not be forced into the diversions of a canary!

And in the postcript of the same

What a world, what a world! But once we get rid of Slavery the new heavens and the new earth will swim into reality.

Which shows how much in earnest the Abolitionists really were — it was a tenet of faith with them. Sad and strange

and illuminating to us of a later generation, who are now struggling for other abolitions of slavery, and still hoping for a new world.

I wish I could quote from the delightful letters of William James, but they must be read entire, with the author's comments, to place them correctly. Pending a biography of the man, these letters will be to many readers the most interesting feature of the book. One of the most magnificent things about the book, however, — if I may use a large word for a large concept — is the spirit running through it of filial and fraternal love, never expressed in so many words, but apparent throughout, which makes, as I said before, the James family unique in the history of American letters.

De Morgan's Latest

When Ghost Meets Ghost, by William De Morgan.
[Henry Holt and Company, New York.]

Whatever else I may say about De Morgan's new book, I absolutely refuse to tell the number of its pages. Every other criticism begins or ends with this uninteresting fact, and usually adds that it makes no difference how long it is, since the writer's charm pervades it all. But it does make a difference, and it is too trite to say we are so hurried and nervous and given over to frivolity nowadays that we are unable to read Dickens and Thackeray and Scott and De Morgan. There is a great deal more to read, and a great deal more to do and to think about, than ever there was in Thackeray's day. And if we are going to spend our time reading countless pages (I very nearly told how many, after all!) we want to be sure it is more worth while than anything else we can be doing, or thinking, or reading.

However, one can't say very well that he greatly admires a stork, or would if he had a short beak and short legs. De Morgan's style is his own, and he will tell the story his own way, though we all have a quarrel with him for leaving the most interesting bits to a short "Pendrift" at the end. Did Given's lover contemplate taking his East Indian poison when the newspapers announced that she was to marry an Austrian noble? Think of cutting that episode off in a few words, while an entire chapter is devoted to a "shortage of mud" for little Dave and Dolly, who were making a dyke in the street! But then, De Morgan doesn't know how to stop when he begins to talk of children. How he loves them, and all other helpless creatures! He can't speak even of kittens without a touch of tenderness:

> Mrs. Lapping explained that she was using it (the basket) to convey a kitten, born in her establishment, to Miss Druitt at thirty-four opposite, who had expressed anxiety to possess it. It was this kitten's expression of impatience with its position that had excited Mrs. Riley's curiosity. "Why don't ye carry the little sowl across in your hands, me dyurr?" she said, not unreasonably, for it was only a

stone's throw. Mrs. Topping added that this was no common kitten, but one of preternatural activities and possessed of diabolical, tentacular powers of entanglement. ''I would not undertake,'' said she, ''to get it across the road, ma'am, only catching hold. Nor if I got it safe across, to onhook it, without tearing.'' Mrs. Riley was obliged to admit the wisdom of the Janus basket. She knew how difficult it is to be even with a kitten.''

It is bits like this that make Mr. De Morgan's story so long, and it is bits like this that reconcile us to its length. I believe most readers won't care greatly whether the two poor old sisters who have been separated so many years ever do meet again. There is no feeling of climax when they do — merely relief that the thing has finally been put across. It was beginning to look as if it never would happen; and though the reader himself, as I say, doesn't greatly care, he can see that De Morgan does; he has apparently been doing his best to bring it about, but the cantankerous ones just wouldn't let him.

On the other hand, who can help loving Given o' the Towers — all sweetness, beauty, and light? Only — isn't she really more of a twentieth-century heroine than a Victorian young lady, with her crisp decisiveness and air of being most ably able to look out for herself? Truly Victorian, however, are our " slow couple " — Miss Dickenson and Mr. Pellew. Miss Dickenson is thirty-six, and, by all Victorian standards, quite out of the running. De Morgan is extremely apologetic for allowing her to have a romance at this belated hour — her charms faded and gone. But we are betting quite heavily on Miss Dickenson's chances for happiness with the Hon. Mr. Pellew. The two were " good gossips," and would always have topics of interest in common.

The Pendrift at the end — quite the most fascinating part of the book — tells us of the daughter of this union Cicely, by this time sixteen years old.

" You know," says the girl, Cis, — who is new and naturally knows things, and can tell her parents, — " you know there is never the slightest reason for apprehension as long as there is no delusion. Even then we have to discriminate carefully between fixed and permanent delusions and —— "

" Shut up, Mouse! " says her father. " What's that striking? " . . .

The young lady says, " Well, I got it all out of a book."

One good reason for reading De Morgan is the fact that he is older than the majority of his readers. We read so much, we hear so much acclaimed that is written by children of twenty, whose experience of life must necessarily be got, like Cicely's, " out of a book." The saying of De Maupassant surely applies here — that the writer must sit down before an object until he has seen it in the way that he alone can see it. De Morgan has had the opportunity of seeing life, surely, and knowing what most of it amounts to. The result is a large tolerance and tenderness toward his fellow men.

M. H. P.

The Economics of Social Insurance

Social Insurance: With Special Reference to American Conditions, by I. M. Rubinow. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.]

The logic of events is rapidly forcing nation after nation into what has hitherto been damned with the epithet paternalism. America, perhaps, is the last important country in the world to face the problems raised by the march of events in this direction. Social insurance, a thing accomplished and a commonplace of government functioning in so many countries, recently adopted in England, is, in this country, still a novelty outside the university class room and the lecture halls of fanatical demagogues who wish to upset the foundations of our civil government and civilization — as the elder politicians express it when their attention is drawn to these sinister activities of thought.

The author of this book in fact was the first academic lecturer on the subject to give a university course in the various forms which social insurance has taken. These lectures he delivered before the New York School of Philanthropy, and they are reprinted here in an extended form.

After giving the philosophy of the matter, the underlying social necessity for insurance, the author takes up the various forms of the activity. Accident, disease, old age, and unemployment must all be provided against, and the state, the employer, and the laborer may share the burden among them, or the two latter may be relieved — as in various types of non-contributory insurance.

Of course the old school economist will ask why the latter two are not relieved, and why the employe or private citizen is not just encouraged to insure with a private corporation. The author's answer is that, even if he were educated to the point of desiring to do that, he could not. A man insures his house because the feeling of security is worth the small premium he pays, even if that premium is larger than the actual risk involved would warrant — larger by a sum equal to the cost and profits of the business of the insurance company. But the poor man's chances of loss of employment, accident, or sickness are so much greater in proportion to the capitalized value of his job that he could never afford to pay the premium necessary for a private company to take care of him; while his old age could not be insured without taking all of his earnings — and even then he might die before he reached it.

The situation then is that an admitted necessity cannot be obtained unless the state as a whole takes steps to attain it for all the members of the state. How other states have done this, how type after type of insurance has been evolved, and how these types may be adapted to American practice is the burden of the present work.

The author writes in a clear and nontechnical manner, and makes no extravagant claims for what some people may regard as a social panacea; but he is confident that the full development of the idea of social insurance will relieve the worst aspects of poverty — the aspects in which poverty is not only a hardship, but a haunting spirit, sapping the vitality of its victims until they are rendered socially useless.

Llewellyn Jones.

Prose Poems of Ireland

Red Hanrahan, by William Butler Yeats. New edition.
[The Macmillan Company, New York.]

If you believe, with Chesterton, that "should the snap dragon open its little pollened mouth and sing 'twould be no more wonderful a thing" than that a solemn little blue egg should turn into a big happy red-breasted bird; if you are of "the young men that dream dreams" or of "the old men who have visions" the songs and the tales and the wanderings and the mysteries of "Red" Owen Hanrahan will thrill you with a sense of your real nearness to "something lovelier than Heaven."

Such a group of tales of the people and by the people as Mr. Yeats has gathered together in *Red Hanrahan* can be nothing if not a personal matter. Frankly, I never saw a fairy, or a gnome, or a hobgoblin. I have never even had a vision worth writing a book about; but I am young yet, and if the gods continue to be kind . . . In the meanwhile I shall grasp the first opportunity to read *Red Hanrahan* in a deep woods, at dusk — regardless of the optician's orders. **H. B. S.**

To William Butler Yeats

Marguerite O. B. Wilkinson

As one, who, wandering down a squalid street,
Where dingy buildings crowd each other high,
Where all who pass have need to hurry by,
Saddened and parched and fighting through the heat,
Comes suddenly where pain and beauty meet,
And sees a stretch of fair, unsullied sky,
Covering a field of clover bloom, so I,
With heart prepared to find the contrast sweet
In seeking through a world of sordid prose,
Where use-stained words with huddled shoulders stand
In sullen, monumental, loveless rows,
Have found a sudden green and sunny land
Where you, O Poet, give us back lost wonder,
Leisure, sweet fields, clean skies to travel under!

Sentence Reviews

[Inclusion in this category does not preclude a more extended notice.]

The Titan, by Theodore Dreiser [John Lane Company, New York], will be reviewed at length in the July issue.

Clay and Fire, by Layton Crippen. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.] A provocative philosophical discussion of the basal problem of religion by an author who treats pessimism according to the homeopathic principle. Reasonable hopes are made to seem hopeless. A morbid retrospectiveness may, however, force thought into light, and the book leaves one in a strange illumination effected by spiritual fire.

At the Sign of the Van, by Michael Monahan. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] These essays include *The Log of the Papyrus with Other Escapades in Life and Letters.* Whether he is praising Percival Pollard, explaining Whitman's cosmic consciousness — which he did to a Whitman Fellowship gathering — or wistfully telling us how he would like to have had a look in on the doings in Babylon, the amorous dallyings which Jeremiah muckraked in the name of his Comstockean Jehovah, Michael Monahan is always interesting even if he is not always as stormy as his designation ''the stormy petrel of literature'' would indicate. In truth it would take a number of birds of different species — but all pleasant ones — to make up the tale of the qualities which this versatile essayist exhibits in these pages.

Aphrodite and Other Poems, by John Helston. [The Macmillan Company, New York.] Mr. Helston does not write great poetry,— though he comes close to very good poetry at times,— but he writes greatly about love. His attitude is a refusal to divorce the spiritual from the earthly with which we have a hearty sympathy. No franker love poetry has been written, probably; but somehow we failed to find in it the sensuality that its critics have discovered. It is richly pagan.

Love of One's Neighbor, by Leonid Andreyev. [Albert and Charles Boni, New York.] A very excellent translation of a one-act play which will probably sell well, though coming from the author of *The Seven Who Were Hanged* it seems a mere trifle. The translator, Thomas Seltzer, should be urged to undertake the more worthy task of introducing Andreyev's really great work to English-speaking readers.

New Men for Old, by Howard Vincent O'Brien. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] The first novel of a new young writer, especially when he is as sincere as Mr. O'Brien and as deeply interested in the joy of Work, is a matter of importance. The book has its obvious faults technically, even psychologically, but it preaches socialism from an interesting standpoint and makes good reading.

Challenge, by Louise Untermeyer. [The Century Co., New York.] Virile and ambitious songs of the present. *Caliban in the Coal Mines, Any City, Strikers, In the Subway, The Heretic*, show that the poet is not a shrinker from modern life. The title poem sounds the keynote:

> The quiet and courageous night,
> The keen vibration of the stars
> Call me, from morbid peace, to fight
> The world's forlorn and desperate wars.

John Ward, M.D., by Charles Vale. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] Seneschal sentimentality with a ''modern'' plot woven about the questionable science of eugenics. One of those irritating books in which one reads page after page after page in the vain endeavor to find out why Mitchell Kennerly spent his money on it.

Forum Stories, selected by Charles Vail. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] All these stories have appeared in *The Forum* since it came under Mr. Kennerley's management, and they are all by American writers. They represent the work not only of such well known writers as Reginal Wright Kauffman, James Hopper, Margaret Widdemer, and John S. Reed — who has a tense little narrative of the struggle toward land of two swimmers wrecked in the Pacific Ocean — but the work of several lesser known but promising authors. Among them is Miss Florence Kiper, of Chicago, who writes under the title *I Have Borne My Lord a Son* a most penetrating study of the psychology of motherhood.

Papa, by Zoë Akins. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] A little play which shows so much determination to be clever and very, very naughty that it's almost a pity it doesn't succeed.

Saint Louis: a Civic Masque, by Percy MacKaye. [Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.] A valuable contribution to the dramatic "spirit" of awakening civic intelligence.

Great Days, by Frank Harris. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] Audacious, vivid, gripping sex experiences of the son of an immoral English innkeeper. The big rough brother of *Three Weeks.*

Poems, by Walter Conrad Amberg. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.] Poems written with a sure and gentle delicacy that seems forgotten by this generation of rude iconoclasts.

The True Adventures of a Play, by Louis Evan Shipman. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] The play is *D'Arcy of the Guards* and its author tells in full the trials and tribulations — and the eventual triumph — which met him from the moment when he offered to submit the manuscript to E. H. Sothern, and that star told him to send it along. Not only are the details of acceptances of plays, the incidental negotiations and red tape described, but the making of costume plates, the designing of the whole presentation, and the collaboration between author, producer, and actors are told with such humor and documentary fidelity to the actual transactions that the book will not only be interesting to the general reader but indispensable to the tyro playwright.

Nova Hibernia, by Michael Monahan. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] Competent, incisive studies, sketches, and lectures dealing with "Irish poets and dramatists of today and yesterday"— Yeats, Synge, Thomas Moore, Mangan, Gerald Griffin, Callahan, Doctor Maginn, Father Prout, Sheridan, and others.

The Pipes of Clovis, by Grace Duffie Boylan. [Little, Brown, and Company, Boston.] A forester's son proficient on a magic pipe; a blue and silver-gowned princess; the invasion of Swabia by the Huns away back in the twelfth century, all woven into a romance for children and grown-ups who still love the fairies.

The Post Office, by Rabindranath Tagore. [The Macmillan Company, New York.] A touching little idyll of a sick child who longs for a letter from the king through the post office which he can see across the road. And his dream comes true. Written in rhythmic prose.

Sanctuary, by Percy MacKaye. [Frederick A. Stokes, New York.] A bird masque performed in September, 1913, for the dedication of the bird sanctuary of the Meriden Bird Club at Meriden, N. H. A defense of birds and a defense of poetry. The theme is the conversion of a bird slaughterer. The verse is full of "birdblithesomeness."

Old World Memories, by Edward Lowe Temple. [The Page Company, Boston.] The story of a summer vacation in Europe as naïve, as full of human interest, disjoined history, and worthy indefinite advice as the after dinner "post card tour" of a just-returned Cook's traveler.

A Wonder-Child Violinist

Continued from page 19

deep G string melody. His mouth was the saddest little mouth I've ever seen, and somehow you could watch the music coursing through his cheek bones. His right foot kept moving gently inside his shoe, always in perfect time.

Where the Little Review Is on Sale

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Chicago: The Little Theatre. McClurg's. Morris's Book Shop. University of Chicago Press. Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. A. Kroch & Co. Radical Book Shop. Chandler's Bookstore, Evanston. W. S. Lord, Evanston.

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The Little Review

Vol. I JULY, 1914 No. 5

POEMS

CHARLES ASHLEIGH

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

(A Mystery Rime for Little Children of All Ages)

The rain comes down and veils the hills.
Ah, tender rain for aching fields!

The hills are clothed in a mist of rain.
(My heart is clothed in a mist of pain.)
Ah, mother rain, that laves the field,
If I to you my poor soul yield,
Will you not cleanse it, soothe it, tend it,
Weep upon it 'til 'tis mended?
'Twas sweet to sow, 'tis hard to reap.
Come, mother rain, and lull me to sleep.
Lull me to sleep and wash me away,
Out of the realm of Night and Day,
Back to the bourne from whence I came,
Seeming alike yet not the same. . . .

Rain, you are more than rain to me.
And Lash of Pain may be a Key.
Ope, then, the door and tread within.
The double Door of Good and Sin
Is vanquished. Lo, with bread and wine,
The table's spread! The feast is Mine!

LOVE IN THE ABYSS

Amidst the buzz of bawdy tales
And the laughter of drinking men,
I sat and laughed and shouted also.
Yet was I not content.
My seared and restless eyes, turning here and there,—
Like my tired soul,—
Seeking new joys and finding them not,—
How oft swept you unseeing.

Until, suddenly,—
And now I know not how I could have missed it,—
My eyes saw into yours,
And plumbed the deep wells of newly born desire.

Ah, dear my heart, what things your eyes did speak!
Not God's own music of creation's dawn,
Revealed to mystic in a holy trance,
Could pleasure me more sweetly.

So dear were your lips—
Your lips so kind and regal red.
My memory of your lips I cherish
As a great possession . . .

Ah, flying joy,
Caught on the wings of Time . . .
Tender oasis,
Ingemmed in a wilderness of grey!

Kisses, kisses,—
Kisses upon your red lips in the black night . . .

When, alone in the long, quiet street,
By the door of the tavern,
Shielded from sight of those within,
The soft rain falling on our heads like a mother's blessing,—
We bartered the clinging kisses of new desire.

And, as I held you to me,
The whole universe
Became informed of God,
And lay within my arms.

JEALOUSY

You are possessed by another.
How I hate him!

Hear the rational people say: "Jealousy is a primitive thing. A thing of the emotions; not of reason."
Fools! You do not know scarlet desire, full-flooded!

Ah, my dearest, Graal of my heart's longing,
Your stolen kiss is fresh upon my neck.
My lips are full of my secret kiss upon your neck.

You are with another, whom I hate; whom I like well for himself, but hate because he possesses you . . .

Your possessor is old and ugly;
He can not love you as I can.
I can pour out for you the scented treasures of my young love.

Dear night of hope, when you gave me the whispered promise to come to me . . .

Stealthy was I and cunning.
Friendly and attentive was I to your old lover (if lover he may be called, who is almost incapable of love).
And, all the time, I was scheming for you.
When the old man was away for an instant—
Oh, golden moment,—
I poured my whispered passion into your ears.
When he looked away, or, for a moment, was distracted, with swift undertones I declared myself to you.
How dear was your welcoming glance and your quickly toned assent!

You had a face so proud.
So quiet and poised among the throng.
Yet, for once, you gave me your eyes and, in so doing, gave me your priceless body and warm, comradely soul.
Ah, flash of answering love that transformed your face!
As a jewel of my memory's treasure-casket may it be preserved.

When the drinking-place was closed, we walked along the dark street.
Do you remember?
We were four, luckily, and the old man was kept busy in conversation, half drunken as he was.

And we, with our secret between us, walked behind.
Our hands were tight clasped in the folds of our dress.
Tight clasped with the clinging hand caress; you and I trying to put into our hands all the longing that was in us.
All the time we were apprehensive of a sudden turning of the old man or the other . . .

Then, the whispered troth, and the meeting-place appointed.

And, then, later, boldly, so openly and audaciously it brought no suspicion,
Under seeming of wine-induced jollity, we kissed.
And they laughed; it seemed a trivial jest to them.
But to us it was a sacrament.

But, best of all, my beloved, was the hurried clasping and kissing when we were alone in the dark.
Promise of joy to come.
Foretaste of the coming ecstasy.

And then we had to part.
I and my unaware friend.
You and the old man.

As I walked home that night,
How I hated him!

How I looked up at the pale-golden moon high-hung in the purple sky, and sang in my heart your praise and cursed in my heart your possessor . . .

But we will out-wit him.

Young I am and young are you and the Law of Life bids us mate.
And a whole world standing between us would be melted and destroyed by the fire of our youth's desire.

THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE OF GLORIOUS ME

I swim with the tide of life towards the new;
  I reach out hungered arms to flowing change.—
I smash the awesome totems of my kind;
  My smarting vision bursts its cramping range.

A thousand voices yell within my soul;
  A thousand hymns are chanting in my heart.—
  I blast the mist of worlds and years apart;
I sense the blending glory of the whole.

The sap of flowers and trees, it mounts in me.
  I feel the child within me cry and turn;
  The crimson thoughts within me writhe and burn.—
I stand, with craving arms high-flung, before the rimless sea.

And every whirling, passionate star sings melodies to Me;
  And every bud and every leaf has sought my private ear;
And to the quickening soul of Me has told its mystery,
    As I sit in state in the heart of the world,
    As I proudly hug the core of the world,
    As I make me a boat of the whole, wide world . . .

    And then for new worlds steer.

THE RENAISSANCE OF PARENTHOOD

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

THERE seems to be a kind of renaissance of motherhood in the air. Ellen Key has just done a book with that title which has come to us too late to be reviewed adequately in this issue; Mrs. Gasquoine Hartley has written *The Age of Mother Power* which will be brought out in the fall; and in Shaw's new volume of plays (*Misalliance, Fanny's First Play* and *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*) there is a preface of over a hundred pages devoted to a discussion of parents and children which says some of the most refreshing and important things about that relationship I have ever read.

The home, as such, is rapidly losing its old functions—perhaps it is more accurate to say that it is changing its standards of functioning, and that the present distress merely heralds in a wonderful new conception of family potentiality. But a generalization of this sort can be disputed by any family egotist, so let's get down to particulars. It's all right for the enlightened of the older generation to preach violently that the family is a humbug, as Shaw does; that the child should have all the rights of any other human being, and that there is nothing so futile or so stupid as to try to "control" your children. It's not only all right; it's glorious! But what I'm more interested in, still being of the age that must classify as "daughter," is this:—what are "the children" themselves doing about it? Have their rebellions been anything more than complaints; have they made any real stand for liberty; have they proved themselves worthy of the Shavian championship?

Well—I got hold recently of a human document which answered these questions quite in the affirmative. It was a rather startling thing because, while it offered nothing new on the theory side of the matter, it showed the theory in thoughtful action—which, for all the talk on the subject, is still rare. It was a letter of some twenty pages written by a girl to her mother at the time of a domestic climax when all the bonds of family affection, family idealism and obligation were tending to smother the human truth of the situation, as the girl put it. She was in her early twenties; she had a sister two or three years younger, and both of them had reached at least a sort of economic independence. She had come to the conclusion, after a good many years of rebellion,

that the whole fabric of their family life was wrong; and since it was impossible to talk the thing out sensibly—because, as in all families where the children grow up without being given the necessary revaluations, real talk is no more possible than it is between uncongenial strangers—she had decided to discuss it in a letter. That medium does away with the patronage of the parents' refusal to listen seriously:—that "Oh, come now, what do you know about these things?" If the child has anything interesting to say, if he puts any of his rebellion into his writing, the chances are that the parent will read the letter through; and the result is that he'll know more about his child than he has learned in all the years they've been trying to talk with each other and not succeeding. I'm enthusiastic about this kind of family correspondence; it's good training in expression and it clears the air—jolts the "heads" of the family into realizing that the thinking and planning are not all on one side. I once did it myself to my father—put ten pages of closely-written argument on his office desk (so that he'd open it with the same impersonality given to a business communication), in which I explained why I wanted to go away from home and learn to *work*, and why I thought such a course was an intelligent one. The letter accomplished what no amount of talking would have done, because in our talk we rarely got beyond the "Oh, now, you're just a little excited, it will look different in the morning" stage. Father said it was rather a shock to him because he didn't know I had ever figured things out to that extent; but we always understood each other better after that.

However—not to get lost in personalities—this is the letter the girl showed me and which she allows me to quote from partially:

> If we are to continue living together in any sort of happiness and growth the entire basis of our present life will have to be changed. We can do it if we're brave enough to do what people usually do only in books:—face the fact squarely that our family life is and has been a failure, and set about to remedy it. It will mean an entire change of home conditions, and these are the terms of the new arrangement:
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> When I said to you the other day that things would have to go *my* way now, you were horrified at the conceit of it. To get to facts, there's no conceit in it—because my way is simply the practise of not imposing one's will upon other people. I made the remark merely as a common sense suggestion, and made it out of a seriousness that is desperate. I say "desperate" because I mean that literally: the situation isn't a question of a mere temporary adjustment—just some sort of superficial arrangement so that we can get on pleasantly for a while before the next outbreak comes. The plans Betty and I have discussed have been made in the interest of our whole future lives:—

whether we're going to submit (either by surrender or compromise or by just drifting along and not doing anything) to an existence of bickering, nagging, hours spent in the discussion of non-essentials, hideous lack of harmony—the whole stupid programme we've watched working for years and achieving nothing but unhappiness, folly, and a terrible "human waste." You ask us to continue in your way; but from at least three points of view that way has been a failure. I ask you to adopt my way—which has not yet failed. That's why I say it's not conceit, but common sense.

My way is simply this: that we three can live together and work in peace and harmony if this awful bugbear of Authority is dropped out of the scheme. Each of us must go her own way; we're all different, and there's no reason why one should impose her authority on the lives of the others. You say that you should because you're our mother. But that's the thing I want to discuss.

Motherhood isn't infallibility. If a woman is a wise woman she's a wise mother; if she's a foolish woman she's a foolish mother. Because you're our mother doesn't mean that you must always be right; before being a mother you're a human being, and any human being is likely to be wrong. To get down to brutal facts, we think you are *not* right about the whole thing. We've thought so for years, but now it's come to the time when our thinking must be put into action. We're no longer children; but even as mere infants we thought these things—without having the right to express them. What I'm trying to do now is to express them not as a daughter, but quite impersonally as a human being, as a mere friend, a sister, or anyone who might come to you stating that she believed with all her soul that you were wrong, and also stating, just as impersonally, that she wouldn't think of modeling her line of conduct after that pattern which appeared to her so wrong. We *must* face the facts; if you do that squarely it doesn't seem so bad, and you stop flinching about it. You get to the point where you're not afraid to face them boldly, and then you begin to *construct*. And this is the only way to clear up the kind of rottenness and decay that flourishes in our family life.

It's in the interest of this achievement that I say the thing a girl isn't supposed to say to her mother—namely, that Betty and I will not any longer subscribe to the things you expect us to. The fact to face just as quickly as possible is this: it's the starting point. When you realize that we feel it's a question of doing this or laying a foundation for lives that are just *half* lives—hideous perverted things which miss all the beauty that you can put into the short life given you—I think you'll see how serious we are. We're at least two intelligent human beings, if we're nothing else. And why should you ask or expect that we'll submit to a system which to us means stupidity, misery, pettiness—all those things which we've seen working out for years and which, being at least intelligent, we want to keep away from?

That much settled, we can continue to live together in just one way—as three sisters or friends; the motherhood, in so far as it means authority or an attempt to mould us to *your* way, must be eliminated. A complete new family idealism can be built on such a basis. You will say that it's an abnormal basis for any mother to accept. Of course it is; but the situation is abnormal, and the orthodox remedies aren't applicable.

The reason I say the situation is abnormal is this: usually when a mother objects to her daughters' behavior it is on some definite basis of opposing the things they *do*—like going to too many parties or falling in love with the wrong man. You have very little fault to find with the things we do. Your objections are on a basis of what we *are*—or, rather, of what we *are not:* that we are not orthodox, that we are not hypocrites, that we are not the kind of

daughters the Victorians approved of. "Hypocrites" will sound paradoxical; but you have confessed that you would rather have us lie to you than to disagree with you; that you would rather have us be sentimental about "the way a girl should treat her mother" than to learn how we ought to treat ourselves. You call that being "respectful" and think that harmony is possible only under such conditions. We call it being "insulting," and think that it's the one sure way of destroying any chance of harmony. If we respect you it must be because we think you worthy of the truth: anything else is degrading to both sides.

You'll say you can't be satisfied to live with us and not give advice and all the other things that are part of a mother's duty. You may give all the advice you want to; the keynote of the new situation will be that we'll take the advice if we believe it's right; if not we'll ignore it, just as a man ignores his friend's advice when he feels it to be wrong. Of course the wise person doesn't give much advice; he simply lives his life the best way he knows how. That's the only bid he can make for emulation. If we tell you that we don't approve of the creed you have made you mustn't be surprised if we try to formulate one of our own. There's no reason for us to ask you to change just because we're your daughters. You must do as you believe. But you must grant us the same privilege.

We disagree about fundamentals. If our beliefs were merely the vague, unformed ideas of children you might try to change them. But it's too late now. So we can live together harmoniously only if we give up the foolish attempts at "influencing."

We're not living three generations ago. We've had Shaw since then, and parents and children aren't doing the insulting things to each other they used to do. Among intelligent people some of the old issues can never raise their heads again. And so, it's for you to decide:—whether we shall build on the new foundation together or separately.

It might be a play; it's certainly rather good for reality. And what happened? The mother refused to "accept the terms"—which is not surprising, perhaps; and the household broke up into two establishments with results that will disappoint the conservative who thinks those girls should have been soundly beaten. The first wrench of it, the girl said, reminded her of George's parting with Marion in *Tono-Bungay:* —that sense of belonging to each other immensely, that "profound persuasion of irreparable error" in the midst of what seemed profoundly right. "Nothing is simple," Wells wrote in that connection; "every wrong done has a certain justice in it, and every good deed has dregs of evil." But the girl and her mother have learned to be friends as a result of that break, and the latter will tell you now that it was the right thing to have done.

The preface to *Misalliance* has such a wealth of quotable things in it that the only way to get them appreciated is to quote. Shaw has said much of this before, but it is all so valuable that it ought to be shouted from the housetops:

The people against whom children are wholly unprotected are those who devote themselves to the very mischievous and cruel sort of abortion which is called bringing up a child in the way it should go. Now nobody knows the way a child should go.

What is a child? An experiment. A fresh attempt to produce the just man made perfect: that is, to make humanity divine. And you will vitiate the experiment if you make the slightest attempt to abort it into some fancy figure of your own: for example, your notion of a good man or a womanly woman. If you treat it as a little wild beast to be tamed, or as a pet to be played with, or even as a means to save you trouble and to make money for you (and these are our commonest ways), it may fight its way through in spite of you and save its soul alive; for all its instincts will resist you, and possibly be strengthened in the resistance; but if you begin with its own holiest aspirations, and suborn them for your own purposes, then there is hardly any limit to the mischief you may do.

Francis Place tells us that his father always struck his children when he found one within his reach. . . . Francis records the habit with bitterness, having reason to thank his stars that his father respected the inside of his head whilst cuffing the outside of it; and this made it easy for Francis to do yeoman's service to his country as that rare and admirable thing, a Freethinker: the only sort of thinker, I may remark, whose thoughts, and consequently whose religious convictions, command any respect.

Now Mr. Place, senior, would be described by many as a bad father; and I do not contend that he was a conspicuously good one. But as compared with the conventionally good father who deliberately imposes himself on his son as god; who takes advantage of childish credulity and parent worship to persuade his son that what he approves of is right and what he disapproves of is wrong; who imposes a corresponding conduct on the child by a system of prohibitions and penalties, rewards and eulogies, for which he claims divine sanction; compared to this sort of abortionist and monster maker, I say, Place appears almost as a Providence.

A gentleman once wrote to me and said, with an obvious conviction that he was being most reasonable and high minded, that the only thing he beat his children for was failure in perfect obedience and perfect truthfulness. On these attributes, he said, he must insist. As one of them is not a virtue at all, and the other is the attribute of a god, one can imagine what the lives of this gentleman's children would have been if it had been possible for him to live down to his monstrous and foolish pretentions.

The cruelty (of beating a child) must be whitewashed by a moral excuse, and a pretense of reluctance. It must be for the child's good. The assailant must say "This hurts me more than it hurts you." There must be hypocrisy as well as cruelty.

The most excusable parents are those who try to correct their own faults in their offspring. The parent who says to his child: "I am one of the successes of the Almighty: therefore imitate me in every particular or I will have the skin off your back" (a quite common attitude) is a much more absurd figure than the man who, with a pipe in his mouth, thrashes his boy for smoking.

If you must hold yourself up to your children as an object lesson (which is not at all necessary), hold yourself up as a warning and not as an example. But you had much better let the child's character alone. If you once allow yourself to regard a child as so much material for you to manufacture into any shape that happens to suit your fancy you are defeating the experiment of the

Life Force. You are assuming that the child does not know its own business, and that you do. In this you are sure to be wrong. The child feels the drive of the Life Force (often called the Will of God) ; and you cannot feel it for him.

Most children can be, and many are, hopelessly warped and wasted by parents who are ignorant and silly enough to suppose that they know what a human being ought to be, and who stick at nothing in their determination to force their children into their moulds.

Experienced parents, when children's rights are preached to them, very naturally ask whether children are to be allowed to do what they like. The best reply is to ask whether adults are to be allowed to do what they like. The two cases are the same. The adult who is nasty is not allowed to do what he likes: neither can the child who likes to be nasty. There is no difference in principle between the rights of a child and those of an adult: the difference in their cases is one of circumstance.

Most working folk today either send their children to day schools or turn them out of doors. This solves the problem for the parents. It does not solve it for the children, any more than the tethering of a goat in the field or the chasing of an unlicensed dog in the streets solves it for the goat or the dog; but it shows that in no class are people willing to endure the society of their children, and consequently it is an error to believe that the family provides children with edifying adult society, or that the family is a social unit.

The family is in that, as in so many other respects, a humbug. Old people and young people cannot walk at the same pace without distress and final loss of health to one of the parties. . . . And since our system is nevertheless to pack them all into the same house and pretend that they are happy, and that this particular sort of happiness is the foundation of virtue, it is found that in discussing family life we never speak of actual adults or actual children, or of realities of any sort, but always of ideals such as The Home, a Mother's Influence, a Father's Care, Filial Piety, Duty, Affection, Family Life, etc., etc., which are no doubt very comforting phrases, but which beg the question of what a home and a mother's influence and a father's care and so forth really come to. . . . Women who cannot bear to be separated from their pet dogs send their children to boarding school cheerfully. They may say and even believe that in allowing their children to leave home they are sacrificing themselves for their children's good. . . . But to allege that children are better continually away from home is to give up the whole popular sentimental theory of the family. . . .

If you compel an adult and a child to live in one another's company either the adult or the child will be miserable. There is nothing whatever unnatural or wrong or shocking in this fact, and there is no harm in it if only it be sensibly faced and provided for. The mischief that it does at present is produced by our efforts to ignore it, or to smother it under a heap of sentimental and false pretences.

The child's rights, being clearly those of any other human being, are summed up in the right to live. . . . And the rights of society over it clearly extend to requiring it to qualify itself to live in society without wasting other people's time. . . .

We must reconcile education with liberty. We must find out some means of making men workers and, if need be, warriors, without making them slaves.

In dealing with children what is needed is not logic but sense.

A child should begin to assert itself early, and shift for itself more and more not only in washing and dressing itself, but in opinions and conduct. . . . And what is a tyrant? Quite simply a person who says to another person, young or old, "You shall do as I tell you."

Children are extremely cruel without intending it; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the reason is that they do not conceive their elders as having any human feeling. Serve the elders right, perhaps, for posing as superhuman! The penalty of the imposter is not that he is found out (he very seldom is) but that he is taken for what he pretends to be and treated as such.

The family ideal is a humbug and a nuisance: one might as reasonably talk of the barrack ideal, or the forecastle ideal, or any other substitution of the machinery of social for the end of it, which must always be the fullest and most capable life: in short, the most Godly life.

Even apart from its insufferable pretensions, the family needs hearty discrediting; for there is hardly any vulnerable part of it that could not be amputated with advantage.

Do not for a moment suppose that uncultivated people are merely indifferent to high and noble qualities. They hate them malignantly. . . .

Whether the risks to which liberty exposes us are moral or physical our right to liberty involves the right to run them. A man who is not free to risk his neck as an aviator or his soul as a heretic is not free at all; and the right to liberty begins, not at the age of 21 years, but of 21 seconds.

You may have as much fun at Shaw's expense as you want on the grounds that he has never had to train a child and therefore doesn't know the difficulties. But if you want to laugh last don't read this preface or the play that follows it, because he will make a laughing-stock or a convert of you as surely as he will prove that he is far clev-erer than you can ever hope to be.

Shaw and Ellen Key preach practically the same doctrine about the home; both are temperamentally incapable of Charlotte Perkins Gilman's programme—education outside the home: Shaw because the school is as big a humbug as the family, and Miss Key because "even if institutions can thus rough-plane the material that is to become a member of society, nevertheless they cannot—if they take in the major part of the child's education—accomplish that which is needed first of all if we are to lift ourselves to a higher spiritual plane in an economically just society: they cannot deepen the emotional life." Her insistence is strongly upon the education of the feelings as the most important factor in the soul-life. In her vision of the renaissance of motherhood she begins with Nietzsche's dictum that "a time will come when men will think of nothing except education." Not that any one can be educated *to* motherliness; but that our sentimentalization of motherhood as the ever holy, ever infallible power, must be aban-

doned, and a quality of intelligent mother-power cultivated by definite courses of training which she lays out in detail.

In view of the number of homes I know of that come legitimately under the Shaw denunciation I feel sometimes that any socialization of home life is more hopeful than an attempt to remodel the hopeless conditions inside the home. Regard the parents you know—the great mass of them outside the exceptions that encourage you to believe spasmodically in the beauty and noble need of parenthood. If they are not cruel or stupid or ignorant or smug or righteous or tyrannical or dishonest or unimaginative or weak or quiet ineffectual, they are something else just as bad. It has come to the point where a good parent is as hard to find as an honest man.

Very seriously, however, there is hope in the situation—there is renaissance in the air. And it has its foundation in the sensible and healthy (though so far only tacit) admission that it doesn't matter so much what your child becomes as that he shall *become something!* You can't do much with him, anyhow, and you may as well face it. You can give him, during his first few years, the kind of foundation you think will help him; and for the rest of the time you can do only one thing that he will really need from you: you can develop your own personality as richly as you want him to develop his. You can refuse to worry about him—since that does neither of you any good—and thereby save stores of energy that he may draw upon for *your mutual benefit.* It becomes a sort of game for two, instead of the uninteresting kind in which one player is given all the advantages. Compared with it the old-fashioned game in which the mother sacrificed everything, suffered everything, wore herself out trying to help her child win, looks not only very unfair and very unnecessary, but very *wasteful.* And have you ever noticed how the man who sentimentalizes about the wonderful mothers we used to have—his own in particular—is the one whose life is lived at the opposite pole of the mother's wise direction?

If you disagree with all this, there is still one other method by which you may produce a child who will be a credit to himslf and to society. You may be so utterly stupid and wrong-headed that he will rebel to the point of becoming something different. If you prefer this course no one need worry much about your child, because he'll probably found a system of child education that will cause him to be famous; and if you have a daughter, she'll probably become a Montessori.

The new home is a recognition that the child is not the only factor in society that needs educating. It assumes that no one's education is finished just because he's been made a parent. It means that we can all go on being educated together. It means the elimination of all kinds of domestic follies—for one, the ghastly embarrassment of growing up to discover that you're different from the rest of your family, and for that reason something of a criminal. It means the kind of understanding that develops a child's feeling instead of suppressing it, so that he won't be ashamed, for instance, of having such glorious things as dreams and visions. It means artistic education: and Shaw says that we all grow up stupid or mad to just the extent to which we have not been artistically educated.

THE SWAN

Under the lily shadow
and the gold
and the blue and mauve
that the whin and the lilac
pour down on the water,
the fishes quiver.

Over the green cold leaves
and the rippled silver
and the tarnished copper
of its neck and beak,
toward the deep black water
beneath the arches,
the swan floats slowly.

Into the dark of the arch the swan floats
and into the black depth of my sorrow
it bears a white rose of flame.

F. S. Flint.

"DES IMAGISTES"

CHARLES ASHLEIGH

A NEW and well born recruit has been added to the ranks of the Insurgents. It is true he appeared before we did, but we welcome him before he welcomes us, and thus are things evened. THE LITTLE REVIEW, *The Masses, Poetry, The International*—all bearers of the sacred fire,—and now cometh *The Glebe*, heralding his approach with the chanting of many-colored strains. And, among the good things which *The Glebe* has put forth, is a book of portent: *Des Imagistes.*

The Imagistes form one of the latest schools, and it is meet that, before we read their work, we get some idea of their doctrine. Therefore I transcribe here some statements of representative Imagiste poets, which I have culled from *Poetry, The Egotist,* and other sources. Richard Aldington gives the following rules:

I. Direct treatment of subject. We convey an emotion by presenting the object and circumstance of the emotion without comment. For example, we do not say, "O how I admire that exquisite, that beautiful, that—25 more adjectives—woman." But we present that woman, we make an "Image" of her, we make the scene convey the emotion. . . .

II. As few adjectives as possible.

III. A hardness as of cut stone. No slop, no sentimentality. When people say the Imagiste poems are "too hard" . . . we know we have done something good.

IV. Individuality of rhythm. We make new fashions instead of cutting our clothes on the old models.

V. The exact word. We make quite a heavy stress on that. It is most important. All great poetry is exact. All the dreariness of nineteenth century poetry comes from their not quite knowing what they wanted to say and filling up the gaps with portentous adjectives and idiotic similes.

Here is a definition by Ezra Pound which helps us: "An Image is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time."

The book, *Des Imagistes,* is an anthology, presumably of Imagist (let us, once for all, Anglicize the French word and have done with it) poetry. Yet, one of the foremost imagists, Richard Aldington, in a critique of this book,—comparatively modest, owing to the fact that his own poems formed a sumptuous fraction of the volume,—says that five of those whose poems are there included are not true

Imagists. These are Cournos, Hueffer, Upward, Joyce, and Cannell. Mr. Aldington says he doesn't mean that these poems are not beautiful—on the contrary, he admires them immensely—but they are not, "strictly speaking," Imagist poems.

I agree that the poems of these five men are beautiful, especially the *I hear an army* of James Joyce and the *Nocturnes* of Skipwith Cannell; and I also maintain that, all unconsciously, the publishers of *The Glebe* have dealt a deadly blow to sectarian Imagism by including these non-Imagist poems in their anthology. Because, unless a school can prove that it alone has that unnameable wonder which excites us to deepest emotional turmoil, and which we call poetry, it has but little right to isolate itself or to separate its adepts from the bulk of poets. This may sound sententious, but is, nevertheless, true. Speak you in whatever mode or meter you will, if you arouse me to exultation, or to horror, or to the high pitch of any feeling,—if in me there is that responsive vibration that only true art can produce—then are you a poet.

Whitman does it to me. Poe does it to me. Baudelaire and Henley do it. To all of these there is in me a response. I'm awfully sorry, but that's how it is. I think them all poets.

The Imagists believe in the direct presentation of emotion, preferably in terms of objectivity. They abhor an excess of adjectives, and, after a satiety of the pompous Victorian stuff, I am much inclined to sympathize with that tenet of their faith.

I wish, however, to make clear my own position, which is the one that most counts when I am writing. I am an anarchist in poetry: I recognize no rules, no exclusions.

If the expression of a certain thought, vision, or what not, requires twenty adjectives, then let us have them. If it be better expressed without adjectives, then let us abjure them—temporarily.

I am myself a poet (whether performance equals desire is doubtful). My object as a poet is to express the things which are closest to me. This sounds banal, but is better than rhetoric; words exist not with which to define with superclarity the poet's function, source, and performance.

In the true expression of myself I might write Images which would be worshipped for their perfection by the Imagists. A moment after, I might gloat and wallow in the joy of my cosmic one-

ness (anathema to Imagists!) and, perhaps recall Whitman. The next minute, chronicling some shadowy episode of my variegated past, I may out-decay the decadent Baudelaire. But, this is always poetry if, by the magic of its words and the music of its arrangement, it speaks directly and beautifully to you, giving you that indescribable but unmistakeable sense of liberation and soul-expansion which comes on the contemplation of true art.

I think I have made myself clear. There is no quarrel with the Imagists, who have done some beautiful work, as such. But, if they claim monopoly of inspiration or art, as some of them appear to do, then—! Therefore, as a restricted and doctrinaire school, "a bas les Imagistes!" But, as an envigored company of the grand army of poets, "Vivent les Imagistes!"

OF RUPERT BROOKE AND OTHER MATTERS

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

Since even to poets—and poets are erroneously supposed to sing their hearts out—there remains a certain right of privacy, I am not sure that we do well in writing so much of their personalities and their individual views of life. When we read a poem, we feel a temperament behind it; but the effort to catalogue and label that mind and its "message" is a little impertinent, and very futile. Mr. Rupert Brooke is an excellent illustration. His fondness for this or that—whether in landscape, food, ideas, or morals—is hardly our concern. He deserves to be treated not as a natural-history specimen,—a peculiar group of likes and dislikes and convictions,—but as an artist.

Mr. Brooke has the distinction, rare for a young poet, of not having written any bad verse, or of not having printed it. His sole volume, *Poems* (Sidgwick and Jackson, London, 1913), manifests in even its least notable pieces a creative spirit not allowed to run riot, but chastened and restrained by a keen sense of the obscure laws whose workings turn passion into a decorative pattern, and the emotions of the blood into intelligible designs.

Unless one is deeply concerned with such things, one is not likely to recognize the fundamental difference between those poets whose work is merely a more or less interesting emotional cry, and those nobler and more mature poets in whose work the crude elements of emotion are subordinated to the exegencies of an artistic conception. Only the latter have written fine poetry. The former may move us, as a crying child may move us; but they cannot exalt us to a peak that rises above the region of mere sympathetic response. They can never bring us a wind of revelation, or a flame from beyond the world. They are never the poets to whom other poets—and these are the only final judges—turn for inspiration or for fellowship.

For after all, there is no magic in any theme or in the emotion behind it; what is magical lies wholly in the design, the mould, in which the poet embodies a feeling that is probably common to all. No thought is so profound, no intimation so subtle, that it alone suffices as the stuff of poetry. But any thought, any intimation, if it be justly correlated and moulded into an organic and expressive shape, will serve to awaken echoes of a forgotten or unknown loveliness, and pierce its way into the very soul of the listener.

This sense of design of which I speak is not a hard, formal, conscious thing in the mind of the poet; but rather a carefully trained instinct, like the instinct that guides the hand of a fine draughtsman in the drawing of a curve of unexpected beauty. There is a right place to begin the curve, and a right place to end it; and at every instant of its length it is swayed and governed by a sense of relation to preceding and succeeding moments,—a sense subject to laws that defy mathematical formulation, but are perilously definite nevertheless. This sense of control is a rare thing to find in the work of so young a man as Mr. Brooke. Most young writers seem to approach their work as an unrestrained expression of themselves,—which it should be: but they forget that, for real self-expression, the most scrupulous mastery of the medium of expression is necessary. They regard the writing of verse as something in the nature of a joy-ride with an open throttle,—instead of seeing in it a piece of difficult driving, to be achieved only by the use of every subtlety of modulated speed and controlled steering that the mind is capable of employing.

That Mr. Brooke needs no such warning, let the following fine sonnet bear witness:

SUCCESS

I think if you had loved me when I wanted;
If I'd looked up one day, and seen your eyes,
And found my wild sick blasphemous prayer granted,
And your brown face, that's full of pity and wise,
Flushed suddenly; the white godhead in new fear
Intollerably so struggling, and so shamed;
Most holy and far, if you'd come all too near,
If earth had seen Earth's lordliest wild limbs tamed,
Shaken, and trapped, and shivering, for *my* touch—
Myself should I have slain? or that foul you?
But this the strange gods, who had given so much,
To have seen and known you, this they might not do.
One last shame's spared me, one black word's unspoken;
And I'm alone; and you have not awoken.

It is significant that for his sonnets Mr. Brooke frequently chooses the Shakesperian form,—a form which, strangely, English poets have generally for at least a century discarded in favor of the Petrarchan model. The common feeling appears to be that the Petrarchan (a-b-b-a, a-b-b-a, c-d-e-c-d-e or some variation on that scheme) is musical and emotional; and that the Shakesperian (a-b-a-b, c-d-c-d, e-f-e-f, g-g) is harsh, cold, mechanical, and incapable of subtle harmonies. The exact reverse of this is the case. It is perhaps too much to ask the reader to write a sequence of a hundred sonnets in each form, as a test; but I am confident that after such an experience, he would agree with me. The Petrarchan form is capable of only one successful effect; a rising on the crest of a wave, whose summit is the end of the eighth line; and a subsidence of the wave, in the course of the last six lines. The Shakesperian form, on the other hand, is capable of a literally infinite variety of effects: no pattern is set arbitrarily in advance, but, as in blank verse, any pattern may be created. The first twelve lines—which are nothing but three quatrains—can be moulded into a contour that fits any shape or size of thought whatsoever; and the couplet at the end—a device despised by the ignorant—may be used either to clinch the purport of the preceding twelve lines, or to blend with them, or startlingly to refute them, or to serve any other end that the genius of the writer is capable of imagining. The mere novice will like this form because of its simple rhyme-scheme and its superficial ease of working; the experienced amateur will prefer the Petrarchan form because, while the more complex rhyme-scheme presents for him no difficul-

ties, the basic inadequacies of his thought-structure are fairly well concealed by the arbitrary sonnet-structure; but the master of imagination and expression is likely to follow Shakespere and the novice in preferring the true English form, wherein he can with perfect freedom create a subtly modulated movement that will answer to every sway and leap of his thought. Mr. Brooke, whose sense of form is keen, is one of those who can safely and wisely try the more interesting and more dangerous medium.

I have thought it worth while to talk a good deal of the sonnet in connection with Mr. Brooke for the reason that several of his very finest pieces are in this form. The following is one that stands a good chance of being in the anthologies a hundred years from now:

THE HILL

Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill,
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.
You said, "Through glory and ecstasy we pass;
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,
When we are old, are old . . ." "And when we die
All's over that is ours; and life burns on
Through other lovers, other lips," said I,
"Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!"

"We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!" we said;
"We shall go down with unreluctant tread
Rose-crowned into the darkness!" . . . Proud we were,
And laughed, that had such brave, true things to say.
—And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

Perhaps as magical as any of Mr. Brooke's work is a longer poem called *The Fish,*—a remarkable and original piece of fantasy that makes the sub-aqueous universe vivid and real to the senses of the reader, and opens to him a new world of imaginative experience. Even the opening lines will serve to indicate something of the curious trance-quality:

In a cool curving world he lies
And ripples with dark ecstasies.
The kind luxurious lapse and steal
Shapes all his universe to feel
And know and be; the clinging stream
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides
Superb on unreturning tides . . .

In other of these poems, one is struck by Mr. Brooke's passion for ugliness. He loves to take the most hideous and base facts of life and give them a place in his work alongside the things of beauty. It would be hard to find anything more humorous and at the same time more repulsive than this:

WAGNER

Creeps in half wanton, half asleep,
One with a fat wide hairless face.
He likes love music that is cheap;
Likes women in a crowded place;
And wants to hear the noise they're making.

His heavy eyelids droop half-over,
Great pouches swing beneath his eyes.
He listens, thinks himself the lover,
Heaves from his stomach wheezy sighs;
He likes to feel his heart's a-breaking.

The music swells. His gross legs quiver.
His little lips are bright with slime.
The music swells. The women shiver,
And all the while, in perfect time
His pendulous stomach hangs a-shaking.

Now, a passion for ugliness like this is really a revolt against ugliness,—not the tender-skinned esthete's revolt, which consists in denying ugliness and escaping into a remote dream, but the strong man's, the poet's,—the revolt that is in effect a siezing of ugliness in all its repulsiveness and giving it a reason for existence by embodying it in a chosen pattern that is beautiful. By this method the poet masters emotion, even unpleasant emotion, making it subservient to a decorative design dictated by his own sense of proportion. It is thus that he is able to endure the world of actualities, and to find it comparable in interest with the world of his own thoughts. And by this process he saves himself from the sharpest bite of evil. For there is a curious consolation in transforming a spontaneous cry into a calculated work of art. By such a process one can give, to elements that before seemed only parts of a torturing chaos, their ordered places in a known scheme. One can impose propitious form upon one's recollections, and create a little world of design-relations where the poignancy of experience is lost in the discipline of beauty. It is for this reason that the poet must be considered, in spite of everything, the happiest of men.

THE NEW LOYALTY

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

BACK to the Old Greek for a starting-point! Two seeds, of the same species, though distant in space and time, go through an identical development. Root corresponds with root, stem with stem, flower with flower, fruit with fruit. Something seems to control all this change. It is not **mere** change. It is change with a plan, a purpose, a pattern. Hence the Greek said that there must be an unchanging type, a fixed "idea," a spiritual, invisible norm, the "first" and "final" cause of all this change, to which all concrete, particular plants of the species are true. Back of the visible tangible plant must be its *Eidos,* its eternal norm, form, idea, "species." So with everything. An elaboration of this conclusion gives the real unchanging, fixed eternal world back of, underpinning, supporting this visible changing, temporal world.

Such a world-view as this was made more valuable and more imperative by the break-up of the traditional morals and religion of the Greek state. The search for the *meaning* of life was precipitated by the disintegration of social sanctions and of the guarantees of custom. This search was voiced in the questionings of Socrates. It was made serious by the menacing individualism of the sophists. The outcome was that stability, security, confidence were found in the Platonic doctrine. Back of this ephemeral world is the real world of "ideas," the unchanging and eternal, upon which we may rest our minds and hearts amid all this disappointing and desperate flux.

Passing by the Middle Ages, which, *mutatis matandis,* appropriated this scheme, we pause over the significance of the Renaissance period. Two things are uppermost in one's mind and as one thinks of the tumultuous beginnings of modern life which characterized the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. For one thing, the Renaissance was the culmination of a long period of absorption in which men had been gradually working their way back, by intellectual assimilation, towards the beginnings of the rich tradition which Church and Empire had stored up. This period of absorption was that five hundred years during which pagan hordes that had conquered Rome

were conquered by the knowledge, faith, custom, civilization of their victims. From the cultural standpoint the new nations were hungry, the larder of the old civilization was replete, and hence authority on one side and absorption on the other became natural and inevitable Thus, the philosophical preconceptions, the cosmological ground-principles, the whole general attitude toward life's problems of the whole old world were fastened upon the mind of the young European peoples. *It must not be forgotten* that all this was *aat* the *hatural* achievement of the new European life and genius, but as foreign to it, as inherited (and at first as cherished) as grandfatherly ideas are in the mind of a child. If some day the child must shake off the old conceptions because he hears the call of life to go forth and achieve his own inner world, it would be only natural to expect that this young European giant should some day struggle to cast aside his intellectual inheritance and go forth to conquer reality for himself, in his own way, with his own weapons.

Well—and this is the second matter—it was just that very thing that was happening in the early "teens" of our era. The young western world began to look at life for itself, and a curious, astonished, wild-eyed look it was. Europe had learned at its mother's knee to say: "The true world is fixed and final. Reality is static." But looking out now in wonderment, seeing farther than the ancient world had ever seen, the new world said: "Ah, no! The world is not static. The world *moves.* Things change."

Two well-known anecdotes are told of Galileo, which, if not authentic, are well invented. The one tells how, in the dome at Pisa during worship, the litany or the sermon boring him, he observed the cathedral chandelier move by the wind and, studying its vibrations, discovered a basic law of mechanics. The profound meaning of this anecdote is, obviously, that God spoke to the man more effectively through the *self-moving* pendulum than in the rigid, immobile litany from a rigid, immobile, hieratic heart; and that, if we do not understand such litany, and it bores us, we may still devoutly worship by meditating upon what we can understand.

The other narrative tells how, imprisoned, tortured inwardly by a compulsory recantation, Galileo gathered himself together and declared: *"E pu se muove"* ("it moves though"). Galileo never uttered these words; but the history of the world has uttered them for him!

Yes, it moves *itself,* this earth, and in its motion it knocks everything down that is in its way. Not the earth alone moves—all that is in the world is eternal motion!

Man moves—in space, and time, extensively and intensively. Truth moves, and, moving, demolishes thrones and altars. Morality moves, making ancient good uncouth. Faith moves, the human heart putting into it the pulse beat of its life, and there is no way to stop this self moving Faith.

Those old stories are not true to fact, but they are true to truth. Galileo *did* say: "It is my opinion that the earth is very noble and admirable by reason of so many and so different generations and alterations which are incessantly made therein." And Descartes joined him: "The nature of things physical is much more easily conceived when they are beheld coming gradually into existence, than when they are only considered as produced at once in a finished and perfect state." Thus these men—and many others—voiced the changed temper that was coming over the world,—the transfer of interest from the permanent to the changing.

Slowly the new attitude was adopted in many departments of knowledge, but the facts of biology were apparently all against its becoming a general philosophical movement. The species of plants and animals had every appearance of being fixed and final, unchangeably stamped once for all upon the sentient world by the Creator. Not only so, but the wonderful adaptation of organism to environment, of organ to organism, a marvelous and delicate complexity of teleological adjustment, seemed to testify unanswerably to the reality of fixed and final types, to a static underpinning for all this changing order.

Origin of Species! That was the bomb with which Charles Darwin destroyed the last stronghold of a static world-view. "Species" is the scholastics' translation of the Greek *Eidos,* the fixed and final type or idea which is first and final cause of the changing life of each creature. Species is a synomym and epitome of fixity and finality; it is the key-word of a static other-world reality. When Darwin said, "*Origin* of Species," he was cramming the conflict of the ancient wisdom and the modern knowledge into a bursting phrase. When he said of species what Galileo said of the earth, *e pu se muove,* he emancipated once for all genetic and experimental ideas as an *or-*

ganon of asking questions and looking for explanations. He lifted the biological gates which had kept back the flood of change from inundating the old fields of fixity.

In sum: The world of thought is slowly, painfully making a change in its fundamental attitude toward reality such as is not made oftener than once in several millennia: One general conception of reality was all-controling for 2,000 years. Then from Copurnicus to Darwin many factors in a world-subversive change were struggling for recognition. Conceptions that had reigned in the philosophy of nature and of knowledge for 2,000 years rested in the superiority of the fixed and final: they rested on treating change and origin as signs of defect and unreality. In laying hands upon the sacred ark of absolute permanency; in treating forms that had been regarded as types of fixity and perfection as originating and passing away, the "origin of species" introduced a mode of thinking that in the end was bound to transform the logic of knowledge, and hence the treatment of all our values and verities and virtues.

But heaven and earth and species are not all. Shall there be no Copernicus of the moral heavens, no Galileo of the moral earth, no Darwin of the moral life?

Hove now Friedrich Nietzsche into sight!

Loyalty has ever been the basic virtue, foundation of life and of law. Naturally, in the moral world, the objects to which loyalty shall be related will be objects that are real. But, as we have seen, in the old world, the real was the unchangeable, the immobile, the finished, the final, the absolute. To these, therefore, the old loyalty was directed and dedicated.

Comes now Friedrich Nietzsche, a man in whose name the entire moral revolution of our time has found its most pregnant expression, and declares war upon that old loyalty, and does so in the name of a new culture, a new humanity. To him this loyalty is not only an empty folloy; it is more than that—a crime against life, a weakening of human power. To him, not stationariness, but *self-changing,* is the life task of man. He feels himself akin only to him who changes. Every moment of life has an existence, a right, a content of its own. No present point of time has a right to lay claim, on its own account, to the next point. From what we now will, think, feel, no man may presume to require us to will, think, feel the same way tomorrow.

And this preaching of Nietzsche's on the duty of change as against the old duty to change never has found more ears to listen and more hearts to believe than any other preaching of our time. This new preaching is at once most influential and most dangerous. But its very dangerousness is a most wholesome and necessary part of the modern moral view of life.

Is loyalty, then, something about which there is nothing to be learned? Is there no counterfeit and caricature of loyalty? No mask behind which men hide their indolence and complacency and thoughtlessness? You meet a man whom you have not seen in long years, and you say to him: "Why, you have not changed a bit, you are precisely the same as in the old days." Have you praised him, necessarily? If he left you as a child, looking and speaking and thinking and acting like a child, ought he not to have changed? Does a fruit remain what it was as bud and blossom? Life is development—but development is a constant *self-changing.* Development is an incessant *dis*-loyalty to what is already there. And if man, just because he is man, and has a will of his own and can set himself against the law of development, should sell his life to the force of inertia—would not that be a crime against life? And yet, even such a deed men call loyalty! Men say that they want to be faithful to the heritage of the fathers. Which is often enough simply to say that they mean to store away their heritage where it will be kept from the world's light and air that would destroy it—but where, also, it can enter into no human intercourse, serve no life, fulfil no end of life. This loyalty of unchangeableness to the heritage puts the talent in a napkin, and there can be no increase. Men say that they mean to abide faithful to their faith unto death. Often enough this is only stubbornness and narrowness. It requires no art and no merit to exercise such faithfulness. All one needs to do is to close one's eyes and ears to what lies beyond the bounds of this faith, to forego the questionings and uncertainties that others must pass through,—and then to send in one's claim to the reward and gratitude due such loyalty! Today it is quite the thing at college commencements to spy out the men who are models of such loyalty and to say: "Look how firm and steadfast and rock-like they are!" But it cannot be denied that much of this illustrious loyalty is nothing but natural or voluntary incapacity to think more widely than others have taught them to think, or, for the

matter of that, permitted them to think. Back of this bragging about principles which are vainly declared to be unshakable, there is frequently nothing but an ill-natured obstinacy whose so-called principles have no other basis than the self-interest to which they are contributary. It was this loyalty to the finished,—finished cult, finished belief, finished customs and practices, finished religion and morality,—that stoned the prophets and crucified Jesus. It was this kind of loyalty that the mediaeval church imposed upon the "Faithful," imprisoning the conscience therein for time and for eternity. Bound by an oath of loyalty, the priest renounced the world; the monk and nun under monastic vows dedicated their lives to the church, their services to "heaven." And hence it marked an epoch when Luther called their loyalty a sin, and went forth into the world, the home, the vocation, the business, breaking the vows of priest and cloister. Was such disloyalty to a sacred obligation loyalty in the sixteenth century, and shall it be blasphemy in the twentieth? Is it not rather a blasphemy to preach to men a loyalty which obligates them to forego the use of their best and noblest powers, which condemns them to spiritual standstill in the eternal progressive movement of life?

Take some illustrations which will test insight and courage. There is the constitution of the United States. Shall we assume toward it the loyalty of fixedness and finality, or the loyalty of change? No man of veneration and equipoise would favor capricious or precipitate or superfluous change in so noble a document. But, for all that, the experience of life made the constitution for life's sake, and the maker is more than the made. If our national life pass—as pass it has—into new seas and under new stars, where life needs a change of the constitution, then the principle which prompted the people to frame the constitution in the first place requires them to change it to meet the new needs of our growing and changing national life. The superficial loyalty to the changeless letter must yield to the profound loyalty to the ever-changing spirit. The constitution is for the sake of the people, not the people for the sake of the constitution. They, rather than it, are sacred.

Similarly, there is the modern problem of marriage, the family, and the home. Shall ours be the old loyalty that holds the customs of the past inviolable, marriage indissoluble, the inherited patterns of home and family unchangeable—the loyalty of fixedness and finished-

ness; or shall it be the loyalty of change in all these matters to meet the changing needs and situations of our burdened and bewildered modernity? Again, no man of sanctity and sanity and stability of soul can favor any arbitrary radicalism that is subversive of time-honored institutions *for no better reason* than a fleeting fancy, or the passing of the romance of the honeymoon, or raw self-will, or an unanticipated burden or hardship. But, for all that, the marriage institution, like all others, is for the sake of man and not man for the sake of the institution. It was *life* that originated our domestic ideas and customs and conventions and codes; and if ever life, in the interest of its well-being and progress, requires changes suited to new needs and new days, then the "new loyalty" to life that ever changes must replace the old loyalty to codes that never change. Codes, too, are for the sake of life, not life for the sake of codes. No loyalty to the letter that means disloyalty to the spirit.

And there is the everlasting problem of education. Education in the past had for its subject matter symbols—reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, rhetoric, logic, and the like. The new education has for its subject matter realities—nature and history. The old education taught topics or subjects; the new education teaches boys and girls. According to the old education, knowledge precedes action; according to the new education, action precedes knowledge. In the old education things were done to the pupils; in the new education the pupils do things.

The old school teacher was a "star and dwelt apart"—that is, his aloofness and superiority were indispensable. He taught from above. The new school teacher is down among the students, a democrat of democrats. The old school teacher communicated knowledge from without; the new school teacher develops interest from within. The old education was atomistic, the new organic. The old education was a donation to the pupils, the new is an achievement by them. The old education proceeded on the assumption that man is primarily intellect; the new that he is primarily will. The old education preceded life and fitted for it; the new education is a part of life itself.

It is a great change. According to the old theory, there was perfection to start with, perfection at the top. All that we needed was to pipe it down through aqueducts so well constructed that nothing that was in could get out, nothing that was without could get in;

and thus—thus only—would the vain and empty world and life be filled with value and verity and virtue—donation on the one side, reception on the other.

But the time came when men asked: if there is perfection to start with, why start? Why paint the lily? And if there is perfection to start with, how does there come to be imperfection? How can imperfection come from perfection? Ugly questions, these! Soon the world was turned upside down.

The new theory holds that matters began very humbly and struggled and fought their way slowly upward. Ascent from below, not descent from above. No values or verities or virtues donated, all achieved. Education an evolution, not a communication.

Some business men favor the old education. Their world is one of mechanism and authority. They think that they do not need men with initiative, spontaneity, freedom. That is their prerogative, as it was of the king of old. They need the mechanical, the automatic, the impersonal in man. This fits into their world. This is what the old education stands for. The new education unfolds and matures personalities. Personalities make good masters but poor servants.

Business men as a class are perhaps our best men. But the very conditions of business economy and certainty are the impersonal, the unfree, the mechanical. So business has warped the judgment of some good men and led them astray on the most fundamental problem in the history of the race.

Were it not multiplying illustrations, the same point might be urged as to politics. Does not party loyalty often mean personal servility? As a matter of fact what is loyalty in one situation, or one age, may be simple cowardice or abjectness in another.

The upshot is that the modern man has to endure the reproach of not thinking and feeling and judging and acting as men formerly did—the reproach of perfidy toward the past, its solutions and its sanctities. In consequence, it would not be a bad idea for him to cultivate respect for the past, gratitude for its achievements, appreciation for its unfinished tasks. Still, he should learn to accept the reproach as praise,—recognition that, though problems remain the same, solutions change; though sanctity abide, the objects which are sacred change. *Evolutionism no longer recognizes any fact as sacred.*

Man is inwardly working on ever farther, ever overcoming the old and conquering ever the new—this must also be recognized.

It is said that we ought to love the old, the finished. But is love blind? Does it consist in advocating the point of view of one's friend, not because it seems true, but just because love requires it? Is loyalty of love the faculty of adaptation with which we remodel ourselves after the image of another? Is one disloyal in love if one affirm one's self against another, or if another affirm himself against one? Surely fidelity of friendship, even of marriage, ought not to be the grave of one's own being. Surely loyalty should be the life and not the death of one's self! Surely we must all see with our own eyes, hear with our own ears, judge with our own judgments, love with our own hearts, for the quite plain reason that we have no others with which we can do these things.

And so, if we take up this great subject in a large way, as Nietzsche has done, we see that we have all broken with the old loyalty, and that the consummation of this breach has been life and blessing to us. We moderns all somehow live in a disloyalty which we have committed—imputed to us as transgression, viewed by us as our strength and pride. We have all become unfaithful,—as children to our parents, as pupils to our teachers, as disciples to our masters. We felt ourselves bound to them; we loosed ourselves from them. The paths they walked we have forsaken. In the strange untrodden land whither our vagrant feet have wandered, we "came to ourselves" in declaring disobedience to the laws of tradition, in breaking loyalty to the rules of the schools. It is precisely on this account that once again we have won spiritual life, a living art and science, a living religion and morality. We have snapped the fetters fastened upon us in the name of the old loyalty, and all that is great and fruitful and constructive in the life of the modern spirit is a monument of the disloyalty which its creators have built thereto. Nothing is gained any longer by our screening ourselves behind this word loyalty, and making believe that we shall not be found out! We owe it to ourselves and we owe it to the world to confess frankly that we have done with the old loyalty to the unchangeable and the finished, for that is to be loyal to an unreality, *since there is no such thing.* Even God, if he be the living God, cannot be the same yesterday, today, and forever. But we owe it even more to ourselves and to the world to strive for a clear position in reference to this question which is so

profoundly agitating our entire moral world today. We may not abandon the field to those who would demolish the temple of the old goddess simply that they may celebrate upon its ruins the orgies of their caprice and inconstancy and characterlessness. If ever there was a doctrine whose right is easily turned into a wrong, whose truth into an error, whose blessing into a curse, it is this Nietzschean doctrine of the right and the duty of ceaseless change, of self-dependence, by which we are redeemed from slavery to the past. If the old loyalty —loyalty to the past—no longer holds men, wherewith shall they be held? Shall they be like the weathervane blown hither and thither by every wind of doctrine, or like the rudderless ship driven aimless and planless over the high seas by the midnight hurricane? Better a thousand times be tethered to the old loyalty than to be doomed to such a life of levity and poiselessness and flightiness.

But the new loyalty which we seek, without which we go forward into no future, should it not be more stable and enduring and **loyal** than the old? If a moment releases itself from what to it is past, and validates its right as a self-dependent life to its predecessor, a birth has transpired in man, and birth means pain. Without such pain, man has changed his situation, but not himself. A new color has come upon the motly manifoldness of his life—*he* has remained the same. Trees do not have their roots in the air. Weaklings cannot make the real change—it needs a strength that they do not have. The strength to change really—only he has this who bears the new loyalty in his own bosom; loyalty not to his opinion, not to his learning and heritage, but loyalty to his *growth,* to the great eternal goal of life, to the great sacred task which he has yet to fulfil in life.

Loyal to ourself? Would that it might be so! But the self that we would at first be loyal to is not **our** self at all. It is foreign wares, loaded upon us,—first even in the nursery, slyly slipped subsequently upon our shoulders,—foreign words, foreign worths! Loyalty to what satiates, not the better loyalty to our hunger! We begin to live only when we live in our hunger; our hunger is we ourselves. It is a good satiety only if a new hunger comes from it. Loyalty to our self—this is to keep **our** life alive in us—a young glad life, that never grows old, because the old is ever transmuted into a new. This loyalty to ourself,—it is to expel from every truth its error, from every boun-

(*Continued on page 66*)

THE MILLINER

SADE IVERSON

All the day long I have been sitting in my shop
Sewing straw on hat-shapes according to the fashion,
Putting lace and ribbon on according to the fashion,
Setting out the faces of customers according to fashion.
Whatever they asked for I tried to give them;
Over their worldly faces I put mimic flowers
From out my silk and velvet garden; I bade Spring come
To those who had seen Autumn; I coaxed faded eyes
To look bright and hard brows to soften.

Not once, while they were looking in the glass,
Did I peep over their shoulders to see myself.
It would have been quite unavailing for me,
Who have grown grey in service of other women,
To have used myself as any sort of a model.
Had I looked in the mirror I should have seen
Only a bleached face, long housed from sunshine,
A mouth quick with forced smiles, eyes greyly stagnant,
And over all, like a night fog creeping,
Something chill and obscuring and dead—
The miasmatic mist of the soul of the lonely.

When night comes and the buyers are gone their ways,
I go into the little room behind my shop.
It is my home—my silent and lonely home;
But it has fire, it has food; there is a bed;
Pictures are on the walls, showing the faces
I kissed in girlhood. I am myself here;
All my forced smiles are laid away with the moline
And the ribbon and roses. I may do as I please.
If I beat with my fists on the table, no one hears;
If I lie in my bed, staring, staring,
No one can know; I shall not suffer the pity
Of those who, passing, see my light edge the grey curtain.

One night, long ago, merely for madness
I stripped myself like a dancing girl;
I draped myself with rose-hued silks
And set a crimson feather in my hair.
There were twists of gold lace about my arms
And a girdle of gold about my waist.
I danced before the mirror till I dropped!
(Outside I could hear the rain falling
And the wind crept in beneath my door
Along my worn carpet.)

I folded my finery
And prayed as if kneeling beside my mother.
Whether there was listening I cannot say.
There was praying! There was praying!
Never again shall I dance before the mirror
Bedizened like a dancing girl—never, my mother!

I have a low voice and quiet movements,
And early and late I study to please.
As long as I live I shall be adorning other women,
I shall be decking them for their lovers
And sending them upon women's adventures.
But none of them shall see behind this curtain
Where I have my little home, where I weep
When I please, and beat upon the table with my fists.

"NUR WER DIE SEHNSUCHT KENNT"

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

IN one of Chicago's big department stores of the cheaper type you may—provided you're something of a poet—walk straight into the heart of a musical adventure. It is that amazing, resentful, and very satisfying adventure of discovering genius at work, under the by no means unique condition of being unrecognized.

You go to one of the upper floors where the big lunch-room is. You find a table near a platform in the center, on which sit four musicians—a pianist, a 'cellist, a clarinet*ist* (if there is such a thing), and a second violinist. You expect the usual clamor. . . .

Suddenly you notice a fifth figure who has been sitting quietly in the background. She comes forward with a violin in her hand, and stands ready to play. There is something still about her—that quality of stillness which is invariably the first thing you notice in any dynamic. She seems not scornful of her surroundings, but quite indifferent to them; not arrogant, but sure of power; not timid, and yet incredibly soft and shy and serious. She is plainly foreign; she is German, looks French, and plays like a Viennese. Or, to be exact, she merges the German "heaviness" with the Viennese gay-sadness, and the result is a sensuousness that is both deep and clear, with the haunting wail that distinguishes all the music which comes from Vienna. She looks almost like a little girl; but you would notice her any place because of that stillness and the haunting appeal that always attaches to a certain type of eyes and mouth—the kind which seem to say: "I will make music for you; I will take you to a new world. I will do it because I can dream intensely."

She begins to play, and you understand why you watched her. The depth of it startles you at first—it is so big, so moving, so almost uncanny coming from such a small person, whose hands seem scarcely large enough to hold a violin. It is playing of the Mischa Elman type, without his emotional extravagances and with something that is more soul-shaking. If I were an Imagist I could find the right word; but this music eludes me. It is sure and simple. It grips

you till you don't know whether you are listening to music or to the urge of some hidden inner self. It is a divine thing.

In the midst of it the waitresses rush back and forth, the patrons eat their food with interest, only pausing to applaud when some tawdry vaudevillian sings a particularly vulgar song. The dishes clang, some one upsets a tray with a great crash, and at intervals there is a tango outrage by a couple who know nothing about dancing. Underneath it all the violin throbs its deep accompaniment.

I wish I could make a poem of it. I have thought of taking my poet friends there and having the thing done. But almost without exception the poets I know don't care for music essentially; though why a mind keyed to the tone qualities of words should be so tone-deaf in another medium has always been a mystery to me. And what a poet's opportunity here: "the boom and squeal," and out of it music that is as sacred as an organ meditation and as passionate as a Russian slave song!

However, generalizations will not serve to give any musician's special quality, and this one is so emphatically individual as to make description easy. To begin with, she was concertising in Europe as a wonder-child at the age of six. For a number of years her playing brought forth a chorus of superlatives from the critics: "her full blooming tone, her great taste in phrasing, economic use of the bow, glowing passion of interpretation; her fiery temperament, remarkable earnestness and will power, the soul, life, and emotion in her presentations." The verdict of a "a veritable artist soul" appeared to be unanimous; and one man summed up with admirable insight and simplicity: "Her chief excellence is in this: that she seeks her main task to be an artist in the real and earnest sense of the word, and whosoever comes to hear music does not go empty from her."

Friedrich Spielhagen wrote a sonnet to her, of which I have a careful, but metrically inadequate, translation:

> Thou standst before us, a picture of wondrous charm;
> The little violin thou holdst, in tenderess,
> Half maidenly, half like a child in dress
> Hast soared away from Heaven's angel-farm
> Toward where thy large mild eye is dreaming.

And he ended it with these lines:

Thou movest thy bow;
No sounds are these of nicely movéd strings,
No, No! Thy own sweet soul rings out and sings
The melodies that have with you come
From yon high wide-sphered home,
To where thy longing soul swings upward now.

Our apologies to Mr. Spielhagen for that more than atrocious twelfth line and for the other deficiencies! But the last line is particularly keen in its photography. It has the spirit of her.

After much touring in Europe she came to this country and played under the same promising conditions. The critics predicted that if she should decide to stay here she would probably out-rival our own few noted women violinists. And then came a period of sorrow, bereavement, hardship, and illness—and in the meantime the problem of living. That problem becomes a real one when an artist loves life just a bit more than her art and refuses to make that spiritual compromise which life tries to wrest from one in the hard places. One must live, and it takes money to do it rather than art. The romantic notion that all genius has to do is to stand up and make itself heard is one of the silliest notions the great public suffers from. Only the hundreth person recognizes genius when it proclaims itself; the rest are as blind as this department-store audience until the sign-posts have been put up, with letters large enough to be easily read. Also, the amount of machinery and money involved in the arrangement of concert engagements would surprise the public as much as the true stories of what it costs the "wealthy patron" to get his artist started toward recognition.

And so this particular genius will continue for a while to cast her pearls in a lunch room, and a few of the discerning will find her out and thank their stars that they may hear such beauty at the small cost of a bad club sandwich and a worse cup of coffee.

If you go there you will be haunted by music for days afterward. I say "haunted" because that is the only word to describe your feeling of pursuit by melody. And I think I have discovered the reason for it. A poet once said that the only permanent emotion we human being are capable of is—not love, as we like to imagine—but *longing.* And that is what this music says to you. It is the very essence of longing—the enternal seeking, the rapturous satisfaction, the disappoint-

ment, and the renewed quest. I have never heard such a quality of *sehnsucht* in any music; it is almost more than you can bear. Of course, in these surroundings, you must listen to the complete gamut of new popular songs; but at intervals, when the managerial demand for "noise" can be ignored for a moment, you will be rewarded by the Thais *Meditation* or a Schutt waltz or that exquisite Saint-Saens poem called *The Swan*—or even a Tschaikowsky song. Where does the tone come from, you keep wondering? Not from a wooden instrument, not from small human fingers, surely. It is tone of such richness and depth that you sometimes have the illusion of each note being sung twice. "It transcends music to me entirely and becomes a matter of life—or of soul," said a critic who listened with me the other day.

Through it all the artist's earnest face is still and unchanging. That is part of the fascination—the contrast of that tumultuous singing and the thoughtful, dreaming face that seems to control it all. "My violin belongs to me—yes," she says, "but that is such a cold word. It is part of my body. I feel it is growing on me just like my arms and hands. I could not live without it." If you watch her closely you will decide that her playing is the result of an extraordinary sensitiveness to life. If you know her, as I do, you will expand that judgment to this one: an extrordinary strength about life; for she is both deep and strong—qualities that are supposed to be inseparable, but which are so rarely found together that their combination means—a great spirit.

I am afraid I am too much of a musician not to be a romanticist. With out music life to me would be a mistake.—*Nietzche to Brandes, 1888.*

All restlessness, misery, all crime, is the result of the betrayal of one's inner life.—*Will Lexington Comfort in "Midstream."*

EDITORIALS

Our New Poet

CHARLES ASHLEIGH, who makes his appearance in this issue, was born in London twenty-five years ago. He was educated in England, Switzerland, and Germany, and speaks French, German, and Spanish, "as well as two or three varieties of English and American slang." He has wandered in Europe, South America and this country, traveling on foot through Argentine, Chile, and Peru, and in the States as a hobo. He has been sailor, newspaper man, tramp, actor, farm hand, railroad clerk, interpreter, and a few other things. He has written verse, short stories, social studies, literary criticism, and lectured on his travels as well as on sociological, literary, and dramatic subjects. Quite unlike those poets who insist that they have no opinions on any subject—that they simply photograph life—Mr. Ashleigh states his creed in this way: "I am interested in Labor, literature, and many other aspects and angles of Life. Men and deeds are to me of primary importance and books secondary." We look for big things from this young man.

Two Important Books

MARY AUSTIN has written a study of marriage which she calls *Love and the Soul Maker*. It appears to be about as big a thing on the subject as any American woman has done. Will Lexington Comfort has written an autobiographical novel which he calls *Midstream*. It tells the truth about a man's life, and is also a big thing. Both will be reviewed in the August issue.

The Congo

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY'S new poem, *The Congo,* is to appear in *The Metropolitan* for August. Mr. Lindsay's opinion is that the best effect will be got by reading it aloud.

The Basis for a New Painting

TRULY these Imagists are enchanting! The following examples are selected from the anthology published by *The Glebe*:

Fan-Piece for Her Imperial Lord

O fan of white silk,
clear as frost on the grass-blade,
You also are laid aside.

Ezra Pound.

In A Garden

Gushing from the mouths of stone men
To spread at ease under the sky
In granite-lipped basins,
Where iris dabble their feet
And rustle to a passing wind,

The water fills the garden with its rushing,
In the midst of the quiet of close-clipped lawns.

Damp smell the ferns in tunnels of stone,
Where trickle and splash the fountains,
Marble fountains, yellowed with much water.

Splashing down moss-tarnished steps
It falls, the water;
And the air is throbbing with it;
With its gurgling and running;
With its leaping, and deep, cool mumur.

And I wished for night and you.
I wanted to see you in the swimming-pool,
White and shining in the silver-flecked water.
While the moon rode over the garden
High in the arch of night,
And the scent of the lilacs was heavy with stillness.

Night and the water, and you in your whiteness, bathing!

Amy Lowell.

Au Vieux Jardin

I have sat here happy in the gardens,
Watching the still pool and the reeds
And the dark clouds
Which the wind of the upper air
Tore like the green leafy bough
Of the divers-hued trees of late summer;
But though I greatly delight
In these and the water lilies,
That which sets me nighest to weeping
Is the rose and white colour of the smooth flag-stones,
And the pale yellow grasses
Among them.

Richard Aldington.

Ts'ai Chi'h

The petals fall in the fountain,
the orange coloured rose-leaves,
Their ochre clings to the stone.

Ezra Pound.

Liu Ch'e

The rustling of the silk is discontinued,
Dust drifts over the courtyard,
There is no sound of footfall, and the leaves
Scurry into heaps and lie still,
And she the rejoicer of the heart is beneath them.

A wet leaf that clings to the threshold.

Ezra Pound.

NEW YORK LETTER

GEORGE SOULE

GEORGE BRANDES—A HASTY IMPRESSION

THE man who fought the big battle for Ibsen and Nietzsche should have filled Madison Square Garden; as it was, the little Comedy Theatre wasn't large enough to hold the audience, although Scandinavian patriotism accounted for a good deal of it. He came on the stage with Brander Matthews, the apotheosis of the academic, and the contrast was striking. Matthews was tall, dull, professional. Brandes, with his keen face, alert eyes, and shock of grayish hair, was possibly the most fully alive person in the room. He radiated interest—human connection with anything vital.

We were all a little sorry his subject was Shakespeare; we wanted to hear of something modern. And when the first part of the lecture was read, couched in scholarly but terse English, we felt cheated. It was good criticism, and informing, but it wasn't the sort of thing we had expected from Brandes. Suddenly a spark shot out. (The quotation is from memory):

> We cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that all works of literature which have a real effect on mankind, all works which endure hundreds of years, find their inspiration not in books, but in life.

The words were pronounced with excited intensity. Soon came another:

> We used to define the genius as the man who interprets his age; now we know that the genius is the man who, working against his age, creates new times.

Dr. Brandes broke into a lively sally at the Baconians. He spoke of Shakespeare's errors in scholarship. These Bacon would surely have avoided, but of Shakespeare's great lines Bacon could not possibly have written one. He ended that section with something like this:

> The Baconian theory was founded by the uneducated, it was developed by the half-educated, and it is now held solely by idiots.

The audience was immensely pleased at his sharp fire.

Dr. Brandes' epigrams sometimes sound as if he substituted wit for wisdom. But that is because the epigrams stick and are repeated. His method is to open with an epigram to catch the attention, to proceed with a line of sound argument, and at the end to finish superbly

with a sentence that contains his conclusions and impales his opponent at the same time.

With Frank Harris, Dr. Brandes was no more gentle. By parallel quotation Harris was made to appear ridiculous. Brandes showed that whatever in his writings is sound has been said before. This was the end of the lecture:

> Mr. Harris says that it is possible to admire Shakespeare, but that it is impossible to worship him. Ladies and gentlemen, I do the impossible.

Afterwards came a supper of the Scandinavian Society, at which the guest of honor made a speech that looked brilliant and was lively even as a piece of pantomime—but it was in Danish. Dr. Brandes was beaming and unaffectedly cordial with everybody. He smilingly interrupted one of the pompous addresses in his honor to correct a quotation from Goethe. He proposed a toast to the charming young lady who acted as his American manager, and said that the success of his tour was due entirely to her. Later a consul made a highly complimentary, but exceedingly tedious, speech. Dr. Brandes fidgeted until he could stand it no longer, then he quickly got up, took his champagne glass, ran over to the orator and slapped him on the shoulder, saying, "You are a very nice man." The rest was drowned in the toast.

A NEW LITERATURE

The other day an illustrator saw a hand-mirror in a publisher's office. He put the mirror against a book cover and held it at arm's length. "There," he said, "is the ideal jacket for a novel. Every woman likes to imagine herself the heroine of the book she is reading." But the publisher was wiser. "You are half right," he answered. "But she wants to be a Gibson heroine. To see her own face, without flattery, would startle her into disapproval of the book."

A recent symposium in *The Sun* bore the impressive title, *The Sentimentalization of Woman in American Fiction.* All the authors were agreed that realism doesn't go because of the desire of the reader to be flattered. If she isn't, the novel is "unpleasant," "depressing." You may paint your villainess black, but, as your reader will take her for an enemy, you must see that she is properly punished. But if your heroine does anything unconventional, it must be of the kind that your reader enjoys by imagination, though she wouldn't have the courage

to do it. Only you must not make the thrills so strong as to shock the reader into self-consciousness and self-disapproval. Georg Brandes said that our novels are written by old maids for old maids. If we would only put into our literature the same genius and daring that we put into our skyscrapers!

The thing none of the authors seemed to see is that it is futile to stop at blaming the readers. Of course the great public is comparatively stupid. It is everywhere, it always has been and always will be. What is a leader if he is not someone in advance of the others? And the essential act for a leader is to lead. He can't get a following until he does that. Only a coward stays behind and flatters the crowd because he is afraid they will not come after him. Perhaps they won't follow his particular route. But if he goes on fearlessly he has done the best that is in him, anyway. The chances are that if he has a sincere conviction and marches far enough in one direction they will at least struggle along after a while. They may even follow in hordes. What we need first is not a more intelligent public, but courageous writers.

Naturally the matter is not simple. Your artist has to be fed and clothed. If he is creating a new medium—as did Wagner—he even needs large resources to produce his art. The solution used to be the wealthy patron. The petty monarch maintained a musician or a painter to enhance the glory of his court. The noble supported a writer from personal pride. The monastery afforded a refuge for the unworldly creator. It would be difficult to find a great artist before the last century who did not have some such subsidy, unless he had means of his own.

Since then democracy has permeated the world. Fast presses, advertising, and royalties have been invented. Now the public is the writer's patron. Music is often subsidized, to be sure, and painters can still sell their canvases to the wealthy. But the earnings of the writer are in strict proportion to the number of copies of his books that can be sold.

There is a distinct advantage in this situation. The virtue of democracy is not the government of the majority, but the opportunity of the minority. The minority becomes, not a defensive close corporation, but a body of fighting visionaries. The emphasis is placed on growth. The eternal impulse of the minority to turn itself into a majority prevents a static age. The strongest lead, instead of the highly born.

So it must be with our writers. Difficulty insures heroes. We can discount at once the truckling commercial writers. But the others must be deeply sincere and strong in order to exist at all. There is little room for the dilletante. Let our young people who have something to say recognize the situation. They must dedicate themselves to a probable poverty. They must gird their loins and sharpen their weapons. They must be prepared to wait years, if need be, even for recognition. Every energy must be devoted to saying as well as may be the thing that is in them. And so, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, living simply, supporting themselves as best they may, but always doing the thing that is worth while for its own sake, they may produce a literature that has not been equalled since the world began.

Others of us can share in this glorious undertaking. Discerning critics must sift the true from the false. They must lay aside the twin snobberies of praising or blaming a work because of its popularity. They must fight eternally for the sincere. They must point out directions, they must prize meanings above methods. They must give a nucleus to the intelligent reading public and constantly augment it. They must bear sturdy witness to the fact that art is not an amusement for idle moments, but the consciousness of the race. They must show its relation to life as well as to living. They must be predisposed in favor of no work on account of its nationality, school or tendency. Just as Brandes enlarged the conception of literature by showing it as a world phenomenon, they must rid it of petty divisions in the realm of thought. No more should such a statement as "Galsworthy is a poet rather than a novelist" be allowed to pass as criticism. A novelist may be a poet or a philosopher or a psychologist or a historian or a sociologist. Any of these may combine the intrinsic abilities of any or all of the others. He is greater for doing so. The only test of his work is its effectiveness. A work of art is an organism, the highest product of nature, infinitely more real, more beautiful, more potent, than any flower. Only when we see it as such, and not as a collection of petals and stamens, or as a member of a species, shall we know it.

The whole problem of creating a literature, as of doing anything else, is one of direction and power. If we blame someone else for our deficiencies, if we stand aloof, if we bow to circumstances and are afraid to pay for what we want, we shall of course do nothing. And we shall not enjoy ourselves or the world much either. But if we fix

on a goal that is worth a life, and set out for it with the joyous spirit of adventurers, risking everything, enduring everything, sleeping under the stars, staying hard and keen, we shall command the fates. What more could we ask of the world?

DOSTOEVSKY'S NOVELS

MAURICE LAZAR

The Idiot, The Brothers Karamazov, Crime and Punishment, etc., translated by Constance Garnett. [The Macmillan Company, New York.]

> It's not a matter of intellect or logic, it's loving (life) with one's inside, with one's stomach. . . .
>
> —Ivan Karamazov.

Chiefly concerned with the fester of civilization, literature, music, painting, all the modern forms of individual expression are elliptical in the sense that the old æsthetic values of emotional beauty seem to have become nullified, or else congealed, in the artist's direct application of his instrument to the repudiation of fixed social values or moralities; to the expansion of life-interests. We today want more than beauty of external form; we want the beauty of depth!

The true artist is such primarily because of his engrossing appetite for life, because (as Flaubert said) of the chaos in his soul. And although Flaubert kept on chiseling words around the lives of men and women totally devoid of inspirating individuality, his dictum has been nobly exemplified in the life and writings of Fyodor Dostoevsky, that great-hearted epileptic Russian of whose psychological powers Nietzsche admittedly availed himself.

Tolstoy was reported to have said, in conversation with a writer for *Le Temps,* "A woman who has never suffered pain is a beast." He could have stretched the allegation to include the other sex, if only by way of illusion to that intense spiritual quality in modern Russian literature—a literature that has never been (notably) an off-shoot of, as much as a protest against, the retrogressive structures of its respective periods.

This spiritual, or psychical, concern with the individual's adjustment to the functioning of life has been revealed to highest degree in

Dostoevsky's novels. It is also manifest in the analytical mould assumed by the creative arts of our time.

While Dostoevsky's personality is separably bound up with his work, profitable appreciation of the latter can be considerably amplified with knowledge of the important facts of his life and the conditions with which he struggled. I will record the more essential facts of his life as I have gathered them, and try to explain the causes that have made for the distinction in his work from that of all other writers.

He was born in a charity-hospital in Moscow, in 1821. His father was an army-surgeon, his mother a store-keeper's daughter. I like to think that he derived his expressive powers, or rather the nebulæ out of which they subsequently developed, from his mother, perhaps partly because of my theory that men of acute genius ultimately do transcend the difference of sex in the quality of their personalities as well as in that of their work.

Like most imaginative youths who come into contact with fine art, Dostoevsky was stimulated to literary expression by his study of classical and contemporaneous European literature. He had lived twenty-three years when he graduated from a St. Petersburg school of military engineering. His first novel, *Poor Folk,* was published three years later, and served to focus upon him the attention of the critics.

In 1849 Dostoevsky was arrested, with members of a radical organization, on governmental charges of sedition. The terrible suffering he sustained while awaiting his execution (he was first confined in prison for eight months) have been set forth in striking passages of his novels, *The Idiot* and *Letters from a Dead House.* The sentence of death was finally, and very unexpectedly, commuted to one of imprisonment in Siberia for four years. At the expiration of this period he served perforce as a private soldier in the Russian army for three more years. When he was permitted to return to St. Petersburg he was accompanied by his first wife, whom he had loved and married while in exile.

Dostoevsky's interminable suffering from epileptic seizures (it has been suggested that these fits originated in a beating administered to him by his father when Fyodor was a boy); his poverty, and the constant accumulation of debt; the terrific haste with which he found it necessary to write his most profound books—all have made it natural to him, in dwelling upon any physiological aspect of his characters,

to be as unconvincing as the eremite attempting an analysis of conditions of sex life.

In short, Dostoevsky's nervous disorders pervaded his "sensual sense" of beauty—of beauty in all its manifestations. At the same time it must be remarked that this negation of physical responsiveness surely intensified the acuteness of his mental vision, which was otherwise refined emotionally by the results of his imprisonment and lifelong hardships. And this also explains why Dostoevsky's novels are lacking so singularly in the tingle of the physical contact of his characters; why the suffering of his men and women move us so profoundly; why his writings are so uneven, his dialogues of such elemental power, and his purely descriptive passages so ordinary.

The elemental power in his dialogues is due chiefly to the vigor of action accredited his characters. In his work is not to be found the picturesque phrase, the adroitly-turned period, the illuminating metaphor, the sequence of construction, the tone or shading offered by the commingling of his objects. Dostoevsky has no style of form, his outlines are amorphous. It is in his power of transcribing the living voice, of recording in never-failing reflex emotionalism the lives and deeds of his startling figures that he is supreme.

If you have read one of his books you know much of what he has to say. His other works are repetitions, mainly. For Dostoevsky does not attempt to paint character, and rarely does he stop to show the subtly-reacting influence of environment upon his men and women. Always he is concerned with the idea of the individual's personal adjustments to life. Each book of his throbs with the discordant elements that clash over the establishment of this idea; and always its conclusions are recognized. That is why I regard Dostoevsky as an optimist. And his emphasis on humanity's spiritual conception of life, no matter what the cost, grew more and more pronounced in his later works.

His faith in human beings is expressed in one set theme, which can be conveniently resolved into terms of comparison: on one hand the individual's evasion of life's realities by the exercise of material (and therefore fictitious) values; and on the other hand, the frank acceptance of life's realities for the attainment of a proportionate spiritual balance.

In *Crime and Punishment,* Dr. Raskolnikov is in doubt as to the

ultimate worth of this attainment, until he expiates his crime in killing the old moneylender (I forget her name) not by confessing,—Dostoevsky is too fine a realist for that,—but by obtaining personal solace from the regenerating qualities of his resignation. And it is characteristic of our writer's method that Raskolnikov is assisted toward this state of resignation by his love, Sonia, the prostitute, whose regard for the murderer is based upon the confirmation evidenced in him of the faith that has been stimulated in herself.

Similar in thesis, though expressed in terms of minor differences, is Dostoevsky's last and unquestionably finest work, *The Brothers Karamazov*. It is incomplete, actually one-third as long as he had intended it to be. He died before he could finish the book. Nevertheless it is compactly-formed material as the work now stands, and superior to his other novels not because his outlines are more constrained, his movement more co-ordinate, and the actual writing of a more intensive quality, but because here he defines his own conception of spiritual beauty in a distinctive fashion not to be found in his other books.

He offers us the history of a family,—and what a family! Each figure in this domestic (?) group embodies conflicting phases of his great idea. Fyodor Karamazov, the father, is a sensualist of the lowest type imaginable. His three sons are Dmitri, Ivan, and Aloysha. There is also another (illegitimate) son, Smerdyakov, an epileptic.

Dmitri Karamazov inherits his father's passion for wine, women, and song, but the son's pursuit of this tame and conventional item is tempered by frequent lapses, by periods of misgiving. The second son is a materialist and a cynic. He changes his mind after a severe illness, and his materialistic beliefs are all but supplanted by intense spiritual curiosity. The third and youngest son is an idealist, lovable and loving. Here again we have Dostoevsky's discordant elements conveyed in terms of human characterizations. The plot of the story is as formless as life itself, for it is with life, not with plots, that Dostoevsky deals.

Dmitri's hatred of his father is intensified by the rivalry that exists between the two in their common pursuit of Grushenka's affections. Grushenka is a woman of the demi-monde. The author, I think, tried to draw her in lines that would reveal a physical zest of life, as evidenced, for example, in Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. His failure to make Grushenka a convincing individual, as an individual, is typical, for the reasons I have already advanced.

Development of the story shows how Dmitri's repeatedly avowed determination to kill his father bears fruit. The elder Karamazov is found dead one night, with his skull crushed. Dmitri is imprisoned. And the rest of the book, which is devoted to Dmitri's trial, the moral regeneration of Ivan, and the urge of life in Aloysha, approaches psychological heights (or depths) that have not been surpassed to this day. Small wonder that Nietzsche referred so affectionately to the "giant spirit."

I have made reference to Dostoevsky's "optimism." A better word for it is faith—faith of a new high order. He is the most cheerful, sunlight-giving writer in Russian literature. "The essence of religious feeling," says Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot,* "does not come under any sort of reasoning or atheism, and has nothing to do with any crimes or misdemeanors."

Prince Myshkin is the central figure of the novel; he is the "idiot," and everybody abuses him. He is insulted and beaten, and robbed and deceived and loved. He is the most singular figure in literature—he is Dostoevsky himself.

But he is not an idiot in any sense. He is so profoundly simple and wise, and has such great faith in human beings, that he is mistaken by the men and women of ordinary passions as a fool. While he can be readily toyed with by women—a significant phase of the writer's own attitude toward the sex—Prince Myshkin is regarded by them from a common basis of understanding. For them he holds no quality of sex. "Perhaps you don't know that, owing to my illness," he says (he too is an epileptic), "I know nothing of women."

It is in *The Idiot* that Dostoevsky's women are at least life-like. The Epanchin sisters, especially the youngest, Aglaia, are not "types" in the usual sense, but preconceived studies. The pages devoted to Aglaia's love affair with Prince Myshkin are of the happiest in the book.

Besides the books I have already mentioned, the more important works are *The Possessed,* in which national politics play a large part; *Poor Folk,* the story of a poor clerk's love for a poor woman who eventually turns from him; and *Letters from a Dead House.* This last is a book of personal experiences, and reveals Dostoevsky's relations with the criminals with whom he was imprisoned in Siberia. The mental temper of men who disregard and break the common and social

laws, is set forth with the passionate curiosity that lies behind all his probings of the human soul. I am strongly tempted to offer quotations; to show, in this passage or that, how deeply Dostoevsky looked into the most extreme boundaries of human sensibilities; but on the whole extracts from his writings would do more harm than good. His work is so disconnected, though not in any sense detached, that extracts could not serve here to indicate the amazing clarity of his vision.

His books arouse a feeling of wonder that there can be so many things in our own individual emotions with which we never before came into contact. He moves us so profoundly because he tears his men and women out of their morally-bound lives and makes them confront stupendous questions—the questions of life. He plies detail upon detail of human misery until one feels that the whole world is reeling from him—then grows aware of the sweet white glow of Dostoevsky's faith, and feels that life can hold no terrors—that he is above the petty miseries of human strife! That is why I say Dostoevsky's optimism is of the new high order.

Dostoevsky purges one's mind. He makes you conscious of the beauty of a soul.

BOOK DISCUSSION

AN UNREELING REALIST

The Titan, by Theodore Dreiser

[John Lane Company, New York]

THEODORE DREISER possesses none of the standard qualifications for the art of fiction writing. He is not imaginative but inventive; he is not clever but clear; he is not excited but calm. Whatever the flaws in his considerable body of work no fair-minded reader may say that it is made to catch popular applause. Its tremendous distinction is sincerity. Another characteristic which his novels ex-

hibit is resolute purpose. Dreiser is aiming at something, and in *The Titan,* the second book in an unfinished trilogy, he takes a long if wobbly step toward it. Previously to the publishing of this volume he had not even hinted at what he intended to work out. One thing was certain: he was not a trifler; he was not trying to write best sellers; literary success was not in his mind. He had set out seriously and indefatigably to write, not so much what he felt and thought, as what he saw. Some day he would try to get at the realities that lay back of their representations. He would probably undertake to reveal the soul of the American nation. He would pass through the growth stages of a nation, and achieve some kind of spiritual national life. In the last two pages of *The Titan* this guess at his purpose receives appreciable encouragement. Moreover, it is made evident for the first time, in these concluding paragraphs, that Dreiser's prosaic realism springs not only from a vague, deep idealism but a large, hidden spirituality. For at the core of him Dreiser is a profoundly religious person.

Neither his style nor his stuff is far above the dead level of mediocrity; in fact, Dreiser's rhetoric is often inexcusably atrocious —intentionally crude, one is tempted to assert. Obviously he is not interested in style; he is conscious of something bigger than that revealing itself in a huge, ugly, unfinished moving picture—a net result symbolical of a young, raw, riotous, unsynthesized national life. One is therefore tempted to say that Dreiser, more than any other author, is the personification of America. He represents the composite personality of Uncle Sam.

After reading *The Financier* and running far into the interminable pages of *The Titan* I felt that in the absence of cameras, kodaks, Baedekers, and historians Dreiser would be worth while. His endless reels of pictorial facts did not impress me as possessing sufficient animation successfully to compete with these odd rivals, but I admired his consistent sincerity and simplicity and felt that something important was promised by the mere unfinishedness of his pictures. I was sure that he did not write as one inspired, and certainly not as one fired. And after finishing *The Titan* I felt that here was a work having the aspects of a seriously performed duty, exacted by fidelity to some personal theory of industrial change. I could not imagine the author happy as an artist is happy in his creative work; he was

too conscious of service to a cause. But in the last paragraph I discovered a big, personal note which introduced an attitude that extends beyond the borders of materialism. It presented another Dreiser—an author who was much more than a cinematograph, snapping superficial impressions of a vast panorama. Two years ago I should not have attributed the following words to Theodore Dreiser:

> In a mulch of darkness is bedded the roots of endless sorrows—and of endless joys. Canst thou fix thine eye on the morning? Be glad. And if in the ultimate it blind thee, be glad also! Thou hast lived.

After laboring through arid deserts of description, this memorable passage, fraught with recognition, satisfaction, challenge, hope, and promise, stands out as an oasis.

The Titan, by virtue of its bold, graphic strokes, loses its identity as a tree, with sharply defined individual characters, and represents the forest. It is more like a jungle, and the jungle is our national life, into which the morning sun inevitably will shine.

—DeWitt C. Wing.

THE REVOLT OF THE "ONCE BORN"

Challenge, by Louis Untermeyer.

[The Century Company, New York]

THERE has recently appeared a volume of verse by Louis Untermeyer which is an excellent example of the determinedly young and eupeptic philosophy so prevalent today—the philosophy of revolt. The book is named *Challenge* and as challenge it must be considered. To be sure it is rhymed, but the fact seems quite incidental. To rhyme a polemic does not make it poetry, and one feels sure that Mr. Untermeyer is more proud of the spiritual attitude than of the artistry.

The book is a revolt, but a careful perusal of its pages fails to reveal against what it revolts. At first glance one might think it socialistic, but it is not clearly enough visualized for that. Socialism has at least found the enemy. Mr. Untermeyer manfully girds on his armor and sets forth to war, shouting his challenge lustily the while. And why, after all, be particular about having an actual enemy? Life, with a capital L, can do duty for that, or "the scornful

and untroubled skies," or the "cold complacency of earth." The revolt is the point, and Mr. Untermeyer drives it home with all the phrases of frozen impetuosity to be discovered in a very useful vocabulary. "Athletic courage," "eager night," "Life's lusty banner," "impetuous winds," "raging mirth," etc., are scattered carefully through the pages. But unfortunately, virility—with all due respect to the reviewer who mentioned these poems in the June number of The Little Review—has a way of oozing out of such phrases, leaving them empty of everything save a painful determination to be manly at all costs.

But though Mr. Untermeyer is not quite clear on some subjects he is very clear on others. Several things seem to have struck him with peculiar force—that city streets are dirty, for instance; that strife is tonic for young blood; and that it is difficult for the human soul to conceive of complete annihilation. These things he proclaims passionately and challenges the world to disprove them. A little couplet from Kipling's *Jungle Book* suggests itself rather maliciously as the probable attitude of the world towards this outbreak:

"There is none like to me!" says the Cub in the pride of his earliest kill;
But the Jungle is large and the Cub he is small. Let him think and be still.

Seriously, however, Mr. Untermeyer's attitude is what William James calls the attitude of the "once born." One feels that he thinks in one dimension, that he does not see around his subject, nor hear the overtones which surround every happening for a man of deep intellect. The revolt is Walt Whitman's magnificent revolt, which is overpowering in a giant, cropping out in a man of very ordinary stature, where it sits a little ridiculously.

As philosophy much of this, printed on a neat little card, would do splendidly to hang in a business office for the encouragement of the employees. As poetry it is negligible. Mr. Untermeyer lacks entirely the one gift which could redeem it—the gift of poignancy. This lack is particularly striking in the middle section, called *Interludes,* in which he pauses for a little from revolt. These are love songs and lyrics, a field in which anything not perfect is no longer acceptable. And Mr. Untermeyer's are not perfect. His sense of rhythm is extremely primitive and his lyrics are full of words. Only now and then, when he forgets for a moment how manly he is, does he say

anything simply enough to strike home. These lines, for instance, from *Irony* stick:

> There is no kind of death to kill
> the sands that lie so meek and still . . .
> But man is great and strong and wise—
> And so he dies.

But in the main it is unfortunate that Mr. Untermeyer, who writes so much and so readably on the subject of poetry, should put out so pretentious and undeveloped a volume as this is. It is inevitable that it should affect his standing as a critic, and there seems little doubt that his work in that field is really valuable to the cause of poetry in America today.

—Eunice Tietjens.

TWO BIOGRAPHIES: VERLAINE AND TOLSTOY

Paul Verlaine, by Wilfred Thorley; *Tolstoy: His Life and Writings,* by Edward Garnett. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.]

WHEN autumn is in your heart—not that of the golden delirium of exotic agony, but bleak weeping autumn of crucifixion and dead leaves—what dirge, what note haunts you in accompaniment to your grief? Maddening darts from Tchaikowsky's *Pathétique,* or *Welt-chwerz*-moans from Beethoven's *Marchia Funebre,* or an unuttered accord known only to your soul? Or, if you are a brother of mine, do your lips soundlessly mutter this?

> Les sanglots longs
> Des violons
> De l'automne
> Blessent mon coeur
> D'une langueur
> Monotone.

Don't you hear the resonance of the tolling bells in Chopin's *Funeral March?* Your sorrow grows crescendo as you proceed, recalling Massenet's *Elégie:*

Tout suffocant
Et bleme, quand
Sonne l'heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure;

Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deca, dela
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.

When I think of Paul Verlaine I invariably recall Oscar Wilde, despite or because of the abysmal dissimilarity of the two personalities. The sincere, ingenuous, all-loving child Paul, and the thoroughly artificial, paradoxical Oscar; the typical Bohemian with the criminal-face like that of Dostoevsky, and the salon-idol, the refined and gorgeous bearer of the sun-flower. Fate had somewhat reconciled the two contrasts. Both had been "sinners," both were condemned by society and imprisoned, both had "repented"—one in *De Profundis* where the haughty humility of the self-enamored artist stirs us with its artificial beauty; the other in the primitive-Christian—nay, Catholic—*Sagesse:*

Mon Dieu m'a dit: Mon fils, il faut m'aimer . . . .

Some months ago in reviewing Edmond Lepelletier's voluminous book, (*Paul Verlaine: His Life and Work*) I remarked that the Poet of Absinthe and Violets was still awaiting his Boswell. My view has not changed after reading Wilfrid Thorley's monograph on Verlaine; but my wish for an adequate biography of the signer of *Romances sans Paroles* has now become counterbalanced by an earnest prayer that the memory of the poet may be saved from such indelicate manipulators as Mr. Thorley. Why this respectable Englishman should have attempted to treat the life of the most wayward French poet since Villon can be explained by no other reason than that it was a case of "made to order." When a Velasquez is pierced by a fanatical suffragette the whole civilized world is roused to indignation; but when an honest philistine unceremoniously puffs his cheap smoke into the face of a dead poet there is not a single protest against that sort of vandalism. Fear of the editor's blue pencil restrains me from putting my attitude more outspokenly.

A conscientious compilator would have found sufficient material for an unpretentious sketch of the life of Verlaine and for an appreciation of his works. Lepelletier gives an amazing mass of facts and personal reminiscences (you may ignore his naive interpretations); Arthur Symons in *The Symbolist Movement in Literature* has a masterpiece essay on Verlaine, not to mention a number of other French and English writers who have given us glimpses of the imperceptible image of the poet—writers who *knew what they were taking about.* Mr. Thorley has made use of various sources, but in a peculiar way. He fished out the anecdotal scraps, the piquant details, the filthy hints, and patched up a caricature-portrait of a lewd, perverse "undesirable," whose poetry (I quote reluctantly) "was born solely of the genitals," whose "life is but the trite old story of the emotions developed at the expense of domestic peace and civic order; of art for art's sake made to condone the manner of its begetting, and the trend of its appeal; of the hushed acquiescence in emotion as a sacred thing, whatever the quality of the impulse from which it ripens or the level of ideas on which it feeds." Out of the ninety-odd pages of stuff seventy-nine are devoted to "biography" sufficiently spicy to make any toothless old rake chuckle; the rest is given over to "criticism"—a mutilated melange of some of the views of Symons, George Moore, and others, flavored with the compilator's own commonplaces. I quote from the closing lines:

> A specious and high-sounding phrase has been invented to excuse the perversities of imaginative genius by speaking of its achievement as a "conquest of new realms for the spirit." But the worth of such acquisitions depends on the nature of the territory, and if it be, morally, a malarial swamp conducive only to a human type found subversive in our normal world, it will always appear to the English mind that we shall do well to forego the new kingdom and to withhold our homage from its discoverer. . . . That "nice is nasty, nasty nice," and the creative artist the sole arbiter, must be hotly opposed so long as a social conscience survives.

And this was written in Anno Domini 1914!

A sense of fairness urges me to rehabilitate the "English mind" by recalling a passage from Mr. Thorley's compatriot, Arthur Symons:

> The artist, it cannot be too clearly understood, has no more part in society than a monk in domestic life: he cannot be judged by its rules, he can be neither praised nor blamed for his acceptance or rejection of its conventions. Social rules are made by normal people for normal people, and the man of genius is fundamentally abnormal.

It is high time that this axiom became a truism and that we cease to measure the artist with the yard-stick of conventional morality. "L' art, mes enfants, c'êst d' etre absolument sai-même," sang Verlaine, and somewhere else he reveals a bit of that self with his usual sincerity:

> I believe, and I sin in thought as in action; I believe, and I repent in thought, if no more. Or again, I believe, and I am a good Christian at this moment; I believe, and I am a bad Christian the instant after. The remembrance, the hope, the invocation of a sin delights me, with or without remorse, sometimes under the very form of sin, and hedged with all its natural consequences. . . . . This delight . . . . it pleases us to put to paper and publish more or less well expressed: we consign it, in short, into literary form, forgetting all religious ideas, or not letting one of them escape us. Can any one in good faith condemn us as poets? A hundred times no.

"And, indeed, I should echo, a hundred times no!" exclaims the Englishman, Arthur Symons.

I cannot resist the temptation of quoting the happiest definition of Verlaine's personality written by Charles Morice back in 1888:

> The soul of an immortal child, that is the soul of Verlaine, with all the privileges and all the perils of so being: with the sudden despair so easily distracted, the vivid gaieties without a cause, the excessive suspicions and the excessive confidences, the whims so easily outwearied, the deaf and blind infatuations, with, especially, the unceasing renewal of impressions in the incorruptible integrity of personal vision and sensation. Years, influences, teachings, may pass over a temperament such as this, may irritate it, may fatigue it; transform it, never—never so much as to alter that particular unity which consists in a dualism, in the division of forces between the longing after what is evil and the adoration of what is good; or rather, in the antagonism of spirit and flesh. . . . .

I have not mentioned the most striking "feature" of Mr. Thorley's . . . production—the appendix. Six of Verlaine's poems are translated by him for the benefit of those who do not understand French "intimately." "To offer them to other readers, would, of course, be an impertinence," he modestly admits. Impertinence is not the word for that outrage. I have experienced physical pain at the sight of the Hunnish sacrilege committed by this well-wishing moralist. The poet, for whom "De la musique avant toute chose; De la muscique encore et toujours!" who had pleaded, "Car nous voulons la nuance encor, Pas la coulem rien que la nuance!" has been mercilessly crucified in the form of quasi-Tennysonian, taffy-like verses. One recalls with gratitude the careful albeit pale translations of Gertrude Hall, who at least had the sense of æsthetic propriety in endeavoring to remain true to the master's meter and rhythm.

. . . . . .

From Tolstoy's diary in 1855:

. . . . a great, a stupendous idea, to the realization of which I feel myself capable of devoting all my life. The idea is the foundation of a new religion corresponding to the development of mankind—*the religion of Jesus, but purified from dogma and mysticism; a practical religion, not promising bliss in future, but giving happiness on earth* . . . . To work consciously for *the union on earth* by religion. . . . .

From a letter to the poet Fet in 1898:

I am so different to things of this life that life becomes uninteresting. . . . I hope you will love me though I be black.

From the fragment *There are no guilty people:*

There was a time when I tried to change my position which was not in harmony with my conscience, but the conditions created by the past, by my family and its claims upon me, were so complicated that I did not know how to free myself. I had not the strength. Now that I am over eighty and have become feeble I have given up trying to free myself. Strange to say, as my feebleness increases I realize more and more strongly the wrongfulness of my position, and it grows more and more intolerable to me.

On his death-bed at the railroad station Astapovo, November, 1910:

I am tired of this world of men.

Tolstoy's failure was inevitable, for he had approached life with the uncompromising logic of a child or a god. For fifty years he preached his religion, and during all that time he remained splendidly inconsistent. He opposed private property and proceeded to live on his estate; he had denounced marriage and was a father to thirteen children. Notwithstanding his deadly hatred for the Russian government, he bitterly denounced the liberals and the revolutionists for their "un-Christian" ways of fighting the enemy; but his greatest contradiction, to the joy of the intellectual world, consisted in the victory of the artist over the moralist as manifested in his numerous novels and plays.

The work of Edward Garnett is conscientious and is, to my knowledge, the best short biography of Tolstoy. It was a happy idea to discard the traditional portrait and use a reproduction of Kramskoy's painting, which dates back to the sixties, if I am not mistaken. It is when looking at this portrait, a great piece of art in itself, that we envisage the author of *War and Peace.* A few words from the description of Tolstoy's face by P. A. Terzeyeonvo:

His face was a true peasant's face: simple, rustic, with a broad nose, a weather-beaten skin, and thick overhanging brows, from beneath which small, keen, grey eyes peered sharply forth. . . . One instantly divines in Tol-

stoy a man of the highest society—with polished, unconstrained manners. . . . On the one hand an insatiable thirst for power over people, and on the other an unconquerable ardor for inward purity and the sweetness of meekness. . . .

In this chain of seething, imperious instincts linked with delicate spiritual organization lies the profound tragicness of Tolstoy's personality.

Mr. Garnett succeeds in giving the quintessence of Tolstoy's works and teachings in less than a hundred pages. Like most of the Russian's eulogistic biographers, Mr. Garnett has not escaped the fallacy of exaggerating the moral power that Tolstoy exercised over the government. To say that the Czar and his ministers "dared not touch" the outspoken anarchist and heretic "out of dread of Europe—nay, of Russia," is to reveal one's ignorance of the brazen defiance displayed by Muscovite autocrats in regard to public opinion. As the Germans put it: "Herr Kossack, schamen Sie sich!" Tolstoy, as a matter of fact, had helped to check the revolutionary spirit of his compatriots in a greater degree than the tyrannic persecutions of Von-Plehve. Had he not appealed time and again to embrace his doctrine of Non-Resistance? Had he not denounced the revolutionists as violent prototypes of their hangers? Could the government see any danger i na man who wrote in *The Times* during the revolution of 1905: "To free oneself from the government it is only necessary to abstain from participating in it and supporting it. Our consciousness of the law of God demands from us only one thing: moral self-perfection, i. e., the liberation of oneself from all those weaknesses and vices which make one the slave of governments and the participation in their crimes"? Another tragic contradiction of the restless soul of the anarchist who, despite himself, renders aid to the despots.

—Alexander S. Kaun.

INTROSPECTION

Chance, by Joseph Conrad.

[Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.]

Did you ever take supper in the apartments of a dear bachelor friend, on a night when the wind howled outside the window, and the rain beat against the pane? And after the satisfying meal, whose

perfect appointment made you forget all save the luxury of living, did you retire to the spacious living room, and after accepting an aromatic Havana, stretch your feet out to the crackling log fire, and as the smoke from your cigar crawled upward listen to the philosophical analyses of your cultured host on that marvelously simple and profoundly complex servant and master of man, the human mind? Of such an evening is the atmosphere of *Chance*. Not academically deep, but deep from the standpoint of a full life and an active intelligence.

Everyone loves to analyze his fellow creatures. Some do it well, some do it badly, but we all do it. Conrad does it masterfully. There doesn't seem to be a type which holds a mystery for him. The village pillar; the frail, ill-fated maid; the buxsom housewife; the silent captain ashore and afloat; the opinionated, retired old gentleman; the cynical, good-natured man of thirty-five; the flat, tintless fraud. Into the mental realm of all these he makes expeditions long and short. His characters live. They mingle good and bad, and, as strong characters should, weave for themselves a charming story of love, adventure, trial, and victory, never trite, and always surprising. It is a tale built of character studies and garnished with odd conjective philosophy.

> Our new acquaintance paused, then added meditatively:
>
> "Queer man. As if it made any difference. Queer man."
>
> "It's certainly unwise to admit any sort of responsibility for our actions, whose consequences we are never able to foresee," remarked Marlow by way of assent.
>
> "The consequence of his action was that I got a ship," said the other. "That could not do much harm," he added with a laugh which argued a probably unconscious contempt of general ideas.
>
> But Marlow was not put off. He was patient and reflective. He had been at sea many years and I verily believe he liked sea-life because upon the whole it is favourable to reflection. I am speaking of the now nearly vanished sea-life under sail. To those who may be surprised at the statement I will point out that this life secured for the mind of him who embraced it the inestimable advantages of solitude and silence. Marlow had the habit of pursuing general ideas in a peculiar manner, between jest and earnest.
>
> "Oh, I wouldn't suggest," he said, "that your namesake, Mr. Powell, the Shipping Master, had done you much harm. Such was hardly his intention. And even if it had been he would not have had the power. He was but a man, and the incapacity to achieve anything distinctly good or evil is inherent in our earthly condition. Mediocrity is our mark. And perhaps it's just as well, since, for the most part, we cannot be certain of the effect of our actions."
>
> "I don't know about the effect," the other stood up to Marlow man-

fully. "What effect did you expect anyhow? I tell you he did something uncommonly kind."

"He did what he could," Marlow retorted gently, "and on his own showing that was not a very great deal. I cannot help thinking that there was some malice in the way he seized the opportunity to serve you. He managed to make you uncomfortable. You wanted to go to sea, but he jumped on the chance of accommodating your desire with a vengeance. I am inclined to think your cheek alarmed him. And this was an excellent occasion to suppress you altogether. For if you accepted he was relieved of you with every appearance of humanity, and if you made objections (after requesting his assistance, mind you) it was open to him to drop you as a sort of impostor. You might have had to decline that berth for some very valid reason. From sheer necessity, perhaps. The notice was too uncommonly short. But under the circumstances you'd have covered yourself with ignominy."

Our new friend knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

There is something about Conrad which gives a warm feeling about the heart. A certain fineness of humor, a certain fullness of sympathy. He never mixes his similes; they always take the same tone and the same color. For instance:

I took a piece of cake and went out to bribe the Fyne dog into some sort of self-control. His sharp, comical yapping was unbearable, like stabs through one's brain, and Fyne's deeply modulated remonstrances abashed the vivacious animal no more than the deep, patient murmur of the sea abashes a nigger minstrel on a popular beach. Fyne was beginning to swear at him in low, sepulchral tones when I appeared. The dog became at once wildly demonstrative, half-strangling himself in his collar, his eyes and tongue hanging out in the excess of his uncomprehensible affection for me. This was before he caught sight of the cake in my hand. A series of vertical springs high up in the air followed, and then, when he got the cake, he instantly lost his interest in everything else.

No, this illustration is not of Conrad's finest, but in a homely way it illustrates a deep sympathy with life, which this strong worker and writer gives in such bountiful measure in all his literature; and, to quote an eminent writer, "Literature and Conrad are interchangeable terms." —Henry Blackman Sell.

AN AMERICAN NOVEL

Clark Field, by Robert Herrick.

[Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.]

It was but the other day that Mr. Herrick told us what he thought about the American novel. Those who read the trenchant article found not only a criticism of our machine-like fictionists and their half-baked methods, but also a sturdy conviction that the day was surely approaching when we should demand and receive a truer and

more vital presentation of our national life in our literature. And if Mr. Herrick, long since tagged an apostate to our national creed of turgid optimism, believes this, we can safely trust to his cool vision and be glad that the tide has turned. The rich human material lies ready at hand, and the audience is fast growing intelligent and discriminating. As yet, however, "we await the writer or writers keen enough to perceive the opportunity, powerful enough to interest the public in what it has been unwilling to heed, and of course endowed with sufficient insight to comprehend our big new world."

Whatever may be said for our other novelists, surely not one of them can exhibit a mingling of the powers of insight and artistry equal to that of Robert Herrick. His work from the beginning has been an honest and incisive attempt to interpret our life in its peculiar and universal aspects, in spite of the clamor of the public at his tearing away of the veils of sentimentality and prudery. The errors into which he fell were due to the ardor of his spiritual vision, which drove him into an impassioned taking of sides. He has emerged from that stage into what his critics call his "old manner," a more objective treatment of his material. But in the process of change something was lost—the element of flaming intensity which gave the reader a similar capacity to feel. In this latest performance, as well as in *One Woman's Life,* he is always cool, clear-sighted, and admirably efficient in the task he sets himself; but never passionate. On the contrary, despite the pervading atmosphere of earnestness, he often assumes a playful satiric tone, mordant but not bitter,—a method well suited to his matter and purpose.

Clark's Field tells the story of the influence of property upon the human beings who own it and hope to reap gold from its increasing value. All that is left of the great Clark farm is a fifty-acre field in a growing New England town, bequeathed jointly to the two brothers, Edward and Samuel, the former of whom has emigrated to the West and wholly disappeared from the ken of his relatives. So at first the tale is of the baleful influence of expectation delayed again and again: in the case of Samuel who cannot sell the land because of his brother's half-interest, and who in consequence sinks into a sodden inertia: in his son's disintegration into a lazy and drunken "Vet"; in his sister Addie's sordid and pathetic sally into life resulting in the birth of another human being destined to taste of the fruit of their tree and to find it, one day, very bitter.

The greater portion of the novel, then, deals with the influence of the realized wealth upon the unformed, colorless little girl, Adelle, the last of the Clarks. It is a masterly piece of work—the gradual development of the pale rooming-house drudge into the silly and insolent woman of fashion, and slowly but certainly into a human being with a soul. Less promising stuff for a heroine neither fate nor Mr. Herrick could have chosen; the latter delights in ample admissions throughout the book of Adelle's lack of beauty, brains, and charm. Yet he is always sufficiently temperate to escape the danger of caricature. Adelle is a convincing figure. The slow dawning upon her consciousness of the power of money, her "magic lamp" which she need only rub to gratify any desire, is followed by swift and constant use of the new weapon. It brings her a fresh assurance, a few scatter-brained friends, some stylish clothes, and, at length, a callow youth for a husband. It never brings her contact with a real person or friendship with a stimulating individual; nor can it save her from the failure of her marriage, nor compensate her for the death of her little boy.

Adelle's story, then, turns out to be what we least expected it,—a hopeful one. It leaves us with almost a sense of security, for is she not one of those who can "derive good from her mistakes," and therefore "the safest sort of human being to raise in this garden plot of souls"? And although we are still saddled with "that absurd code of inheritance and property rights that the Anglo-Saxon peoples have preserved from their ancient tribal days in the gloomy forests of the lower Rhine," the situation is not without hope, since it has yielded a man of the judge's type, in whom the beauty of a past idealism is coupled with the freshness of a new vision of responsibility.

To hark back to the recent article in *The Yale Review,* we believe that Mr. Herrick himself has given us an American novel—thoroughly American in situation, character, treatment, and even in philosophy. We, as a people, are beginning to suspect our boastful optimism as we become aware of the sordidness beneath the fair exterior of our glorious civilization. And in accordance with the western temperament, the awareness of wrong leads not to bitter cynicism but to sturdy efforts toward amelioration. Such, then, is the spirit of *Clark's Field*—a hopefulness in the power of courage, and labor, and a growing sense of social responsibility to move mounds that seem to have become immovable mountains through a tenacious fostering of tradition.

—Marguerite Swawite.

THE "SAVAGE" PAINTERS

Cubists and Post Impressionism, by Arthur Jerome Eddy.

[A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago.]

An attempt to explain the new schools in art "in plain, every-day terms." An earnest appeal for tolerance in regard to seemingly perversive forms. The book has a wealth of material and numerous quotations from Picasso, Picabia, Cézanne, Matisse, and others, considerably more interesting and instructive than Mr. Eddy's own truisms. Although the author repeatedly resents any accusation in his adherence to Cubism, the reader gets the impression that the Cubistic movement has received a more thorough and fair treatment than the other new schools. Of the sixty-nine reproductions of Post-Impressionistic paintings and sculpture, only five represent the Futurists. Idillon Redon, who gave us the greater delight in last year's International Exhibition, is totally ignored. Among the Self-Portraits that of Matisse is sorely missed—a work that helps greatly in understanding the quaint painter of the Woman in Red Madras. Whether Mr. Eddy will succeed in convincing the prejudiced conservatives is doubtful; but in those who have appreciated the daring attempts of the new schools his book will arouse a renewed longing for the foreign "savages" and an ardent hope for their further invasions in our "sane and healthful" galleries.

THE SAME BOOK FROM ANOTHER STANDPOINT

(With apologies to the author of *Tender Buttons*)

Oil and Water

Enough water is plenty and more, more is almost plenty enough. Enthusiastically hurting sad size, such size, same size slighter, same splendor simpler, same sore sounder. Glazed glitter, eddy eddies discover discovered discoveries, discover Mediterranean sea, large print large. Small print small, picked plumes painters and penmen, pretty pieces Picasso, Picabia plus Plato, Hegel, Cézanne, Kandinsky, more plenty more, small print single sign of oil supposing shattering scatter and scattering certainly splendidly. Suppose oil surrounded with watery sauce, suppose spare solely inside, suppose the rest.

—A. S. K.

SENTENCE REVIEWS

(Inclusion in this category does not preclude a more extended notice.)

The Return of the Prodigal, by May Sinclair. [The Macmillan Company, New York.] Eight short stories, all subtly done. *The Cosmopolitan* proves beyond a doubt that women, or at least the thousandth woman, is capable of a disinterested love of life and of nature. It is a big story and a very finished one.

John Addington Symonds, by Van Wyck Brooks. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] A biography of rare charm and distinction in which Mr. Brooks builds a clear picture of Symonds's life as it is related to our day.

The Sister of the Wind, and *Other Poems,* by Grace Fallow Norton. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.] Some of this will disappoint lovers of *Little Gray Songs From St. Joseph's*— in fact, none of the poems here has such extraordinary poignancy. But there are many that are worth knowing.

The Continental Drama of Today, by Barrett H. Clark. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.] Invaluable to the student of continental drama. A half dozen pages of critical analysis devoted to each of thirty modern playwrights.

Stories and Poems and Other Uncollected Writing, by Bret Harte, compiled by Charles Meeker Kozlay, with an introductory account of Harte's early contributions to the California press. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.] A very beautiful Riverside Press volume with photogravures.

I Should Say So, by James Montgomery Flagg. [George H. Doran Company, New York.] Yes, he is silly; but Mr. Flagg is so nicely naughty and so naughtily human that you simply must laugh.

Broken Music, by Phyllis Bottome. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.] Charming and well done. The story of a young French boy's struggle to create music, and his success after the tradition of a "broken heart" had been fulfilled.

The Old Game, by Samuel G. Blythe. [George H. Doran Company, New York.] A temperance tract by a man who knows; minus sanctimoniousness and plus a punch.

Dramatic Portaits, by P. P. Howe. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] One man's opinion of the modern dramatists. A "shelf book" for occasional reference.

Billy and Hans, by W. J. Stillman. [Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.] A charming story of the most temperamental of pets, the squirrel. A

Mosher book bound in a cover dark enough to stand wear. A distinct relief from the Alice blue and pale old rose of Mr. Mosher's more delicate periods.

Billy, by Maud Thornhill Porter. [Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.] The true story of a canary bird. One of those little documents written for the enjoyment of a family circle and read on winter evenings. Bright, human, and personal.

The Social Significance of the Modern Drama, by Emma Goldman. [Richard G. Badger, Boston.] Miss Goldman discusses Ibsen, Strindberg, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Wedekind, Maeterlinck, Rostand, Brieux, Shaw, Galsworthy, Stanley Houghton, Githa Sowerby, Yeats, Lenox Robinson, T. G. Murray, Tolstoy, Tchekhof, Gorki, and Andreyev, outlining the plays of each and emphasizing their relation to the problem of modern society. She is the interpreter here rather than the popagandist, and her interpretations are not academic discourses. They give you the plays partly by quotation, partly in crisp narrative, and they are not the kind of interpretations that make the authors wish they had never written plays. Whether you like Emma Goldman or not, you will get a more compact and comprehensive working-knowledge of the modern drama from her book than from any other recent compilation we know of.

DEDICATED
TO THAT HISTORIC MOMENT
WHEN
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
THE GREAT AMERICAN CHANTECLIER
SHALL AWAKE
TO FIND
THE SUN HIGH IN HEAVEN
AND THAT
HE
HAD CROWED NOT

(*Continued from page 31*)

dary its limit which blocks the vision into the wide world, the blue sky, and the distant sea.

Loyalty to men? Would that it might be so! But such loyalty costs so much trouble and toil. For the faithfulness that is genuine and living, there is no law, no binding *I must,* only a glorious *I will.* One day we shall have done with the loyalty which means master and servant, leader and led—the loyalty of the dog that is loyalest to him who feeds him best or beats him hardest. One day we shall understand what the loyalty of man means—this new loyalty toward man, in which souls meet and chime and work together, and live in each other, yet each remains itself and true to itself.

So, then, the law of change and of growth is the law of the new loyalty, as the law of fixedness and finishedness and finality was of the old. It is the duty of such new loyalty to protect itself against the deadening force of habit and of petrifaction, to guard itself against any obedience by which it would become disloyal to itself. Such loyalty is too honorable to humor inertia and laziness under its banner, too courageous to conceal cowardice behind a slave's patience.

But thought on our theme is usually lifted up to where the sky keeps company with the granite and the grass, to a religious elevation. Nor do we need stop short here. Ultimately the new loyalty is loyalty to God, the new God, of whom something must be said later. The God in whom all fulness dwells summons us to ever new truths, and reveals underground wells of living water throwing its spray aloft on life's ferns and flowers. To be loyal to him is never to sunder ourselves from his fulness and freshness, but to co-work with him who is forever making all things new.

And now I think we are at the end. The result? It is needless to state it, but I would not shrink from the thankless task. In a word, then, the new loyalty—in harmony with the whole great changed view of the world and of life—is loyalty to change and becoming rather than to finishedness and finality; to the future rather than to the past; to ideals rather than to conventions; to freedom rather than to authority; to personality rather than to institution; to character rather than to respectability; to our hunger rather than to our satiety; to the God that is to be rather than to the God that is. Thus the loyalty abides, but the objects of loyalty change and pass.

A CHANGE OF PRICE

With the August issue, the sixth month of our very flourishing life, we have decided to make one important change in *The Little Review.* We are reducing the subscription price to $1.50 a year, and that of single copies to 15 cents. There will be no change in size or appearance. Those whose subscriptions have already been paid on the former basis will be continued for another half year.

Our reason for doing so is this: We have discovered that a great many of the people whom we wish to reach cannot afford to pay $2.50 a year for a magazine. It happens that we are very emphatic about wanting these people in our audience, and we believe they are as sincerely interested in *The Little Review* as we are stimulated by having them among our readers. Therefore we are going to become more accessible.

With characteristic lack of modesty we wish also to make another announcement. Our success so far has exceeded even our own hopes—and it may be remembered that they were rather high. As for our practical friends who warned us against starting a literary magazine, even their dark prophecies of debt and a speedy demise have had to dissolve before our statements that we have paid our bills with what *The Little Review* has earned in its six months of existence, that we are free of debt, that we even have money in the bank, and a subscription list that acts like a live thing!

But we want more! We want everyone who might like *The Little Review* to hear about it. Therefore:

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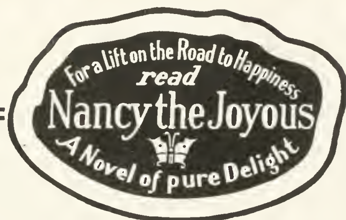

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MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

SEPTEMBER, 1914

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. I SEPTEMBER, 1914 No. 6

Poems

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

After Feeling Deux Arabesques by Debussy

I stuffed my ears with faded stars
From the little universe of music pent in me,
For your fiendish ripple must be heard but once:
Passing twice through ears, it looses
Its thin divine kinkiness. . . .
I felt it undulate my soul—
Lavender water, pitted and heaved to huge, uneasy circles.

Let Me Not Live Too Long

Never will my crumbling tongue hug the drying sides of the basin,
Slaying the last, delicate drops.
Fire have I tasted;
It has flicked me but never burnt—
I shall leave it before it breaks into me.
One flame will I wrap about my browned skin—a deed accomplished—
To speak to me on the way.
Then will I go quickly, lest the other fire-beings scorch my slow feet.

To the Violinist

(Mr. Bodenheim writes of the violinist described in our last issue.)
Pits a trillion times blacker than black,
Fringed with little black grasses, each holding
The jerking, smoldering ghost of a thought.
(O deep-aged pupils and lashes!)
At the bottom of the pits lay the phosphorescent bones,
Of many souls that have cried and died.
I think you clutched one of your soul-bones with irreverent hands,
And struck your cringing violin.

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Gifts

A dwindling gift are you, laughter.
Old men have I seen, counterfeiting you on street-corners.
Never shall I join them,
For not in scorn do I laugh, but in praise.
Only with my smiles am I lavish;
A different smile for each thought have I.
(O thousands of smiles waiting for the labor of birth!)
To my death-bed will come the wildest smile:
It will be moon-paint on a colorless house.

Hell

(A Part of Heaven Overlooked by Ford Madox Hueffer.)

Heaven and Hell are together.
As we walk home on a street in Heaven, in the evening,
Those in Hell will stalk past us
(For Hell is a condition, not a place)
And when we return at dawn will we still see them—
Men bearing infants born dead,
Kissing the inert purple cheeks;
(For the kiss will be the one punishment of Hell);
Men and women holding the severed heads of those they once spat on.
Before a king kissing the head of his queen will we stop,
To give him a kind word;
Or before an anarchist clasping the head of the king;
Or before a woman carrying the head of the anarchist—
Each unaware of the other's presence.
We will see them walking up and down the streets of Heaven
For countless years,
Till the day when the heads will disappear,
And the head-bearers build homes next to our own.

To a Woman

Lovers married a thousand years in Heaven
And in that which lies beyond Heaven
(For Heaven is but the first rest of a thirstless journey)
Know not each other as we do.
Knowledge is born of a second:
We had our slim second,
And it will live for millions of years.
Only when it reaches the suburbs of Eternity, will it die.

Armageddon

THE greatest war of history flames away all other human concerns. Upon the reaction of humanity to this gigantic thing depends the future.

No one can foresee what will happen to the cultures and the peoples which already crackle in its vortex. It is more profitable to search the heart of America.

A great newspaper has published a cartoon picturing Uncle Sam on a harvesting machine, calmly saying "Giddap" to his horses, while a neglected sheet with the inscription "European war" blows to one side. As long as devastation and horror do not exist on his own piece of land, Uncle Sam doesn't care—while he can harvest his wheat and sell it at a good high price to starving people. Even the dramatic aspect of the tremendous conflict does not impinge on his provincial consciousness. Can this contemptible attitude represent that of any great number of our people? One cannot escape the feeling that it is the usual reaction of the newspaper to any thing outside of "business," whether it be social misery, or an interesting idea. But in this case its brutish stupidity is so flagrantly apparent that even the majority must revolt from it.

A more creditable reaction is anger. With such titanic wrath blazing in Europe, any sensitive person must reflect a little of it. Anger at what? We don't know precisely until we stop to think. The emotion comes before the intellectual objective. Anger perhaps at the terrific human waste. Twenty-odd million men flying at each other's throats and destroying the bitterly won triumphs of years of peace, without any good reason. We hear phrases like "balance of power," "dynastic supremacy," "the life of our country," "patriotism," "racial prejudice," "difference of religion," Each individual nation is praying to God with profound sincerity for its own success. Priests bless the arms. There is no denying the reality of

all this in the consciousness of Europe. Such things do lead men to battle with the fire of conviction.

Well, the brutal fact stands out like a giant against the sky, that if such motives can produce such a result, they are working only for their own destruction. Not a single nation, whether conqueror or victim, can come out of the struggle as strong or as great as it went in. All alike must be swept into destitution of all the things civilization has taught us to value. And this is the result of civilization! It is a spectacle or demoniac laughter.

And shall the United States stand aloof with a feeling of pitying superiority, thinking that, because we happen to have a president instead of a king, and inhabit a different continent, such motives are foreign to us? What folly of conceit! As long as we cultivate the ideal of patriotism, as long as we put economic value above spiritual and human value, as long as in our borders there exist dogmatic religions, as long as we consider desirable the private ownership and exploitation of property for private profit—whether by nations or by individuals—we maintain those elements of civilization which have led Europe to the present crisis.

Do not think that we shall ever escape wrath, hatred, violence. The so-called "primitive emotions" are giving incontrovertible proof of strong present existence. The thing to do is to turn all the emotions, which are eternal, into new forms which shall not be self-destructive, which shall propel instead of oppose the starward march of mankind. Violence? Yes, if it destroys something hateful.

Nineteenth-century civilization has overwhelmingly and dramatically failed. What shall we build now?

Women in War

(*By a spectator*)

Sonya Levien

THE suffragettes at Lincoln's Inn are skeptical of foreigners' sympathy. I pleaded with those in authority to be taken in.

"It is real war with us," I was told, "and we have reached the stage where, even at the sacrifice of being regarded as insane and fools by the world, we cannot stop to explain all over again." It was not curiosity, I urged, or lack of understanding. I believed in votes, but I believed in women more; I wanted to feel as well as understand their great Purpose.

My earnestness won their faith, and for two weeks my senses were saturated with every emotion that prevailed in the Englishwomen's fight against their own country and the rest of the world.

I saw their ammunition stored in back bedrooms of hidden houses—cotton soaked in kerosene, small bags of stone, bottles filled with queer-smelling liquids, and now and then a small bomb filled with powder or metal. All this I considered very formidable then and marvelled at the women's courage in handling the material.

Scared and horrified, I witnessed the burning of two famous old churches; I helped in the heckling of public speakers, and remonstrated with the police at their outrages upon unoffending women.

The spiritual urge of the fighting women transmitted itself to me and I found myself supporting them with a courage not natural to me. That the character of their protest might be petty, tactless, unwomanly, or even futile, mattered not—for one felt that they were soldiers fighting in a great cause, the slogan of which was: "Give us a chance to develop a better race of men and women." And the Englishmen looked on ashamed of their womenkind, and the rest of the world snickered.

And then the cataclysm of war descended upon all Europe and civilized man went mad for murder—wholesale terrible murder without reason or purpose. Sickened by the cry for blood, the women's fight became holy in its significance to me. I saw England change in five minutes when on the streets of London the first cry of war was heard. In a lightning shift Trafalgar Square became a seething mass of gesticulating people—a mob which seemed instantly to drop its sacred inheritance of "good form" and give way to wild and ominous protest and speak eloquently of "an honor" to be upheld; but just what "the honor" was no one seemed to know.

Berlin sang all night to the tune of "Die Wacht Am Rhein," in celebration of the opportunity given the fittest of the Vaterland to slaughter and be slaughtered by the pick of the neighboring countries. But the reason and purpose for the slaughter they did not know.

Russia, famous for its barbaric cruelty to the Poles and Jews, asks for the sacrifice of the races and thinks itself a generous Christian if in return it promises to give what is left of them the right to their mother-tongue and the privilege to worship God in their own way.

And what of the women? For the first time I felt the real greatness of the women's fight and the sad futility of it before man's ignorance. For the first time I felt the real tragedy of the women of Europe whose business it is to bring up sons for the man's *game of war*. And to see them now is to see death—a calm bitter death surrounded by panic and catastrophe.

Children of War

Eunice Tietjens

Out of the womb of war we cry to you,
We who have yet to be,
We who lie waiting in the strong loins of time, unformed and hesitant,
We who shall be your sons and your slim daughters.
In the womb of war shall you beget us, and with the seal of the war-god shall we be sealed;
In ditches shall we be begotten, of lust-crazed soldiers on the screaming women of the enemy.
Of camp followers and scavengers shall we be conceived, of the weakling and the sick.
We shall be begotten in secret, stolen meeting of man and wife, drunk with weariness the man, and blind with terror the woman.
In bitterness of soul shall we be borne, and deeply shall we suck the pap of hatred. Revenge shall be our daily bread, and with blood-lust shall we be nourished.
Yea, in our bodies shall we bear the seal of the war-beast.
Our hearts shall be thin and naked as your sword-blades, and our souls ruthless as your cannon.
And we shall pay—year by year, in our frail bodies and our twisted souls shall we pay
For your glorious patriotism.
Out of the womb of war we cry to you,
We who have yet to be!

Grocer Shops and Souls

A VERY eminent American professor has recently declared that American literary criticism is deficient, that the commercialism of publishers is largely responsible. The first proposition is obvious, the second defensible. The professor further argues for a criticism based on academic standards, which he says are as immutable as the ten commandments; and he couples this with the declaration that criticism finds its justification in the desire of the public to know what it is buying. The immutable standards are to correspond with the government-approved weights and measures of the grocer-shop.

It would be enlightening to give the professor an opportunity to try his plan. Let some millionaire, instead of starting a new college, endow a critical magazine for the professor. In the first number should be announced the fixed standards by which all literature is to be judged. Then would follow calm, irrefutable issues in which the principles of unity, coherence, emphasis and perhaps one or two other measures, should be applied to new literature. The public, eager for standard articles, would, of course, never again read Hall Caine and Harold Bell Wright. The commercialization of literature would be abolished, for would not the professor declare it to be against the decalogue? And there would arise a new generation of writers, carefully observing all academic rules, and scrupulously giving the public full measure of what it wants. A veritable Utopia, an apotheosis of the grocer shop!

But, however much we may doubt the possibility of such a thing, we cannot oppose the professor, because he has disarmed opposition by predicting it. Of course, he says in effect, there will arise hordes of young, ill-seasoned, and irresponsible persons who will deny my sound position. But don't let them trouble you; they are of a piece with all the queer people who nowadays are advancing preposterous new ideas. As if anything that is not sanctioned by tradition could possibly be taken seriously!

Very well, we won't oppose the professor. We are quite willing to let him go ahead pigeon-holing the kind of literature that appeals to him, and anything he may be able to do in turning the public taste from Hall Caine deserves approbation. But in the meantime we shall assiduously forget about him, and try some experiments of our own in the effort to say vital things about literature.

In the first place, we don't believe in the majority rule for writers. We don't believe that a writer ever lived who wrote anything really good because he thought the reading public wanted it. Our conviction is based on the testimony of writers themselves. A writer should write what is in him, not what is in the public. He has no excuse for writing unless he is a stronger, more sensitive, and more intelligent man than either his readers

or his critics. That is the first distinction between the manufacturer of sausages and the maker of books.

In the second place, we don't believe in the subjection of writers to critics, or to fixed standards, or to anything except themselves. Whatever excuse there is for standards arises from the fact that writers have furnished the examples on which the standards are founded. The writer must find his authority in his own soul. The one thing he must do is to say what he has to say in the way which seems to him right. The history of art is one long example of the discarding by genius of rules founded on previous work. When was a new technique ever predicted by the academic critic? When has not the new genius been bitterly fought by the academic critic? The natural history of art is this—first the artist, then the intelligent critic, then the appreciative public.

The function of the critic is to be a warrior for the artist. He must understand profoundly, he must be quick to detect and denounce artistic insincerity, he must declare the man who has attained the magic of real aesthetic rightness. The recognition of artistic excellence does not proceed by the scaffolding of academicism; it is instinctive, just as its creation was instinctive, emotional. The critic may, if he likes, oppose the artist, but his first duty is to make him known. He must say to the public, not "you will like this man" but "you must like this man, or at least you must experience him." No critic is fit to do these things unless he understands the passionate independence of the real artist, his service of no law except inner necessity.

Our spiritual world is tangled up in mechanism. No sooner does a fresh wind make itself known than we try to imprison it in a system, to impale it with a classification. Let us have done with these futilities. The important joy is to feel the mysterious and dynamic glory of the wind. We need in our criticism, as in our literature, more insight, more emotion, more of the power that is produced by virility and the corresponding female quality for which there is as yet no adequate name. The heightening of consciousness, the intensifying of essential values—these shall be our critical aims.

A sense of the obviousness of what we have said prevents us from amplifying it. Our excuse for saying it is that there are still many professors in the world!

There is nothing sane about the worship of beauty. It is something entirely too splendid to be sane.—*Oscar Wilde.*

The Democrat

(*With apologies to Mr. Galsworthy*)

HE knew himself for a democrat. He might be with a crowd of what he called "real people" and if he happened to pass a waiter who had served him or a barber who had shaved him he would speak to them. He would do it without the least embarrassment or condescension; anything else he would have considered low. His friends knew him to be essentially democratic; they would assure you of this quality in him as something that only the morally courageous possess.

To have explained that his attitude was a matter of common sense rather than democracy would have left him bewildered. Surely every one recognized that there were certain barriers that had to be maintained; it was not a question of snobbishness, but simply of natural law. The man who had pushed ahead and made something of himself was more entitled to the respect of his fellows than the waiter who was content to spend his life serving other people. Take himself, for example. He might have been a bricklayer if he had not worked hard enough to be a power on the Board of Trade. He had done it all himself and he knew the difficulties of the struggle. He could remember the time when he would hire a taxi and dash all over town to find the special brand of cigarettes he liked. Of course he realized now that that was an extravagant and foolish thing to do; but after all a boy must have his taste of "sporting." And then, of course, there was nothing *harmful* in chasing around town for cigarettes in a taxi. He might have been doing something really wrong instead—such as marrying a chorus girl or becoming one of those revolutionists who worries his friends to death by fighting for the proletariat and getting into jail as a consequence. No, thank heaven, he had had his little flings, but he had always kept his head. He had never really done anything to disgrace himself or his friends. But it was a hard struggle, and he respected anyone who had come through it successfully. That was the reason of his insistence on natural barriers. That was the reason he felt it an honor to shake the hand of a great man—the man who had made a million by his skilful corner of the wheat market, for instance. He had a real respect for brains, for power, for achievement, for all the things that keep a man from being a weakling.

Not that he worshipped power or made a god of success. On the contrary, he was something of an idealist himself—though not the sort literary people talk about. He always made it a point to state that he had no use for literary "ideas." Those people didn't really know what they were talking about. They were so impractical; they wanted to change the face of the earth and they seemed to think that ideas would do it. But

even for that sort of thing he had a certain tolerance: he remembered how he had planned long ago to be a missionary—to go to the ends of the world and help people. He did not remember just what he wanted to help them to, but it was a sort of plan to ease his conscience when he felt he wasn't doing any good in the world. However, he had got over that in the same way he had given up his vision of the brown-stone mansion with which he had planned at eighteen to delight the woman he married.

He was very human, too; but he did demand certain standards of conduct. There was nothing he hated like snobbishness—he would always speak to anybody, no matter what he had done; but beyond that he respected himself and his friends too much to venture. When the men at his club pointed out, with their knowing winks, that a certain woman was "outside"—well, that was enough for him. He would never do anything to push her further down, but he could at least warn his friends. And he had an infinite disgust, a pitying contempt for those who suggested that circumstances may have had something to do with it. As though it were not the prime business of every human being to fight circumstances; as though he himself might not have been a regular Mark Lennan if he had let himself go. Every man had these things in him. That was the trouble with such writers as Galsworthy:—they helped people to tolerate weakness, even to see a certain beauty in it. It had got to be the fashion, especially among "literary" circles, to break away from standardizations. The persons who did so were given credit for living a fuller Life. How he hated their talk—what rot it was to suppose that any life could be full or rich unless it were a good life. And if there was anything in the world, in these hysterical times, to which a man could anchor, it was the fact that good was good and bad was bad, and even a child knew which was which. There was no arguing about it.

But people seldom argued with him because he disarmed them beforehand by declaring that it didn't matter what any one thought: all these things had been settled for us long ago; they were the very bulwark of our progress, our prosperity, our whole civilization. It was strange that the people who most enjoyed the benefits of that civilization should be the ones to abuse it. If one must know outcasts (and one might of course be able to help them) let him confine the acquaintanceship to his office or some place where he would not run the risk of influencing other people. He remembered with horror a woman he had once known who could never understand these distinctions. He had not tried to dissuade her from knowing any one in the world she wanted to know; but he had begged her to be discreet about it, at least—to remember her responsibilities in the matter on account of her friends, and to be sure that "those people" were made to feel the inevitable barrier between. "Good God!" he had said, "I'm democratic and all that; but you can't let people of that sort feel they're your

equals!" Eventually he stopped worrying about the woman—after she told him that she would be proud to be as big and fine as those friends of hers. What was the use? She must have been a little insane all the time; because he knew that she was a good woman, and those "friends" of hers were the sort who believed in free love and that kind of thing—some of them had even been in jail for preaching anarchism.

He had solved such problems in his own case much in the same way he had solved the question of his family relationships. He had been brought up in a home where card-playing, smoking, theatre-going, etc., were forbidden. His life as a man had of course included all these evils. But whenever he visited the old home he reverted to the old order. He would no more think of smoking a cigarette in his mother's presence than he would think of telling her how vital a part of his life the theatre had become. He had too much respect for her. He knew it would hurt her, and his love and reverence for her were too deep to allow of that.

Something of the same simplicity and clarity colored his ideas of property. Let each man work for his little plot of ground, own it, and live on it. That would do away with all this fuss and competition. He knew there were people who talked vaguely about property being robbery; but what was there to keep the ambition in a man, make a good citizen of him, if it were not his struggle for possession of something he might call his own? If he had not had his little plot to look forward to, and the thought of the woman who was to share it with him, he would long ago have stopped working and started off to the South Sea Islands, wandering about the earth aimlessly without any incentive. Incidentally, his idea of the woman who was to share the plot was very interesting. He was not one to talk bromidioms about woman's place being in the home, or to discredit the achievements of the new woman. But the fact remained that the new woman knew too much to be a comfortable companion. He refused to be tyrannized; he would marry one of those sweet feminine women who didn't know anything and live in peace and freedom.

Sometimes he got rather sick of life and found himself in that "what's the use?" mood. It worried him a little. In the same manner that he had driven around in a taxi for cigarettes he now lounged about in hotel corridors or at his club, watching the people, speculating about life. It seemed a waste of time, rather; yet it harmed no one and it kept him from a good many worse things. His conscience was clear—which was more than most men could say. He knew men. The only thing that really weighed upon him seriously was the fact that he was getting a little too fat. He would have to try to eat less.

True to his creed, his faith was in the people—the great mass of people whose instincts always led them to the right thing. It was a safe rule to go by—that of mistrusting the personality who did not measure up to the

decent average. It was the way to keep sane and healthful. Socialists and anarchists and syndicalists and radicals in general—what were they but abnormalities? He would never be guilty of the narrow attitude that they ought to be hanged; they would quite naturally fritter themselves out; for what they were all trying to achieve was individualism pure and simple—and that would never buy bread for the working-man or lift him to happiness. He might not be right about these things, of course; but he had thought them out. Yes, he believed in the people; he believed in their rights; and he believed in being kind to them. There was no telling how much good a cheery smile might do, and so he smiled constantly. A great man had once told him that he made it a point to cultivate friendships only among those people who could help him; and this seemed very sensible to the democrat. He practiced it assiduously, with the result that he never lost that satisfying glow which comes in with shaking a hand that belongs with a full dress shirt. M. C. A.

The Constructive Reasoner

(*A Non-Mythical Allegory*)

George Soule

HE was born in the glacial age. They originally called him something else, but as soon as he was old enough to talk he lisped the tertiary dialect for "constructive reasoner"—when they paid any attention to him. Later he was recognized by his characteristic expression, "Yes, but—". When he was ten years old he watched his father, with much skill and heroism, slaying a musk ox. "Why did you kill him?" he asked. "To eat," was the reply. "Yes," replied the prodigy, "but what will you put in his place?" The misguided parent glared at his son without replying, and passed him a second joint, which was consumed with relish.

The tragedy of his early life was to watch the glaciers slowly leveling mountains and laying up vast wastes of terminal moraine without conscious purpose. All this destruction weighed on his soul.

He was ever an observer. As time went on, his intellect grew more ponderous. He saw mankind slay the dinosaurs, rob the earth of its minerals, hew down vast trees, and agitate the earth with rude plows. Agitators were particularly distasteful to him. He stood aloof from these movements, because he did not believe in destruction. And when men finally set sail on

the seas, he was moved to poetic rancor. "You are destroying the mystery of the ocean" he cried. But he built himself a fine house from the products of their commerce.

He was in Rome when the Goths swept down over Italy and sacked it. "What will you give us instead?" he asked their leader. The Northerner frankly did not know. "You have no right to sweep away something that has been established so long unless you can put in its place something better," he complained. The great Goth laughed and grabbed another handful of jewels.

Religions seemed to him peculiarly sacred. With great satisfaction he watched the burning of the early Christian agitators, who were attempting to tear in pieces the comfortable old hierarchy of Jove. "What is this utopian theory of theirs?" he asked, derisively. "It won't work. You can't change human nature in a day. When they give us a program I can't pick flaws in, I will listen to them." Later he was particularly incensed at Martin Luther and remonstrated with him for undermining so many persons' simple faith without giving them something that would exactly fill its place.

In the modern world he found a very comfortable niche. A city of tradesmen offered him the post of chief prophet. Not that they bothered much about his great principle, but he always did his best to stave off the destructive elements of society, who interfered with business. He advised people to be comfortable and quiet. He deplored violence of any kind. Sane progress was all very well, but he always demanded progress of visionaries and theorists, and he always pointed out tremendous flaws in their programs. He opposed bitterly anything in the nature of tariff reform or anti-trust laws. Such things destroyed business confidence, and were not the business men the great constructive element in society? To women who wanted the vote, he said "Woman's place is in the home. If you had your way, you would destroy the family." He supported practical men for office.

One day he came upon a workman wrecking an old building. The sight filled him with pain. He went up to the man and asked him if he were sure that the new building would be better than the old, if in fact it would stand at all? To his great surprise the workman paid no attention to him. Again the constructive reasoner put the question; he even touched the workman on the shoulder. But it was as if the questioner did not exist. He was angry and chagrined. Then it dawned on him that he was dead. Unconsciously he had become a ghost.

Jehovah appointed a private judgment day for him. The dead hero came before the throne. "Who are you?" asked the ruler of the universe. "I am the constructive reasoner," he replied proudly. "What have you constructed?" was the next question. For the first time since his birth, the mortal was at a loss.

"Never mind," said Jehovah, "you have earned Heaven, for there all

is peace and perfection; there no one tears down or builds up." And so Jehoah put him into a place which was labeled "Heaven," and locked the gate on the outside.

For a while the saved soul sat on a golden throne and was contented. But soon he began to be a little bored. He went to an older inhabitant and asked him what one does in Heaven. "Nothing," was the answer. "The place is populated with souls who have done nothing but try to get here, and now they must rest from their labors. What can there be to do, in a place that is perfect?"

For a moment the new arrival suspected for the first time that all these years he had been mistaken. Would it not be better to be building something, even if one had to destroy something else as a preliminary? But he layed the suspicion aside as unworthy of him. "Before I can logically object to Heaven," he thought, "I must propose something better. And of course, that is impossible." So he sat down again, to await Eternity.

G. S.

Patriotism, sir, is the last resort of scoundrels.—*Dr. Johnson.*

The Crucified Dionysus

Alexander S. Kaun

ACHAD HA'AM, in his admirable essay, *Priest and Prophet,* differentiates between the two ways of serving an Idea. The Prophet is essentially one-sided; a certain idea fills his whole being, masters his every feeling and sensation, engrosses his whole attention. His gaze is fixed always on what *ought* to be in accordance with his own convictions; never on what *can* be consistently with the general condition of things outside himself. He is a primal force. The Priest also fosters the Idea, and desires to perpetuate it; but he is not of the race of giants. Instead of clinging to the narrowness of the Prophet, and demanding of reality what it cannot give, he broadens his outlook, and takes a wider view of the relation between his Idea and the facts of life. Not what *ought* to be, but what *can* be, is what he seeks. The Idea of the Priest is not a primal force; it is an accidental complex of various forces, among which there is no essential connection. Their temporary union is due simply to the fact that they have happened to come into conflict in actual life, and have been compelled to compromise and join hands. The Priest sooner or later becomes a dominant force, an interpreter, a teacher; the Prophet remains all his life "a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth," and is cried after, "The Prophet is a fool, the spiritual man is mad." Throughout the ages we have seen the repetition of this phenomenon: from Jeremiah to Nietzsche, from Paul to Brandes. The narrow-minded, hapless giants have been sowing seed for future generations; the broad-minded interpreters have been cultivating the soil for their contemporaries.

Friedrich Nietzsche, by George Brandes, recently published by the Macmillan company, adds little new to the vast interpretative literature on the creator of Zarathustra. The book contains a moderate essay on Aristocratic Radicalism, written in 1889, a necrolog, a brief note on *Ecce Homo,* and a few letters interchanged between the philosopher and the critic. In the last twenty-five years life and literature (perhaps I ought to say art in general) have been so profoundly influenced by Nietzschean views that the source of those views has ceased to be discernable. From Gorky's *Bosyaki* and the types of D'Annunzio down to the Manifestoes of the Futurists, the aphorisms and paradoxes of Nietzsche have been sounded and resounded on various scales, and the slogan of Transvaluation of Values has been echoed and re-echoed from the college platform, from the pulpit, from the soap-box, from the stage, even from the cabaret and music-halls (the *Ueberbrettl'* movement in central Europe). Perhaps the American public has been too "busy" to be touched by that hurricane, so that it was left to Dr. Foster to appear in

our day and proclaim with prophetic fervor and pathos the "new" Decalogue; but then our neophytes will hardly find adequate Dr. Brandes' Essay written in 1889, when Nietzsche was practically unknown.

Yet this belated book in its somewhat belated English translation contains an invaluable feature—the correspondence between Nietzsche and Brandes. "The letters he sent me in that last year of his conscious life" says the famous critic, "appear to me to be of no little psychological and biographical interest." Indeed so, and what is more, they reveal a bit of the reserved personality of Brandes and provoke the reader to venture a comparison between the correspondents.

From the very first we mark the distinct characteristics of the Priest and the Prophet. The careful, correct, and clear interpreter, and the bewildering, cascading revaluator of life, or, to use Ben-Zakkay's metaphor, the plastered well that does not lose a drop, and the powerful spring ever shooting forth new streams; the earnest professor offering practical suggestions, telling of the book-binder, of the copyright business, and of the big audiences at his lectures, and the seething, "three parts blind" sufferer who swings his imagination on revolutionizing Europe, bringing "the whole world into convulsions." The difference in the style of writing is also characteristic. As against Brandes' "free and graceful French way in which he handles the language," Nietzsche thus explains his "difficult position."

> On the scale of my experiences and circumstances, the predominance is given to the rarer, remoter, more attenuated tones as against the normal, medial ones. Besides (as an old musician, which is what I really am), I have an ear for quarter-tones. Finally—and this probably does more to make my books obscure—there is in me a distrust of dialectics, even of reasons. What a person already holds "true," or has not yet acknowledged as true, seems to me to depend mainly on his courage, on the relative strength of his courage (I seldom have the courage for what I really know).

To which Brandes comments with his usual clarity.

> . . . You write more for yourself, think more of yourself in writing, than for the general public; whereas most non-German writers have been obliged to force themselves into a certain discipline of style, which no doubt makes the latter clearer and more plastic, but necessarily deprives it of all profundity and compels the writer to keep to himself his most intimate and best individuality, the anonymous in him. I have thus been horrified at times to see how little of my inmost self is more than hinted at in my writings.

The earnest tone of Brandes' letters is at times counteracted by a humorous frolic on the part of his correspondent. I even suspect an ironical smile curving around the Polish mustache, when, for instance, Nietzsche confesses his "admiration for the tolerance of your judgment, as much as for the moderation of your sentences." Or as when Brandes confesses.

> At the risk of exciting your wrath . . . Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* made an indelible impression on me. I once heard this opera in Berlin, in a despondent,

altogether shattered state of mind, and I felt every note. I do not know whether the impression was so deep because I was so ill.

Nietzsche mischievously retorts:

As to the effect of *Tristan*, I, too, could tell strange tales. A regular dose of mental anguish seems to me a splendid tonic before a Wagnerian repast. The *Reichsgerichtsrath*, Dr. Wiener, of Leipzig, gave me to understand that a Carlsbad cure was also a good thing. . . .

Only once irony passes into impatient sarcasm. Nietzsche expresses his regret at not knowing either Swedish or Danish. Yet Brandes continuously tantalizes him with such exclamations as, "What a pity that so learned a philologist as you should not understand Danish." Back comes a flash: "Ah, how industrious you are! And idiot that I am, not to understand Danish!"

I am tempted to bring another illustration of the profound earnestness of the Priest as against the plausible light-mindedness of the Prophet.

Brandes writes:

I am delighted with the aphorism on the hazard of marriage. But why do you not *dig* deeper here? You speak somewhere with a certain reverence of marriage, which by implying an emotional ideal has idealized emotion—here, however, you are more blunt and forcible. Why not for once say the *full* truth about it? I am of opinion that the institution of marriage, which may have been very useful in taming brutes, causes more misery to mankind than even the church has done. Church, monarchy, marriage, property, these are to my mind four old venerable institutions which mankind will have to reform *from the foundations* in order to be able to breathe freely. And of these marriage alone kills the individuality, paralyzes liberty and is the embodiment of a paradox. But the shocking thing about it is that humanity is still too coarse to be able to shake it off. The most emancipated writers, so called, still speak of marriage with a devout and virtuous air which maddens me. And they gain their point, since it is impossible to say what one could put in its place for the mob. There is nothing else to be done but slowly to transform opinion. What do you think about it?

And this is what Nietzsche thinks about it:

I feel for you in the North, now so wintry and gloomy; how does one manage to keep one's soul erect there? I admire almost every man who does not lose faith in himself under a cloudy sky, to say nothing of his faith in "humanity," in "marriage," in "property," in the "State." . . . In Petersburg I should be a nihilist: here I believe, as a plant believes, in the sun. The sun of Nice—you cannot call that a prejudice. We have had it at the expense of all the rest of Europe. God, with the cynicism peculiar to Him, lets it shine upon us idlers, "philosophers," and sharpers more brightly than upon the far worthier military heroes of the "Fatherland."

Think of the *Lebensfreude* that sparkles from these lines written by a man who a few months later had to be shut out from the world, who had suffered extremely painful and persistent headaches,—"hundred days of torment in the year"! It was his keen sense that "a sick man had no right

to pessimism," it was his extravagant love of life that led him to set for chorus and orchestra the *Hymn to Life* written by Lou von Salomé, from which we read an extract in the book of Brandes:

> So truly loves a friend his friend
> As I love thee, O Life in mystery hidden!
> If joy or grief to me thou send;
> If loud I laugh or else to weep am bidden,
> Yet love I thee with all thy changeful faces;
> And shouldst thou doom me to depart,
> So would I tear myself from thy embraces,
> As comrade from a comrade's heart.

And in conclusion:

> And if thou hast now left no bliss to crown me,
> Lead on! thou hast thy sorrow still!

George Brandes "discovered" Nietzsche in the last year of his conscious life, after he had written his greatest works, unrecognized, repulsed by his few former friends, suffering in solitude, yet with superhuman enthusiasm casting new worlds, slaughtering old gods, fighting mediocrity. His letters of that year reveal the final act of the greatest of world-tragedies—the Nietzsche-Tragedy; they grant us a glimpse into the torn soul of the joyous martyr.

> I lived for years in extreme proximity of death. This was my great good fortune. I fought myself, I outlived myself. . . .
> . . . After all, my illness has been of the greatest use to me: it has released me, it has restored to me the courage to be myself. . . . And, indeed, in virtue of my instincts, I am a brave animal, a military one even. . . . Am I a philosopher, do you ask?—But what does that matter! . . .

How he created his greatest work, *Zarathustra*:

> Each part in about ten days. Perfect state of "inspiration." All conceived in the course of rapid walks: absolute certainty, as though each sentence were shouted to one. While writing the book, the greatest physical elasticity and sense of power.

In his first letter to Brandes, Nietzsche wrote:

> How far this mode of thought has carried me already, how far it will carry me yet—I am almost afraid to imagine. But there are certain paths which do not allow one to go backward and so I go forward, because I *must*.

And the path led him to the inevitable end. His mind reached the summit of the heights and burst into bleeding fragments over the yet not comprehending world. In the last letter but one we see "signs of powerful exaltation," as Brandes chooses to name the obvious symptoms of megalomania. January 4, 1889, is the date of an unstamped, unaddressed letter written on a piece of paper ruled in pencil:

To the friend Georg—When once you had discovered me, it was easy enough to find me: the difficulty now is to get rid of me. . . .

—*The Crucified.*

In reading the letters of Nietzsche we follow the doomed one with profound pain and awe unto his Golgotha; we witness the dire trials of his spirit and body, we see the last flashes of Zarathustra's sun, then—darkness. *Götter-dämmerung.* Self-crucfied Dionysus.

Nietzsche was by no means a child of his age. As a prophet, he hurled his seeds far into the future, over the heads of many generations. Mankind is still vegetating on the bottom of the Valley unable to reach the Heights where Zarathustra is alone with himself, bathing in an abyss of light. They who have exchanged the Prophet's pearls on up-to-date glittering coins, are counterfeiters; they who presumptuously wrap themselves in the crimson mantle of the Crucified Dionysus, as his faithful followers, are impostors: the time for the Superman has not come yet. Let us bear in mind these burning words from the farewell message, *Ecce Homo:*

Nun heisze ich euch, mich verlieren und euch finden; und erst, *wenn ihr mich Alle verleugnet habt,* will ich euch wiederkehren.

Soon, I believe, we shall once more receive a lively impression that art cannot rest content with ideas and ideals for the average mediocrity, any more than with remnants of the old catechisms; but that great art demands intellects that stand on a level with the most individual personalities of contemporary thought, in exceptionality, in independence, in defiance, and in artistic self-supremacy.—*George Brandes.*

Poems

Amy Lowell

Clear, With Light Variable Winds

The fountain bent and straightened itself
In the night wind,
Blowing like a flower.
It gleamed and glittered,
A tall white lily,
Under the eye of the golden moon.
From a stone seat,
Beneath a blossoming lime,
The man watched it.
And the spray pattered
On the dim grass at his feet.

The fountain tossed its water,
Up and up, like silver marbles.
Is that an arm he sees?
And for one moment
Does he catch the moving curve
Of a thigh?
The fountain gurgled and splashed,
And the man's face was wet.

Is it singing that he hears?
A song of playing at ball?
The moonlight shines on the straight column of water,
And through it he sees a woman,
Tossing the water-balls.
Her breasts point outwards,
And the nipples are like buds of peonies.
Her flanks ripple as she plays,
And the water is not more undulating
Than the lines of her body.

"Come," she sings, "Poet!
Am I not worth more than your day ladies,
Covered with awkward stuffs,
Unreal, unbeautiful?
What do you fear in taking me?

Is not the night for poets?
I am your dream,
Recurrent as water,
Gemmed with the moon!"
She steps to the edge of the pool
And the water runs, rustling, down her sides.
She stretches out her arms,
And the fountain streams behind her
Like an opened vail.

. . . . .

In the morning the gardeners came to their work.
"There is something in the fountain", said one.
They shuddered as they laid their dead master
On the grass.
"I will close his eyes", said the head gardener,
"It is uncanny to see a dead man staring at the sun."

. . . . .

Fool's Moneybags

Outside the long window,
With his head on the stone sill,
The dog is lying,
Gazing at his Beloved.
His eyes are wet and urgent,
And his body is taut and shaking.
It is cold on the terrace;
A pale wind licks along the stone slabs,
But the dog gazes through the glass
And is content.

The Beloved is writing a letter.
Occasionally she speaks to the dog,
But she is thinking of her writing.
Does she, too, give her devotion to one
Not worthy?

The Poetry of Revolt

CHARLES ASHLEIGH

Arrows in the Gale, by Arturo Giovannitti. [Hillacre Bookhouse, Riverside, Connecticut.]

THERE are many ways in which we can approach this curious and portentous volume. We may confine ourselves solely to the technique of the writing, but, in so doing, we should ignore the most important and compelling part of the book: its spirit. There is something which flames through these poems that abashes one who would content himself with a sterile commentary on the versification; only those who are afraid of life would take refuge in such pedantic air-beating.

In this book there is a combination of two of the most significant personalities of our time. The preface is written by that miracle incarnate: Helen Keller. In it she gives us the background of the poems—a background of tumultuous class-conflict. The awakening of the working-class, and its surprising growth of self-reliance and militancy, is the inspiration of the book, and Helen Keller announces herself for it and with it.

Giovannitti himself is a remarkable man of remarkable antecedents. He emigrated from his native Italy at the age of seventeen, and was precipitated into our whirl of economic struggle. He worked in Pennsylvania in the coal mines and, later, assumed the position which he still holds: that of editor of the Italian revolutionary weekly, *Il Proletario.* In the now famous Lawrence strike he was one of those who were most valuable in stimulating the sense of solidarity among the workers and in maintaining their enthusiasm. Together with Joseph J. Ettor and Caruso, he spent several months in jail, awaiting his trial on a faked-up murder charge. They were acquitted, not so much because of the legal justice of their cause but because of the fact that their condemnation would have resulted in the paralysis of the textile industry. With their threat of general strike the workers forced the courts of their masters to deliver up to them their captive spokesmen. The excitement and publicity resultant from the Lawrence Strike brought into prominence the ideas of Giovannitti and others who were espousers of the Syndicalist idea, which in this country is expressed through the organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World.

It is necessary to have some idea of these matters in order to appreciate the *leit motif* of this book. All through it flares that spirit of impatient revolt, that spurning of most of the scaffolding of our decrepit civilization which is usually held up for admiration to the budding youth of this country. Courts of law, churches, and parliaments all fall under the blinding fire of the bitter contempt of this workman in revolt.

Despite occasional faults in form or stress—and we must remember

that Giovannitti is writing in an alien tongue—the poems are vibrant with life and some of them express with truest art things which are not always considered by our academic friends to be at all within the province of poetry.

Sometimes the formal verse forms are used and, at other times, the poet has recourse to the free rhythmic mode of Whitman. Personally, I think that the best work is in the free verse. *The Walker,* a jail experience of Giovannitti's, is a wonderful piece of work and should be bracketed with *The Ballad of Reading Gaol.* The finest thing in the book is *The Cage,* a poem which appeared originally in *The Atlantic Monthly,* and which is one of the few things which have preserved that journal from irredeemable mediocrity.

The Cage expresses the thoughts and emotions of the writer when he stood with his two comrades in the dock of Salem courthouse. The contrast is drawn between the outworn formalities and rites of the law and the lusty life of labor,—between the dead lives of the dismal practitioners of a stilted and tyrannical formula and the life of vigorous conflict of the awakening working-class.

This is the inside of the court-room:

> In the middle of the great greenish room stood the green iron cage.
> All was old, and cold and mournful, ancient with the double antiquity of heart and brain in the great greenish room,
> Old and hoary was the man who sat upon the faldstool, upon the fireless and godless altar,
> Old were the tomes that mouldered behind him on the dusty shelves.
> Old was the man upon his left who awoke with his cracked voice the dead echoes of dead centuries, old the man upon his right who wielded a wand; and old all those who spoke to him and listened to him before and around the green iron cage.
> Old were the words they spoke, and their faces were drawn and white and lifeless, without expression or solemnity; like the ikons of old cathedrals.
> For of naught they knew, but of what was written in the old, yellow books. And all the joys and the pains and the loves and hatreds and furies and labors and strifes of man, all the fierce and divine passions that battle and rage in the heart of man, never entered into the great greenish room but to sit in the green iron cage.
> Senility, dullness and dissolution were all around the green iron cage, and nothing was new and young and alive in the great room, except the three men who were in the cage.

And, then, when the prosecutor speaks, we have an insight into the fervor with which Giovannitti greets the overthrow of the old and the budding of the new:

> .... he said (and dreary as a wind that moans thru the crosses of an old graveyard was his voice):
> "I will prove to you that these three men in the cage are criminals and murderers and that they ought to be put to death."

Love, it was then that I heard for the first time the creak of the moth that was eating the old painting and the old books, and the worm that was gnawing the old bench, and it was then that I saw that all the old men around the great greenish room were dead.

They were dead like the old man in the painting, save that they could still read the old books he could read no more, and still spoke and heard the old words he could speak and hear no more, and still passed the judgment of the dead, which he could no more pass, upon the mighty life of the world outside that throbbed and thundered and clamored and roared the wonderful anthem of human labor to the fatherly justice of the Sun.

To me such stuff as this means a hundred times more than a thousand sonnets to a mistress' eye-lash, or than the weak maudlinities of an absinthe-soaked eroto-dabbler, wailing puling repentance to a pale Christ. It is compact of life—life as it is today, made, not for the tittillation of dilletantes, but for the enjoyment and inspiration of men who can appreciate the meat of life redolent of sweat and blood and tears.

This is Giovannitti's picture of the Republic, after it had been gained with blood and sacrifice:

When night with velvet-sandaled feet
Stole in her chamber's solitude,
Behold! she lay there naked, lewd,
A drunken harlot of the street,

With withered breasts and shaggy hair
Soiled by each wanton, frothy kiss,
Between a sergeant of police
And a decrepit millionaire.

Love poems also figure in the book, but the dominant note is that of conflict. Giovannitti has realized the pregnant fact that in struggle is the greatest joy, that the ecstasy of growth and striving is worth more that the bovine placidity of "happiness." At the end of his love-song, *The Praise of Spring,* he says:

But shall I sing of love now, I who could only sing to the tune of the clarions of war?

And shall I forget for a woman my black frothing horse that neighs after the twanging arrows in the wind?

And shall I not lose my strength when her arms shall encircle me where thou hast girt me with the sword, O Gea, my mother immortal?

Giovannitti makes no claim for inclusion in Parnassian galleries. He believes that deeds count for more than words, and he essays but to make a handful of war-songs for the pleasure of his comrades.

Still may my song, before the sun's
Reveille, speed the hours that tire,
While they are cleaning up their guns
Around the cheery bivouac fire.

And so, these are the rough-hewn songs of a man; of one who goes his way with his love upholding him and the Vision burning within him and the sound of battle forever in his ears and the whole-hearted hate of his enemy to spur him, and the stalwart comradeship of his fellows to make dear the thorny way.

The Nietzschean Love of Eternity

George Burman Foster

AFTER all, there have been great wars before this pan-European cataclysm; and, naturally enough, according to the psychological law of the expansion of the emotions, men have transferred their experiences of time to the content of eternity. Thus, amid the abomination of desolation which the Thirty Years' War brought upon the German Fatherland, one Johannes Rist, a clergyman residing in the neighborhood of Hamburg, sang his symptomatic song:

> "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort!
> Du Schwert, das durch die Seele bohrt!
> O Anfang sonder Ende!
> O Ewigkeit, Leit ohne Leit,
> Ich weiss vor lauter Traurigkeit,
> Nicht, wo ich mich hinwende!"

The thunder and blood of war are in it. The horrors of the war long have passed, but not those of the song. Today you may hear the old hymn sung from new hymn-books in German churches. Today still, school children commit it to memory in their schools—with what profound and terrible impression, who can say? All the pains which little children feel so quiveringly with their defenseless and susceptible natures, all these will continue unbrokenly in eternity. On this bank and shoal of time, children easily and happily forget the tribulations of a bygone hour—in eternity, never, never again! But might there not be also an eternity of childish play and joy? Even so, that could not tip the scale in view of the possibility of a comfortless and cruel eternity; especially since the possibility becomes a probability, and the probability a certainty, owing to the fact that the children are taught to consider themselves as lost and damned sinners—in Adam's fall they sinned all! Consequently the remote hope of bliss in "Jerusalem the golden with milk and honey blest" could not assuage the grief nor silence the terror and torture that filled the child mind. "Would

that there were no eternity!"—often this must have been the secret thought of German children, and not of these alone.

This is the eternity of fear.

From the nursery and school to the world of thought! From gruesome pictures and poetry of the enigma of eternity to the solution in systems of the philosophers and theologians. From Rist of the Thirty Years' War to Spinoza with imperturbable philosophic calm—such was the great change through which many a German child passed—Spinoza who won his deepest insight into life by viewing all things *sub specie aeternitatis.* Or from Rist to Schleiermacher, who unveiled the august mystery of humanness as eternity in the heart—as eternity internal, dynamic, living, present, not external, mechanical, fixed, and future. It was the great transition from orthodoxy to romanticism.

Or else from all these men to *Friedrich Nietzsche,* him that was the godless one, who, in the end of the ages, also sang a song, a new song, of eternity. He both celebrated eternity in song and made no problem of it. He lived it and loved it as his first and truest love—plighted his soul's troth in unwavering loyalty: "Denn ich liebe dich, o Ewigkeit!" From dull and gloomy dreams and anxious fears did this eternity awaken him, from mortal ills did it redeem his life. Nietzsche had wistfully peered into the world's enigmatic darkness, his seeking and skeptical soul had chafed over the riddles and contradictions of life—no meaning, he cried, in this senseless play of life and death, truth and error; and only illusion and folly in all that men called joy and sorrow. There came to him, then, revelation of a new, of an eternal life. The present, with all the kaleidoscopic changes of life's little day, makes ready its own recurrence, each part of time being but a ring linked with the next, the whole becoming the ring of eternity, the true marriage ring of humanity—the seal and stay of an eternal bond between man and Ever-creative, Ever-reincarnating Life!

Ich liebe dich, o Ewigkeit. Perfect love casts out fear. This is the eternity of love. The godless one would lead the German heart, and all hearts, from *"Donnerworte"* and *"Schwerte,"* from the *fear* of eternity to the *love* of eternity.

That is what Nietzsche would do. But is such an undertaking worth while in a day like ours? What does man care about eternity—his life so swift and short that he does not know on one day what he did or thought or wanted the day before? His treasures in time, will not his heart be there also, seeking its right and content there? Money ruling the world, time ruling money, why talk of eternity at all? A jolly hour, a sprig of mirth plucked by the way, is not that what the man of modern culture longs for, is it not enough to satisfy such longing as his? The earth overpopulated as it is with *Augenblicksmenschen,* as Nietzsche would say, and not with *Ewigkeitsmenschen,* why recall the love and hope of a long lost past?

Such queries may give us pause, but they may not stampede us. We may not forget that Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard, has written a great book bearing the impressive title, *The Eternal Values.* Nor may we be blind to the evidence that the thought so clearly and singularly espoused by the bearers of the better ideals of our new time is that of *the imminent and constant eternity in the human heart,* as unfolded by Spinoza and Schleiermacher and Nietzsche. Indeed, the question as to *what values are eternal values,* this eternity question, is central in our modern culture. Very superficial indeed would be our evaluation of modern life, most un-understood indeed would be the riddle of the soul of this life, did we ignore the ever clearer, ever mightier longing for eternity in this soul's abyss, and the unification of all deeper spirits upon the high task of giving an eternal content to our culture.

By taking some illustrations, one can see the need to supply the latter profound view to the former superficial judgment, if one is to do justice to the new movements of life in the modern world.

There is your modern poet. At first sight he seems to lack the illumination of that eternal light which never was on land or sea. You see the scorching sun beating upon the lone pilgrim as he plods through the burning sand to a goalless goal. You see faded, pale shadows. You do not meet with an idea that makes you feel that the poet yearns to interpret some eternal thought to this life of ours. Instead, life speaks only of itself and from itself. This is an abomination in the eyes of those who call themselves *Ewigkeitsmenschen.* They call it naturalistic, materialistic art. They upbraid an era in which a poet may dare to dissociate his poetry from the eternal ideal. Then you look again, you read more carefully, and you see the whole matter differently. The eternity that men claimed for their *thought* is indeed gone. But eternity itself, the eternity of life, that is not gone, that abides. This realistic man of modern poetry, the more really he is apprehended, stands before us as the embodiment of a *necessity,* a necessity that transcends the individual, yet lives and weaves in him, a necessity that enunciates the law of life in the destiny of the individual—power of darkness or dawn of a new day! But necessity, law of life, this is but another name for eternity.

And there again is your modern painter. He, too, presents us with a bit, often a tiny bit, of reality, of nature. A rotten trunk of some old tree; a dilapidated hut on a ledge; some God-forsaken nook of earth, lost and forgotten of man; a bent and broken man with his hoe; some poor wretch with pistol against his skull; some traveller bleeding unbandaged by the roadside—there they all are in the galleries of our modern realism. But look again, and you will see that the keen observant eye of your artist serves an artist's heart, seeks and finds eternity, and directs our slower vision to the eternal mystery he has found, the most inspiring of all mys-

teries—viz., greatness in the least and lowest, glory and beauty in the offensive and repellant, invaluable human worth and nobility in the depraved and downtrodden!

There also is your man of science as he moves out along new paths. Storming the sky, unlocking all the eternities so long sought for behind the world, what does the scientist's supreme power and consecration consist in but his steadfast and strenuous search for eternity? He not only seeks, he finds. He finds eternal life and eternal love in the daintiest fern, in the tiniest lichen. In the very dust beneath our feet he descries what was there before men were at all. He points us to men as they emerge from the unplumbed æonian abyss, bearing in their bodies still visible and tangible traces of an eternal life. He reveals an eternal content of being in all that lives and weaves and moves.

Truly, if there is no sign of an eternity in which we live, there is no sign of an eternity at all. But if you were to bring to its simplest and truest expression all that is great and overmastering in the life of the human spirit today, you would then have once again the exultant Zarathrustra song: "Ich liebe dich, o Ewigkeit!" All that lends true worth to the life that now is and is to be, is contained in this song. A *present* eternity we seek as the one thing needful. What we love must be near us, we must feel it and grasp it. Be it never so remote, it is the magic of love to bring the remote nigh our hearts, or, better still, to conquer space and time, so that there is no near and no far, only a life and love that is eternal!

To create such Ewigkeitsmenscher is the great goal of the new life, the prophecy of a new culture. For this new culture we need men who feel something in their own being that uplifts them above all the experience of the present, much as they may seem imprisoned therein, men who dominate life in a royal fashion, men who in confident freedom do not mind the storms which would hurl them from their path. We need men who survey the great connections of the world from peak to peak and overbridge them with their own souls, men who release destiny from its isolation and articulate it in the eternal cycle of human life, men whose own being contains all life according to its eternal substance, uttering their "yea and amen" to all that is called life as they blissfully surrender to the beauty of existence. This is the great apocalypse, life's cryptic mystery-manual, whose seven seals the poet-prophet of this new culture, Friedrich Nietzsche, has broken.

What is yet to be? What will a day, a year, bring forth? If the eye is far-seeing and far-seeking, what will the next century bring forth? The darkness tenting like thick clouds upon the mountains of the future mystifies, and the days, the times, the years, the centuries, coerce man under the burden of all their darknesses until he is a-weary even before he has taken up his pilgrimage into the untrodden. Then there flashes from the love of eternity a clear light which kindles the light of the future: *we our-*

selves are this light! Our existence is the cloud hanging heavily over the hills, cloud with prophetic and positive light, from which redeeming beams shall break.

Behind us lies the whole long grim past, a huge grave, with countless gravestones—the silent city of the dead which holds all that has been ever dear to the heart, all youth with their glad faces and forms, all glances of love, all divine moments. And all the dead compel all the living to conflict that the living may be controlled by life and not by death. From their graves the dead direct their deadliest shafts at the heart, at the living, to drag them down into the embrace of death. But something stirs in man that cannot be wounded, cannot be buried—*man's will.* The will bursts all tombs hewn from rocks, demolishes all graves, creates resurrections out of them, smashes churches and abbeys that heaven's pure eye may gaze through their rent roofs—the will building and bearing eternities! And who, through love of eternity, controls future and past, finds the earth quivering with new creative words, is himself such a word, even binds good and evil together, making the evilest worthy of being the sauce of life.

Ewigkeitsmensch!—the wind from the unexplored swells his sail, seafarer's gale roaring in from the boundless. When time and space vanish from sight, vanish coasts also, the last fetters drop away: the body feels its weight and burden is past! How shall we go about rescuing ourselves from this torture and casting off this oppression?

In a strange fanatical vision, Nietzsche shows how he became an eternity-preacher, an eternity-sculptor. The vision is more novel than that of the Ascension which biblical legends narrate. The disciples of Jesus gaze upon their Master mounting heavenward into the clouds, and they hear strange words of the Christ coming down from heaven again to abide with them all the days till the end of the world. Nietzsche does not speak of the second advent of the Christ, of a recurrence of a single item of being, but of an eternal recurrence of all things, of all men, all moments and happenings of all life! Eternal return—to live life so that we would live each and all of it over again—to live it all so that it would be worth being not once but once again forever and forever—to be joint creator of a cosmos in which what is shall be fit—to be once yet again everlastingly—that is our, and Being's, final flawless test, passing which, no Great White Throne may fill us with dismay! There is the heart's harrowing cry: Could I but begin and live it—all over again, how different I would do! Would we like to do all that we have done over again? do them again eternally? Would we like to say and hear all the senseless prattle over again forever? Horrible thought! It were well to live and speak so that our existence can stand the fiery test of a Nietzschean eternity—live now in a way that it would be worth while to live again. It were indeed well to fill each fleeting moment of time with what is worthy to be the content of

eternity. Eternity the criterion of time—that is really a great thought. To be sure, there is no eternal recurrence, and it is not clear that Nietzsche meant to say that there was. Faith in the eternal recurrence of all things, Nietzsche means this,—so at all events it seems to me,—to be a mirror in which we may recognize the true full worth of our life, a life in which there is nothing to be forgotten, nothing to be regretted, nothing done to be undone, because all is freed from the limitations of space and time and from external contingencies, and stands there in its great eternal necessity, because eternal, good, and godly even, in this necessity itself. Then we would not only live our life over again precisely as we lived it, we would live it in the light of the eternity again, ever again. No error, and folly would we then wish out of our life, because in this love of eternity it is precisely from error and folly that the truth grows which lights our faith. No weakness, no stumbling and falling, would we wish out of our life, because in the eternal illumination, power grows from all these experiences which enables us to mount above them, and gives us the victory in every bitter battle of life. No, our life is not lived from the right point of view, until we can sing it out in the song whose name is—Recurrence! We do not know the worth of the honor until we can dedicate to it that song whose meaning is: *"In alle Ewigkeit!"*

Ye say that a good cause will even sanctify war! I tell you, it is the good war that sanctifies every cause!—*Nietzsche.*

The Restaurant Violin

GEORGE SOULE

(*Another picture of our violinist*)

A brook
Which murmured me to high afternoon fields,
Where came a shower,
And after that, the long, straight call of the low sun
To the green-gold and winking purple of every leaf
And the long shadows between the hills.
And every leaf was glad
And the earth was comforted,
Breathing up freshly,
And the hills were full of joy,
And the clouds remained in the west
In ecstasy of color because of the sun.
Out of hidden trees
A wood-thrush sang.

And then I heard the restaurant—
Crashing of spoons on trays,
The dip, dip, dip, of the big rotary fans,
The chink of the cash-register, the clatter of money into the tray,
And people talking loudly, with mirthless laughter,
And munching, munching, munching.

Over it mocked the violin—
The rain fell and the sun called,
And there returned unto the violin,
And entered with glory into the violin
Final loneliness.
Then the pianist selected something from a musical comedy.

Editorials

Our Third New Poet

MAXWELL BODENHEIM was born in Natchez, Mississippi, twenty-two years ago, was educated in the Memphis, Tennessee, schools, served three years in the U. S. regular army, and is at present studying law and art in Chicago. He has written poetry for six years without having had a single poem accepted—in fact, he has had exactly three hundred and seventeen rejection slips from the astute editors of American magazines. He addresses to them the following poem:

The Poet Speaks To Those Who Scorn Him

I have taken tons of carbon in my hand,
Shriveled them, with a thought, to a small diamond:
And tried to sell it to men who call it glass.
It was glass in a sense—
Glass which with terrible exactness,
Showed them big, hideous souls
Dwarfed by the splendor of its immense clarity,
Like forests pressed to specks by the height of a mountain.

His first acceptance came from Miss Harriet Monroe, who prints five of his poems in the August issue of *Poetry*. "My creed," says Mr. Bodenheim "(if I can be said to have one), is this: Most of the things which men call beautiful are ugly to me, and some of the things they call ugly are beautiful. Men and deeds are subjects for prose, not poetry. I am not concerned with life, but with that which lies behind life. I am an intense admirer of Ezra Pound's," he always adds; "I worship him."

Sade Iverson, Unknown

WE WISH the mysterious poet who sent us *The Milliner*—which we liked profoundly and printed in our last issue—would come in to see us. The poem arrived one day in April with a modest little note: "Something about your magazine—perhaps the

essential actuality of it—has moved me to make 'the simple confession' which I enclose. Print it if it is good enough; throw it in the waste basket if it is not." But though we have tried various investigations we have not been able to find out who this remarkable Sade Iverson is. She was the first person to send us a congratulatory letter about THE LITTLE REVIEW. In it she warned us that restraint is better than expression; but *The Milliner* will stand as a stronger refutation of that advice than anything we can say. We want very much to know Sade Iverson. After reading her poem Mr. Bodenheim wrote the following:

To Sade Iverson

I wonder if you scooped out your entire
  melted soul
With shaking hands, and spilled it into
  this
Slim-necked but bulging-bodied flagon—
So slim-necked that my sticking lips
Must fight for wonderful drops.

"Blast"

THE typical gamin, the street urchin with his tongue in his cheek, crying in an infinitely wise childish treble that the world is an exciting place after all, and that even if you are so burned out that you can't taste your gin straight any more you can still put pepper in it,—this street-urchin has at last invaded the quarterlies. We known him already in the dailies, the weeklies, the monthlies, the bound volume; but up to now the quarterlies have seemed dignified and safe. But the last bulwark of conservatism has fallen; the march of progress is unchecked!

Blast is the name of the new magazine, published in London by John Lane. Let us take it as it comes. The cover—after you have seen the cover you know all—is of a peculiar brilliancy, something between magenta and lavender, about the color of an acute sick-headache. Running slantingly across both the front and the back is the single word BLAST in solid black-faced type three inches high. That is all, but it is enough.

Inside there is much food for thought. At least one feels sure there must be much food for thought, if only one could come near enough to understanding it to think about it.

First there are twelve pages of what seem to be the rare-bit

dream of a type-setter, but which on closer inspection prove to be a table of curses, much like the old table which has now been cut from the Anglican prayer-book. "BLAST" they say "CURSE! DAMN"—"England, France, Humor, Sport, years 1837 to 1900, Rotten Menagerie, castor oil." "CURSE" also "those who will hang over this manifesto with SILLY CANINES exposed." After these twelve pages come half the number of blessings, again from the prayer-book. "BLESS" they say "England, all ports, the Hair-dresser, Humor, France, and castor-oil."

Then comes the Manifesto. No woman of the olden times found without a shift could be more shamed than a new cult today found without a Manifesto. This one begins: "Beyond action and reaction we would establish ourselves." It proceeds with jaunty violence to settle the artistic problems of the world. Nonetheless there is much wisdom in the Manifesto. But you must read it for yourselves to understand it. This announcement is signed with eleven names, of which the best-known in this country are probably Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis (the editor), Richard Aldington, and Gaudier Brzeska.

A group of poems by Ezra Pound follows. After the mental indigestion of the first few pages we cannot be too grateful to Mr. Pound for putting English words together in such a manner that they at least make sentences. More than that, they make in places excellent satire. Then follows a long prose play (at least we should guess it to be prose) by Wyndham Lewis, called *The Enemy of the Stars*. Seven-tenths of it consists of stage directions. Here is a sample:

> Fungi of sullen violet thoughts, investing primitive vegetation. Groping hands strummed Byzantine organ of his mind, producing monotonous black fugue.

The plot unfortunately escaped our perusal, hiding itself in verbiage. But undoubtedly there is one.

The number also contains the beginning of a serial story by Richard Aldington, a remarkably vivid short story by Rebecca West called *The Indissolubility of Matrimony,* and *Vorteces* by the editor. The whole is copiously sown with Cubist drawings which must be seen to be appreciated.

So the quarterly street-urchin makes his bow on the literary stage. How much of his singular make-up will prove to be juvenile spleen and how much genuine integrity only time can tell. In the meanwhile his tongue is in his cheek.—E. T.

The Stigma of Knowing It All

ONE of the most exasperating things that can happen to a thinking person is to be told this: "You would be much more forceful if you weren't so sure you knew it all." How much time we all waste in vague, unthoughtful generalizations of this sort! The only person who really thinks he "knows it all" is that misguided soul who is always asking for advice, always giving advice, and eternally ignoring both that which he gives and which he receives. He is as muddled as a clear pool that has been stirred up with a stick; but the ripples convince him that the stirring-up has touched many shores. The person to whom the stigma of "knowing it all" is most often attached is he who believes that he knows something about himself and very little about anybody else. He is that person who takes care of his own problems with a certain ardor, with a sense of keen clearness, like the shining of a star through his deep, unmuddled pool. He has realized Arnold's *Self-Dependence.* But the muddled ones can never forgive him for that joy with which the stars perform their shining; nor can they ever understand the stupor of helplessness which descends upon him when he is asked to direct some one else's shining. Therefore, they argue, he is self-sufficient; and the adjective is a curse. Some one has said, quite untruly, that people never know the important things about themselves. But the only thing in the world a man can *really* know is himself; and it is his chief business to push self-knowledge beyond its obvious boundaries to those reaches where even change becomes a comprehended element. The gist of the whole matter is this: People who know themselves are the only ones with whom we are wholly protected from that stupid and offensive practice of dictatorship; also, they are the only ones capable of receiving counsel with intelligence.

My Middle Name

My middle name rhymes not with satchel,
So please do not pronounce it "Vatchel."
My middle name rhymes not with rock hell,
So please do not pronounce it "Vock Hell."
My middle name rhymes not with hash hell,
So please do not pronounce it "Vasch Hell."
My middle name rhymes not with bottle,
So please do not pronounce it "Vottle."
My name is just the same as Rachel,
With V for R;
Please call me Vachel.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.

"Baboosya"

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKAYA is a legendary woman even for Russia. She is now seventy-three years old; about half of her life has been spent in prison and exile; in 1910 she was once more arrested on the ground of her revolutionary activity, but thanks to the intercession of prominent European and American liberals, the verdict was mild:—Siberia, but without hard labor. Last year the ever-young Babooshka ("little grandmother," her pet name among the revolutionists) attempted to escape, failed, and was subsequently transferred to the terrible Yakutsk region, where she is now slowly dwindling away. The *Russkoye Bogatstwo* prints two letters—two human documents—miraculously smuggled through the rigid net of the Siberian police system. One is a letter written by Breshkovskaya to a friend; it reveals a great woman—great even in little things. She speaks at length on the miserable life of the exiles; on her plans to mitigate their sufferings by planting vegetables to be used for food and also to be sold on the market; and on other apparently little matters—little when we consider the grandiose activity of the gray revolutionist in the recent past. Her letter is full of love and anxiety for her comrades, but she refers very little to herself. The only plaintive note is heard in these lines:

> My wanderings around the little island have come to a stop. I seldom see mountains, water, and woods, and on the streets there is either dust or mud—which I have no desire to look upon. Soon the steamers will discontinue their course. The mail comes only once a week.

This is all she says about her own existence in the dead land, but we hear more about it from the second letter, written by a young exile:

> . . . Her flight was discovered, she was recaptured, and she is imprisoned now in Irkutsk. She holds herself bravely, but I know this bravery. I fear that this flight will kill the Baboosya; she has been ill so often and has had to suffer for herself and for others. . . . Yakutsk will completely ruin her health.
>
> Most of the exiles feel bereaved. Despite the sharply-defined individuality of each of them, the Babooshka appeared as a spiritual mother to them all, able to encourage, to lift up, to console. The weak asked her for strength; the strong—for counsel. How much endurance and patience she must have had to assist each and every one, to appeal for money, for clothes, etc. Her heart went out to the hapless exiles, oppressed, moneyless, bootless, under the grim Siberian conditions. And how great was her joy at the receipt of a package from some good friends! She spread out the things, looked at them, and sang "Oy, how full, how full is the coffer" (a popular folk-song), with tears of joy in her eyes. Then she proceeded to distribute the bounty: to one a warm shirt, to the other woolen stockings, or a fur-hat. To the children she sent milk. . . .

What a simple tale, friends.

I recall a few lines from a clumsy poem written by an American woman after the trial of Breshkovskaya. Upton Sinclair considered it one of the twenty-five greatest!

> In all the world this day there is no soul
> Freer than you, Breshkovskaya. . . .
> For you are free of self and free of fear. . . .
>
> . . . You are too great for pity. After you
> We send not sobs but songs; and all our days
> We shall walk bravelier knowing where you are.

Obituary of a Poet

FLOYD DELL

ADONAIS is dead—dead in the flush of youth, with all of life before him.

Yes, but perhaps that is not such a bad thing.

"He had so much of promise!" That's the trouble. When the promise petered out—as it usually does—what then?

As it is, he will never have to see his great hopes dwindle. He will never have to bolster himself against disillusion.

Adonais has known the sweet of life—he has known the glory of youth, and the gay companionship of men, and the taste of good liquor in the mouth. He has known the joy of hard work, and the joy of roaming the streets, idle and curious, feeling the beauty of the world; he has known the joy of love.

Fortunate Adonais!

He did not know that it was possible for the love of women to become to him a cheap article, to be appraised with practiced eye and perhaps tossed carelessly aside; he was a lover—

And now he will never be cruel or careless about love, an exploiter and parasite of women. He will never have to emerge, with false hope and courage, from the humiliation of the Keeley cure. He will never parade the streets with a dyed moustache—a broken-down boulevardier.

He will never read with secret malignant envy the enthusiastic words of reviewers about the writings of younger men. He will never foregather with other has-beens in the charitable precincts of a club, to exchange compliments and listen hungrily to the accents of praise. He will never be a perambulating tombstone to a forgotten poet.

He is dead in the flush of youth—

Lucky Adonais!

Humbugging the Public

HENRY BLACKMAN SELL

IN the palmy days of the sideshow P. T. Barnum let fall a pat little phrase which might be called the Great American Excuse: "the public likes to be humbugged." The showman referred directly to the amusement-seeking public, and applied his half truth to that rural pageant, the circus; but it was an easy phrase, it suited the purpose of men who were anxious to deceive and to mountebank, and it was snapped up. Today, when a man is caught with a shameful misrepresentation he laughs sheepishly and repeats that the public likes to be humbugged.

But does it?

We are The Public, you are The Public, and none of us likes to be humbugged!

Then how is it that this proverbialism has gained such credence in this country?

We are a new people. Our country is a great international whirlpool of ideas. New music, old music, new theories, old theories, new pictures, old pictures, new standards, old standards meet here and are spun about us with hysteria-like speed.

We do not want to appear ignorant of the newest thought or the oldest convention. We strive for an impossible universalism, and we accept many a mountebank at his face value because we are unable to settle his true worth, immediately, and because we feel that we must give a decision immediately.

Our credulity is stretched almost to the breaking point every hour of every day of the year, for wonders seem never to cease and the quality of the genuine has given rise to the quantity of the false.

We are gullible because we as a nation are alive to the possibility of the impossible.

We have gained a reputation for loving to be cheated because we have the almost national virtue of being able to lose, smile, and again strive, BUT we do not love it. And in the end the only one who really loses is the charlatan who sooner or later awakens to a realization of the bare hollowness of his false and petty philosophy, "the public likes to be humbugged."

The New York Letter

George Soule

THE future of *The Century* is the engrossing topic among the writers and publishers in New York. No startling change in editorial policy is contemplated. Possibly the perception of the modern and future world which the magazine has begun to show under the guidance of Mr. Yard will be more apparent. The principal topic for speculation, however, is whether a "high-class" illustrated magazine selling for thirty-five cents can be a financial success, or even self-supporting. It is an open secret that none of them has been making money for some time. With this question readers who are interested in the contents of *The Century* have no concern except the single rather important one that if present conditions continue long enough the magazine will cease to exist, at least in its present form.

Here, as in every other literary field, the strengthening of the machinery of commerce has enabled the product of transient popularity to interfere seriously with the thing that is done for its own sake. The "lowbrow" rules. An illustrated magazine is made possible by its advertising, and the advertisers want large circulation. Some of them do, it is true, look also for "quality" of circulation, but their standard of quality has nothing to do with taste, literary or otherwise; it measures merely "spending power." And the aristocracy of intellect has only a shadowy identity with the aristocracy of wealth. There are thousands of "automobile owners" who would never think of wading through even an *Atlantic Monthly* article.

Are there enough people in the United States who will buy an ably edited "high-class" magazine to attract a profitable number of advertisers? That is the question which remains to be answered. A probable answer is that there may be enough, but that it will be a herculean task to get them all buying the same magazine. The people who will pay thirty-five cents for the privilege of reading literature of real thought and ideals are now pretty well divided into parties, ranging all the way from old-line republicans to anarchists. Twenty years ago we had a much more homogeneous culture:—people who had any consciousness of their minds were allied in their fundamental ideals. If an intelligent magazine prints anything vital now, it is bound to offend a large portion of its public. Quite possibly in ten more years there will be only two kinds of general magazines left—those which are frankly "lowbrow," and those which do not care for large profits, depend on uncommercial writers, and are manufactured so cheaply that they do not need much advertising in order to exist. Mr.

Yard has a strong belief in the success of his attempt to prove the contrary. It will indeed be a glorious victory if without compromise *The Century* can weld together a large, intelligent public.

The plight of the theatres is strictly analogous to that of the magazines. The moving-pictures have wiped out their galleries and decimated their balconies. A well-filled orchestra is not quite enough to support the usual production. The managers have either capitulated to the films entirely by putting "movies" on their stages, or have attempted to get the deserters back by competing with the films through the use of cheapened drama. Melodramatic farce, with an abundance of action, is the only form of play which is not now a drug on the managerial market. That is, to be sure, a respectable form of amusement, but there are some of us who would like occasionally to see something else. Perhaps the little theatres, like the little reviews, will become our refuge. Some of us believe that the managers who still stick to live actors would be better off if they would stop trying to compete with the moving-picture on its own ground and produce solid work for which the legitimate stage is alone adapted. We can substantiate our theory by the fact that at one time this spring nearly the only successful plays in New York were the revivals of Fitch's *The Truth* and Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*. But the temper of most managers and playwrights is not encouraging. Not many days ago a group of successful writers were gathered for the week-end at the house of a producer. One of them was reading a new manuscript. Another interrupted him to say quite seriously: "That's not right, old chap. You ought to get a laugh two-thirds of the way down that page." Whereupon the reader inserted a "joke" about a Ford car and an automobile.

There is a danger, however, in the little theatre idea. Little theatres may grow to have the same sort of insincere "style" and disgusting appeal to social snobbery which are the characteristics of magazines like *Vogue*. As in the case of the magazines, the best thing that could happen would be the appearance of a genius of so much life and power that he could drive the crowds before him and produce his plays in the open air of real public appreciation. The coming of the moving-picture has only aggravated a problem which was previously acute. The crisis is here; for that we must be grateful to the films and the cheap magazines. Shall the rule of the people produce nothing better than a race of commercial craftsmen whose only thought is to make money by exploiting the least worthy instincts of the people? Or shall we produce at least a few courageous leaders who, speaking out of their own authority, shall lead the people after them? The faithful can, while they are waiting, keep alive the sacred fires and scan the horizon for the new prophet. His victory can come, not by compromise, but by aggressive power.

There is one growing form of drama which is genuine in its art and may become popular in its appeal; the development of this is being care-

fully watched by those who are alert. It is but a step from a moving-picture such as D'Annunzio's *Cabiria* to a spectacle such as Reinhardt's *The Miracle*. The latter is coming to us next winter; Madison Square Garden will be its stage. Sheldon has written an unusual spectacle play which George Tyler will produce. Let these things not be confused with such orgies of stage-setting as *The Garden of Allah*; it is quite possible to use the visual element as a principal means of "getting over" the dramatic expression without doing so badly. To condemn all such productions because some of them happen to be over-realistic, is to condemn all painting because of Meissonier.

May it not be that a great trouble of our drama has been the failure to recognize the fact that the picture is just as important an element of the stage as the dialogue? Every French actress receives a thorough training in pantomime; in America anyone with a sensitive eye will squirm under the inept and ugly line-compositions presented by our actresses in their gestures. And as for stage-setting, the height of our ambition has seemed to be to get a door that will really slam, or to fill the stage with pink apple-blossoms—the audience will always applaud pink. The resolution of these crude attempts into something that really makes a good appeal to the eye is no new thing; but for a long time we have not been ready for the work of Reinhardt or Gordon Craig on the one side or of the Russian Ballet on the other. Now the moving-pictures are at once educating our eyes to watch drama, and are undermining the support of old-fashioned plays which, through their very excellent mediocrity, prevented the encroachment of new ideas. Let us go to the theatres next fall prepared to trace the beginnings of a new stage art in this country; in the meantime, however, not hoping to escape the flood of cheap and artistically vicious stuff with which the commercial managers and producers will attempt to drown our sensibilities.

There is more active charity in the egoism of a strenuous, far-seeing soul than in the devotion of a soul that is helpless and blind.—*Maeterlinck*.

Book Discussion

The Gospel According to Moore

Ave, by George Moore. [D. Appleton and Company, New York.]

Mr. George Moore has finished his autobiographic triology, *Hail and Farewell,* and has shaken the dust of Ireland from his feet. The Celtic Renaissance must make its way without his help or hindrance. He came, he pondered, he withdrew. In these astonishing volumes we have the whole story of his adventures and his thoughts, and an unrivalled series of impressionistic portraits of his friends. We see Yeats in his long cloak, looking like a melancholy rook; Lady Gregory, the poet's devoted disciple; Edward Martyn and his soul; Plunkett and Gill, the Bouvard and Pécuchet of real life; AE "who settles everybody's difficulties and consoles the afflicted"; Colonel Moore, the author's brother; and we catch an occasional glimpse of Arthur Symons, Synge, James Stephens, and many others. But the book is very different from the ordinary *Sunlights and Shadows of My Short Life.* It is a remarkable piece of self-portraiture and an explanation of the author's attitude toward art and the Christian religion.

It was during the composition of the stories contained in *The Untilled Field* that Mr. Moore came to realize that the Celt was but a herdsman, and that art had steadily declined in Ireland since the Irish Church was joined to Rome. But what was the reason for this decline? Was it due to the race or to Catholicism? Mr. Moore and his friends discussed this question at length and considered the history of literature in relation to the Roman Catholic Church. Their discoveries astonished him, for the case against Catholicism was even stronger than he had hoped for.

About two thousand years ago the Ecclesiastic started out to crush life, and "in three centuries humility, resignation and obedience were accepted as virtues; the shrines of the gods were abandoned; the beautiful limbs of the lover and athlete were forbidden to the sculptor and the meagre thighs of dying saints were offered him instead. Literature died, for literature can but praise life. Music died, for music can but praise life, and the lugubrious *Dies Irae* was heard in the fanes. What use had a world for art when the creed current among men was that life is a mean and miserable thing? So amid lugubrious chant and solemn procession the dusk thickened until the moment of deepest night was reached in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. In the fifteenth century the dawn began in Italy, and sculptors and painters turned their eyes toward Greece. "Dante was a Catholic, although not a very orthodox one, and Catholicism can make a valid claim to the cathedrals and the choral music of Vittoria and Palestrina. But the painters of the Renaissance were as pagan as Cæsar Borgia and only chose

religious subjects as a pretext for drawing and to meet a certain demand. In fact, the whole spirit of the Renaissance was pagan and progressive, and a return to the Middle Ages was averted when "that disagreeable monk, Savonarola," was burned at the stake. After this new birth came the Reformation, resulting in the Council of Trent, which forbade all speculation on the meaning and value of life and arranged "the Catholic's journey from the cradle to the grave as carefully as any tour planned by that excellent firm, Messrs. Cook and Sons." As a result there has been practically no Catholic literature since that time.

"Art is but praise of life, and it is only through the arts that we can praise life. Life is a rose that withers in the iron fist of dogma, and it was France that forced open the deadly fingers of the Ecclesiastic and allowed the rose to bloom again." Descartes, Rabelais, Montaigne, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Montesquieu, Hugo, Balzac, Gautier, Renan, Taine, Merimee, George Sand, Flaubert, Zola, and Maupassant are all agnostics. The most important Christians are Pascal, Racine, and Corneille, who wrote mere imitations of the Greek drama without any criticism of life, and Verlaine, who embraced the Church in an ecstasy more sensuous than religious. In Germany there are Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Nietzsche—no Catholics and mainly agnostic. In Russia we find the utterly unmoral Turgenev and Tolstoy, who professed to be a Christian, but, as Mr. Moore points out, did not believe in the Resurrection of the Body. In Italy the main figure since the Reformation is an artist of today, the pagan D'Annunzio. In Spain there is one great Catholic work, *Don Quixote,* but it is completely unethical. Among the Scandinavians, Ibsen, Bjornson, and Strindberg are agnostics. In England the main evidence for the defence is found in Pope, who called himself a Christian, but wrote *The Essay on Man,* and Cardinal Newman, who, according to Carlyle, had a brain like a half-grown rabbit. In America there are Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, and Whitman—Protestant and agnostic.

The reason for all this has been explained by Mr. Moore again and again. It lies in the fact that the Church has always preferred the obedient and poor in spirit to the courageous and the wise. Religion is strongest among ignorant and weak-minded people, and as far back as the book of Genesis we read of God's anger at the man and woman who ate of the forbidden fruit. "The two great enemies of religion are the desire to live and the desire to know," and the whole tendency of art is to increase and strengthen these desires. Another thing for which the Church is responsible is the present attitude toward love. Mr. Moore writes with pride of "the noble and exalted world that must have existed before Christian doctrine caused men to look upon women with suspicion and bade them to think of angels instead." He insists with Gautier that earth is as beautiful as heaven.

When he had decided that literature was incompatible with dogma,

Mr. Moore found himself in a decidedly unpleasant situation. He had changed the course of his life to take part in the Irish Renaissance, and now he realized that the Irish Renaissance was a mere bubble. The whole history of the world showed that literature could not be produced in a Roman Catholic country. The only thing for him to do was to leave Ireland, but in the meanwhile he felt that he must declare himself a Protestant. Between art and religion there could be but one choice for him; the religion must be changed. It is true that he had never acquiesced in any of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, but he had been baptized in that Church, and he had always been considered a Catholic. Protestantism seemed much preferable, because Protestantism leaves the mind very nearly free. In the *Confessions of a Young Man,* he had already expressed his prejudice in its favor. "Look at the nations that have clung to Catholicism, starving moonlighters and starving brigands. The Protestant flag floats on every ocean breeze, the Catholic banner hangs limp in the incensed silence of the Vatican." And so Mr. Moore after several futile interviews with the Anglican priest wrote to *The Irish Times* announcing his change from the Church of Rome, and began the composition of *Hail and Farewell* as the best means in his power to liberate his country priestcraft.

P. M. Henry.

Smile and Scream: Chekhov and Andreyev

Stories of Russian Life, by Anton Tchekoff; translated by Marian Fell. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.]

Savva and *The Life of Man,* by Leonid Andreyev; translated from the French (!) by Thomas Seltzer. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.]

A French critic characterized Russian literature as Heroic. Tragic would perhaps be a happier definition; what has been Russian life, and hence its literature, but a continuous tragedy? Gogol looked into that life and burst into a homeric laughter which ultimately drove him insane; the "repenting nobleman" Turgenyev was devoured by melanochly over his sad heroes and heroines; the "cruel genius" of Dostoyevsky convulsively writhed in contemplation of the "humiliated and offended"; Chekhov, who had begun his career in the gayest humor, turned eventually gloomy and pronounced his diagnosis: Such life is impossible; even Gorky, the chanter of hymns to the proud Man, was crushed and silenced by grim reality, and his

scepter of the idol of young Russia passed into the hands of the most pessimistic writer, Andreyev.

> O forgive me, my unfortunate people:
> Not one gay song have I sung for you yet!"
>
> *Frug.*

Tutchev found a mysterious beauty in the brightness of autumn evenings:

> Wane, enfeeblement, and on all—
> That mild smile of decay
> Which in sensible creatures we call
> Exalted meekness of suffering.

Such was the smile of Anton Chekhov. Run through his works, look at the sad faces of his heroes, listen to the yearning effusions of his women, observe *his* Nature, his skies and steppes, and your heart will shrink before that smile of fading autumn. He knew and understood Russian life better than any other writer, and keenly felt its tragicness and . . . hopelessness. Therefore he did not protest or advocate, did not denounce or propagate, did not shout or curse, as most of his colleagues did: for what is the use? He only smiled, a sad gripping smile that maddens the sensitive reader—a smile of ennui and helplessness characteristic of the Russian "soilless" intellectual. I believe it was this smile, which masqued an abyss of sorrow and pain, that early extinguished Chekhov's life; it is so much easier and more healthful to scream and howl than to smile under torture.

The stories translated by Miss Fell are far not of the best (by the way: why not use a correct transliteration? Why that half-German, half-English "Tchekoff"?). I suspect that the translator endeavored to choose the least typically-Russian sketches in the hope that they would be more "understandable" to the foreign reader; such attempts generally fail to convey the real atmosphere. "If you wish to know the Poet, you must go into the Poet's land," said Goethe. On the whole, however, the book is imbued with the Chekhovian *leit-motif*—the longing, struggling, crippled Russian soul.

Leonid Andreyev is of a dual personality: the artist, and the mouthpiece of society. In his early sketches, in his short stories, and in his greatest achievement, *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, he is the wonderful psychologist, the unveiler of the soul mysteries with an art that approaches that of Maeterlinck. Russian reality, however, is a Moloch clamoring victims; the powerful tragedy of life absorbs and subjugates all individual forces, and it requires great artistic strength to preserve aloofness from the burning problems of the day. Andreyev has witnessed the most appalling epoch in his country's history: disastrous war, revolution, reaction, famine, national demoralization. He has been tempted to interpret the passing events, a perilous path for an artist whose field of observation must lie

either in the crystallized past or in the dim future, never in chronicling the floating present. In his stories and plays of that later period, Andreyev revealed such horrors, such gruesome scenes, that we have felt as if we were in a Gallery of Tortures. Horror shrieks, screams, beats upon our senses, maddens us. But the colors are too loud, the medium of tickling our sensations too vulgar. I recall a passage from Merezhkovsky, a description of one of the museums in Florence. There is a head of Dante; the face is calm, almost indifferent, yet one sees at once that it is a face of one who saw hell. In the same room hangs a wax-image of Plague, with hideous details—rotting cadavers with outpouring bowels in which swarm enormous worms. The Sunday-visitors pass by Dante's head yawning, but wistfully crowd at the wax Plague. I confess this scene, at times, makes me draw an analogy with Chekhov and Andreyev.

As a playwright Andreyev has utterly failed; he lacks dramatic constraint and proportion. He puts into the mouths of his actors bombastic phrases, to the delight of the gallery; but there is absolutely too much talking in his plays, with very little drama. The two plays published in the book now before me, *Savva* and *Life of Man,* have caused more discussion than any of his other plays,—a fact due not to their particular merit, but to their pyrotechnic effects and "understandableness."

Savva, a young man "with a suggestion of the peasant in his looks," has a modest intention to annihilate everything.

> Man is to remain, of course. What is in his way is the stupidity that, piling up for thousands of years, has grown into a mountain. The modern sages want to build on this mountain, but that, of course, will lead to nothing but making the mountain still higher. It is the mountain itself that must be removed. It must be levelled to its foundation, down to the bare earth.
>
> . . . Annihilate everything! The old houses, the old cities, the old literature, the old art. . . . All the old dress must go. Man must be stripped bare and left on a naked earth! Then he will build up a new life. The earth must be denuded; it must be stripped of its hideous old rags. It deserves to be arrayed in a king's mantle; but what have they done with it? They have dressed it in coarse fustian, in convict clothes. They've built cities, the idiots!
>
> . . . Believe me, monk, I have been in many cities and in many lands. Nowhere did I see a free man. I saw only slaves. I saw the cages in which they live, the beds on which they are born and die; I saw their hatreds and their loves, their sins and their good works. And I saw also their amusements, their pitiful attempts to bring dead joy back to life again. And everything that I saw bore the stamp of stupidity and unreason. He that is born wise turns stupid in their midst; he that is born cheerful hangs himself from boredom and sticks out his tongue at them. Amidst the flowers of the beautiful earth—you have no idea how beautiful the earth is, monk—they have erected insane asylums. And what are they doing with thir children? I have never yet seen parents who do not deserve capital punishment; first because they begot children, and secondly, because, having begot them, they did not immediately commit suicide.

Well, how is this *enfant terrible*—the trumpeter of a popularized edition of Schopenhauer, Bakounin, Stirner, Nietzsche, etc., etc.—how is this "bad man" going to carry through his gigantic plans? In a very simple manner: he will destroy the wonder-working ikon of the Saviour, that made the monastery of his native town famous; he will place a bomb behind the ikon, and its explosion will open the eyes of the ignorant believers. A tempest in a cup of water! But hark and tremble:

When we are through with God, we'll go for fellows like him. There are lots of them—Titian, Shakespeare, Byron. We'll make a nice pile of the whole lot and pour oil over it. Then we'll burn their cities.

Monologues, long and pretentious like those quoted, fill up the play to a point of dizziness; yet there are a few oases in that unhappy work, where you find the real Andreyev, the unrivalled painter of sorrow and suffering. Here is, for instance, one of the pilgrims, a man who had killed accidentally his son and has since been wandering from monastery to monastery, fasting, wearing heavy chains, and indulging in all sorts of self-chastisement. The cynical monks give him the cruel nickname of King Herod, which he bears, like his other burdens, with the joy of a martyr. Listen to his unsophisticated talk:

King Herod: I am wise. My sorrow has made me so. It is a great sorrow. There is none greater on earth. I killed my son with my own hand. Not the hand you are looking at, but the one which isn't here.

Savva: Where is it?

King Herod: I burnt it. I held it in the stove and let it burn up to my elbow.

Savva: Did that relieve you?

King Herod: No. Fire cannot destroy my grief. It burns with a heat that is greater than fire. . . . No, young man, fire is weak. Spit on it and it is quenched.

Our hero, Savva, is naturally offended, for his motto is *Ignis sanat,* and he is determined to cure the world with fire. The pilgrim calmly rejoinds:

No, boy. Every fire goes out when its time comes. My grief is great, so great that when I look around me I say to myself: good heavens, what has become of everything else that's large and great? Where has it all gone to? The forest is small, the house is small, the mountain is small, the whole earth is small, a mere poppy seed. You have to walk cautiously and look out, lest you reach the end and drop off.

. . . .

Speransky: I feel blue.

King Herod: Keep still, keep still, I don't want to listen. You are suffering? Keep still. I am a man too, brother, so I don't understand. I'll insult you if you don't look out.

. . . Here I am with my sorrow. You see what it is—there is no greater on earth. And yet if God spoke to me and said, "Yeremy, I will give you the whole earth if you give me your grief," I wouldn't give it away. I will not give it away,

friend. It is sweeter to me than honey; it is stronger than the strongest drink. Through it I have learned the truth.

Savva: God?

King Herod: Christ—that's the one! He alone can understand the sorrow that is in me. He sees and understands. "Yes, Yeremy, I see how you suffer." That's all. "I see." And I answer Him: "Yes, O Lord, behold my sorrow!" That's all. No more is necessary.

Savva: What you value in Christ is His suffering . . .?

King Herod: You mean His crucifixion? No, brother, that suffering was a trifle. They crucified him—what did that matter? The important point was that thereby He came to know the truth. As long as He walked the earth, He was—well—a man, rather a good man—talking here and there about this and that. . . . But when these same fellows carried Him off to the cross and went at Him with knouts, whips, and lashes, then His eyes were opeend. "Aha!" He said, "so that's what it is!" And He prayed: "I cannot endure such suffering. I thought it would be a simple crucifixion; but, O Father in Heaven, what is this?" And the Father said to Him: "Never mind, never mind, Son! Know the truth, know what it is." And from then on He fell to sorrowing, and has been sorrowing to this day.

. . . And everywhere, wherever I go, I see before me His pure visage. "Do you understand my suffering, O Lord?" "I understand, Yeremy, I understand everything. Go your way in peace." I am to Him like a transparent crystal with a tear inside. "You understand, Lord?" "I understand, Yeremy." "Well, and I understand you too." So we live together. He with me, I with him. I am sorry for Him also. When I die, I will transmit my sorrow to Him. "Take it Lord."

In depicting individual sorrow Andreyev approaches Dostoevsky; it is when he raises general, universal questions, that he miserably fails in answering them. The Russian public has "spoiled" him, has crowned him with the title of a genius, when he is only a man of big talent. Unfortunately Andreyev took the flattery of the beast-public seriously; he said to himself: Who knows? Maybe I am, indeed, an Atlas. Let me try and shake the world. And he did try! As a result we have, among his other sore failures, the loudest commonplace—*Life of Man*.

I think it was Maurice Baring, a Russologue and an admirer of the playwright, who defined *Life of Man* as an algebraic play, with Man standing for *x* and Fate for *y*. Not the tragedy of a certain life under certain conditions, but Life in general, under all circumstances, was the object of the drama. It is the world-old problem, the futility of man's struggles in the face of blind unreasoning fate that may at any moment overthrow his toy-castles. Perhaps a Goethe might attempt to say something new on that subject, or at least to put it in a new way. With Andreyev the task proved to be not "up to his shoulder," as the Russians say. The annoying pretentiousness of the play appears a hundred times more convex when on the stage. I saw it once in the "symbolized" theatre of Mme. Kommissarzhevskaya in St. Petersburg, and another time in the performance of the Moscow Artistic Theatre. On the first occasion I was bored to death, and pitied the gifted manager, Mr. Meyerhold, in his futile attempt to veil the platitudes of the play in mysticism, to create an atmos-

phere, a "*Stimmung*." The Moscow people succeeded in emphasizing the ridiculous awkwardness of the drama, the shrill incongruities of the situations and styles,—and I shall ever be grateful to them for the minutes of hearty laughter that they caused me then and which I cannot escape even now, as soon as I recall the harmony between the symbolicized Someone in Gray (sh-sh . . . —Fate!) and the super-realistic shrieks of the mother giving birth to a child. The actors did their best, but no miracle could have saved the doomed loud nothingness.

As I have mentioned, Andreyev's "heel of Achilles" demonstrates its vulnerability when he obeys the call of the public and speaks on up-to-date topics. *Life of Man* was written, evidently, in response to the symbolistic moods that became noticeable among Russian society at the beginning of the twentieth century. For more than ten years the group of Symbolists, under the leadership of Valery Brusov, had been ridiculed and unrecognized. Then came the reaction: All began to talk symbols; the press, the stage, the art galleries, the public lectures, became symbolistic over night. A torrent of parodies and imitations gushed on the market, and the public did not differentiate between the real and false coins. It became *bon-ton* to quote Brusov, Balmont, Viacheslav Ivanov, Sollogub; schoolboys declaimed about "the ostrich feathers that wave in my brains," and janitors whined to "the moon, in a white bonnet with embroidery."

Life of Man reaped broad success, a fact that speaks volumes on the taste of the Public. I am sure that in this country Andreyev's play would be a more "paying proposition" for the producer than even "Everywoman." The plaintive philosophy of Job clothed in modern phraseology; Maeterlinckian Fates dancing in a saloon around the drunken Man; symbolization of Destiny and squeals of the new-born Man; quasi-primitiveness turned into wood-cut allegory and melodramatic effects (of course, there occur several deaths: there is not a single play by Andreyev not spiced with two or three natural or unnatural deaths),—is it any wonder that *Life of Man* vied in popularity with its contemporary, *The Merry Widow?*

No, messrs. stage-managers and publishers, we reject your popular Andreyev.

Alexander S. Kaun.

Horace Traubel's Whitman

With Walt Whitman in Camden, by Horace Traubel. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.]

The wheat that eager work extricates from huge masses of chaff is worth what it costs. *Leaves of Grass* does not contain all the solid nutrition that stands for Whitman's durable contribution to the literary food supply of America: he added to it substantially by talking to his friend, Horace Traubel, during the poet's residence at Camden, N. J., from 1888 to the end of his life in 1892, and that comrade, who jotted down every word, has scattered the resultant wheat through its own chaff. Three of the eight volumes through which the mixture is to run have been published.

It is inevitable that inconsequential stuff—sheer nonsense in instances—should find its way into this morbidly complete story of the harvest years of Whitman's life; but it is surprising how much personality and interpretative value lie hidden in some of his most commonplace utterances. A tremendous personality descends to occasional banality because of the inadequacy and commonness of words. It is too much to expect Whitman even to revitalize the vocabulary of a democracy. But great as he was as a cosmic voice, Whitman exhibited and confessed kinship with common clay. In fact, *Leaves of Grass* could never have grown out of an artificial soil, inoculated with classic cultures; it sprang as the first vegetation upon the surface of a wild, primal clay. Whitman was first of all a big, magnificent animal-man; he was secondarily a powerful poetic instrumentality, giving sound and articulation to the wee sma' voices exhaled by the earth. That is why the essence of his message was an appeal and a challenge to and an expression of democracy. (Of course, I do not mean the institutionalized democracy of politicians, for no Jeffersonian goes to Whitman for solace when his faith is wobbling; I mean the bio-economic democracy that some of us believe in as a part of natural law.)

As a man and as a poet Whitman was simply, daringly, and resolutely himself. He had achieved a large, strong selfhood before Traubel began to Boswellize him, and to that intimate friend he revealed in the languages of pen, tongue, countenance, and silence all the bigness and littleness that a long and intimate relationship could evoke. It would therefore be unfair to ascribe to Whitman all the sapless hay with which these three volumes are padded; it is largely a product of mutual reactions. But in relation to Traubel more than to any other person, Whitman was consistently, habitually, and subconsciously himself, and the result is that this discursive, unedited "story" of the poet's life and work will live as the most personal and valuable revealment of his character. It is the last word about him as a man. Whitman the poet effected his supreme expression in the poem beginning with the words, "I celebrate myself." Other features which give

permanent distinction to these volumes are the letters to Whitman from noted men and women in America and Great Britain, and numerous portraits of himself and some of his friends.

Despite the fact that this work is padded with arid minutæ, which I should be the last person to abridge, every page is interesting to readers of Whitman and students of American literature. The first page of the first volume, for example, contains an allusion to Emerson's senility that is worth reading—in Whitman's words. Reading at random in the third volume I found this striking quotation:

> Breaking loose is the thing to do: breaking loose, resenting the bonds, opening new ways: but when a fellow breaks loose or starts to or even only thinks he thinks he'll revolt, he should be quite sure he knows what he has undertaken. I expected hell: I got it: nothing that has occurred to me was a surprise.

Turning back a hundred pages I found this:

> I have always had an idea that I should some day move off—be alone: finish my life in isolation.

This is the thought of the natural man who would die like a man. One could quote indefinitely from this extraordinary autobiography of the most outstanding figure in American literature.

DeWitt C. Wing.

Midstream

Midstream, by Will Levington Comfort. [George H. Doran Company, New York.]

A direct, big thing—so simple that almost no one has done it before—this Mr. Comfort has dared. He gives us the story of his own life to the mid-way mark. It is not an autobiography—one of those deferential veilings of truth, a blinding of the spectator by the scattering of fact-dust. After reading it one does not remember clearly the author's various removals from Detroit to other centers of activity; one remembers the vital events in his consciousness, the shames, triumphs, and searchings of his body and soul. Here is a man's life laid absolutely bare.

There is no use in explaining the value of such a book to those who do not admit it. People to whom reserve is more important than truth; people who are made uncomfortable by intimate grasp of anything—these will not read *Midstream* through.

The others will see here a chance to understand. And they will emerge from the book with a sense of the absolute nobility of Mr. Comfort's frankness. If a thousand writers should give us such books we should understand better the much-befogged basis of all human problems—"human

nature." Every man draws his own conclusions about vital matters from just such introspection as this, whether it be conscious or unconscious. But every man does not have the candor and the hard-won insight of the trained writer.

It would be possible to enter into futile discussions about the "artistic" value of such a book—whether naturalism can give us as fine a work as imagination. Whatever might be the result of such a discussion, Mr. Comfort's book remains interesting, and interest is the first value of any written work. He is neither a Wilde nor a Turgenev, but he is a true writer.

To recapitulate the adventures of the sensitive and often unwholesome boy, the degradations and victories of the young newspaper reporter, the soldier, the war correspondent, the husband, and the writer, would be to undermine the novel itself. If you want to experience them, let Mr. Comfort be the narrator.

It may not be out of place, however, to quote a few of the conclusions, in order to give a taste of the book's direction.

This of man:

> A man is clean alone, if he is clean at all.
>
> It isn't being superman to learn to listen to the real self—just the beginnings of manhood proper.

This of publishers and the public:

> In many, not all, editorial offices, the producer is paid well and swiftly alone for that which is common, in which plots are pictured, and all but greedy imagination put to death. . . . I saw that it was not enough for me to get down to the parlance of men, but to leave all hope behind—not only possible intellectual authority —but, by all means, any spiritual in sight; that only frank "down writing" would do.

This of woman's status:

> The soul of woman dies if it may not sometimes aspire. A periodic possession of devils on a man's part will not break the waiting quiescence of his woman, but the sordid routine of downtown methods will set her into screaming destruction at the last.
>
> The creature who eight times the year obeys the tradesmen's instinct for style; who has broken her bearing with centuries of clothes-bondage, fed her brain upon man's ideas of sex, her body upon food bought for her and prepared by people whom she does not respect; who has not yet heard the end of a dollar-discussion begun when her baby ears first noted sounds; who holds in shame all that is mighty in her genius, and who has finally accepted as a mate one of her male familiars—she is a man-made creature, in whom is buried a woman. She is man's ignorance and effrontery incarnate—the victim of his mania for material proprieties, which, from the beginning, have utterly desecrated spiritual truth.

And this of the future:

> By every observation, law and analogy in life, the constructive purpose at work in the world is toward the end of the increase of spiritual receptivity in every creature, a continual heightening vibration toward the key-rhythm.

G. S.

Sonnets from the Patagonian, by Donald Evans. [Claire Marie, New York.]

It has become the fashion, even among intelligent people, to fling tawdry sneers at something not understood—especially the intensely grotesque. The indulgent smile has disappeared, and the little peevish joke has taken its place. Perhaps this is obvious, but some obvious things cannot be made too obvious.

Sonnets from the Patagonian is a type of book which will be almost universally laughed at. Yet it is something like a gold nugget: one must use his mind as a pick with which to isolate streaks of poetry from the coarse rock. The rock is simply grotesqueness. The gold is protesqueness mixed with unconscious simplicity.

I took out my pick one night and started the mental manual-labor. At the end I had extracted six of the most startling, clutching, beautiful lines of verse ever written in English. Perhaps the twisted dreariness of their surroundings made them stand out more vividly, gave them a false value to me. I shall let the reader judge.

And life was just an orchid that was dead.

Her hidden smile was full of little breasts.

Gnawed by the mirage of an opening night.

And a fawn-colored laugh sucks in the night.

And like peach-blossoms blown across the wind,
Her white words made the hour seem cool and kind.

Six lines almost lost in the mirage the poet speaks off, but well worth finding.

M. B.

Patriotism is a superstition artificially created and maintained through a net-work of lies and falsehoods; a superstition that robs man of his self-respect and dignity, and increases his arrogance and self-conceit.—*Emma Goldman.*

The Reader Critic

Emma Goldman, Los Angeles:

Readers have a legitimate interest in the truth of critical articles. We therefore believe they will welcome these comments by Miss Goldman on the article about herself. If Miss Goldman had been displeased, we should have printed her letter with equal frankness.

A Chicago friend sent me THE LITTLE REVIEW for May, which contains your very excellent article on *The Challenge of Emma Goldman.* I cannot begin to tell you how much I appreciate what you have to say about my work and myself, not because of your sympathetic interpretation but because of your deep grasp of the purpose which is urging my work and permeating my life. I hope you will not mistake it as conceit on my part when I tell you that more has been written about me than perhaps about any other woman in this country, but that most of it has been trash. The only person who came near the fundamental urge in my personality was William Marion Reedy of *The St. Louis Mirror,* who wrote *The Daughter of the Dream.* I do not know whether you have ever seen it, but even his splendid write-up does not compare with yours, because it contains much more flattery than understanding. You can, therefore, imagine my joy in finding that it was a woman who demonstrated so much depth and appreciation of the cardinal principles in my work.

S. H. G., New York:

It's getting banal for me to praise the magazine—I'm sorry, but I can't help it. The thing has assumed the nervous importance to me of an emotional experience foreseen and inevitable. And now that I've finished reading the June issue I can truthfully say there isn't a line in it I wouldn't have been poorer without. That couldn't be said of any other magazine ever published.

Your June "leader" is not only true and big, but absolutely timely The essentially immoral thing should be the thing which does not contribute in some way, however obscure, to the main current. You call it "waste." The reason vice is disgusting is because it turns human stuff off into an inescapable pocket. My idea is a sort of spiritual utilitarianism, you see Yet without the flat associations of utilitarianism because it recognizes so many things as means to the end—joy and pain and rebellion, for instance.

Dr. Fosters' article is superb! The fallacy of all ethical systems is that they set up an abstract word as a virtue under all conditions. "Unselfishness," for instance. Sometimes a fine virtue—sometimes not, according to circumstances. We must decide, not the rigid word. Almost all present-day fallacies proceed from a failure to recognize the fact that the world is fluid. The individual is worthless except for his dynamic. The static (vice) leads to death; death is merely disorganization of the individual, so that life may be cast in new forms better fitted to proceed.

W. M., New York:

I am reading THE LITTLE REVIEW month by month with much interest, and have found many things that gave me pleasure. I admire the intellectual standard. There is plenty of good, earnest thought in each issue. I should like, however, to see a little more of what, for want of a better word, I term "human." THE REVIEW is still in the colder currents of intellectualism. I think it can stand a little more warm feeling, even if you get it in the way of a controversy.

F. R.-W., New York:

I am distinctly of the opinion that THE LITTLE REVIEW is worth while. It is one of the very few periodicals I read through from cover to cover. If this can be made to go it will be a greater triumph for theAmerican people than for you. So many magazines of this type have been based upon unsound premises. They have become the vehicle for irrepressible self expression; they have followed freak paths of every variety; they have turned Pegasus into a mechanical hydro-aeroplane and have flattered themselves that, Icarus-like, they were scaling the summits to the sky and endangering their pinions near the sun, when, as a matter of fact, they were plunging through the sloughs below and the only evidence of the sun was its reflection upon the mud by which they were surrounded. With THE LITTLE REVIEW, however, I have a fine sense of clarity.

F. D., New York:

Not long ago I wrote you a long, long letter about THE LITTLE REVIEW. But I didn't send it, because who am I to dogmatize about criticism? Anyway, I was severe upon you, because I was disappointed. I really don't think THE LITTLE REVIEW is critical at all. It is exuberantly uncritical—enthusiastic about the wrong things. But you will probably get tired of just being enthusiastic after a time, and start in to criticise. I'm sorry I don't like it better. It has had some good things in it. What I principally object to is your own editorial attitude.

Constance Skinner, New York:

I have just read your first issue and want to send my godspeed to this magazine that *feels.* I am so sick of callousness and sneers and flippancy.

Your Paderewski article touches me nearly. Shall I send you a brief little picture of Paderewski playing one summer morning at Modjeska's home in St. Ana Canon, California? Her face so fine, so sweet, with the "so be it" and imperishable sounding memory of broken harp chords, as she sat by silent and listened and looked across the years to Poland, to the heart of humanity as she had held it and shaped it in those days of her own power, ere she picked this starving boy from his attic and said to Warsaw: *"Ecce homo."* Her husband listening better, because watching her, to what the long fingers, like lights flashing, were bringing from the depths. His (the player's) beautiful wife leaning upon the piano, where he always wished to have her, where he could see her face as he played. Outside the sloping canyon wall beginning in a rare rioting, rose garden and reaching to a silver and blue rugged granite where mountain lions sometimes pace restlessly. A great clump of live oaks, four monster trees, their size ranging from ninety to one hundred and twenty feet from bough to bough, roofing with bronze and green leafage this last retreat of the woman who had been hailed greatest of all in three countries. Among the roses by the low open windows of the piano alcove the Polish maid standing, weeping, and the old lame man, her brother, limping along from his work, taking off his hat and standing there, too, unashamed of the tears flooding. And when he had finished playing they came in and caught his hands and kissed them and spoke. The lame man said: "I was in church, but it was holier. It was a rosary, but every head was a light." The maid said: "Poland is not dead." This madam translated to me, and the fire and mist in her eyes—surely the most wonderful eyes ever made—was something I could not look away from. She added: "Poland is not dead while Poles can weep. We must bless grief, it has given us our art."

H. G. S., Chicago:

I am going to ask you to please discontinue my subscription to THE LITTLE REVIEW, as your ideas which you set forth in your leading articles are so entirely crude and so vastly different from my own that I do not care to be responsible for its appearance in my home any longer.

[*This reader has the honor of sending in the first cancellation. We might take his denunciation more seriously if it were not for our suspicion that what he really meant to say was this: "Your ideas are entirely crude because so vastly different from my own."—The Editor.*]

The following is typical of the older generation's response to the new order. It is a perfectly consistent letter, a perfectly sincere one, and a perfectly impossible one. But it is not to be taken so lightly as it deserves: first, because it has all the poison the younger generation hates most; second, because its perplexities are perfectly natural ones; and third, because education, in order really to be effective, must begin upon just such attitudes. It may be as well to answer at least one of the writer's arguments by quoting Shaw. In his new preface, in a chapter called The Risks of Ignorance and Weakness, he says very neatly: "The difficulty with children is that they need protection from risks they are too young to understand, and attacks they can neither avoid nor desist. You may on academic grounds allow a child to snatch glowing coals from the fire once. You will not do it twice. The risks of liberty we must let every-one take; but the risks of ignorance and self-helplessness are another matter. Not only children but adults need protection from them." Following the mother's letter is one from a boy which ought to throw some light on the subject from the young generation's standpoint.

Margaret Pixlee, Indianapolis:

I feel impelled to reply to your article entitled *The Renaissance of Parenthood.* I wonder what could have been the home-life of such a girl as you quote from, that she should write that kind of a letter. Shaw says, "there is nothing so futile or so stupid as to try to control your children." Your opinion that Shaw's ideas are "glorious" shows at once that you have only touched the surface of what motherhood is. Can you honestly believe that a parent is doing his duty if he allows a child to rush in front of a moving automobile attracted by the bright lights, knowing nothing of the danger ahead—which certainly would mean death if the child had its own way? Irrespective of what Shaw or Ellen Key write, it is the parents' absolute duty to train and educate a child until he is capable of using his own reasoning powers. And, too, there is but one way. Principle and Truth with Love and Charity are the only way. Let me here quote from your article on Emma Goldman. If you do not agree with Emma Goldman, you say in effect, let us at least be broadminded and see both sides. But are you doing this? From my point of view, you seem to take the side only of free thinking, and, as you call it, independent thought. There is no independent thought, except doing right. I can see your point of view. As we look about us among the people of the social world, many are indeed selling their children in marriage to some man for the petty consideration of high social position and money. Many times when an engagement is announced the first question is how well off is the man, instead of what are his principles and is he worthy of the girl. These poor children are indeed the offspring of foolish parents, and are to be pitied. If as they advance on life's highway they are given to see what principle means, then is it right to separate and go their own way? We all must develop the spiritual within: but to break loose from home ties, as this girl seems to desire, from selfishness alone, will lead to a worse death than that of being crushed by the automobile. I have

admitted that to sell a child in wedlock to a man whose only attraction is a fat bank account and social position is crime of the blackest. But taking the other course is equally as bad, for passionate love is always selfish and soon burns out. Let us consider for one moment a child born out of wedlock. As I understand it, so-called free thinkers consider this right. They disregard the law, and honestly think they have done a fine thing. "All for love and the world well lost." A daughter is born, and from some remote ancestor she inherits a love of the conventional. Can you picture to yourself what the suffering would be to see the daughter you love an outcast always from the things she cares for through what you call the grand passion—nothing more or less than the supreme selfishness of two human beings, no matter what you and the girl you are privileged to quote from "think you believe"? It will not be possible to do the deeds you write about as they are portrayed by free thinkers. Truth will be revealed to your innermost self. You cannot do otherwise than follow the Divine Revelation, which alone leads to real happiness, for all material pleasures are swept away sooner or later.

A boy reader, Chicago:

In the preface of his latest *Quintessence of Ibsenism,* Shaw expresses his astonishment that the book changed peoples' minds. He has perhaps by now collected abundant evidence that his books really have changed peoples' minds and whole life courses. What would, perhaps, be more astonishing to him is the fact that the first hearing of one of his plays did it—and without the aid of a preface.

Fanny's First Play started me thinking about family relationship. Long before the play was published, with the lengthy preface on parents and children, the very things he advises were happening. The preface was undoubtedly written after long contemplation of the play—as was my action; proving that the generalizations he makes are not as impossible or absurd as the family egotist so pathetically argues.

I do not doubt that this play, the beginning of my knowledge of Shaw, was the most important event of my youth. It is, of course, most important as a woman's play, but why Margaret Knox's revolt could not be mine I do not see.

The family in which I was being "brought up" was all that Shaw says the present day family is—and worse, for there were also brothers and a sister to aid in the "bringing up." These were all brought up in dutiful submission to mother's influence and father's care. They had "arrived" or gone just as far as they ever thought of going just as I was starting for my goal. Their present condition had received parental commendation; but what I saw, on looking about me, made me shudder—and think. I would find out the reason for their condition and see if their fate was to be mine. Of one thing I was certain:—if "family duty" or "filial piety" were responsible for the state of things I would have none of it—and I said so.

"You'll see—you'll bump your head some day; you'll see what good it does to have foolish visions or dreams; you just do what you're told and you'll be better off. Mother and father know more than you—they're older." All this I had patronizingly handed out to me. Somehow all this was horrible to me—this idea of contemplating a future such as theirs—a colorless life built on "doing what you're told" and not "having foolish dreams." For it struck me as an existence that mocked the very system that was responsible for it. The only thing by which I could judge the worth of the advice was the finished result.

Of course when I presented my case to my parents I was met with that attitude always displayed toward youthful self-assertion. To make my case clear to their somewhat bewildered minds I drew up a list of grievances: there were thirty-three concrete faults in the existing order that must be stamped out or radically changed.

They fell into four groups. Foremost was my education; there were ten in that

group:—all as unintelligent and old as thinking that a city grammar school education was enough for any boy. As soon as I was old enough to work it would be useless to educate myself any further. I wouldn't need it any way. It would be wasting time that should be spent in learning a trade. They had decided that the "building line" was the safest to work in and therefore I must become a bricklayer or a carpenter or something that "pays good." That I should have some say as to what I should take up for life they thought foolish—I would only pick out something that wouldn't bring enough salary. "Look at your big brother—he's got a nice steady job as a mailman; he didn't need any extra, expensive schooling."

Next were my religious and spiritual ideals. There were four in that group. They were quite as dogmatic in their "thou must nots" as those in the church ritual they wished us to believe explicitly. Superstition played a big part in the religion they wanted us to believe. Theirs was a Sunday religion, and, not practicing it themselves, it was absurd for them to ask our respect on that score.

Economically they were quite positive that only they were capable of taking care of things. We were not able to spend our own money in a sensible way and were not to be trusted with deciding what should be done with what was saved or earned. As to their ideas on the subject, there were six ways in which I showed them where I differed.

The longest and most significant group was that dealing with the way things were being run in the home. Methods that were retarding my growth—mentally and physically. There were thirteen of them, each with their minor details—such as the one "My Room." Without being meanly selfish I asked for at least a little privacy while studying or at sleep; that the room not be used as a wardrobe for quite the entire family; and that I be allowed to take care of it, as to arrangement, decorations, and airing. Which last word reminds me that their ideas of hygiene were quite antiquated, and must be changed and enlarged upon. Absurd as it may seem, they still insisted that night air was dangerous; that one towel, tooth brush, bar of soap, and brush and comb were enough for one family (those I got for my personal use were immediately appropriated by the rest of the family); that too much bathing is dangerous; and as for swimming, mother heard of a boy drowning with the cramps when she was a girl,—therefor her son must not go near the water; that exercising is "nonsense"; that *menus* must contain meat and numerous other heavy foods at every meal; and that children, no matter how young, are able to digest whatever adults can. These are a few instances of parental ideas that were useless so far as I was concerned. Was a rebellion necessary? It was in my case and I may as well add that it has already had results—to give the details would, I fear, be getting too personal. I have been so already, perhaps, but it may induce those who called the Preface absurd to read it again.

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Letters from a Living Dead Man

Written down by ELSA BARKER

THESE letters contain a minute and intimate account of life beyond the grave as it is being lived by at least one man. Elsa Barker calls him X—— in the book, but his identity has since been disclosed. X—— is Judge David P. Hatch who died in Los Angeles, February 21, 1912. He was an eminent corporation lawyer, a former Judge of the Superior Court and one of the best known citizens of Los Angeles.

Not long after his death Elsa Barker began to receive communications from him describing his life in the world beyond. These letters she collected and issued as "Letters from a Living Dead Man."

When Bruce Hatch, a son of the Judge, read the book, he recognized the letters as his Father's work. In part Bruce Hatch says: "Overwhelming as the thought is I cannot escape the conclusion that my Father did dictate these letters and that they tell of his actual adventures in another world."

It would be difficult indeed to give a better indication than this, of the great significance for every man and woman of "Letters from a Living Dead Man." But here are the opinions of some readers:

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THE LAY ANTHONY

A ROMANCE OF YOUNG LOVE

By

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

OCTOBER, 1914

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. I OCTOBER, 1914 No. 7

Poems

WITTER BYNNER

Two Churches on Sunday

They stand and bark like foolish dogs,
"O notice us! O notice us!"
    And then they stand and whine. . . .
As if to say, "The good kind God
That made the world made even us,
    All in the scheme divine."
And then they bark like foolish dogs,
    And then they stand and whine.

The Last Words of Tolstoi

Awhile I felt the imperial sky
Clothe a sole figure, which was I;
Then, lonely for democracy,
I hailed the purple robe of air
Kinship for all mankind to share;
But now at last, with ashen hair,
I learn it is not they nor I
Who own the mantle of the sky,—
Silence alone wears majesty.

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Apollo Sings

Here shall come forth a flower
   and near him ever grow.
But his ear heeds me not,
   and my hot tears mean nothing
   to him who was dearer to me
   than Daphne, he whose clear eye,
   that dazed the sun, now droops near earth. . . .
O hyacinthine flower, grow here!

Sweet were his lips as a flower touching
   the feet of a bee in Spring, his lips
   would repeat the word, "Love, love,"
   all that was sweet in the world was reborn.
Death could not defeat him,
   for his young lips, completing love, were eager.
His youth shall ever be fleet, evading death. . . .
O hyacinthine flower, be sweet!

To the Innermost

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

The popular translation of that dangerous term, individualism, is "selfishness." Self-dependence is a pompous phrase, and self-completion a huge negation. The average mind seems never to grasp the fact that individualism and democracy are synonymous terms; that self-dependence is merely the first of one's intricate obligations to his universe, and self-completion the first step toward that wider consciousness which makes the giving-out of self valuable.

I am always feeling that some one will point out to me, with the most embarrassing justice, the obviousness of observations like these. But invariably, after a resolve to keep to those high levels which stretch out beyond the boundaries of the accepted, some one engages me in a discussion—some one who still believes in the antique theory that life proceeds for the sake of immortality, or that a woman must choose between her charm and the ballot; and I emerge therefrom convinced that the highest mission in life is the dedication of oneself to the obvious, and that a valiant preaching of truisms is the only way to get at the root of intellectual evils. It has its

fascinations, besides: to convince a reactionary (not that I've ever done it) that renunciation is not an ultimate end, or that truth is a good thing for all people, is better than discovering a kindred soul. And so I proceed, without further apology: that human being is of most use to other people who has first become of most use to himself.

It is the war that has emphasized so overwhelmingly the triviality of trivial things. Out of such utter dehumanization one has a vision of the race which might emerge—a race purified of small struggles, small causes, small patriotisms; a race animated by those big impulses which have always made up the dreams of men. And then would come the more subtle personal development: a race of human units purged of small ideals and ambitions, cleansed to the point where education can at least proceed with economy—that is, without having to destroy two ounces of superstition to produce one ounce of knowledge. And at the foundation of such a race structure, I believe, will be a corner stone of Individualism—or whatever you may choose to call it. What it means is very simple: it is a matter of heightened inner life.

Our culture—or what little we have of such a thing—is clogged by masses of dead people who have no conscious inner life. The man who asked, "Did you ever see an old artist?" put a profound question. People get old because they have no vision. And they have no vision because they have no inner life. Of course, any sort of inner life is impossible to the man or woman who must be a slave instead of a human being. And this brings us, of course, to a discussion of economic emancipation—which I shall not take advantage of; because I want to talk here not of what the individual should have done for him, but of what he might very well do for himself. There are so many slaves whose bondage can be traced to no cause except their refusal or their inability to come to life; and the significance of the fact that spiritual resourcefulness is most rare among those persons who have the most leisure to cultivate it need not be emphasized even in an article devoted to the apparent.

Human weakness is reducible to so many causes beside that much-abused one of "circumstance." We talk so much nonsense about people not being able to help themselves. The truth is that people can help themselves out of nine-tenths of all the trouble they get into. (We'll leave the other tenth to circumstance.) If they could only be made to realize this, or that if they are helped out by some one else they might as well stay in trouble! To be dragged out is more desirable than starving to death, because it is more sensible, and because people are so sentimental in their attitude toward receiving that one welcomes almost any emergency which drives them to accepting aid with grace and honesty: *anything* to teach a man that he need not smirk about taking what he himself would like to give without being smirked at! But in spite of this, one must help himself to anything which is to be of positive value to him; and must

learn that personality gets what it demands. However, this begins to sound like a pamphlet from East Aurora. . . .

As a result of our shabby thinking on the subject of self-dependence we have lowered our standards of the exceptional to an alarming degree. We call that person exceptional who does what almost any one might do—but doesn't. For instance:

The average girl of twenty in a conventional home hates to be told that she must not read Havelock Ellis or make friends with those dreadful persons known vaguely as "socialists," or that she must not work when she happens to believe that work is a beautiful thing. She is submerged in the ghastly sentimentalities of a tradition-soaked atmosphere—and heaven knows that sentimentalities of that type are difficult to break away from. It takes not only brains, but what William James called the fundamental human virtue—bravery—to do it. And so the girl gives up the fight and moans that circumstances were too much for her. The next stage of her development shows her passing around gentle advice to all her friends on the noble theme of not being "hard" and living only for oneself; how one *must* sacrifice to the general good—never having had the courage or the insight to find out what the general good might really be. Thus are our incapacities extended. The girl who did break away she regards secretly as remarkable—which is not necessarily true. It is not that the second girl is remarkable, but that the first one is inadequate.

The average man of thirty-five slaves all day in an office and comes home at night to wheel the baby around the block and fall asleep over the newspaper. He has lost any feeling of rebellion, simply because he feels that he must. His permanent attitude is that all men are more or less in the same condition (or should be, if they're well-behaved), and that to part with a vision after college is what any man of sense must do. His neighbor with an eye on something beyond an office desk and a go-cart is a dreamer or a fool; if the neighbor makes good with his dream, then he is a remarkable man of extraordinary capabilities. Which is not necessarily true, either; the dreamer has simply scorned that attitude which has been so aptly epitomized as "the second choice."

There are as many phlegmatic radicals as there are conservatives; and there is no type among them more exasperating than the one that is content to sit around and *be* radical—and be nothing else. The lazy evasiveness of the "revolutionary" with his the-world-owes-me-a-living air positively sicken me. Why should the world owe anybody anything except a protection against that *lack of struggle* which cramps one's intellectual muscles so hideously?

And then there is that most unpleasant type of all—the man who boasts of how he will use his chance when he gets it. He always gets it, of course; but he doesn't know it. And when it comes out boldly and takes him by the ear he becomes terrified and slips back under the cover of

things as they are. His is the most unattractive kind of intellectual cowardice, because it involves so many lies; it is simply a rapid sequence of boasting and fright and refusing to meet the truth.

Here they all are—the uncourageous company of the second choice: the half-people, the makeshifts, the compromisers, the near-adventurers. How pale and ambling they look; how they crawl through the world with their calculating side looks, ready to take any second-rate thing when the first-rate one costs too much. Oh, it is a sad sight!

We must be more brave! We must be more fine! We must be more demanding! The saddest aspect of the whole thing is that choice is such a tiny element in the process of becoming. It is after one has chosen highly that his real struggle—and his real joy—begins. And only on such a basis is built up that intensity of inner life which is the sole compensation one can wrest from a world of mysterious terrors....and of ecstasies too dazzling to be shared.

Souls are weighed in silence, as gold and silver are weighed in pure water, and the words which we pronounce have no meaning except through the silence in which they are bathed.—*Maeterlinck.*

A Letter from London

Amy Lowell

August 28, 1914.

As I sit here, I can see out of my window the Red Cross flag flying over Devonshire House. Only one short month ago I sat at this same window and looked at Devonshire House, glistening with lights, and all its doors wide open, for the duke and duchess were giving an evening party. Powdered footmen stood under the porte-cochère, and the yard was filled with motors; it was all extremely well-ordered and gay.

I watched the people arriving and leaving, for a long time. It was a very late party, and it was not only broad daylight, but brilliant sunshine, before they went home. They did have such a good time, those boys and girls, and they ended by coming out on the balcony and shouting and hurrahing for fully ten minutes. How many of those young men were among the "two thousand casualties" at the Battle of Charleroi, of which we have just got news?

Devonshire House is as busy this afternoon, but it is no longer gay. In the yard is a long wooden shed, with a corrugated iron roof; there are two doors on opposite sides, like barn doors, and black against the light of the farther door I can see men sitting at a table, and boy scouts running upon errands. The yard is filled with motors again, and there is a buzz of coming and going. Yesterday a man brought a sort of double-decked portable stretcher, with a place above and below, and a group stood round it and talked about it for a long time. For this is the headquarters of the Red Cross Society. So, in one short month, has life changed, here in London.

A month ago I toiled up the narrow stairs of a little outhouse behind the Poetry Bookshop, and in an atmosphere of overwhelming sentimentality, listened to Mr. Rupert Brooke whispering his poems. To himself, it seemed, as nobody else could hear him. It was all artificial and precious. One longed to shout, to chuck up one's hat in the street when one got outside; anything, to show that one was not quite a mummy, yet.

Now, I could weep for those poor, silly people. After all they were happy; the world they lived in was secure. Today this horrible thing has fallen upon them, and not for fifty years, say those who know, can Europe recover herself and continue her development. Was the world too "precious", did it need these violent realities to keep its vitality alive? History may have something to say about that; we who are here can only see the pity and waste of it.

So little expectation of war was there, so academic the "conversations" between the powers seemed, that on the Friday, preceding the declaration

of war, we went down to Dorchester and Bath for a week-end outing. It was rather a shock to find the market-place at Salisbury filled with cannon, and the town echoing with soldiers. The waiter at the inn, however, assured us that it was only manœuvres. But the next day our chauffeur, who had been fraternizing with the soldiers, told us that it was not manœuvres; they had started for manœuvres, but had been turned round, and were now on their way back to their barracks.

As we came back from Bath, on Monday, we were told that gasolene was over five shillings a can. That was practically saying that England had gone to war. But she had not, nor did she, until twelve o'clock that night. When we reached our hotel we found a state bordering on panic. There was no money to be got, and all day long, for two days, people (Americans) had been arriving from the Continent. Without their trunks, naturally. There was no one to handle trunks at the stations in Paris. These refugees were all somewhat hysterical; perhaps they exaggerated when they spoke of disorder in Paris; later arrivals seemed to think so. But we are untried in war—war round the corner. It is a terrifying nightmare which we cannot take for reality. Or could not. For it is now three weeks since the war burst over us, and already we accustom ourselves to the new condition. That is perhaps the most horrible part of it.

But that first night in London I shall never forget. A great crowd of people with flags marched down Piccadilly, shouting: "We want war! We want war!" They sang the Marseillaise, and it sounded savage, abominable. The blood-lust was coming back, which we had hoped was gone forever from civilized races.

But the Londoners are a wonderful people. Or perhaps they have no imagination. London goes on, and goes on just as it did before, as far as I can see. I understand that the American papers, possibly taking their cue from the German papers, say that London is like a military camp, that soldiers swarm in the streets, and that its usual activities are all stopped. It is not true. "Business as usual" has become a sort of motto. And it is as usual,—perhaps a bit too much so. The mass of the people cannot be brought to realize the possibility of an invasion. In vain the papers warn them, they believe the navy to be invincible. And Heaven grant that it is!

When, that first week of the war, bank holiday was extended to four days instead of one; when the moratorium was declared, which exempted the banks from paying on travellers cheques and letters-of-credit; and when, to add to that, so many boats were taken off, and there were no sailings to be got for love or money, something closely approaching a panic broke out among the Americans. And what wonder! They felt caught like rats in a trap, with the impassable sea on one side and the advancing Germans on the other. For Americans have not been brought up with the tradition of England's invincibility at sea. They have heard of John Paul Jones and the "Bonhomme Richard." And they have imagination. I was told that one

woman had killed herself in an access of fear, and I have heard of another who has had to be put in an asylum, her mind given way under the strain. Many of these people had no money, and they could not get any; they came from the Continent and had to find lodgings, and they could offer neither money nor credit. The Embassy had no way of meeting the strain flung upon it. The Ambassador is not a rich man, and the calls for money were endless. Finally some public-spirited American gentlemen started a Committee, with offices at the Hotel Savoy, to help stranded Americans. And the work they have done has been so admirable that it is hard to find words to describe it. The Committee cashes cheques, gets steamship bookings, suggests hotels and lodgings, provides clothes, meets trains. I cannot write the half it does, but it makes one exceedingly proud. I do not believe that there is an American in London who has not helped the Committee with time or money, or been helped by it.

Perhaps the panicky ones have all been cared for and gone home, or perhaps man is a very adaptable animal. But we who are still in London have settled down and accepted things. The town is not like a camp, but still regiments of soldiers in khaki pass along fairly often. And during the few days when it was my duty to meet trains at Victoria Station, no train from the South Coast either arrived or left without its quota of soldiers. We motored down to Portsmouth last Sunday, and we were stopped at the entrance to the town and asked to prove that we were not Germans. It was not a very difficult task. Portsmouth *is* swarming with soldiers, but until we reached it, the only evidence of changed conditions was the strange absence of cyclists and motor-cyclists on the roads.

The other day I was waiting on a street corner. I was going to cross over and buy a paper. (The papers bring out new editions all day long, and in taxis, on 'buses, walking along the street, every one is reading a paper.) Suddenly I heard someone shout my name, and there were Richard Aldington and F. G. Flint. They were in excellent spirits; Richard Aldington had just been down to put his name on the roster of those willing to enlist. Flint cannot enlist; he is already serving his country in the Post Office, and sits all day long in the most important and most dangerous building in the world next to the Bank of England. It is guarded by soldiers and surrounded by bomb-nets, but London is full of spies! I thought of the exquisite and delicate work of these two men in the *Anthologie Des Imagistes,* and it seemed barbarous that war should touch them—as cruel and useless as the shattering of a Greek vase by a cannon ball. I remembered the letters of Henri Régnault I had read, long ago. I remembered how he gave up his studio in Algiers and came back to fight for France, and died in the trenches. We read of these things, but when we find ourselves standing on a street corner talking to two young poets who are preparing to face the same experiences—Well! It is different!

This is one side. There is, unhappily, another. Something that one

feared, and is not glad to see. There is not that realization that there should be of the danger England is in, nor that rush to defend her that one associates with the English temper. They are not enlisting as they should, and that is the bare truth of the matter.* And there is a certain hysteria beginning to show, which is terribly un-English, as "English" has hitherto been. The appeal to men to enlist has become almost a scream of terror. The papers are full of it, in editorials, in letters from private persons. And still the Government delays to declare general mobilization. Instead, it adopts measures which seem positively childish. Lord Kitchener asks the taxi-cabs to carry placards urging enlistment, and when some of the union cab-drivers refuse, the papers solemnly urge a patriotic public to boycot the placardless cabs. And all England is supposed to be under martial law! Could anything be more miserably humorous? It is hard to imagine Wellington asking favors of cabmen, and, when he was refused, begging the populace to punish the offenders. The following advertisement in this morning's *Times* illustrates the enthusiasm and the apathy which are rife at the same time:

> Doctor's wife, middle-aged, will undertake to perform the work of any tramway conductor, coachman, shop-assistant, or other married worker with children, provided that worker will undertake to enlist and fight for his country in our hour of need. All wages earned will be paid over to the wife and family.—Apply Mrs. Lowry, 1, Priory-terrace, Kew Green, S.W.

Perhaps one of the saddest evidences of a changed England is Mr. H. G. Wells's letter to Americans in *The Chronicle* of August 24th. For an Englishman to *implore* a foreign country to do or not to do anything, is new. Englishmen have not been used to beg weakly, with tears in their eyes. Whatever one may think of Mr. Wells's contention in this letter, the tone in which it is written is a lamentable evidence of panic. Panic has never been an English trait, and neither has whining servility. And the Americans are the last people in the world to be moved by it. We are a just people, and we admire valor. I think Mr. Wells need not have *stooped* to ask us for justice or sympathy.

After all, it purports little to point out the spots on the sun. England is still the mother-country of most Americans, even if that was a good while ago. And we love her. She has given us not only our blood, but our civilization. Since this war broke out she has harbored us and kept her ships running for us. In Paris, one must get a permit from the police to stay or leave. In England, one is free and unmolested. England has always been the refuge of oppressed peoples. Does she ned to ask our sympathy now that she is, herself, oppressed? Neutral we must be, and neutral we shall be, but we are not a military nation, and despotism can never attract us.

Every American would rather a bungling democracy than the wisest despot who ever breathed.

---

*This condition has somewhat improved since above was written.

Cause

HELEN HOYT

As the surprise of a woman
When she knows that she is pregnant,
Is the surprise of a murderer
Beholding that he has killed.

That so small a moment of time,
That so slight an act should suffice!

No plan, no purpose, ordained what befell,
Only the wild urging blood and muscle
And swift desire.

These,
In an instant,
Beyond retraction,
Could set in motion all the long inexorable processes of life:
All the long inexorable processes of death.
Could establish that which may not be effaced,
Which alters the world.

New Wars for Old

Charles Ashleigh

The Mob, by John Galsworthy. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.]

I confess to a certain disappointment at this play. Not that it is a bad play. It would be hard for Galsworthy to write badly. But, both dramatically and philosophically, it might have been better, and, judging by Galsworthy's previous work, could easily have been better. *Justice, Strife* and *The Pigeon,* for instance, are immeasurably superior to this play.

The theme of the play is the protest of an upper-class statesman against a war of conquest with a small nation in which his country is engaged. His wife and family are all normally patriotic and his stand estranges them. His governmental position is lost, as is also his parliamentary membership. Sir Stephen More makes a magnificent stand for his ideal. His courage and consistency result in his death at the hands of the victory-drunken mob. And yet,—I was left cold.

It must have been my realization of the futility of his cause which killed my warmth; and yet I am an admirer of forlorn hopes and their leaders. It was, perhaps, more the artificiality of his espousement of peace, and the grounds for this espousement, which failed to move me.

To begin with, More belongs to the class which really benefits by war: the monied, aristocratic and governing class. To such people patriotism is a natural and inevitable source of action, as it is rooted in their very substantial stake in the country. Love of the fatherland, which has given them so much, and the duty of fighting its wars, or of encouraging others to fight them, is a very vital and vigorous thing in them. Against this, More had nothing to advance but a very negative propaganda: an appeal to the strong to act "honorably" by pitying and sparing the weak (a perfectly sickening reason); and the invoking of a hazy abstract idea of "justice" which has about as much power to influence men's actions as a policeman has to maintain morality.

More was a member of the imperial class; and he became a "Little Englander." He was a member of a soldierly class; and he became an advocate of peace for peace's sake. He opposed a cloudy concept of conduct,—utterly unrelated to the facts of life,—to a deep-rooted instinct founded on the material benefit of his own class. And this was the reason of his failure. He had nothing grippingly affirmative to give the people, and he should have realized that to appeal to the rulers was hopeless.

A great, popular, full-blooded thing like war must have a great, popular, full-blooded thing to counteract it. Also, we must remember that the life of the masses of people is not such a beautiful and colored thing that death

on the battle-field is such a very dreadful alternative. Painting the horrors of war,—its sordid and unheroic side,—is not enough. Nothing could be more sordid and unheroic than the gray existence of the factory hand. A new, full gospel of affirmation, revolt, and militancy must be set against the war-passion. The spirit of conflict is good; it is essential to continuity; it is the breaker of old forms and the releaser of new life. It can, however, be directed along newer and more gainful channels than that of international market-struggles.

The people who can stop wars are the people who fight wars. And they can stop them by the divinely simple method of refusing to fight; and by refusing to provide food, clothing, and transportation to any that do fight. The worker operates industry and can shut off supplies if he will. Anyone who preserves a faith that the governors may end war is sustaining himself with a straw.

But if the people, the mass of producers, are to stop war, they must first be stirred; and a negative pacific preaching will never stir them. Only a call to a greater and more vital war can move them.

Such a war exists. It is the hand-to-hand struggle against exploitation, against the economic bondage which has fettered the minds and bodies of the larger portion of the race for ages past. This conflict is affirmative: it calls for courage, endurance, and comradeship. Also it is true, because it has its roots in the biological basis of life—love and hunger. The stir of passion is in it: the passion of hate and the passion of love, and also the love of a good fight; and without these elements there is no war worth the while.

But all this, it seems, More did not realize. And, had he realized it, he could have done but little. He was too removed from the "mob" to speak their tongue, too far from them to share their feeling, too alien for his words to gain a foothold in the crannies of their being.

The mob that killed More had made More, and all others of his kind. The despised mob had fought his battles on the field of war and on the field of industry. For the one they killed they had nurtured thousands. Inchoate and all but inarticulate, in this mob is the divine stuff out of which shall be formed the master-people to come, when once they decide to fight their own war instead of that of their task-masters.

Nothing, not even conventional virtue, is so provincial as conventional vice; and the desire to bewilder the middle classes is itself middle-class.—*Arthur Symonds.*

Ante-Bellum Russia

Alexander S. Kaun

The effects that the European War will have—and is having already—on the internal conditions in Russia are merely conjecturable, considering the fact that since the first week in August we have had no sterling news from the embroiled countries. I believe that a study of the pre-war situation in Russia, of her recent moods and aspirations, will enable us to venture a guess or two as to the potential results of the present imbroglio. The forthcoming is by no means an attempt to exhaust the problem: it is barely a bird's-eye view of contemporary Russian reality as reflected in life and literature.

I

In a recent article an eminent Russian publicist thus characterizes the modern literature of his native land:

> It is quite clear: With the death of Tolstoy our literature also expired. Not orphaned, bereaved; it died, came to an end, perished. . . .
>
> In fact, what does our modern literature teach us? It positively preaches all the instincts, the complete "credo" of the bestialized criminal. Self-despite, sacrilege, sexual licentiousness, political mutiny, commendation of crime, hooliganish all-negation, stalest individualism, morals of an outlaw, the ideology of fratricide-Cain, the codex of an apache and Jack-the-Ripper.

Taking the above philippic *cum grano salis,* we must, however, consider it as a characteristic phenomenon illustrating the contemporaneous moods of Russian society in the process of its prolonged morbid crisis. For if literature is supposed to be the mirror of life; if in literature we find the true reflection of a people's feelings, cravings, ideals, struggles,—then Russia presents the most vivid demonstration of this truth. In no other country has literature reflected real life with such a consequential and accurate preciseness as has that of the land of the Czar in all its epochs and stages. If, therefore, the modern Russian literature has a morbid aspect; if its heroes preach adultery, crime, free love, and praise the lowest mob instincts; if it does, and to a large extent it unquestionably does represent a base degradation, then we must needs look into the very life of that unhappy country in search for the causes of its mental affliction, then "something is the matter" with holy Russia.

II

As a pendant to the quoted jeremiad, I shall cite another distinguished Russian publicist, whose keen observation equals his absolute truthfulness:

> A filthy torrent flows over wide Russia—a torrent of savageness, bloodthirstiness, cruelty, sexual wantonness, intoxicated cynicism. The torrent overflows and deluges and infects all spots of life and ruins the soul of the nation. . . . The man, the

person is of no value or consideration. There is no self-respect nor respect for others. The provoked instincts know of no hold-back. The sexual passion intermingles with the passion to torture and to tyrannize. The atmosphere is veiled in a bloody fog. The venom has penetrated all over, through all ranks of the population. Bloody and shameful deeds have become an every-day occurrence not only among the higher society—army officers, bureaucrats, noblemen, cultured and uncultured capitalists; you meet with the same crimes likewise among the poor urban populace, among the lower strata, the so-called "masses"; similar dramas occur also in the village. . . . The same all over. Everywhere the nonchalance disposition. Everywhere the morbid passion in the first place. "I want—and I must. And to the devil with the whole world and with myself."

Exaggeration? Hardly.

The Russian dailies give amazing material for the student of sociology. The impartial chronicling of daily events tells us a dreadful story of a people that have lost every sense of moral sensitiveness and value of life. Facts of wildest debauchery and corruption, murder and suicide, defloration and parricide, to the accompaniment of governmental executions, hanging and shooting, fill up column after column of the periodical press. A Russian journalist remarks:

> And this is our every-day life. This occurs every day, every hour. It is not any more a sensation or a crying extraordinary occasion that awakens general attention and astonishment. It is—daily happenings. It is the general tone of our life. Oftentimes one does not notice such items of news—so trivial have they become. "Ah, another bloody drama! How tedious, by God!" And the "citizen" lays aside the paper with a dull yawn.

Such is life in that strange country, and consequently such is its literature, life's mirror, its product and interpretation.

III

The definition of Russian literature as Heroic was perfectly true until a few years ago. The literature, like the life itself, had been a continuous heroism. The harder the oppressions from above, the more resolute was the fighting spirit below; the wilder the reaction that raged over the throbbing country, the loftier were the ideals of the struggling people; the more acute the sufferings of the gloomy present, the brighter and the more attractive appeared the perspectives of the future.

Ever since the first revolutionary outbreak in 1825, the so-called Insurrection of the Decembrists, the Russian populace has had one great ideal, one ardent all-embracing aim—the overthrow of the autocracy, the impersonification of evil, injustice, and tyranny. This goal has been the sense of life, the justification of man's existence, the holy spirit elevating and purifying the miserable subjects of the Czar, the solace for the eternal humiliation, the compensation for the unique martyrdom of that unfortunate nation.

A great, an inestimable rôle has been played by Russian literature in the education of the public. Though restricted by draconic rules of the

bigoted state censorship, it succeeded in speaking to the public in an Aesopic tongue, training the readers in the gentle art of understanding between the lines. It preached idealism, self-sacrifice, unbounded devotion and love to their suffering compatriots, and unlimited deadly hatred for the common foe—the Tyrant.

The elevating influence of that idealistic literature has been displayed most manifestly upon Russian youth, particularly upon university students. The susceptible young souls followed the call of their great teachers and guides, and plunged with zeal and ardor into the battle. Selfishness, life's diversions and conventionalities had no place in their puritanic minds. To fight for freedom was their only "sport"; to enlighten the masses, their sole "amusement"; to die on the scaffold for the Ideal, the climax of happiness.

In that enduring bitter struggle there have been but two sides, two antagonistic camps—the government and the people. On one side rude force, violence, and outspoken retrogression; on the other—notwithstanding minute differences in party platforms and theoretical principles—an all-uniting ocean of lofty ideals, spiritual forces, great hopes, boundless altruism.

Noblesse oblige. The great common cravings and aims must needs have cultivated a high standard of morals and intercourse among the people. The able correspondent of *The London Daily Chronicle,* Henry W. Nevinson, who had had the opportunity of closely observing Russian life during the unforgettable red years of 1905-1906, justly remarked:

> To have a cause like that (the Revolution), to dwell with danger for the sake of it every day and night, to confront an enemy, vital, pitiless, almost omnipotent, and execrable beyond words—what other cause can compare to that, not only in grandeur, but in the satisfaction of intellect and courage and love and every human faculty? So tyranny brings its compensations.

IV

The general strike and uprising of October, 1905, compelled the obstinate Czar to "grant" a tolerable constitution. It seemed that the long struggle had come to an end, that the desired goal having been reached, the bitterly fought-for concession having been attained, there was no reason for continuing the bloody war between the government and the people. The Manifesto of 30 (17) October, 1905, pledged liberty of speech, press, and public meetings, equal rights for all, and a representative government with a comparatively liberal election-system.

Only those who happened to abide in Russia during the autumn months of 1905 are able to comprehend the indescribable joy of the population at the announcement of the Manifesto. An intoxication of happiness reigned all over the country, strangers embraced and kissed each other, everyone was addressed with the hearty "comrade," a sincere feeling of brotherhood and mutual love overfilled all hearts, and from Finland to farthest Siberia,

from the polar regions to the Black Sea, over the entire vast empire thundered the exalted cry: "Long live liberty!"

The enchantment, however, was of a short duration. The people soon found out that they had put too much confidence in the paper pledge of the Czar, and that they should not have laid their weapons aside. The solemn promise declared from the heights of the throne was broken. One after one the pledged liberties were taken away, and a wave of brutal repression and massacre swept over the tormented land. Only too late one could recollect with the American Russologue Joubert, the ever-new aphorism of Bertrand: "The tree of liberty can grow only when it is watered with the blood of the tyrants."

The government recovered its senses after the first collapse, and decided to play its game on the obscurity and ignorance of the army. The simple-minded soldiers, themselves miserable peasants or workingmen, were ordered to shoot and flog their fathers and brothers, their friends and defenders; and they fulfilled their official duty with incomparable brutality. The revolution was betrayed and strangled. Its leaders were shot, hanged, or banished; the free press shut up, liberal parties and meetings forbidden, and once more the monster-bureaucracy held in its claws the palpitating unhappy land.

V

Let us return to the problem: What is the matter with Russia? What is the cause of its general decay and demoralization? The revolution proved a failure. The masses—the army particularly—were unprepared for carrying out the long cherished ideal. But that was not all. The Russian revolutionary movement has been used to failures and temporary collapses, the organizations have been destroyed and abolished many a time, and yet like a Phœnix they would arise from out the ashes and manifest their significant existence again and again. The cause, to all appearances, lies with the modernized system applied by the bureaucracy in its war with the people —the demoralization of the people. What Nicolas I. could not attain through his iron despotism; what Alexander III. failed to accomplish by means of crudest oppressions and restrictions carried through by such arch-tyrants as Pobyedonostzev, D. Tolstoy, Muravyov, etc.; what had been beyond the reach of Nicolas II. during the dictatorships of his genial assistants of the type of Plehve, the hero of Kishinev, or General Trepov, the man of Bloody Sunday (January, 1905),—this important point was won by the gentleman-butcher, the hangman in the frock-coat, the late premier Stolypin. The credit for having succeeded in breaking the spirit of the nation and for having brought it to the verge of demoralization is largely due to his policy.

To accomplish a *coup d'etat*, to abolish the Douma and reinstall the old order of things, was the easiest attainable measure for Stolypin at the time

of his appointment to the highest post in the state. The opposition was silenced by military force, the servile European financiers renewed their enormous credit to the "pacified" Czardom which had been on the brink of bankruptcy, and it seemed an obvious step to declare *urbi et orbi* the successful restoration of the ancient autocracy. But Mr. Stolypin was a politician of Bismarck's school. He loathed the laurels of a Pyrrhic victory. The rich experience of his ill-famed predecessors had taught him that the more harshly he suppressed the opposition the deeper it would grow and develop in the "Underground"; that the closer he stopped up the yawning crater the more intense and terrible would be the inevitable explosion. A complete return to the old regime would again unite the entire nation within and the civilized world from without in common hatred for the outworn Asiatic despoty. Instead the shrewd premier chose the old Cæsarean maxim, *Divide et impera.*

To incite racial hatred among the heterogeneous strata of the one hundred and thirty millions population; to provoke the meanest mob instincts and to flatter the lowest chauvinistic sentiments; to create mutual ill feelings in all ranks of society by various provocative means; to incarnate espionage in the national life as a virtue; to corrupt and prostitute all state institutions, so as to kill every sense of confidence in the mercenary justice and respect for all authorities; to arrest intellectual progress by barring and banishing the best professors, by forbidding enlightenment organizations, by distracting young minds from social problems through unscrupulous patronage of nationalistic societies in the high schools and universities, of "easy amusements" and all but clean sports; to augment crude force to the degree of absolute right and sole law,—these have been the chief strategic measures of the modernized absolutism.

It is true that a similar course, although on a considerably smaller scale, has been pursued by the Russian government all through the nineteenth century. The originality of Stolypin's methods and of those of his less original successors lies in their up-to-dateness, their quasi-modernism, their pseudo-constitutionalism, their hypocritical jesuitism. Actually Russia represents the same old Asiatic despotism as of olden days. Officially, however, it wears with a clumsy awkwardness the European frockcoat of parliamentarism. It is a modern Janus, with an artificial human expression towards the outside world, and with its natural primitive bestial front at home.

The Douma, the long-cherished ideal of the people, was transformed from a house of representatives into an ante-room of the government, into a shameful profanation of parliamentarism. The first two Doumas gave an overwhelming opposition to the government, and the latter found an easy way to get rid of its disagreeable opponents by dissolving the Assemblies and suing the deputies as rebels. The unscrupulous Senate issued a series of "modifications" to the electoral laws, and thus insured for the later

Doumas a "desirable" element. Having deprived the majority of the populace of voting rights, giving all means of assistance and protection to the "Black Hundreds"—criminal societies flourishing under the standard of patriotism, terrifying the average voter and driving him into political absenteeism, the government succeeded in gaining a majority of obsequious manikins who have sold the people for a pottage of lentils and have debased the Douma to a purely instrumental force in the hands of Stolypin & Co.

Even the moderate liberals of the type of Professor Paul Milyoukov or Prince Eugene Troubetzkoy, who have been ardent supporters of the Douma as a means of educating the people on constitutional ideas,—even they are gradually losing their rosy expectations. Representative Maklakov, a man to whom even the late Stolypin, his bitterest antagonist, paid the highest respect, in his report on the Douma cried in despair: "One could have hoped that the Douma was useless. Alas! It is getting harmful."

VI

About a year ago the writer of these lines thus summarized the "Contemporaneous Russian Nihilism":

> The bureaucracy celebrates its victory over the people. The heretofore united forces are divided, the sacred ideal polluted, the bitterly-fought-for constitution brought down to a mocking buffonade, and the "Mighty Ham," whose coming was predicted a few years ago by the illustrious Merezhkovski, has his day in the degradated country. The Russian giant who had temporarily awakened after a slumber of centuries, snores again hopelessly. Over the vast continent reigns a suffocating atmosphere of despair, decay, and demoralizaiton. A thick fog of nihilism, not the Nihilism of Turgenyev's times, but nihilism in its direct negative meaning, enwraps the martyred land of the Czar, and one can hardly discern a bright spot on the cloudy horizon.

In the past year the "cloudy horizon" has slightly brightened. Grave symptoms have appeared in the seemingly calm atmosphere which suggested Vereshchagin's *All is Quiet on Shipka.* Notwithstanding the strict censorship of dispatches one could easily discern from the news items that the volcano has not been extinguished yet. True, the orgy of the reactionary forces has not abated; freedom of spoken and written word is still a myth; the majority of the Douma is "a trillion times blacker than black"—to use a Bodenheimesque figure; the revolutionary organizations are dragging a pitiful existence in the underground, and the average citizen is still seeking safety from the cossack's knout in phlegmatic splein. Yet signs of gratifying unrest have been manifestly displayed of late in various camps of the Empire. The rapidly developing capitalistic class has come to realize the deadening effect of the bureaucratic regime on industry and commerce, and resolutions have been passed at numerous conventions of manufacturers, bankers, and other big business-men, condemning the stifling policy of the archaic government. The tragicomedy of the Beilis process which revealed the puerile helplessness of the rotten State justice, has united all cultured

Russia in a tremendous protest against the existing order; lawyers, journalists, physicians, artists, teachers, and men of other liberal professions, signed fiery resolutions whose *leit-motif* was Chekhov's sad verdict—"Such life is impossible!" The unrest among the army, and particularly among the navy, has had a great symptomatic significance. Multitudinous arrests among soldiers and sailors, sporadic trials of revolutionary military organizations, frequent transportations and transfers of regiments and vessels, declaration of martial law in some important ports,—such have been the albatrosses of the oncoming storm. After the crash of the proletarian uprising of 1905 the remnants of the revolutionists have concentrated all their forces against the stanchest citadel of Czardom—the army and the navy, justly considering that only a military *coup d'état could* change things in present day Russia. The situation became definitely threatening last July, during the visit of President Poincaré, when the Russian proletariat, defying all manners and *bon ton* towards "allied France," suddenly and unexpectedly marred the display of friendly demonstrations by an epidemic outburst of general strikes in St. Petersburg (or *must* we, by order of Nicolas II., say—Petrograd?) and in other metropolises.

Amidst these pregnant preludes burst out the war bomb. For the tottering absolutism it came most timely as the saving trump. Whether we believe the press informations about the mad wave of patriotism overflowing Russia or not, there can be no doubt that in view of the threatening national catastrophy internal differences will lose their keenness and will give way to easily drummed-up imperial solidarity, as far as the average citizens are concerned. The uncompromising revolutionists will hardly have a considerable following, especially when we consider the fact that the Czar has been showing surprising tact and foresight of late by granting concessions to his subjects and lavishly extending tempting promises to the oppressed nationalities. The constantly humiliated and insulted citizen; the empoverished overtaxed moujik; the flogged workingman; the bleeding, robbed, deprived-of-rights Pole, Finn, Armenian, Caucasian, Jew, Lithuanian, Little-Russian,—all these elements that make up the abstraction "Russia" would have to possess a great deal of optimism in order to take seriously the spasmodic ejaculations of the drowning "Little Father" who has beaten the world's record as a perjurer. Yet one need not be a specialist in mass psychology to predict the success of Nicholas's bait. We may further prohpesy that, whatever the outcome of the war, Russia will emerge purged and electrified, stirred and volcanized. Surely, "such life," pre-war life, will be "impossible."

The Silver Ship

SKIPWITH CANNÉLL

A silver ship with silken sail
Fled ghost-like over a silver sea,
Swift to an island leper pale
Where dead hands furled the silken sail.
Then to the island bore they me,
And left me, stricken, there to see
My silver ship with silken sail
Fade out across a silent sea.

The Butterfly

SKIPWITH CANNÉLL

One day in the lean youth of Summer, a butterfly was born upon the earth. To a brief day of beauty she was born, and to a long night.

Timidly her purple wings unfolded in the kind warmth of the sun. When they had grown strong, she began to flutter hither and thither, from flower to flower, a wingéd dream flitting as perfumes called her, from dream to dream.

At last, when the dark fingers of the night were clutching at the fields, from the brief stillness of twilight arose a brief summer storm. Only a few puffs of wind ruffled the grass, only a few growls of thunder silenced the birds, only a few warm drops of rain pattered among the trees. Then the storm passed and the sun shone over the wet earth as a sweetheart shines through her tears with promise of pardon.

But the warm wind had blown the butterfly against a twig, so that her wings were broken; and the soft summer rain had crushed her to the earth, so that she died. But there had been one passing, whose dreams were in music, and he had felt her beauty in his own. And he spun a web of harmony from the rainbow of his sorrow and the skeins of her beauty, so that men who had lost their dreams were snared in his net, and women whose hearts were buried wept for the death of a butterfly. . . .

The Tidings

SKIPWITH CANNÉLL

Once upon a time, in a certain secret city of the East, lived a woman who was a sorceress. And she awaited tidings of great joy or tidings of terrible sorrow.

All day long, from her housetop, she had peered across the desert, seeking the messenger who did not come. At nightfall her servants returned to her with rumors gathered in the market place. With rumors of sorrow they returned and stood in a row before her with averted faces.

When she had heard their fears, she thanked them, and going down from the housetop, she sought a hidden chamber where she could be alone and silent. When she had pondered for awhile, she piled rare herbs in a brazier, and wet them with strange liquors, and touched fire to them. The flames flickered and smoked, singing a soft happy little song all to themselves. But she could read no answer in the singing, and no meaning in the coils of smoke; and she was very sad. At last, with a despairing gesture, she took certain secret things from the chest whereof she alone had the key, and those things she laid upon the fire and watched until they were consumed.

As soon as the embers were cold and gray, she took from the carven chest a vial of jade and a jade cup. From the vial she poured out a pale green potion, and raising the cup in her hands, she drank it to the end. Then she lay down upon the marble couch. In a little while she slept.

A sweet, heavy vapor rose from the cup, filling the room with perfume. The dregs glowed with dull evil light, for the potion had been poison, and her sleep was death.

In the morning came a messenger, bearing tidings of great joy.

Longing

George Burman Foster

IT was indeed a world-historical movement, that old reformation of the Sixteenth century, snapping as it did the fetters of a Church that arrogated to itself all power in heaven and on earth, and defiantly asserting supremacy over the papacy. But the reformation of our day is much more radical and universal. Ours ends what that began, destroys what that established. The critical spirit of our time, this nothing can withstand unless it is in a position to justify and verify itself to the moral and rational judgment of mankind. In our time of day, what is church, what is state, what are society and law and sanctified custom—things that the old reformation partly inherited, partly organized, and wholly bequeathed to us? At best, tones for the musician's use, clay in the hands of the potter, or stuff for the sculptor's shaping, materials all, ductile or refractory, to be kneaded into forms for the habitation of man's free spirit, man's soul, man's life. This critical spirit of an all-inclusive reform of life, to which everything belonging to life is subject, for which science works and art as well, living and active in the heart of modern humanity in countless problems, like the woman problem, the labor problem, like national and international social problems, with all their subdivisions,—this critical spirit gives our time a prophetic character. It summons all progressive spirits to the great struggle against a common foe, against all those forces which have banded together for a standstill of life and have made a lucrative and social-climbing business out of retrogression.

Can there be any doubt as to the stand we ought to take with reference to these great movements? May we not greet them as a new springtime of humanity whose light and warmth shall vanquish winter, and bring life, joy and peace into the land? "When the Day of Passover was fully Come"—may we not see this day in these movements, when a spirit of truth and soul and freedom shall brood over men, and lead them to higher goals and greater tasks of human being?

To be sure, our era is not arbitrarily made, not excogitated and invented by man. To be sure, great elementary forces of life will come, must come, to their unfolding in these movements. To be sure, the matter of real concern is a new structure of humanity, new cultural and social forms, new world-views, new life-views. No doubt these forces of life will carry the individual along with them, will come upon him and coerce him when he does not so will, will not at all even ask him what he wills, what he has to say to them, or how he regards them. But on this very account, in surveying the great whole of our life development we easily lose sense for what is individual and special. Where classes and masses of men en-

counter each other, where world-moving thought jolt and undermine thousand-year-old traditions and customs, removing their very foundations, there the individual human soul suffers abridgement, there we forget that even the largest number consists of units, and that the greatest numerical worth is judged according to the worth of these units.

Therefore a great social thinker must reflect ever anew that *man* is the significant thing in every new social culture—is beginning and goal. To understand how to trumpet a word respecting *man and his personality* into this social movement and seething, this is to do an essential service to the modern way of viewing life, this is to warn us that we are not entirely impersonal in the presence of pure objectivity.

No one has done such service to our age in so signal a manner, as *Friedrich Nietzsche.* He is not the preacher of *social,* but of *personal,* man. However, fundamental hater of socialism that he was, he yet became a mighty moving and impelling force for socialism. He, too, wills a new culture, *but he wills it through a new man.* Therefore, he shows us the way to this new culture in that which is most *personal* to man, in man's *Longing,* or yearning, or craving,—in man's *Sehnsucht,*—a word of profound import to which none of these English words does justice.

To many ears that program does not sound provocative, promising, alluring. *Sehnsucht* is not a feeling that makes one happy and blissful—not a feeling to which one would like to accord a constant and abiding possession of one's heart. "Only he who knows *Sehnsucht* knows what I *suffer*"—so sighed Goethe's Mignon, one of the most impressive and marvelous characters the poet-genius ever created, an Incarnate Yearning, self-consumed in unquieted longing of soul, in *Heimweh* for a dreamily visioned distance, to walk in whose sunny beauty her feet were never destined. To preach *Sehnsucht* is to preach hunger. To hunger is to ache. The gnawing of a hungry stomach—but what is that compared with the gnawing of a hungry heart, when everything that seems good and great and worth striving after becomes elusive, unattainable, unintelligible, to passionate longing? *Sehnsucht* is not anxiety, it is worse than anxiety. Anxiety is petty; *Sehnsucht* is great and deep. In anxiety, life is dark, and darkness terrifies and distresses man. In *Sehnsucht,* life is luminous, but the light blinds the soul. *Sehnsucht* sees all light in a magical radiance, yet cannot clasp it; feels its overpowering attraction, yet cannot satisfy the eye with it. Prometheus chained to a rock, after he had filched the celestial spark from the gods! Tantalus, the luscious fruit just over his head, but wafted away as soon as he longs to grasp it with greedy hands! Yes, all the human heart's deepest pain, this is *Sehnsucht.* Whoever names a pain that is not *Sehnsucht* has not peered to the bottom of pain's chalice.

"Woe to that man through whom *Sehnsucht* comes!" we might almost cry. If you love me, do not stir up this yearning for the impossible that is

in me, this hot, fervent craving, which can never find satisfaction, which can never enjoy the pleasures of life, or its own self. If you love men, save them from their very youth up in the presence of that tempestuous storm and stress into the Afar, where all solid shores vanish, all safe harbors are closed—save men, trembling, untranquil, from the everlasting question: Knowest thou the land? Knowest it well? Leave men their peace of mind, add no fuel to the flame of their discontent. Do not wrong them by letting them eat of the tree of knowledge. Do not show them the infinite expanse unrolling behind and beyond the narrow confines of their petty lives, thus spoiling the pleasure of their contentment, the joy they have in their limited and longingless life. Paradise is better than Wilderness. The familiar murmur of the brook in the meadow by the old home is more restful than the roar of the cataract or than the eternal haunting mystery and melody of the great sea. Such is the common cry of the lackadaisical, the longingless, the *laissez-faire* people to all of us who "turn the world upside down."

Yes, we make all men sufferers—we who pilot their minds to what is not yet there, and to what they not yet are—we who show them a land lying undiscovered in mist or azure ahead of them. We make man seekers, we become disturbers of the peace—this is what they call our crime and blasphemy. Therefore, men give us a wide berth, warn others against our society, afraid of the .yearning and hot hunger of soul which would come over them, were they once to hanker after a different fare from what they light upon in their troughs every morning, gorging themselves to an easy satiety—a different fare that would make them hunger ever anew, and arouse them to new longings. No, comfort men; free them from their painful Sehnsucht; teach them the foolishness of hitching their wagons to stars; tell them that all is well with them and make them content with any lot in life that may by chance be theirs! Then you will be their true benefactors; then you will heal the wounds from which the heart would otherwise so easily bleed!

Really? That is a good thing to do for men? The wise thing to say to the heart is: Break your wings in two, so you will not be tempted to brave the blue, to keep company with "the distant sea," to explore the Afar? The comforting thing to do for the slave is to gild his chains, so that he may have joy in their glittering splendor and show them off as worth their weight in gold? How easy it would be then for the Czar of all the Russias "to go to Berlin if it costs me my last peasant!" How easy for the Vatican to silence the modernist! Throne and altar, an *entente cordiale* indeed, could then enjoy by "divine right" an unmolested and unworried repose upon a world of dumb, blind, brute peasants. But—

> If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
> By nature's law design'd—
> Why was an independent wish
> E'er planted in my mind?

Why did God implant Sehnsucht in the heart of man? "Thou hast made us for Thyself and the heart is restless until it rests in Thee," said Augustine long ago. Indeed, God is but another human name for Eternal Yearning.

All yearning is love—love that silently and secretly celebrates its triumphal entry into the soul. If you stood at the grave of a joy and felt pain over that which was lost, would not the pain of yearning be the measure, the consciousness, of your newly-awakened, ever-waking love? Would you like to calculate this yearning and exchange therefor coldness and indifference of heart? And if you felt a love so full and deep that moments had eternities concealed in them, even so, on the basis of this love yearning would live more than ever, it would open up to the soul new vistas, new goals, it would give love her life; and a love without yearning, which did not see beyond itself, did not love above itself, finished in that which it was, or it called its own—would quickly cease to be love. Yes, yearning redoubles all genuine love to man; it involves something becoming, something greater, purer, for which love lays the foundation and gives the impulse. Only he who knows yearning, knows what I *love,* so Mignon might have also said. There is something unslaked, unslakable, in every love, an insatiable hunger for more love, for better and purer love.

It is this yearning that saves love from being blind; it gives love the strength and courage of veraciousness; it plunges the heart into a struggle of desperation when a man of our love does not keep his promise, when he becomes pettier and baser than we had believed of him; and yet in this struggle it achieves the victory of faith which mounts above all the pettiness and baseness of the man, to the certainty of its strength, that love faileth never. In every love we love something higher than itself, something for which the heart is destined and endowed. This is the yearning in our love, *a will,* which stirs in all deep feeling of the heart, and guards against the death which every moment, sufficient only for itself, harbors. Every love, therefore, is itself a yearning: love for truth is the power to grow beyond *a* truth; love for righteousness is hunger and thirst after righteousness. In all the beauty that greets the eye and awakens exultation and joy in the heart, the soul ripens new sensitivity for new visions of the wonders of life, the heart widens so that it absorbs strength for new beauty and sees new beauty even in the darkness and dust of earth. A man without yearning is a man without love. And if one would guarantee man that satisfaction which one prizes as the most beautiful and most blissful lot on earth, then one must first stifle his heart or tear it from his breast; for as long as this heart still beats, and announces in every beat its insatiable hunger for love, so long will the man harbor and feel his yearning, which will not let the beating heart be satisfied.

But yearning is therefore not simply suffering, not simply love—of these

we have been thinking—it is also life, the true life of man. The man who lives only for himself, and for the passing moment, does not live at all. And this is what Nietzsche says of man—man a transition and an end—yearning always interring an Old, always swinging a bridge across to a New—love loving the most distant and most future—vision sweeping up the ages to higher man. This, then, is man's hour of great self-contempt. All his happiness, his wealth, his knowledge, his virtue, seems too little to fill his soul. There is insufficiency, nausea, as to all that he esteems, a cry of wrath from the deep of his being, a cry that sounds like madness to all who call themselves good and righteous, to all who call their execrable smugness a delight.

But this is the great tumultuous yearning, the thunder of whose soaring wings is forever in modern ears. It proffers man a new table of values; forward, not backward, shall he look; love *Kinderland*, the undiscovered land in distant oceans, that he may make amends to the children for there being the children of their fathers!

In this song of jubilee of yearning, who does not hear the old ring, which was once preached as glad tidings, as gospel of humanity! There, too, it was the seeking that were saved, the hungering and not the sated, the starving and not the full. And they, too, had their Higher Man—the Christ they called Him, their Yearning, their Love, their Life. They sang: For me to live is Christ; I live, yet not I; Christ lives in me. And as long as this Yearning lived in them, they were creative spirits. They put a new face upon the world. They transformed the world after the image of their Higher Man. A living, a socially organized Yearning, this is what the whole Middle Age was, with its Below and its Above, where each lower man had in each higher man a rung of the heavenly ladder on which he should climb to a higher existence. A yearning hewn in stone, that was their dome; yearning they sang in their most impressive hymns and masses; and yearning breathed all those celestial figures as they lifted their glorified eyes to the Higher Man of Heaven, the Man Thorn-crowned, Crucified and Risen.

Then the glow of this yearning was cooled by the cold north wind of reality. Yearning petrified. There was no inclination to keep it from dying. They were swift to deal it a deadly blow. They thought they had accomplished marvels to have torn themselves lose from it. "No more *Sehnsucht* now," they said, "for we have found happiness!" They smirked and they blinked. Their Higher Man died along with their yearning. The scholars indeed had discovered that this Higher Man was only "man," a Jewish rabbi whom the people of his day mistakenly held to be a Higher Man, a Messiah, but who now to them themselves and to all moderns belongs to Lower Man, to Past Man. To be sure, it goes against the grain of all of them for their Higher Man to vanish from life, from the yearning of man.

Therefore, they seek painfully and anxiously for a "Dignity" which they may still claim for their *human* Jesus. Above all, they thus forget that the Higher Man can never lie behind us, but only before us, not beside us, on a level with us, but only above us. Therefore, all their scholarship cannot rescue the Higher Man for us, and cannot give us back the Great Yearning. Only the living heart can do this, the heart that creates out of its own mystery a yearning. That heart with this yearning will overcome and retire the man of today—all who play the game as lords of today. The modern man of yearning looks beyond himself, works beyond himself, for a Man as high above present-day man as once the *Christusbild* was above the men of the long-lost past—a Man who will bear all the deeps of the world and all the deeps of its woes in his heart, while at the same time thirsting in its deepest depths for the eternities. This great yearning, this suffering and loving yearning, this is more than all the wisdom of the scribes, all the subtleties and hairsplittings of the theologians, this is the sacred womb from which a Christ life is born ever and ever again. "Only he who knows yearning, knows what I *live!*"—so might Mignon's dear words be changed yet again. To save the Sehnsucht is to save the soul. *Also sprach Goethe—Nietzsche!*

The Wicked to the Wise

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

"A brilliant mind, gone wrong!" . . .
O tell me, ye who throng
The beehives of the world, grow ye not ever weary of this song?

"The way our fathers went." . . .
Yes, if our days were spent
Sod-deep, beside our fathers' bones, wise, needless were your argument.

"The wisdom of the mass." . . .
Thank God, it too shall pass
Like the breathed film hiding the face grayly within the silvered glass.

"All's surely for the best!" . . .
Aye, so shall be confessed
By your sons' sons, marking where down we smote you as we onward pressed.

The Viennese Dramatists

ERNA MCARTHUR

One does not know quite how the modern literary movement in Vienna arose. Suddenly, some twenty years ago, there were some active young writers called "Young Vienna," in a collective way, who were supposed to be revolutionary and bent on originality. In reality these young people had no definite literary program such as had been issued in Berlin by the leaders of the new naturalist movement. They were a circle of friends, who had heard of the new and wonderful things that had been done. They came to know Ibsen and the great Russian and French novelists; they were of the generation which was to be moved to the utmost by the philosophy of Nietzsche. Of course these influences had been working in the whole German-speaking world. Art was being taken seriously again and the young people were yearning to produce something new and original of their own.

Hauptmann had started a kind of revolution in Germany by his first play, *Before Sunrise,* and the Viennese, who lived a little isolated in their town, grew excited and enthusiastic over these doings.

A young writer, Hermann Bahr, was a kind of apostle for the new art in Vienna. He was a man of agility, capable of unbounded enthusiasm, who could go into ecstasy for all kinds of movements—for realism as well as neo-romanticism, for Ibsen and Zola, for Maeterlinck and d'Annunzio. He had been traveling about in Europe, had come in touch with all the leading personalities, and had brought the news home to his Viennese friends; he wanted to make a new Vienna in every way. A few years later he was active in organizing the young painters, sculptors, and architects, who evolved a very original and striking art.

So it came to pass that Hermann Bahr was considered the leader of everything modern—which meant "crazy" to the good citizen of the day. It was this same milieu of the citizen, the bourgeois, that produced all the young writers. In consequence, they were absolutely anti-bourgeois in their way of looking at things, in the very natural contrast of fathers and sons. Hence, too, they had a certain culture, good manners, and a predominant interest in æsthetic questions, as there had been no occasion for them to know the primitive cares of life. But they were tired of the narrowness and tastelessness of their milieu; they wanted to do things differently—to live and love differently; to put art into their surroundings, their dwellings, their dress; good taste—this had been a tradition of the old Vienna, lost in the transition-state when the middle-class element obtained its precedence over the old aristocracy—was now to take its place again.

Apart from the dislike of these Viennese young men for the bourgeoisie

there were really very few positive tendencies that could join them into a group. Consequently very different artistic individualities developed. Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the two most representative, have very little in common in their work. But there was a spirit of friendship among all of them; they liked to meet in the cafés, which had always been Vienna's center of social life, and to talk things over—the lightest and the deepest. A certain café used to be famous as the center of the young literary world. The old people who didn't like the whole business called it the café of the crazy self-worshippers (something to that effect), and this title has stuck to it since. Today, the house has been demolished, its glory has passed, but there are still legends and stories told of the wonderful talk, the hot and breathless debates that once filled these rooms from morning till night—and till morning again.

In all this there was no real rebellion against any local literary tradition. The great Austrian writers of the past always held their own places; but the great dramatists did not reign on the stage of that day. It was nearly exclusively devoted to the French salon-play—Dumas, Augier, and their German imitators. Naturally a generation which looked for the true and real in art could not have much in common with these.

But there were certainly some features in Grillparzer and Anzengruber felt as congenial by the moderns. Grillparzer had possessed a sensuous softness, a musical beauty of language foreign to the contemporary North German. Thus an element of color and light—the soul of modern impressionism—entered in his creations, breaking through the severe contours characteristic of his generation, though in general he set great value on the strict architectonic upbuild of his dramas. In his tragedy of *Hero and Leander* perhaps the warmest love tragedy ever written in the German language, a strongly realistic description of Viennese type is hidden among the Greek clothing. Hero, consecrated priestess, who forgets her vows when she sees Leander, first full of reserve, then letting herself go in a full passion, might be the grandmother of Schnitzler's sweet girl out of the suburb. Here she wears a charming Greek dress, her lonely tower stands on the seashore, and her lover, Leander, must swim through the whole Hellespont to reach her. The modern poet makes it easier for his heroes; the tower gets to be a little room in a Viennese suburb and a walk in the twilight through a few quiet streets brings him to his goal without much exertion. (And so you might find other parental traits between the two Austrians.)

There is a melancholy strain in Grillparzer's personality and work which Schnitzler seems to have inherited. Side by side with the light-mindedness and ease of the Austrian, a certain tired melancholy and resignation seem to dwell. This sounds through many creations of Austrian artists. We hear it in Schubert's music and feel it in the charming plays of Ferdinand Plaimund, who saw the harmony only in an upper sphere of fairies and magicians,

whereas the life of the human beings seemed tumultuous and disordered to him.

Austria did not make it easy for her gifted children, and Grillparzer suffered all his life in his official career. It oppressed him and warped his creative power. Ludwig Anzengruber had to suffer under the same disadvantages, but he had a greater fund of good humor to set against it. He was a man of vigor and *lebensbejahung* (affirmation of life). Anzengruber was called the herald of naturalism and the Berlin people counted him as one of their number, producing his plays together with those of Ibsen and Hauptmann on the Berlin Free Stage.

Anzengruber applied the heightened sense for reality characteristic of modern art—be it called naturalistic or neo-romantic—to his own work and introduced a new material to the drama. The peasant story had been treated up to now in a moralizing way. The idyl of country innocence was to be shown and towns-people were to see the purer heart's sentiment under the dirtier shirts. Anzengruber showed the peasants in their reality, neither better nor worse. His fingers are unnatural and stiff in representing types of the cultured classes speaking the literary German; his peasant types are of wonderful vitality. There is the old stone-cutter who has thought out a deep pantheistic philosophy. He relates it in his simple way: how it all came to him—how he was lonely, poor, lying in his cottage up in the mountains, how he saw the sun lying on the meadow and wanted to live in the sunshine, not in his miserable hut when he felt near dying. And then, out in the sunny meadow, it comes to him like a revelation that he is not really ill, not really poor, because nothing can happen to him—because everything around belongs to him and he belongs to everything. This deep pantheistic feeling expressed in this unpathetic way gives him from now on a perfect good humor not to be disturbed. He goes among the peasants looking on at their quarrelings and grumblings and helps them out of their worst plights in a good-natured way, but without bothering them in the least with his philosophy or any tendency toward improving them or the world in general.

Anzengruber, with such religious views as he expressed here, had to be opposed to the Catholicism in which he was brought up. He fights against the clericalism which was weighing so heavily on the peasants. He could feel their needs, for, though he was born in Vienna and lived there nearly all his life, there was more country than town blood in his veins. This connects him closer with Hauptmann, the Silesian, so deeply influenced in his art by home environment, than with any of the young Austrian writers who were all born in the big towns and did not know what firm rooting in the soil means. Anzengruber's traditions could not be followed by them and there is the greatest contrast between his strong energtic work and the dainty, tender, delicate things produced by Schnitzler as the first product of the young Viennese school just a year after Anzengruber's death. This was

Anatal, a little work full of grace, charm, and playfulness. The loose way in which the seven scenes were connected only by Anatol's figure was perfectly original. It was really nothing but little sketches put into dialogues characteristic of Vienna, the town whose special glamour consist in the dialogue of ordinary conversation; the pretty chat of the drawing room, the café raised to the dignity of a fine art; and with all this, having a lightness, a delicacy, a frothiness, a wit, and a quality of sadness not found anywhere else.

Women's influence penetrated this art—in Austria just as in the Latin countries the cult of women had always been a factor of culture and with this generation of poets her triumphal epoch started. She was put into the center. It was written around her and it was written for her. *Anatol* belongs to those, for our days, improbable beings who only live for love; erotics are his sole occupation, his only profession. But he is not the victorious Don Juan full of self-confidence; he is rather quiet, with a shade of agreeable modesty,—a melancholic of love, he calls himself.

The young Hofmannsthal wrote an introduction to the work of his friend in dainty verses. They expressed the spirit of this art extremely well, so I will quote them partly, though it would require an artist to translate them in good form. He says:

Well, let's begin the play,
Playing our own piece
Early matured, sad and tender,
Our own soul's comedy;
Our feelings past and present,
Dark things lightly said,
Smooth words, joyous pictures,
Vague emotions, half experienced,
Agonies and episodes.

The sense of reality, which had been acquired in the school of Zola and Ibsen, was used here to make travels of discovery into the most interesting and unknown land of all—the over soul. And here the complicated, the unusual inmoods and feelings and emotons fascinated the young artists. Personality itself, though the center, took rather a passive part,—it simply came to be the scene of action, the meeting-place of all different impressions. People of the earlier time had been expressionists who projected their own ego into the outward world, whereas now they held themselves open to new impressions, observed them and their effect on the *I* and then reproduced their observations in artistic form. Impressionism, predominant in painting at that time, had taken hold of literature. Of course, this passivity could only be a stage of transition, because each artistic individuality tends from

the passive to the active; but this impressionism was a good means of assimilating all the new possibilities in the inside and outside world.

Schnitzler, born as the son of a famous Viennese physician, and prepared to be a physician himself, was trained to observe. He had a sure scientific eye for human problems, a kind, objective benevolence, and tender forbearance for all sides of human life.

Anatol, his first work, is typical of all the following. Here we see the principal figures, the complicated lover as hero, a friend as the *raisonneur,*—a remembrance of the French play,—and seven different types of womanhood. Here they all are—the simple sweet girl, lovig with her whole heart; the woman, who loves to play with men; the lady of the world, she who would like to love, but has not courage to do it.

The long line of his dramas, novels, and novelettes—for he tried to express himself in all these forms—all speak of love and death. For the pathetic element soon creeps into Anatol's frivolousness. The presentiment of the transitory dwells in his creation—the end of love, the end of enjoyment and of passion, the end of life itself. But this permanent thought of death, not searching beyond the limits of this earth, gives a new intensity to the enjoyment of this life while it lasts. This feeling for life, for the simple joy of breathing, of seeing the spring once more, is one of Schnitzler's most elementary conceptions. You may look at any of his plays and find this true—the call of Life, expressed with the utmost intensity. A young girl hears the call of life—she is fettered to the bedside of her ill father who never lets her out of his sight. She must stay with him—always—without the smallest pleasure, and suddenly she hears that the man she loves, a young officer whom she has seen only once, when she has danced in his arms a whole night long, must away to the war never to return. She can stand it no longer; she gives her father poison, the whole sleeping potion, and rushes away to him who is her only thought. And now events go in a mad rush; she in his room, unknown to himself, hidden behind a curtain, she sees the woman he loves, the beautiful wife of his colonel, come to him. She wants him to stay away from the war, save his life for her sake, and then suddenly the colonel stands between the two and shoots down his wife. The officer he leaves to judge himself. Over the corpse of the other woman the girl rushes into the arms of the man, who can belong to her for the few hours left to him. And after all these breathless events, she remains alone, bewildered, as if after a heavy dream. She lives on and cannot understand that there is still room for her in the world, with all her crime and grief and joy. But a wise and kind friend explains the connection and wins her over to life once more. These are his words—the drama's conclusion: "You *live,* Marie, and it was. Since that night too and that morning, the days and nights go on for you. You walk through field and meadow. You pluck the wayside flowers and you talk with me here under the bright, friendly, mid-

day sky. And this is living—not less than it was on that night when your darkened youth beckoned you toward gloomy adventures, which still today appear to you to be the last word of your being. And who knows, if later, much later, on a day like today, the call of the living will not cry within you much deeper, and purer, than on that day in which you have lived through things which are called by such terrible and glowing names as murder and love."

The whole play seems to be written for the sake of the last beautiful words. It is Schnitzler's greatest art to lift us to a sphere where everything seemingly important is solved, where tragedy and melancholy and sadness melt together into a wonderful serenity. His technique is full of subtlety; every little word and gesture has its place, its importance; we feel the weight of the smallest happening, the reality of a seemingly unmeaning fact, the deep consequence of a hasty word.

The milieu was nearly always Vienna. Here his over-culitvated, refined men were at home, here his soft and loving women. All the several circles, artistocrats, artists, physicians, business men, furnished material for his work; and even more than the people, the town itself grew to life. The elegant vivaciousness of the inner city, where the fashionable society meets at certain hours and fashionable little shops line the streets, the lonely little streets of the suburb, the wonderful charm of the Wiener Wald embracing the town with its soft rounded lines—all this rich flowering beauty that had surrounded him from childhood he gathered in his work. Perhaps more forcibly than any one else he brought Vienna's charm to our consciousness. And so he returned to Vienna what he had received from her.

Only two of his plays are outside the Viennese milieu—*The Green Cockatoo,* a grotesque that puts us marvelously well in the Parisian atmosphere shortly before the outbreak of the French Revolution; and *Beatrice's Veil,* a Renaissance drama which tempted almost every artist in those days. This epoch's refinement, the powerful personalities peopling it, the intensity concentrated on the enjoyment of their life—in all this they saw something akin to their own life's ideal.

Schnitzler's plays have nothing of the fresco; they are more like Manet's small landscapes with their richness of color and their soft contours diffused in light.

He made one attempt at a drama in big, unusually big, dimensions. It takes about six hours to perform on the stage, longer than the second part of Goethe's *Faust;* it is a historic play of the Napoleonic time called *The Young Medardous,* but the Emperor himself remains in the background and only his shadow lies on the events. These take place in Vienna at the time that Napoleon had reached Austria on his triumphal march and resided for the time in Schonbrun, the Hapsburg's castle near Vienna. The Viennese people as a mass are characterized—thes people so easily moved, so

easily influenced, growing enthusiastic now for Napoleon, now in a hasty patriotic emotion for their own Emperor, principally wanting one thing: to see some exciting spectacle, to hear news, to speak over interesting happenings. The broadest part of the drama is occupied by a love episode between the hero Medardus—a cousin, if not a brother of Anatol, only about a hundred years back—and the beautiful, proud, cold Duchess of Valois, who is in Vienna to intrigue against Napoleon, claiming the right to the French throne for herself and her own family. The work is full of beautiful and interesting episodes, but there is not enough architectonic power to join them together to a unity.

It is too early to view Schnitzler in a historic way—he is fifty years old and in the middle of his work; certainly he signified much for his own generation, for they felt themselves understood by him and he influenced and even formed their attitude and feeling. Whether his figures have enough of the timelessness, of the deep, full-rounded humanity which will give them power to speak to future generations I do not know. In a mood of paradoxical humor, Schnitzler himself criticised his own creation more severely than any critic could. We see a marionettes' theater on the stage; the public there, eager for the play; the marionettes appear—all Schnitzler's own figures: the complicated hero, the sweet girl, the demonic woman, and so on. The poet is there, full of excitement. The marionettes are to give his new play, but there is a rebellion. The marionettes want to do what pleases them, live their *own life*. In the midst of confusion, a mysterious man appears on the stage with a long naked sword in his hand; he cuts through the threads; the marionettes fall in a heap. The poet asks, half grateful, half bewildered, "Who are you?" But the unknown man cannot tell him; he is an enigma to himself. He wanders through the world and his sword makes it apparent who only is a doll, who a man. Schnitzler doomed his figures with more severity to the fate of dolls than is due them.

The second Viennese writer whose name became known beyond the town's limits is Hugo von Hofmannsthal. He is a very different person from Schnitzler; both have the sensitive, refined, exclusively aesthetic valuation of things in common. But what was expressed more naively in Schnitzler came to be a program with Hofmannsthal. He joined a group of men with a strict "Art for Art's sake" program, exclusive and intended only for the few. The principal of this group was Stefan George, a lyric poet who had fashioned the German language into poems of such beauty of form as to rival the poetry of the French lyricists, like Baudelaire or Verlaine. It was an art that irritated people somewhat, like that of the Cubists and Futurists. It was extremely hard to understand; the sense organs were mixed up, as he spoke of sounding colors, fragrant tones, and colored sounds. Hofmannsthal, with a great feeling for language and form, grew to be his follower.

These poets called themselves Neo-Romanticists, because their art was crowded full of symbols. The older Ibsen, with his symbolic world, Maeterlinck, with his mysterious little plays, were their models; with these the great artists of form, Swinburne and d'Annunzio. It was an eclectic, much-traveled type, assimilating old and modern cultures equally well.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal is characteristic of the type of the aesthete, with a rather priestly, exclusive bearing still found today frequently in Germany. These were no more the old Bohemians with a preference for a deranged toilette and way of living, but elegant young getnlemen who liked to appear in frock coats with ties and waistcoats fabulously gay of color. Also, in their surroundings their liking went to the utmost refinement and luxury. They loved the dignified, the sensational, the sonorous. Hugo von Hofmannsthal certainly blessed his parents for giving him a well-sounding, sonorous name.

He had a great talent as a lyricist, and as an essayist, with the finest understanding for all foreign cultures as long as they responded to something in his own soul. His dramas are not in any way related to Vienna. He perused all history's epochs and took the material for his dramas from the Orient, out of the Italian Renaissance (his favorite epoch), and the classic art of the Greek. Many of his plays are not intended as original creations, but arrangements of older works. So he did with an old pre-Shakespearean English play by Thomas Otway and with the old mystery play *Everywoman*. Some of his little plays are lovely—the death of Titian gives a vision of the dead extravagance of Venice equalled by few modern productions. His most interesting attempt is an arrangement of *Elektra* for the modern stage. His Greeks are barbarous, wild, full of unbroken primitive instincts. They are under the influence of an extreme nervous hysteria. Nietzsche had spoken of the Greek hysteria, which slumbered under their apparent serenity. Hofmannsthal put a picture of horror on the stage that keeps the spectator spellbound from the first to the last minute. Through the concentration in one act this intensity is still increased.

Since Richard Strauss put *Elektra* into music, Hofmannsthal has devoted his art entirely to this composer. His last works are written as libretti for Strauss operas, and go through the world now in the wake of his music.

Finally, I would like to tell of a strange Viennese personality, no dramatist, but just as little a novelist, epic or lyric poet. The name of this man, who cannot be put into any of the ordinary literary compartments, is Peter Altenberg. He thought that most of the things told in dramas of five, or three, or only one act, were superfluous; the essential could be told in three lines as a rule. He wishes to give the extract and the reader might work it out for himself. He only writes very short sketches, apparently perfectly usual things, out of everyday life. But he discovered a little secret,

(Continued on page 55)

Editorials

Some Emma Goldman Lectures in Chicago

BEGINNING October 25, and continuing for three weeks, Miss Goldman is to give a series of new lectures in the Assembly Hall of the Fine Arts Building—an event which has already filled us with the keenest anticipations. There will be three on the war:—*Woman and War, War and Christianity,* and *The Sanctity of Property as a Cause of War.* There will be a series on the drama, as the mirror of rebellion against the tyranny of the past:—an introductory one on the significance of art in its relation to life, and others on the new Scandinavian, Italian, German, French, Russian, Yiddish, American, and English drama. These will be given on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, and offer sufficient richness for one season. But there is even more. On Monday and Wednesday nights, at East End Hall on Erie and Clark Streets, Miss Goldman will deliver six general propaganda lectures, all dealing with the labor problem and the sex question. Tickets will be on sale at the office of THE LITTLE REVIEW; at The Radical Book Shop, 817½ North Clark Street; and may be had also from Dr. Reitman, 3547 Ellis Avenue. How interesting it will be to watch that part of the audience which attends the war and the drama talks as perfectly "safe" subjects making its discovery that the lecturer is a woman of simple nobility and sweetness, and that her propaganda is a matter of truth rather than of terror.

The Philistinization of College Students

A VERY interesting correspondent sends us the sort of letter we should rather have received than any other sort we can conceive of. It is quoted in full on another page of this issue. In it he asks if THE LITTLE REVIEW will not succeed in creating a *Drang und Sturm* epoch; if it will not "stir the hearts of college men and women—those who have not yet been completely philistinized by their 'vocational guides'; college men and women who in other countries have always been the torch-bearers, the advance-guard and martyrs in the fights for truth and ideals." It was a definite impulse in this direction which gave birth to THE LITTLE REVIEW; and while, after seven months, we cannot hope to have turned the world inside out the way it should be turned, we are sufficiently sanguine to believe that we have made a beginning. We are so close to the *Drang und Sturm* ourselves that perhaps we

cannot see clearly. But we can hope, with that intensity which makes THE LITTLE REVIEW our religion, that these things will come to pass. Incidentally, we believe in colleges on the same general basis that we believe in many other disciplines: it is impossible ever to learn too much on any subject. But we know there is something seriously wrong with the colleges; and a far graver danger than philistinization seems to us to lie in that hysterical confusion of values which causes our college students to see small things as big ones and to let the big ones slip by.

Witter Bynner on the Imagists

IN SENDING us *Apollo Sings,* Mr. Bynner remarks that it is more fun, for the moment to take a classic theme and mix it, with a little Whitman, into an anagram of rhyme than to imitate the Japanese and try to found a school. He goes on: "In spite of several lovely attempts, Pound's chiefly, the rest seeming to me negligible, they've not approached the poetess Chiyo's lines to her dead child:

> I wonder how far you have gone today,
> Chasing after dragonflies—

or Buson's

> Granted this dewdrop world is but a dewdrop world,
> This granted, yet—

I'm ungrateful to look critically toward an attempt to plant in English these little oriental flowers of wonder. If only they would acknowledge the attempt for what it is and not bring it forward with a French name and curious pedantries! Isn't the old name for this sort of poem *Haikai* or something of that sort? At any rate, there is a name. I ought to know it. And so ought they."

A Rebel Anthology

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD, veteran of many labor battles and foremost exponent of the militant unionism in America, is adding to his manifold activities that of compiler and editor. He purposes the formation of an anthology of poems by social rebels, principally of those who have been connected with the activities of the Industrial Workers of the World. In the book will be included poems by Arturo Giovannitti, Covington Hall, Francis Buzzell, George Franklin, Charles Ashleigh, and others. Mr. Haywood wishes to show, by this publication, the spirit of art which is manifesting itself in the working-class movement. He maintains that the heightened consciousness of the workers is beginning to express itself through an adequate and distinctive poetical medium.

New York Letter

George Soule.

EASTERN publishers have been much amused by the advertising of *The Eyes of the World* spread over full pages of the recent magazines. The burden of the appeal to the public is, first, that we have been overrun with immoral books; second, that clergymen, editors, and all other forces of decency are powerless to stop the flood; third, that Mr. Harold Bell Wright has sprung to the front as the great leader against the vicious influence of the other writers by the production of his latest novel; and fourth, that the whole battle will be won if the public will step into the nearest bookshop and pay $1.35 net for Mr. Wright's book. From the glowing moral tone of the advertisement one might think it the work of an uplift committee; but in small type at the bottom is a copyright notice bearing the name of the president of Mr. Wright's publishing house. This gentleman is undoubtedly deeply sincere in his admiration of Mr. Wright's work and its influence, but in this case his admiration has led him to a somewhat ingenuous confusion of moral and business motives. It reminds one of the tactics of the billboard advertising men who, when they discovered that billboard advertising was being strongly attacked by those who object to the disfigurement of our countryside, put up a large number of biblical posters to curry favor with simple religious souls—and were afterwards so injudicious as to boast of their cleverness in *Printer's Ink*.

The effectiveness of Mr. Wright's plea is somewhat prejudiced by his own case. His novel sets forth the thesis that in order to make an artistic or literary success it is necessary only to resort to flattery and corruption. But his own novels have for some years been far more popular than those of most competitors. Is it pure perversity that makes his hated rivals reject his obviously successful methods in favor of the despicable ones which he so vehemently attacks?

We wish only that someone with an equal enthusiasm for artistically moral literature would try a similar advertising campaign for a genuine artist. Such advertisements might set forth the facts that the bookshops are being overrun with mediocre novels which make successes by pandering to untruth and public prejudice, that the work of genius is in danger of being choked out by the insincere product of commercial writers, and that the best way to promote the interests of good literature would be to buy in large quantities the novels of John Galsworthy or Romain Rolland! But, alas, such a campaign is impossible in a commercial democracy—it wouldn't pay!

A respectable number of the best publishers have already aroused themselves to the impropriety—or at least to the eventual ineffectiveness—of announcing extreme praises of their own publications even in the critical vein. Surely the book-reading public can't be made to believe that four or five "great novels" are issued every year. Surely they would be grateful for a little genuine information about the books they are asked to buy. And so these publishers have issued for two years a monthly circular entitled *New Books,* which contains descriptions of important new publications without praise of any kind. It would be telling tales out of school to say how carefully the publishers' copy-writers must be watched in order to prevent them from slipping dubious phrases into their notes. Some advertising men seem to have principles against giving any candid information about what they have for sale. But the task has been accomplished so far, and it remains to be seen whether this civilized form of advertising can make much progress against the advertising vandalism which destroys the effectiveness of all publicity by extravagant statements. One begins to suspect that the effort is pitifully Utopian in a state of economic savagery like the present, where every man's attention is more naturally directed to his profits than to the honesty of his work. The chances would be better if the majority of the public knew what intellectual honesty is and really wanted it.

There is hope among the magazines in the form of *The Metropolitan.* That is making a commercial success and is also attempting to publish genuine work—not necessarily "highbrow," but at least genuine. An expert on an important subject recently wished to write a magazine article. The first editor he approached recast the material to suit his own ideas. A second and a third told him that his message was good, but over the heads of the public; they ordered "popular" and ephemeral trivialities. *The Metropolitan* is the only magazine that wanted him to write, in his own way, what he really had to say. Another writer submitted the outline of an article to a *Metropolitan* editor. It was on a subject ordinarily considered somewhat "dangerous." The editor said: "That is new, and interesting. It ought to make a good article. You must be careful of only one thing. Be absolutely frank. Don't try to gloss over anything that is a plain matter of fact." Such directness is astounding to one accustomed to the ways of editors.

An editor has recently confessed to me that now for the first time he begins to believe that the popular magazines may have a really good reason for existence, aside from furnishing amusement in hours of train and family boredom. He thinks that the tremendous events in Europe are likely to bring forth literature of worth and quickened emotion which nevertheless cannot wait for book publication, and that so we shall find use for the more ephemeral medium. It certainly is true that the keen public interest in the

war is likely to decline even before the war is over. We are bound to experience a reaction in favor of reading matter at the opposite pole of thought.

An incredible rumor that Hearst has bought *The Atlantic Monthly* is as startling as many of the war headlines which occur when no authentic news is available. In spite of the absurdity of the idea, it has possibilities of momentary amusement. What a retribution to overtake the spinsterly Bostonese journal which tries with such a brown and wren-like conscience to be judiciously radical!

Book Discussion

Two Finds

Poems, by George Cronyn. [The Glebe. Albert and Charles Boni, New York.]

I am very sorry indeed that this book arrived when most of our space was pre-empted. I need room for the sort of appreciation that I feel for these poems.

That extraordinary, delightful, and Quixotic institution, *The Glebe,* which insists on publishing stuff on its merits, apart from considerations of popularity, has had divine luck in finding Cronyn,—whoever he is.

For Cronyn is a poet. Not just a versifier, but a poet. His verse has a facility which does not detract from its beauty. I have encountered sheer beauty more often in his book than in any volume of modern poetry that I have read for some time.

Here is a sample:

Clouds

Whence do you come, oh silken shapes,
    Across the silver sky?
We come from where the wind blows
    And the young stars die.

Why do you move so fast, so fast
    Across the white moon's breast?
The cruel wind is at our heels
    And we may not rest.

Are you not weary, fleeing shapes,
    That never cease to flee?
The forkéd tree's chained shadows are
    Less weary than we.

Whither do you go, O shadow-shapes,
Across the ghastly sky?
We go to where the wind blows
And the old stars die.

This is just a short and rather exuberant message to LITTLE REVIEW readers, because I think they really deserve the pleasure of discovering Cronyn for themselves.

. . . .

Songs for the New Age, by James Oppenheim. [The Century Company, New York.]

One of the phenomena of the evolution of man is the constant broadening of consciousness. We become accustomed to the sharing of our feelings with larger and larger numbers of people; our identity with the race,—and even with inanimate things,—becomes increasingly plain to us through both the findings of science and heightened emotional receptivity.

And yet this wider consciousness by no means lessens the value or quality of personality. By a splendid paradox, the more we realize our inseparability with all life the more does our selfhood become accentuated. Thus is achieved the marriage of Democracy and Individualism. We find that, in the end, the cultivation of one is the nourishing of the other. I need hardly mention that I am not alluding to that similacrum of equality: political democracy.

This must be known to appreciate the message of James Oppenheim. For it is pre-eminently as a message that these poems should be treated. They are of essential value as one of the most articulate efforts to translate that which in most people is mute.

There is an unmistakable kinship with Whitman in this work; not merely in the form,—which is here termed "polyrhythmic,"—but in the spirit, without hint of plagiarism or of abject imitation. Also we have the same breezy contempt for the petty trappings of civilization.

Here is an extract from the poem, *Tasting the Earth,* which has beauty as well as truth:

O dark great mother-globe so close beneath me. . . .
It was she with her inexhaustible grief,
Ages of blood-drenched jungles, and the smoking of craters, and the roar of tempests,
And moan of the forsaken seas,
It was she with the hills beginning to walk in the shapes of the dark-hearted animals,
It was she risen, dashing away tears and praying to dumb skies, in the pomp-crumbling tragedy of man. . . .
It was she, container of all griefs, and the buried dust of broken hearts,
Cry of the christs and the lovers and the child-stripped mothers,
And ambition gone down to defeat, and the battle overborne,
And the dreams that have no waking.

My heart became her ancient heart:
On the food of the strong I fed, on dark strange life itself:
Wisdom-giving and somber with the unremitting love of ages. . . .

There was dank soil in my mouth,
And bitter sea on my lips,
In a dark hour, tasting the Earth.

This is enough to make one grateful to Mr. Oppenheim. But not always plays the cosmic symphony; sometimes the spheric strains relax for a few slender lyrics to a moving-picture lady or for the tender song to Annie, the working-girl. We leave the book with the conception of a manly and impressionable personality with a healthy lust for life, a deep insight into the world-soul and his own soul (which, after all, are the same), and great power to communicate his findings to us through a plastic and peculiarly individual medium.

CHARLES ASHLEIGH.

An American Anarchist

Selected Works of Voltairine de Cleyre. [Mother Earth Publishing Association, New York.]

Into every generation are born certain personalities that have the gift of attracting vast multitudes within their orbit, dominating them, animating them with a single purpose, directing them to a common goal. There are other personalities more richly gifted, of more extended vision, who nevertheless live and die unknown to the greater number of their contemporaries. Aristocrats of the mind, these latter disdain to practice the arts by which popularity is gained and held. They attract, but do not seek to dominate. They persuade, but never command. Their passion is without hysteria; their moral indignation is without personal rancor. They cherish ideals, but harbor no illusions. They will gladly surrender life itself for an idea, but they will not shriek for it. Our popular leaders are not seldom led by those who seem to follow. These others advance alone. If they are followed it is without their solicitation. To say that the individualist writer and lecturer whose collected writings are now before us was such a personality may seem exaggerated praise. If so, I have no apology to offer. I only ask that, until you have read the lectures, poems, stories, and sketches which this book contains you will suspend judgment.

Voltairine de Cleyre belonged to the school of thinkers that has suffered most from the misrepresentations and misunderstanding of the unthinking crowd; the school which numbers among its adherents men like Stirner, Ibsen, and, in some aspects of his teaching, Nietzsche; the school

that sees hope of social regeneration only in the sovereignty of the individual and the total abolition of the state. She belonged to it because she was at once logician and poet, with a temperament abnormally rebellious against tyranny and an imagination abnormally responsive to every form of suffering.

It has often been remarked that anarchism takes root most readily in those minds that have endured most oppression. Thus Russia, the home of absolute political despotism, is also the birthplace of Bakunin, Hertzen, Kropotkin, and Tolstoy. In America, where what Mencken calls "the new puritanism" operates more oppressively than political government, it is in behalf of sex freedom that most frequent and vehement protest is heard.

In the case of Voltairine de Cleyre this reaction declared itself neither because of political nor of sexual restraint. It came about in the realm of religion. It began from the moment when, at the age of twelve, the sensitive gifted girl was placed in the hands of a Roman Catholic sisterhood, presumably that her education might be safe. For four years the young Voltairine lived at the convent of Our Lady of Lake Huron at Sarnia, Ontario, heartsick with loneliness, writhing under the padded yoke of conventual discipline, gathering within her soul that flame which was never destined to be quenched save in death. Out of that experience she came with a mind wholly emancipated from the dogmas of religion. Not long afterward she entered upon what promised to be a brilliant career as a secularist lecturer.

That a nature like hers would long confine itself to labor in the barren field of theological controversy was not to have been expected. She was too vital, too human. It is possible that the delicacy of her own health intensified her sense of the world pain. Her sympathies are not alone of the intellect but of the nerves. One feels the nerve torture of an imaginative and poetic invalid in her confession of the reasons which had drawn her to adopt the anarchist propaganda. She pictures herself as standing upon a mighty hill from which she writes:

> I saw the roofs of the workshops of the little world. I saw the machines, the things that men had made to ease their burden, the wonderful things, the iron genii, I saw them set their iron teeth in the living flesh of the men who made them; I saw the maimed and crumpled stumps of men go limping away into the night that engulfs the poor, perhaps to be thrown up in the flotsam and jetsam of beggary for a time, perhaps to suicide in some dim corner where the black surge throws its slime. I saw the rose fire of the furnace shining on the blanched face of the man who tended it, and knew surely, as I knew anything in life, that never would a free man feed his blood to the fire like that.
>
> I saw swart bodies, all mangled and crushed, borne from the mouths of the mines to be stowed away in a grave hardly less narrow and dark than that in wihch the living form had crouched ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day; and I knew that in order that I might be warm—I and you, and those others who never do any dirty work—those men had slaved away in those black graves and been crushed to death at last.

I saw beside city streets great heaps of horrible colored earth, and down at the bottom of the trench from which it was thrown, so far down that nothing else was visible, bright gleaming eyes, like a wild animal hunted into its hole. And I knew that free men never chose to labor there, with pick and shovel, in that foul, sewage-soaked earth, in that narrow trench, in that deadly sewer gas ten, eight, even six hours a day. Only slaves would do it.

I saw deep down in the hull of the ocean liner the men who shoveled the coal—burned and seared like paper before the grate; and I knew that "the record" of the beautiful monster, and the pleasure of the ladies who laughed on the deck, were paid for with those withered bodies and souls. I saw the scavenger carts go up and down, drawn by sad brutes and driven by sadder ones; for never a man, a man in full possession of his selfhood, would freely choose to spend all his days in the nauseating stench that forces him to swill alcohol to neutralize it. And I saw in the lead works how men were poisoned, and in the sugar refineries how they went insane; and in the factories how they lost their decency; and in the stores how they learned to lie; and I knew it was slavery made them do all this.

And against such slavery this young Amazon of the spirit (for at this time, 1887, she was only twenty-one) declared a life-long warfare. In so doing she separated herself from those who would otherwise have been her natural allies and cut off those opportunities for worldly success which must in the ordinary course of things have come to her.

Finding the cause of economic slavery not in capitalism, as do the socialists, but in the government of man by man through which capitalism is made possible, she was isolated still further from her contemporaries. Hence the obscurity in which her life was passed. Hence the fact that until her death in 1912 she lived quietly, teaching English to the newly-arrived immigrant, scattering about her the treasure of a richly-stored mind as freely as the south wind scatters the perfume it has gathered from the garden in its path. If she had lived nearer to the plane of the generally-accepted culture Voltairine de Cleyre might have gained a recognized place among the foremost women of her time.

As it was she gave us in her lectures, now for the first time offered to the public, the most comprehensive exposition of philosophical anarchism that has appeared since the days of Proudhon and Stirner.

LILIAN HILLER UDELL.

The Growth of Evolutionary Theory

Evolution Old and New, by Samuel Butler. [E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.]

When *The Origin of Species* was published the world grouped itself into two main camps. By far the larger of these took the attitude that Darwin was an impious propounder of disgusting and dangerous heresy. The smaller group hailed him as the bringer in of a new era.

Samuel Butler allied himself with neither group, but took the attitude of a constructive critic. In these pages he attacks contemporary Darwinism —using the term in the narrow sense—on two grounds. That it is not the novelty it is generally supposed to be, on the one hand, and that the mechanism implied by its theory is not true, on the other hand, are his main points.

In so far as Butler treats the first contention, his book is even today of value. He describes the pre-Darwinian theories of evolution, especially those of Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck, and he strives to show that their explanations or provisional explanations were sometimes more near the truth than was Darwin's over-emphasis upon the struggle for existence as the controlling factor in the evolution of species.

Butler's own point of view is that evolution takes place in accordance with a design, and it is this part of his book that will be of least importance at the present day. He quotes Paley, the celebrated English theologian and advocate of the deified architect idea of God, to show that animal organisms do show evidences of what is, strictly speaking, design, and which cannot be referred to the ordinary Darwinian explanations.

Butler differs from Paley, however, in placing the designer not outside the cosmic flux of his working materials, but within the organism. Not God, he says, but the ancestral memory of man is the designer. The individual perishes, but his memory endures in his offspring and alters them in accordance with the lessons of ancestral experience.

We have said that this is the least valuable part of the book, and it is so for the reason that later biologists and philosophers with the biological approach have considerably enlarged the field of speculation in this particular realm. The theory of "entelechies" of Hans Driesch practically does for organisms what Butler does in his idea of unconscious memory. On the other hand, the new "imminent teleology" of Bergson gives us a new angle on the whole question of design in nature.

At the same time, however, the majority of biologists are harking back to a conception of evolution as a kind of mathematical proposition in which all is given to start with, and in which the new is neither a new design nor a spontaneous creation, but is simply a liberation from inhibition of what was always implicit in the old. And the men of this school would never consent to write a book like this of Butler's. "To the seed pan and the incubator" is their cry. The time is not here when synthesis is either advisable or even possible, they tell us. And until we hear further from these modern experimenters the wise man will read Butler for his history and prospective,—and for his humor,—but will not be guided by his theories, which are the work, indeed, of a brilliant intellect, but one working without our new data, and without experimental backing.

Of course, the style of the book is delightful, and all who enjoy con-

troversy and the play of dialectic should read it. Another class to whom it can be recommended is that large class of people who accept their view of evolution in the same spirit that an old lady accepts the Episcopalian creed and are twice as dogmatic over it.

ILLIAM DHONE.

Emma Goldman and the Modern Drama

The Social Significance of the Modern Drama, by Emma Goldman. [Richard G. Badger, Boston.]

[*The points in which we disagree with the reviewer will be discussed in a coming issue.—The Editor.*]

There is an element of the keenest adventure in one's first meeting with a great personality, whether that encounter be in body or through the medium of the written word. In the case of Emma Goldman I should judge the latter to be the severer test, for on the printed page she must stand and fall by the content of her message, unaided by the glamor of personal magnetism and eloquence of the lecture platform. For my own part, I should have preferred to have met her as the fiery orator than as the purveyor of academic wares. And yet in this present performance she comes forward not in the guise of the accustomed critic—on the contrary she is very often quite uncritical—but rather as the social interpreter. In other words, Emma Goldman is here what she has always been: the propagandist, with the modern drama as her latest text.

And she has a mighty text! Because "any mode of creative work, which with true perception portrays social wrongs earnestly and boldly, may be a greater menace to our social fabric and a more powerful inspiration than the wildest harangue of the soapbox orator," she has chosen the drama as the fittest medium "to arouse the intellectuals of this country, to make them realize their relation to the people, to the social unrest permeating the atmosphere." The great iconoclasts of our time who have spoken through the drama—Ibsen, Strindberg, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Wedekind, Brieux, Shaw, Galsworthy, Tolstoi, Tchekhof, Gorki—she has gathered together within one pair of covers to show us that their message is her message:—Change not Compromise.

As she puts it in her foreword:

> They know that society has gone beyond the stage of patching up, and that man must throw off the dead weight of the past, with all its ghosts and spooks, if he is to go foot free to meet the future.

Again and again she returns to her theme. In summarizing Ibsen's stand:

> Already in *Brand,* Henrick Ibsen demanded all or nothing,—no weak-kneed moderation, no compromise of any sort in the struggle for the ideal.

In praise of the author of *Damaged Goods*:

> Brieux is among the very few modern dramatists who go to the bottom of this question by insisting on a complete social and economic change, which alone can free us from the scourge of syphilis and other social plagues.

In connection with Yeats's *Where There is Nothing*:

> It embodies the spirit of revolt itself, of that most constructive revolt which begins with the destruction of every obstacle in the path of the new life that is to grow on the débris of the old, when the paralyzing yoke of institutionalism shall have been broken, and man left free to enjoy Life and Laughter.

Those who are a bit dubious of the "Life and Laughter" that will follow the wholesale destruction of the past will have no difficulty in discovering the shortcomings of Miss Goldman's method. They are the obvious ones which of necessity befall the single-minded propagandist:—the intrusion of dogma and platitude into the discussion, the wearying insistence upon "the moral" of each play, the uncritical attitude of too-ready acquiesence in the veracity of each dramatic picture of life, etc. Such critics might point out that the artist, in spite of Strindberg's dictum, cannot be a mere "lay preacher popularizing the pressing questions of his time"; that insofar as he approaches art, he does not preach; that it is by virtue of this power that Hervieux, for example, is a greater artist than his better-known contemporary, Brieux. (By the way, why did Miss Goldman omit the greatest of the French social dramatists?) These critics might even throw in a word for the institutions of the past which Miss Goldman believes can be as easily shed as an outworn cloak.

But one must not be an orthodox Anarchist to recognize the superficiality of these shortcomings which are the inevitable luggage of the preacher. For Miss Goldman is a preacher. Any interpreter works in accordance with his creed. Having taken to heart the fate of Lot's wife, Miss Goldman has turned her back fiercely upon the past. Grant her this hypothesis and she is always logical and coherent and never irrelevant. And why shouldn't we encourage her to forge boldly ahead, disdainful of the old bondage? We need her courage, her single-mindedness, and the aim to which she has vowed them. She is not alone, for many who know her not chant the same litany. As for the danger to society that lurks in her philosophy, we must not forget that the great conservative mass is leavened slowly. And in the end it is time alone who can give the verdict—whether we shall patch up the old fabric, or destroy and begin our weaving anew.

MARGUERITE SWAWITE.

The Whining of a Rejected One

Oscar Wilde and Myself, by Lord Alfred Douglas. [Duffield and Company, New York.]

Emma Goldman gave this laconic epithet to this latest pearl of scandal-literature. Mylord is very much in earnest, hence his pitiful failure to see the humorous side of his pathetic self-spanking. The modest title of the book obviously suggests the two-fold purpose of the titular harlequin—his own aggrandizement and the dethronement of the Prince of Paradoxes. He excellently succeeds in obtaining the reverse result of his first endeavor; not even his pugilistic father, the Marquis of Queensbury, could have given him a more thorough boxing than the one he so earnestly performs over his own ears. As to his other ambition, that of vying with the laurels of Herostrates in his attempt to belittle the dead lion, we must admit his success in one point, in proving the morbid vanity of Wilde. What but the passion for titular acquaintances could have induced the author of *Salome* to chum with Bosie Douglas, this burlesque snob, so utterly shallow, petty, so hopelessly stupid and arrogant?

I don't know what to admire more: the "ethics" of the publisher or the sense of humor of the author. K.

A New Short Story Writer

Life Is a Dream, by Richard Curle. [Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.]

It is to be hoped that Richard Curle will not long remain a name unfamiliar to American readers, for he is a writer of marked and unusual talent. *Life Is a Dream* is the first of his books to be published in this country, and, consisting as it does of short stories, it can scarcely find as large an audience as it deserves. For there can be no doubt that volumes of short stories have only a modest sale—Kipling and O. Henry to the contrary notwithstanding.

In Curle's case this is a great pity, for the stories in *Life Is a Dream* are every one of them remarkable and they have not been printed elsewhere. They are not what we are accustomed to; almost any magazine editor would reject them, if only because they have none of that "punch" which so largely characterizes the work of Kipling and O. Henry, not to mention the other and far smaller people. It is difficult for the man who

writes stories without "punch" to procure a hearing; the great popular magazines will have none of him; style, craftsmanship, subtle psychology, exquisite color—none of these (and Curle is a master of them all) can quite atone for lack of that predominant American quality. And that is why Richard Curle, working as he has thus far in a genre that appeals, however strongly, still to only a few, may be long in securing the recognition that is already quite his due.

There are nine stories of varying length in the present volume. They take you to the corners of the earth—London, Damascus, Spain, the West Indies, the high seas, Central America—and their spirit is well suggested in the title of the collection—*La Vida Es Sueno.* Truly they are such stuff as dreams are made of. Curle's feeling for the colorful word, the precise phrase is remarkable; in a moment one feels almost bodily transported to a strange and fascinating land. And then the story is unfolded—for these are real stories and never mere impressionistic sketches. They may not be about the sort of people you are likely to number among your friends, but they are about very human folk just the same. They have a subtlety that is never too involved and an engaging frankness which is one of Curle's greatest charms.

Old Hoskyns, almost homely in its simplicity, is a very touching tale. *Going Home* is an exquisite bit of irony. *The Look Out Man*—slight though it is—is profoundly tragic. In *A Remittance Man,* little by little, like a mosaic, a shrewd, penetrating, and very convincing picture is built up of a man who has lost his grip on life. And so they go—Curle knows the people of his tales so well! He is careful never to tell you too much about them—there is ample opportunity after each narrative for pleasant speculation—but one never feels that the real story he set out to tell has not been fully told.

It is equally important that Curle knows intimately the places he chooses as settings for his stories. Most of this knowledge he has gained in his amazingly extensive travels. Aside from North America he has visited almost every corner of the earth. And yet it is none the less very remarkable—this curious ability to paint atmosphere—a talent not too often associated with those who write in English. Conrad has it, and the greater continental writers—and Curle has studied them to advantage. I should nave myself to possess this same ability to make you realize the peculiar fascination of such a story as *The Emerald Seeker.* It is a fine and thrilling yarn; no matter that—there are many who can tell a rattling tale. But I doubt if any could approach Curle's masterly sketching of his milieu—a page or two, and in a very real sense you feel yourself in the heart of tropical Central America. Finally and best of all, you know that the color is never there merely for its own sake; there is always a real story to be told and to its telling the background merely adds distinction. It is diffi-

cult—trying to show the peculiar charm and interest of Curle's work. But once you read him, it becomes very apparent.

Richard Curle is only thirty years old. If the promise of *Life Is a Dream* is fulfilled, he should be one of the really significant writers of his day. He has traveled widely and is widely read; he knows not only men and places, but books as well—particularly the works of the great Russian and Frenchmen. Among living writers he admires especially Joseph Conrad, with whose work his own has a certain kinship. Curiously enough he has written the first adequate book on Conrad and it is shortly to be published in America. It will reveal Curle as a critic of sympathy, insight and independence. Meanwhile every lover of good fiction, everyone who cares for skillful craftsmanship in literature, and all those adventurous persons who would see strange lands and people should read *Life Is a Dream.*

Alfred A. Knopf.

A New Study of William Morris

William Morris, by A. Clutton-Brock. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.]

I dislike that method which many historians pursue, treating the past as a matter of death instead of life. For a baggage of rags and a jumble of bleached bones I have no concern. Yesterday is a thing I will not consider. History is a proof of one thing only:—that circumstance is a fraud, and that personality is a durability with eternity. The soul writes its autobiography, and those used for the syllables survive the seasons and the years. Rule and custom and people who are no more than these are for the scrap heap. Night comes and swallows the dead. History is nothing except for its exceptions. Nature's royal men we discover despite their uniforms. We note not their habiliments; they have a natural tongue and true approach and are masters of the seconds. They breathe life lustily still. These are the verities. They are descriptive not of antiquity but of the mind which is now. They show us who we are. We love them because of this. Every time we read them we embark on a new voyage, and discover to ourselves a treasure island of which hitherto we had not the slightest knowledge. Trojans of truth, they lift their spears to the central sun, to proclaim the splendor of the individual, the great reality of the Now. Through them we are made aware how rich we are, we begin to realize somewhat of our depths;

they provide a new courage, give a new hope, and inspire us for the struggle ahead with the quality of an unwonted self-reliance.

I have probably gone beyond my office in making these remarks, but the temptation provided by the biography of William Morris proved so strong that I could not forego them. Here is a man of whom we cannot know too much. An artist who gave his life for art—what shall we say of him?

Mr. Brock has told a little of the man, sometimes in an interesting way, but he does not make us intimate with him. However, as he tells us in his preface, he had no pretensions. He is lucid and thoughtful, he is excellent in his criticism of Morris's poetry, and on the whole gives us a book well worthy of an hour's quietude. The facts given are good by way of an introduction—sufficient to send one in quest for greater knowledge of the man.

One of Nature's henchmen, fresh, bold, Viking in the marrow, with a spirit of steel, a man for whom the sea would smile, poet, painter, stainer of glass, weaver of carpets, spinning a world with the strains of his song, socialist and revolutionist, Morris comes as a teasing wind through the dank atmosphere of nineteenth-century commercialism, daring conventions and going his way a body all soul, a majesty supreme to the last.

We get a little of the air of the man when we read these lines from the *Sigurd*. I quote from the biography:

> There was a dwelling of Kings ere the world was waxen old,
> Dukes were the door wards there, and the roofs were thatched with gold;
> Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver nailed the doors;
> Earls' wives were the weaving women, queens' daughters strewed the floor.
> And the masters of its song craft were the mightiest men that cast
> The sails of the storm of battle adown the bickering blast.

One cannot but remark the manhood and courage of this. A Luxury of Life. A freedom here that would fill the winds. It is not to be wondered that such a man should chafe under the tyranny of skin-girt stupidity, and feel a loathing toward the flannel-souled people who in his time were already making machines of men and building a world around them of ugliness,—cities without bearing, without character, without mirth, without life. Cities of the dead, where ghosts might abide.

It is in the realm of art, however, that we must look for Morris would we view him in the light. Art gave the world a child who would lead it by the hand to the Princess Beautiful that the maiden should have a lover to woo. A child—yes; and a warrior too, who would do battle with any of her enemies. I would not say that he knew more of art in its relation to life than did Ruskin, Wilde, and Whistler; he was, however, far more active of the purpose. He saw that art was not a mere thing for the galleries, where Mediocrity can sniff and vaunt its conceits; for him it was serious of all nature, of the whole circle and the endless series of circles.

That which gives ear to the tongues of stones and from marble delivers its soul, he wanted Life to seek. There was a spice in art for Morris which made it dangerous for milk-sops. Art for him was a Reality; the existence around him a fraud, and Life a cowardice. He had Truth on his side; he hated shams and he joined the socialist movement because he saw here a means for their overturning. In a very interesting chapter Mr. Brock tells how Morris, after breakfasting with Burne-Jones, would go out to some street corner and lecture on socialism to a throng of working-men, some dirty and in rags. He had his courage—this man.

There dwells in each of us a heroism of which the last has not been spoken. Carlyle was drunk with it, Emerson wrote it, Morris lived it. A great artist, but a greater man. Life for him was a cavalier extravagance—thus would he have all men live. To make the world live, we must give of our living. Breathe life into all things that they too will have manners and extend a friendship's greetings.

For practical people Morris is still anathema; for human beings, however, he is yet a comrade in the struggle. Mr. Brock's study of him is therefore welcome, coming as it does with fresh intelligence of his nature. His book most certainly is a thing to be read.

G. F.

Exaggerated Mushrooms

Minions of the Moon, by Madison Cawein. [Stewart and Kidd, Cincinnati.]

At a glance the book seems merely a collection of unusual nursery-rhymes, but after a careful reading one finds little glimmers of poetry, like fadded flowers touched with sulphur and pressed between the leaves of a very inane volume. If you have the sublime suggestion of patience necessary to turn the leaves of the book you will rather delight in fingering the flowers. They are moon-light flowers. Mr. Cawein is at his best when he goes into his usual tremulous raptures over moon-light. His moon-light poems actually drip with slim, wistful (to use a much-abused word) color. If he could forget elfs, fairies, and mushrooms for more than a moment, Madison Cawein would reach the plateaus, if not the mountain-tips of poetry. But he can only cast out the trite child which has taken possession of him, now and then. Strange to say, though three or four of the poems in the volume are good, they do not contain a line worth quoting. Their half-beauty lies in the ensemble. As for the rest of the book, I can best describe it by saying that one feels inclined to turn over the page.

M. B.

The Man and the Woman, by Arthur L. Salmon. [Forbes and Company, Chicago.] A comforting little volume for smug Victorian women of both sexes.

Short Plays, by Mary Macmillan. [Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati.] Ten short plays deftly done, and sufficiently varied in theme to meet the diverse demands of the woman's club, the girls' school, and the amateur dramatic society.

English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century, by George Henry Nettleton. [The Macmillan Company, New York.] Interesting to academic students of the historical facts of the early periods of the modern English drama.

Erna Vitek, by Alfred Kreymborg. [Albert and Charles Boni, New York.] This further enterprise of a new and daring publishing house is an attempt, and a promising one at that, at the naturalistic American novel. But it is only an attempt. Mr. Kreymborg's style is marred by the very frequent use of journalese. He has an excellent plot, but the treatment has somewhat failed to do it justice. Also, it seems to us that the episode narrated in the book would have made a far better short story than a novel. Despite these defects of juvenility, the book gives promise of future work by this author that will surely count. Also one obtains a refreshing insight into the real New York Bohemia.

A Stepdaughter of the Prairie, by Margaret Lynn. [The Macmillan Company, New York.] Vivid impressions of pioneer life in the Missouri Valley by a writer who knows the wide prairies of that region.

Business: A Profession, by Louis D. Brandeis. [Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.] A book composed of the lectures, essays and discussions which gave rise to the efficiency idea in big business management. It belong on the shelf with President Wilson's *The New Freedom.*

London and Paris, by Prof. John C. Van Dyke. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.] Two additions to the *New Guides to Old Masters Series* that point out to conventional visitors the things that they should see when they look at the pictures in the famous galleries of London and Paris.

Letters from a Living Dead Man, dictated to Elsa Barker. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] Unimportant even if true, which they are alleged to be. Psychical researchers will salt this thing down with their "facts."

Where Rolls the Oregon, by Dallas Lore Sharp. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.] A group of delightful impressions of "the vast outdoors of Oregon" by an interpretative observer whose zestful phraseology is full of local atmosphere. A number of charming halftones are included.

Sentence Reviews

(Inclusion in this category does not preclude a more extended notice.)

The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd, by D. H. Lawrence. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] A three-act drama, by a young English poet, that feels into new recesses of the problem of sex relationships. Clear thinking, acute analysis, and provocative criticisms of life make this a notable addition to *The Modern Drama Series.*

An Island Outpost, by Mary E. Waller. [Little, Brown and Company, Boston.] "I respect the clam," says Miss Waller; "it has certain reserves." She also says: "Liberty is the restraint of controlled intelligence," and she tells us that a million ideas unloaded on an unwarned public will cause befogment of its reasoning powers. Miss Waller in her *Island Outpost* has not shown the reserve of the clam, nor the restraint of controlled intelligence, but has unloaded her "million ideas on a million subjects unannounced and uncatalogued." Socrates, Swedes, and Simians, Hull House and Helsingfors, Praxiteles and Plum Jelly, Clucking Hens and Chemistry, Philanthropic Frenzies, Psychiatry Astigmatic, Outlooks, and Intellectual Miasma overlap each other in "indecent haste"—and to cap all comes an analogy taken from old "turned carpets," suggestive of prehistoric methods of sanitation to a mere "Westerner."

Gillespie, by J. MacDougall Hay. [George H. Doran Company, New York.] A big story of heroic Scotch life by a new writer who has tremendous power. It makes that kind of profound personal impressions which a well-bred man refuses to discuss.

Songs and Poems, by Martin Schütze. [The Laurentian Publishers, Chicago.] The discriminating reader who is a bit wearied of the "free verse" of "free poets" will find refreshing contrast in this slender volume of Mr. Schütze. Here there is beauty combined with delicate craftsmanship; lines finely wrought, fresh rhythms, uncommon phrasing. The contents reveals a happy versatility: there are a variety of Songs, some Poems, Discourses, and Epigrams.

When Love Flies Out o' the Window, by Leonard Merrick. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] A pretty story of the love affair of a charming chorus girl and a novelist-journalist. It should make good late summer reading, for the route of true love is not over-smooth, and the end is happy. We recommend the earlier portion of the book as done in the inimitable Merrick fashion. It is rather too bad that this author's sustained performances fall so far below his short stories.

The Red Light of Mars, by George Bronson-Howard. [Mitchell Kennerly, New York.] This philosophical comedy in three acts, which adds creditable variety and interest to *The Modern Drama Series,* will be staged this season. Being typically American in spirit, it lacks iron in the body of its thought.

Bambi, by Marjorie Benton Cook. [Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.] "*Bambi*" is altogether delightful. After marrying a writer of impossible plays, she endeavors to support him and to teach him to support himself. She becomes an author, and with her delicious vanity, and knowledge of her ability to wind men around her tiny finger, uses her own fame as a lever to place her husband among the successful playwrights. This sprightly midget is one of the most lovable characters we have met in many moons.

The Viennese Dramatists

(*Continued from page 35*)

namely, that the ordinary is really the most wonderful. Miracles do not exist any more, but the miraculous is there, everywhere. *Fairy Tales of Life* he calls one of his books (in which he collects a number of sketches); but he might call them all by the same name. As in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* the wonderful is everywhere, but we have not the eyes to see it. Well, Peter Altenberg has these eyes. His little sketches would seem untranslatable. They might seem, in a different language, perfectly banal little things, not worth the relating,—but suddenly a veil is removed and we see the world and things in a new light.

Peter Altenberg uses the most original style—one might call it a telegram style; it is very abrupt without any endeavor at a connected literary form. He wants, as he says himself, to describe a man in one sentence; an event of the soul on one page; a landscape with one word.

Everybody in Vienna knows Peter Altenberg. He is a poet of the street, who goes around and writes down his little sketches wherever he may be —principally in the cafes.

All the women must love him—for he has sung their praises all his life, like a minnesinger of the Middle Ages.

The Reader Critic

"Gaudeamus":

In these historic days I cannot think of your September issue in other terms than as of a Zeppelin hurling bombs into the enemy's strongholds. From the first to the last page (yes, even the letters!) I read the copy to an imaginary beating of drums, blasting of trumpets, fluttering of banners. When I reached the last line, I relaxed in nervous expectation of the results of the grandiose charge: Will there be no explosion, no earthquake?

I ask this question in dead earnest. THE LITTLE REVIEW has become definite in one point—in its uncompromising warfare against the rotten features of the existing order. In this one issue you have attacked with the fervor of unhesitating youth some of the stanchest fortified dunghills of American life and art. From *Armageddon,* that merciless bomb into the camp of provincial complacency prevailing in this country, through the execution of academical *Grocers,* through the venomous *Democrat* that reveals the beauty of constructive hatred, down to the palpitating letter of the "Boy-Reader" who deals a tender death-blow to the despotic authoritativness of parenthood,—I scent war powder! And with hope and anxiety I put the question once more:

Will there be no response to the call of the clarion? Will your battle-cry not be echoed by young America, who for the first time hear a free unmercenarized word? Will your courageous gospel not stir the hearts of college men and women, those who have not yet been completely philistinized by their "vocational guides"; college men and women who in other countries have always been the torch-bearers, the advance-guard and martyrs in the fights for truth and ideals? Will THE LITTLE REVIEW not succeed in creating a *Drang und Sturm* epoch?

A negative answer would spell a death-verdict for the future of this over-dollarized land.

An Interested Reader, Chicago:

The Little Review bubbles over with enthusiasm and love of life. Here is an instance of a losing fight with life—perhaps it may interest you.

A childhood spent in the slums of a large city—not in the camaraderie spirit of the slums but within the close bounds of a little clean apartment presided over by an aristocratic-notioned mother. Absolute barrenness of childhood experience —not a toy, never even a rag doll, not a tree, not a flower, not a picture of any beauty—a household of petty quarreling and incessant scrubbing and cleaning, and strict adherence to duties. As the child, now grown, thinks back, she knows that there was always a subconscious feeling of revolt. She would often go off for many hours knowing that punishment would follow; she destroyed much that caused tears in her efforts to create, she craved and found affection where life was a little richer.

And then came books—avid, unsystematic reading. But life was never touched intimately and directly from any angle but one of barrenness, pettiness. A routined school course enriched living by a deep and lasting friendship. Continually the inner revolt and the outward conforming dragged along together. And then came a time of complete awakening, of burning whys, with realization of a dual existence and a

desire for sincerity in living above all things. Life demands some sort of a medium of expression which has its beginning in childhood experience. A maturing mind just beginning on impressions that should have come in childhood is a sorry spectacle. Its desires are so out of proportion to its human possibilities that it flounders and does nothing. It finds in itself capacities dulled for want of stimulation, it looks on things and sees them out of relation to itself. One grows to despise human beings, to hate living—to see that there is beauty and radiance in the world only for the chosen ones who respond to it intimately and not only through day dreams.

Youth is not always synonymous with love of life; the gutter does not always hold a reflection of the sky, and a conversation or even understanding with one's parents but seldom solves the problem of soul imprisonment. Breaking the bars of immediate environment is not so wonderful a thing for an independent adult, but how is one to overcome the barriers of a wasted childhood?

C. A. Z., Chicago:

What splendid letters those are from George Soule! Every one has been really worth while and inspiring. Especially the advice and warning he gives in his last: "Let us go to the theatres next fall prepared to trace the beginnings of a new stage art in this country; in the meantime, however, not hoping to escape the flood of cheap and artisticaly vicious stuff with which the commercial managers will attempt to drown our sensibilities."

Perhaps after this warning one ought not become agitated or angry with any of the productions of those showmen who are frankly in the business for the sake of revenue. However, when the "super"-showman, who is said by the press-agent to possess unconquerable ideals, does something that is supposed to be the uttermost of stage production—and fails—well, then one can't help becoming irritated. In a production of *Joseph and His Brethren* which I saw recently there is evidence that he is aware of the presence of new ideas in the theatre. But nowhere is it perfect enough or fearlessly new enough to be satisfying. What new ideas are used are swamped under, in their imperfection, by the mass of "excellent mediocrity" that Mr. Soule speaks of. In every act is present that hideous compromise—rank mixture of the old theatrical devices with a cautious lifting of some daring modernists' best ideas. But the pictures received applause. Most came for the scene that jarred most. It was a moonlight garden scene. The backdrop and sense of distance were perfect, but stuck prominently in the foreground, on either side of the stage, were huge clusters of pink blossoms. The applause for that was great—just as Soule predicted.

Mixing ideals—so-called—with the business of attracting the crowd for what it brings to the box-office may produce a super-showman and make of him a millionaire, but it does not advance the cause of the theatre. Not only is the production to be quarreled with, but the drama itself is of mongrel character. Everywhere is evident that catering to the ordinary theatrical taste:—entire speeches from the bible alongside those of modern idiom and thought together with re-arrangements and useless additions to the already satisfying detail of the scriptures.

After a "smashing" finale with the gorgeously garmented multitude waving dusty palms in a private house I decided to dismiss the entire show as fruitless, so far as the "new note" was concerned. However, one critic writes that the German and Russian moderns were suggested in some scenes and that the chief female

character might have been costumed by Bakst himself! That arouses one to the danger of the thing. Is this the final word in the theatre and what we are to expect as the best this season?

Marion Thayer MacMillan, Cincinnati:

The July number of THE LITTLE REVIEW is before me, and the demure brown cover brings a smile as I recall the stimulating sparkle and scarlet audacities hidden beneath. After Nietzsche's notion of the Wagnerite, it is at least interesting to read Mr. Brooke's description of pâte de foi-gras at the opera. The talk of Dr. Brandes and the tedious speaker is a gladsome thing, but most of all I was held by *The Renaissance of Parenthood.* It is a large subject for one article and too large for a letter; nevertheless I must quarrel with one of your implications. I refuse to admit that one can deduce anything whatever from the writings of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Don't mistake me: I feel sure that I agree with everything you think about him—"aye more." But I deny that you can justly follow any statement of his with "hence." When a man takes his authorized and adoring biographer and tells him "Lo! here is the house where I first saw the light," and, when the adoring and authorized one comes a cropper because he deduces from this remark that the self-same house is the birth place of his idol, it behooves one to walk warily with this God! No doubt to read the profound and playful prophet philosopher is to conclude that he believes "the old-fashioned game in which the mother sacrificed everything was unfair and unnecessary and wasteful." Equally, however, there is no doubt that G. B. S. himself holds an entirely opposite point of view since he emphatically affirms: "When others thought I should be working to support my mother, I made her work to support me. Five years after I was entirely capable of earning a living, I kept her at it so that I could learn to write English"; and, to prove his rightness, he cries: "And now look who's here!"

To Serve an Idea

There is no more vivid thing in life. All those people who are vitally interested in THE LITTLE REVIEW and its idea, its spirit and its growth, may want to become part of a group which has just been suggested by several of our contributors and readers. An attempt to influence the art, music, literature, and life of Chicago is an exciting and worthy one, and should have its opportunity of expression. Such an opportunity is planned in a series of gatherings—the first to be held in 917 Fine Arts Building at eight o'clock on Saturday evening, October 10. For further details, address The Little Review Association, 917 Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

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Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

NOVEMBER, 1914

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

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Lyrics of an Italian

SCHARMEL IRIS

The Forest of the Sky

High in the forest of the sky
The stars and branches interlace;
As cloth-of-gold the fallen leaves lie
Where twilight-peacocks lord the place,
Spendthrifts of pride and grace.

The grapes on vines are rubies red,
They burn as flame, when day is done.
The Dusk, brown Princess, turns her head
While sunset-panthers past her run
To caverns of the Sun.

She throws cord-reins of sunbeams wrought,
About the sunset-panthers, fleet,
And rides them joyously, when caught,
Across the poppied fields of wheat—
Their hearts with terror beat.

They reach the caverns of the Sun,
The raven-clouds above them fly;
Dame Night her tapestry's begun.
High, o'er the forest of the sky
The moon, a boat, sails by.

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Iteration

My son is dead and I am going blind,
And in the Ishmael-wind of grief
I tremble like a leaf;
I have no mind for any word you say:
My son is dead and I am going blind.

April

I loved her more than moon or sun—
    There is no moon or sun for me;
Of lovely things to look upon,
    The loveliest was she.

She does not hear me, though I sing—
    And, oh, my heart is like to break!
The world awakens with the Spring,
    But she—she does not wake!

Scarlet—White

(*Struck at the double standard*)

The woman who is scarlet now
    Was soul of whiteness yesterday;
A void is she wherein a man
    May leave his lust to-day.

'Twas with the kiss Ischariot
    A traitor bore her heart away;
Her body now is leased by men
    That kneel at church to pray.

Three Apples

I who am Giver of Life
Out of the cradle of dawn
Bring you this infant of song.—
He has a golden tongue
And wings upon his feet.

The apple of silver he holds
Once lay at the breast of the moon;
I give him an apple of gold
'Twas forged in the fires of the sun;
This apple of copper I give
That Sunset concealed in her hair.

When from the husk of dusk I shake the stars,
Down slumber's vine I'll send him dreams in dew,
And peace will overtake him like a song
Like thoughts of love invade a lover's mind.
The spear-scars of the red world he will wear
As women in their hair may wear a rose.

On the rosary of his days
He will say a prayer for your sake,
The hounds-o'-wonder will lie at his side,
And lick the dust-o'-the-world from his feet.

The apple of silver will work him a charm
When under his pillow he lays it at night;
The apple of copper will warm his heart
When a heart he loves grows cold on his own;
The apple of gold will teach him a song
For children to sing when he blows on a reed;
The dew will hear and run to the sun,
The sun will whisper it in my ear,
And you, being dead, the song will hear.

Zarathustra Vs. Rheims

George Soule

Hauptmann and Rolland have quarreled about the war, Hæckel has repudiated his English honorary degrees, and now Thomas Hardy has placed on Nietzsche the responsibility for the destruction of the cathedral of Rheims. The tragedy of nationalism, it seems, is not content with ruining lives and art; it must also vitiate philosophy and culture.

"Nietzsche and his followers, Treitschke, Von Bernhardi, and others," writes Hardy. In the next sentence he speaks of "off-hand assumptions." One is tempted to write, "Christ and his followers, Czar Nicholas, Kaiser Wilhelm, and others!"

Nietzsche has been claimed as a prophet by hereditary aristocrats, by anarchists, by socialists, by artists, and by militarists. There is even a book to prove that he who called himself "the Antichrist" was a supporter of the Catholic Church. One suspects, however, that the Jesuit who wrote it had a subtle sense of truth.

The most fundamental truth about Nietzsche is that the torrent of his inspiration is open to everyone who can drink of it. His value, his quality, consist not in the fact that he said this or that, but that life in him was strong and beautiful. This is true of all prophets; how much more so, then, of the one who threw to the winds all stiffness of orthodoxy and insisted on a transvaluation of all values! "O my soul, to thy domain gave I all wisdom to drink, all new wines, and also all immemorially old strong wines of wisdom," said Zarathrustra.

But even in his teachings we can find no justification of the present shame of Europe. It was Darwin who laid the foundation for the philosophy of the survival of the fittest and the struggle for existence. With the shallow inferences from these conceptions Nietzsche had no patience. If the fittest survives, the fittest is not necessarily the best. The brute force which makes for survival had no attraction for Nietzsche. He called upon man's will to make itself the deciding factor in the struggle. When he argued for strength, he argued for the strength of the beautiful and noble, not strength for its own sake. Of what avail is a great individual to the world if he makes himself weak and sacrifices himself to an inferior enemy? The French gunners who defended the Cathedral of Rheims might justly claim the approval of Nietzsche. If the Allies had turned the other cheek and allowed their countries to be overrun by German militarism, they would then have proved themselves Christian and truly anti-Nietzschean.

Moreover, Nietzsche uncompromisingly opposed the supremacy of mere numbers, the supremacy of non-spiritual values. He argued after the war of 1870 that the victory of Prussian arms endangered rather than helped Prussian culture. Culture is a thing of the spirit; it was undermined by the tide of smug satisfaction in the triumph of militarism.

"You say that a good cause will even justify war; I tell you that it is the good war that justifies all causes," wrote Nietzsche. It is the logic of the newspaper paragrapher which makes this statement a justification of militarism. *The good war*—what is that? It is the quality of heroism, the unreckoning love of beauty, the pride of the soul in its own strength and purity. It is the opponent of mere contentment and sluggishness. It is the militant virtue which has inspired great souls since the beginning of the world; it is the hope of future man. If a cause is not justified by the good war what can be said for it? It is a pathetic absurdity to think that Nietzsche would have found the good war in the present struggle for territory and commercial supremacy. No, gentlemen of letters, fight the Kaiser if you must, but do not aim your clods at the prophets in your hasty partisanship!

For it is in this very Nietzsche and his good war that mankind will now find its spirit of hope. We who see that wars of gunpowder are evil, we who intend to abolish them, cannot do so by denying our own strength and appealing helplessly to some external power in the sky. We must say with Zarathustra,

"How could I endure to be a man, if man were not also the composer, the riddle-reader, and the redeemer of chance!

"To redeem what is past, and to transform every 'It was' into 'Thus would I have it!' that only do I call redemption!

"Will—so is the emancipator and joy-bringer called: thus have I taught you, my friends!"

In *Ecce Homo* the word "German" has become something like his worst term of abuse. He believes only in French culture; all other culture is a misunderstanding. In his deepest instincts Nietzsche asserts to be so foreign to everything German, that the mere presence of a German "retards his digestion." German intellect is to him indigestion. If he has been so enthusiastic in his devotion to Wagner, this was because in Wagner he honored the foreigner, because in him he saw the incarnate protest against all German virtues, the "counter-poison" (he believed in Wagner's Jewish descent). He allows the Germans no honor as philosophers: Leibnitz and Kant were "the two greatest clogs upon the intellectual integrity of Europe." No less passionately does he deny to the Germans all honor as musicians: "A German *cannot* know what music is. The men who pass as German musicians are foreigners, Slavs, Croats, Italians, Dutchmen, or Jews." He abhors the "licentiousness" of the Germans in historical matters: "History is actually written on Imperial German and Antisemitic lines, and Mr. Treitschke is not ashamed of himself." The Germans have on their conscience every crime against culture committed in the last four centuries (they deprived the Renaissance of its meaning; they wrecked it by the Reformation). When, upon the bridge of two centuries of decadence, a *force majeuere* of genius and will revealed itself, strong enough to weld Europe into political and economic unity, the Germans finally with their "Wars of Liberation," robbed Europe of the meaning of Napoleon's existence, a prodigy of meaning. Thus they have upon their conscience all that followed, nationalism, the *névrose nationale* from which Europe is suffering, and the perpetuation of the system of little states, of petty politics.—*George Brandes in "Friedrich Nietzsche."*

The Cost of War

Clarence Darrow

Along with the many other regrets over the ravages of war is the sorrow for the destruction of property. As usual, those who have nothing to lose join in the general lamentation. There is enough to mourn about in the great European Holocaust without conjuring up imaginary woes. So far as the vast majority of people is concerned, the destruction of property is not an evil but a good.

The lands and houses, the goods and merchandise and money of the world are owned by a very few. All the rest in some way serve that few for so much as the law of life and trade permit them to exact. At the best, this is but a small share of the whole. All the property destroyed by war belongs to the owners of the earth; it is for them that wars are fought, and it is they who pay the bills. When the war is over, the property must be re-created. This, the working men will do. In this re-building, they will work for wages. Then, as now, the rate of wages will be fixed by the law of demand and supply—the demand and supply of those who toil. The war will create more work and less workmen. Therefore labor can and will get a greater share of its production than it could command if there was less work and more workmen. The wages must be paid from the land and money and other property left when the war is done. This will still be in the hands of the few, and these few will be compelled to give up a greater share. The destruction of property, together with its re-creation means only a re-distribution of wealth—a re-distribution in which the poor get a greater share. It is one way to bring about something like equality of property—a cruel, wasteful, and imperfect way, but still a way. That the equality will not last does not matter, for in the period of re-construction the workman will get a larger share and will live a larger life.

As the war goes on, the funds for paying bills will be met in the old way by selling bonds. These too will be paid by the owners of the earth. True, the property from which the payment comes must be produced by toil, but if the bonds that must be paid from the fruits of labor had never been issued this surplus would not have gone to labor, but would have been absorbed by capital. This is true for the simple reason that the return to labor is not fixed by the amount of production, the rate of taxation, the price of interest and rents, but by the supply and demand of labor, and nothing else.

If labor shall sometime be wise enough, or rather instinctive enough to claim all that it produces, it will at the same time have the instinct or wisdom to leave the rulers' bonds unpaid.

But all of this is far, far away; in determining immediate effects we must consider what is, not what should be. And the jobless and propertyless can only look upon the destruction of property as giving them more work and a larger share of the product of their labor. Chicago was never so prosperous, or wages so high, as when her people were re-building it from the ashes of a general conflagration. San Francisco found the same distribution of property amongst its workmen after the earthquake and the fire had laid it waste, and her people were called upon to build it up anew.

Carlyle records that during the long days of destruction in the French Revolution the people were more prosperous and happy than they had ever been before. True, the Guilotin was doing its deadly work day after day, but its victims were very few. The people got used to the guilotin, and heeded it no more than does the crowd heed a hanging in our county jail, when they gayly pass in their machines.

After the first shock was over, during the four years of our Civil War, wages were higher, men were better employed, production greater, and distribution more equal than it had been at any time excepting in the extreme youth of the Republic. Then land was free.

Then again, this world has little to destroy. After centuries of so-called civilization, the human race has not accumulated enough to last a year should all stop work. The world lives, and always has lived, from hand to mouth. This is not because of any trouble in producing wealth, but because things are made not to use, but to sell. And the wages of the great mass of men does not permit them to buy or own more than they consume from day to day.

It is for this reason that half the people do not really work; that the market for labor is fitful and uncertain, and never great enough; and that all are poor. After a devastation like a great war, the need of re-creating will turn the idle and the shirkers into workmen, because the rewards will be greater. This will easily and rapidly produce more than ever before. From this activity, invention will contrive new machines to compete with men, going once more around the same old circle, until the world finds out that machines should be used to satisfy human wants and not to build up profits for the favored few.

One may often regret the impulses that bring destruction of property, but before any one mourns over the destruction of property, purely because of its destruction, he should ask whose property it is.

Wedded:

A Social Comedy

Lawrence Langner

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Ransome.
Janet Ransome: Her daughter.
Rev. Mr. Tanner: A Clergyman.

SCENE

(The "best" parlor of the Ransome's house, in a cheap district of Brooklyn. There is a profusion of pictures, ornaments, and miscellaneous furniture. A gilded radiator stands in front of the fireplace. Table, center, on which are some boxes and silver-plated articles arranged for display. Over the door hangs a horseshoe. White flowers and festoons indicate that the room has been prepared for a wedding. To the left is a sofa, upon which lies the body of a dead man, his face covered with a handkerchief. There is a small packing-case at his side, upon which stand two lighted candles, a medicine bottle, and a tumbler. The blinds are drawn.)

AT RISE

(Janet, dressed in a white semi-bridal costume, is on her knees at the side of the couch, quietly weeping. After a few moments the door opens, admitting a pale flood of sunshine. The murmur of conversation in the passage without is heard. Mrs. Ransome enters. She is an intelligent, comfortable-looking middle-aged woman. She wears an elaborate dress of light gray, of a fashion of some years previous, evidently kept for special occasions. She is somewhat hysterical in manner and punctuates her conversation with sniffles.)

Mrs. Ransome. My dear child, now do stop cryin'. Won't you stop cryin'? Your Aunt Maud's just come, and wants to know if she can see you.

Janet. I don't want to see her. I don't want to see nobody.

Mrs. Ransome. But your aunt, my dear—

Janet. No, mother, not nobody.

(*Mrs. Ransome goes to door and holds a whispered conversation with somebody outside. She then returns, closing the door behind her, and sits on chair close to Janet.*)

MRS. RANSOME. She's goin' to wait for your father. He's almost crazy with worry. All I can say is—thank God it was to have bin a private wedding. If we'd had a lot of people here, I don't know what I should have done. Now, quit yer cryin', Janet. I'm sure we're doin' all we can for you, dear. (*Janet continues to weep softly.*) Come, dear, try and bear up. Try and stop cryin'. Your eyes are all red, dear, and the minister'll be here in a minute.

JANET. I don't want to see him, mother. Can't you see I don't want to see nobody?

MRS. RANSOME. I know, my dear. We tried to stop him comin', but he says to your father, he says, "If I can't come to her weddin', it's my duty to try to comfort your daughter"; and that certainly is a fine thing for him to do, for a man in his position, too. And yer father—he feels it as much as you do, what with the trouble he's been to in buying all that furniture for you and him, and one thing and another. He says that Bob must have had a weak heart, an' it's some consolation he was took before the weddin' and not after, when you might have had a lot of children to look after. An' he's right, too.

JANET (*Talks to body*). Oh, Bob! Bob! Why did you go when I want you so?

MRS. RANSOME. Now, now! My poor girl. It makes my heart bleed to hear you.

JANET. Oh, Bob! I want you so. Won't you wake up, Bob?

MRS. RANSOME (*Puts her arms around Janet and bursts into sobs*). There—you're cryin' yer eyes out. There—there—you've still got your old mother—there—there—just like when you was a baby—there—

JANET. Mother—I want to tell you something—

MRS. RANSOME. Well, tell me, dear, what is it?

JANET. You don't know why me and Bob was goin' to get married.

MRS. RANSOME. Why you and Bob was goin' to get married?

JANET. Didn't you never guess why we was goin' to get married—sort of *all of a sudden?*

MRS. RANSOME. All of a sudden? Why, I never thought of it. (*Alarmed.*) There wasn't nuthin' wrong between you and him, was there? (*Janet weeps afresh.*) Answer me. There wasn't nuthin' wrong between you and him, was there?

JANET. Nuthin' *wrong.*

MRS. RANSOME. What do you mean, then?

JANET. We was goin' to get married—because we *had* to.

MRS. RANSOME. You mean yer goin' to have a baby?

JANET. Yes.

MRS. RANSOME. Are you sure? D'ye know how to tell fer certain?

JANET. Yes.

MRS. RANSOME. Oh, Lor'! Goodness gracious! How could it have happened?

JANET. I'm glad it happened—*now.*

MRS. RANSOME. D'ye understand what it means? What are we goin' to do about it?

JANET (*Through her tears*). I can't help it. I'm glad it happened. An' if I lived all over again, I'd want it to happen again.

MRS. RANSOME. You'd *want* it to happen? Don't you see what this means? Don't you see that if this gets out you'll be disgraced 'till your dying day?

JANET. I'm glad.

MRS. RANSOME. Don't keep on sayin' you're glad. Glad, indeed! Have you thought of the shame and disgrace this'll bring on me an' your father? An' after we've saved and scraped these long years to bring you up respectable, an' give you a good home. You're glad, are you? You certainly got a lot to be glad about.

JANET. Can't you understand, mother? We wasn't thinking of you when it happened—and now it's all I have.

MRS. RANSOME. Of course you wasn't thinkin' of us. Only of yourselves. That's the way it is, nowadays. But me and your father is the ones that's got to face it. We're the ones that's got to stand all the scandal and talk there'll be about it. Just think what the family'll say. Think what the neighbors'll say. I don't know what we done to have such a thing happen to us. (*Mrs. Ransome breaks into a spell of exaggerated weeping, which ceases as the door-bell rings.*) There! That's the minister. God only knows what I'd better say to him. (*Mrs. Ransome hurriedly attempts to tidy the room, knocking over a chair in her haste, pulls up the blinds half-way and returns to her chair. There is a knock at the door. Mrs. Ransome breaks into a prolonged howl.*) Come in.

(*Enter Rev. Mr. Tanner. He is a stout, pompous clergyman, with a rich, middle-class congregation and a few poorer members, amongst which latter he numbers the Ransomes. His general attitude is kind but patronizing; he displays none of the effusive desire to please which is his correct demeanor towards his richer congregants. The elder Ransomes regard him as their spiritual leader, and worship him along with God at a respectful distance.*)

TANNER (*He speaks in a hushed voice, glancing towards the kneeling figure of Janet*). Bear up, Mrs. Ransome. Bear up, I beg of you! (*Mrs. Ransome howls more vigorously; Tanner is embarrassed.*) This is very distressing, Mrs. Ransome.

MRS. RANSOME (*Between her sobs*). It certainly is kind of you to come, Mr. Tanner, I'm sure. We didn't expect to see you when my husband 'phoned you.

TANNER. Where is your husband now?

MRS. RANSOME. He's gone to send some telegrams to Bob's family, sir —*his* family. We'd planned to have a quiet wedding, sir, with only me and her father and aunt, and then we was goin' to have the rest of the family in, this afternoon.

TANNER. It's a very sad thing, Mrs. Ransome.

MRS. RANSOME. It's fairly dazed us, Mr. Tanner. Comin' on top of all the preparation we've bin makin' for the past two weeks, too. An' her father's spent a pile o' money on their new furniture an' things.

TANNER (*Speaking in an undertone*). Was he insured?

MRS. RANSOME. No, sir, not a penny. That's why it comes so hard on us just now, havin' the expense of a funeral on top of what we've just spent for the weddin'.

TANNER. Well, Mrs. Ransome, I'll try to help you in any way I can.

MRS. RANSOME. Thank you, Mr. Tanner. It certainly is fine of you to say so. Everybody's bin good to us, sir. She had all them presents given her—most of them was from *my* side of the family.

TANNER. Did he have any relatives here?

MRS. RANSOME. Not a soul, poor fellow. He came from up-state. That's why my husband's gone to send a telegram askin' his father to come to the funeral.

TANNER. How long will your husband be? (*He glanced at his watch.*)

MRS. RANSOME. I don't think he'll be more than half an hour. He'd like to see you, if you could wait that long, I know.

TANNER. Very well. I have an engagement later, but I can let that go if necessary.

(*Tanner and Mrs. Ransome sit down in front of the table.*)

MRS. RANSOME. It certainly is a great comfort havin' you here, Mr. Tanner. I feel so upset I don't know what to say.

TANNER. Bear up, Mrs. Ransome. You are not the greatest sufferer. Let me say a few words to your daughter. (*He rises, goes to Janet, and places his hand on her shoulder, but she takes no notice of him.*) Miss Ransome, you must try to bear up, too. I know how hard it is, but you must remember it's something that must come to all of us.

MRS. RANSOME. She takes it so bad, Mr. Tanner, that the Lord should have took him on their weddin' mornin'.

TANNER (*Returning to his chair*). We must not question, Mrs. Ransome, we must not question. The Almighty has thought fit to gather him back to the fold, and we must submit to His will. In such moments as these we feel helpless. We feel the need of a Higher Being to cling to—to find consolation. Time is the great healer.

MRS. RANSOME. But to expect a weddin' (*Sobs*) and find it's a funeral— it's awful; (*Sobs*) and besides—Mr. Tanner, you've always been good to us. We're in other trouble, too. Worse—worse even than this.

TANNER. In other trouble?

MRS. RANSOME. Yes, much worse. I just can't bear to think about it.

TANNER. Your husband's business?

MRS. RANSOME. No, sir. It's—I don't know how to say it. It's her and him.

TANNER. Her and him?

MRS. RANSOME. Yes, sir—I'm almost ashamed to tell you. She's goin' to have a baby.

TANNER (*Astounded*). She's going to be a mother?

MRS. RANSOME. Yes. (*Sobs.*) Oh, you don't know how hard this is on us, Mr. Tanner. We've always bin respectable people, sir, as you well know. We've bin livin' right here on this block these last ten years, an' everybody knows us in the neighborhood. Her father don't know about it yet. What he'll say—God only knows.

TANNER. I'm terribly sorry to hear this, Mrs. Ransome

MRS. RANSOME. I can forgive her, sir, but not him. They say we shouldn't speak ill of the dead—but I always was opposed to her marryin' him. I wanted her to marry a steady young fellow of her own religion, but I might as well have talked to the wall, for all the notice she took of me.

TANNER. It's what we have to expect of the younger generation, Mrs. Ransome. Let me see—how long were they engaged?

MRS. RANSOME. Well, sir, I suppose on and off it's bin about three years. He never could hold a job long, an' me and her father said he couldn't marry her—not with our consent—until he was earnin' at least twenty dollars a week—an' that was only right, considerin' he'd have to support her.

TANNER. I quite agree with you. I'm sorry to see a thing of this sort happen—and right in my own congregation, too. I've expressed my views from the pulpit from time to time very strongly upon the subject, but nevertheless it doesn't seem to make much difference in this neighborhood.

MRS. RANSOME. I know it's a bad neighborhood in some ways, sir. But you got to remember they was going to get married, sir. If you'd bin here only an hour earlier, Mr. Tanner, there wouldn't have bin no disgrace. (*Points to official-looking book lying on table.*) Why, sir—there's the marriage register—Mr. Smith brought it down from church this morning—all waiting for you to fix it. If you'd only come earlier, sir, they'd have bin properly married, an' there wouldn't have bin a word said.

TANNER. That's true. They might have avoided the immediate disgrace, perhaps. But you know as well as I do that *that* isn't the way to get married. It isn't so much a matter of disgrace. That means nothing. It's the principle of the thing.

MRS. RANSOME (*Eagerly*). Oh, Mr. Tanner, do you mean it? Do you mean that the disgrace of it means nothin'?

TANNER. Well—not exactly nothing—but nothing to the principle of the thing.

MRS. RANSOME. An' would you save her from the disgrace of it, if you could, Mr. Tanner, if it don't mean nothin'?

TANNER. I'll do anything I can to help you, within reason, Mrs. Ransome, but how can I save her?

MRS. RANSOME (*Eagerly pleading*). Mr. Tanner, if she has a child, as she expects, you know that respectable people won't look at us any more. We'll have to move away from here. We'll be the laughing stock of the place. It'll break her father's heart, as sure as can be. But if you could fill in the marriage register as though they'd bin married, Mr. Tanner, why, nobody's to know that it isn't all respectable and proper. They had their license, and ring, and everything else, sir, as you know.

TANNER (*Astounded*). *Me* fill in the marriage register? Do you mean that you want *me* to make a fictitious entry in the marriage register?

MRS. RANSOME. It wouldn't be so very fictitious, Mr. Tanner. They'd have bin married regular if you'd only come half an hour earlier. Couldn't you fill it in that they was married before he died, sir?

TANNER. But that would be forgery.

MRS. RANSOME. It would be a good action, Mr. Tanner—indeed, it would. Her father an' me haven't done nothing to deserve it, but we'll be blamed for it just the same. It wouldn't take you a minute to write it in the register, Mr. Tanner. Look at all the years we've bin goin' to your church, and never asked you a favor before.

TANNER. My good woman, I'm sorry; I'd like to help you, but I don't see how I can. In the first place, don't you see that you're asking me to commit forgery? But what's more important, you're asking me to act against my own principles. I've been preaching sermons for years, and making a public stand too, against these hasty marriages that break up homes and lead to the divorce court—or worse. The church is trying to make marriage a thing sacred and apart, instead of the mockery it is in this country today. I sympathize with you. I know how hard it is. But for all I know, you may be asking me to help you thwart the will of God.

MRS. RANSOME. The will of God?

TANNER. Mind you, I don't say that it is, Mrs. Ransome, but it may very well be the Hand of the Almighty. Your daughter and her young man, as she has confessed herself, have tried to use the marriage ceremony—a *holy* ceremony, mind you—to cover up what they've done.

MRS. RANSOME. Oh, don't talk like that before her, Mr. Tanner.

TANNER. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt her feelings. I'm sorry I can't help you. It wouldn't be *right*.

MRS. RANSOME. But they was goin' to get married, sir. You got to take that into consideration. My girl ain't naturally bad. It isn't as though she'd

pick up any feller that happened to come along. Hundreds and thousands do it, sir, indeed they do, and most of them much worse than she and him, poor fellow.

TANNER. Yes, there you are right. Thousands *do* do it, and I've been making a stand against it in this neighborhood for years. I may seem hard, Mrs. Ransome, but I'm trying my best to be fair. I sincerely believe that no minister of the Gospel should ever legalize or condone—er—misconduct—that is, before marriage.

MRS. RANSOME (*Pleading hard*). You can't know what this means to us, sir—or you'd pity us, indeed you would. Her father'll take on somethin' dreadful when he hears about it. He'll turn her out of the house, sir, as sure as can be. You know him, sir. You know he's too good a Christian to let her stay here after she's disgraced us all. And then, what's to become of her? She'll lose her job, and who'll give her another—without a reference—an' a baby to support? That's how they get started on the streets, sir (*Sobs*), an' you know it as well as I do.

TANNER. Yes, I know. I wish I could help you. It's very distressing—but we all have to do our duty as we see it. But I do pity you, indeed I do. From the bottom of my heart. I'll do anything I can for you—within reason.

MRS. RANSOME (*Almost hysterical, dragging Janet from the side of the body*). Janet, Janet! Ask him yourself. Ask him on your bended knees. Ask him to save us! (*Janet attempts to return to side of the body.*) Janet, do you want to ruin us? Can't you speak to him? Can't you ask him? (*Mrs. Ransome breaks into sobs.*)

TANNER. It is as I feared, Mrs. Ransome. Her heart is hardened.

JANET (*Rises and turns fiercely on him*). Whose heart's hardened?

TANNER. Come, come. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I can't tell you how sorry I am for you, and your parents, too.

JANET. Well, I'll tell you flat, I don't want none of your pity.

MRS. RANSOME. Janet, don't speak like that to him. You're excited. (*To Tanner*). She don't mean it, sir—she's all worked up.

JANET (*Her excitement increasing, and speaking in loud tones*). All right, mother—I'll tell him again—I don't want none of his pity. I c'n get along without it. An' if you and him think that writin' a few words in his marriage register—or whatever he calls it—is going to make any difference, well—you're welcome to.

TANNER. My dear girl. Don't you understand, if it was merely a question of writing a few words, I'd do it in a minute. But it's the principle of the thing.

JANET (*Bitingly*). Huh! Principle of the thing! I heard it all. You preached against it, didn't yer? It's a pity you never preached a sermon on

how me and him could have gotten married two years ago, instead of waiting till now, when it's too late.

TANNER. Others have to wait.

JANET. We did wait. Isn't three years long enough? D'ye think we was made of stone? How much longer d'ye think we could wait? We waited until we couldn't hold out no longer. I only wish to God we hadn't waited at all, instead of wastin' all them years.

MRS. RANSOME (*Shocked*). Janet, you don't know what you're sayin'.

JANET. I do, an' I mean it. We waited, an' waited, an' waited. Didn't he try all he could to get a better job? 'Twasn't his fault he couldn't. We was planning to go West, or somewhere—where he'd have more of a chance —we was savin' up for it on the quiet. An' while we was waiting, we wanted one another—all day an' all night. An' what use was it? We held out till we couldn't hold out no longer—an' when we knew what was goin' to happen, well—we had to get married—an' that all there's to it!

TANNER (*Making a remarkable discovery, supporting all his personal theories on the subject*). Ah! Then your idea was to marry *simply* because you were going to have a baby!

JANET. Of course it was. D'ye think we wanted to marry an' live here on the fifteen a week he was getting? We'd have bin starvin' in a month. But when this happened—we had to get married—starve or not. What else could we do?

TANNER. Well, I don't know what to say. It seems to me that you should have thought of all this before. You knew what it would mean to have a baby.

JANET. D'ye think I wanted a baby? I didn't want one. I didn't know how to stop it. If you don't like it—it's a pity you don't preach sermons on how to stop havin' babies when they're not wanted. There'd be some sense in that. That'd be more sense than talkin' about waitin'—an' waitin'—an' waitin'. There's hundreds of women round here—starvin' and sufferin'— an' havin' one baby after another, and don't know the first thing about how to stop it. 'Tisn't my fault I'm going to have one. I didn't want it.

TANNER. Miss Ransome, your views simply astound me.

JANET. I can't help it. People may think it wrong, an' all that, but it ain't his fault and it ain't mine. Don't you think we used to get sick of goin' to movies, an' vaudeville shows, an' all them other places—time after time? I wanted him to love me, an' I ain't ashamed of it, neither.

MRS. RANSOME. Janet, how dare you talk like that in front of Mr. Tanner? (*To Tanner.*) She don't mean it, Mr. Tanner. She don't know what she's saying. I've always brought her up to be innercent about things. She must have got all this from the other girls at the store where she works. She didn't get it in her home, that's sure.

JANET. No, that I didn't. Nor nothing else, neither. You was always

ashamed to tell me about anything, so I found out about things from other girls, like the rest of 'em do. I've known it for years and years, an' all the while I suppose you've bin thinkin' I didn't know anything, I've known everything—all except what'd be useful to me. If I'm going to have a baby it's your fault, mother, as much as anybody. You only had one yourself—but you never told *me* nothin'.

MRS. RANSOME. Janet!

TANNER. Miss Ransome, this is not a subject I ordinarily discuss, but since you know what you do know, let me tell you that there is nothing worse than trying to interfere with the workings of nature, or—if I may say so—of God.

JANET. Well, Bob said the rich people do it. He said they must know how to do it, because they never have more'n two or three children in a family; but you've only got to walk on the next block—where it's all tenements—to see ten and twelve in every family, because the workin' people don't know any better. But I don't want no pity from anybody. I can take a chance on it. I got a pair of hands, an' I c'n take care of myself.

TANNER. Mrs. Ransome, it's no good my talking to your daughter while she's in this frame of mind. She appears to have most extraordinary views. Mind you, I don't blame you for it. She *seems* to be an intelligent girl. There'd be some hope for her if she'd show a little penitence—a little regret for what's been done and can't be undone. You know I don't like preaching out of church, but you've often heard me say in the pulpit that God is always willing to forgive the humble and the penitent.

JANET (*With fine scorn*). "God" indeed. Don't make me laugh. (*Points to body of Bob.*) Look at him lyin' there. God? What's God got to do with it? (*She kneels again at the side of the couch, rigid and silent. After an uncomfortable interval, Tanner rises.*)

TANNER. Well, I'm afraid I must be going. I feel very pained by what your daughter has said, Mrs. Ransome. You know I have a deep regard for you and your husband. I'm frank to say that if your daughter had shown some signs of penitence—some remorse for what has happened—I might even have gone so far as to have made the entry in the register—seeing the punishment she's already had. But as she is now, I don't see what good it would do. Really I don't, so I think I'd better go.

MRS. RANSOME (*Appealingly*). Oh, don't go, Mr. Tanner. Wait just a minute while I talk to her, please. Janet, can't you say you're sorry for what you done? Can't you see that Mr. Tanner only wants to be fair with you? Come, do it for our sakes—your father and me. You know how hard he's worked, how he's keep teetotal an' everything. You don't want to ruin us, do you? Can't you see it isn't only yourself that's got to be considered? Think of what we've done for you. Tell him you're sorry for it, *do!*

Tanner (*Rising*). It's no use, Mrs. Ransome. I can see it's of no use. I really must go.

Mrs. Ransome. Just one minute more. Please wait one minute more. Janet, what's the matter with you? Can't you see the disgrace it'll be to all of us? Can't you see it will ruin us to our dying days? They'll all laugh at us—an' jeer at us. It'll follow us around wherever we go. You know how the folk round here make fun of your father—because he keeps himself respectable—an' saves his money. Do you want them to laugh at him? Do you want them to be laughin' at you an' talkin' about you? Do you want them to be making fun of your baby—an' calling it a bastard—an' asking who it's father was?

Janet (*Nervously*). They wouldn't.

Mrs. Ransome. Yes, they would. An' all the time he's growin' up, the other children in school'll be tormentin' him, and callin' him names. Didn't the same thing happen with Susan Bradley's boy? Didn't they have to go an' live out in Jersey, cos she couldn't stand it no longer? You know it as well as I do.

Janet (*Defiantly*). They went away 'cos he was always gettin' sick.

Mrs. Ransome. Of course he was always gettin' sick—with all them devils makin' fun of him—an' makin' his life a misery. Didn't we used to see him goin' down the block—with the tears runnin' down his cheeks—an' all of 'em yellin' names after him. Just think of the baby you're goin' to have. D'ye want that to happen to *your* baby? D'ye want them to make *its* life a misery—same as the other one?

Janet (*Lifelessly*). They wouldn't.

Mrs. Ransome. Of course they would. They'll tease an' torment it, just like the other—an' when he's old enough to understand—who'll he blame for it? He'll blame *you* for it. (*Inspired*) He'll blame Bob for it—he'll hate him for it. D'ye want your boy—Bob's boy—to be hatin' his own father? What'd Bob say? What'd *he* think of you—ruinin' his baby's life—an' all just because you're obstinate an' won't listen to reason. Can't you see it? Just think—if you'd only say you was in the wrong—an' do what Mr. Tanner asks you—he'd forgive you an' make everything all right. Oh, Janet—can't you see it? Ask him—beg him!"

Janet. Oh, dear. Well—how c'n Mr. Tanner make it all right?

Mrs. Ransome. You know what I mean. Oh, Janet, it won't take him a minute to write it. If he don't, can't you see it'll ruin us all our lives?

Janet. Only a minute to write it—or it'll ruin us all our lives.

Mrs. Ransome. Oh, Janet, this is your last chance. Tell him you're sorry. (*To Tanner, who has edged towards the door, and is about to leave.*) Oh, Mr. Tanner, please don't go. Just wait another minute.

Tannet. Really, I must go.

Mrs. Ransome. Oh, sir! I can see she's sorry. You won't go back on your word, sir?

Janet (*Unwillingly feigning remorse*). Let me think a bit. Oh, Mr. Tanner, I suppose I'm in the wrong—if you say so. It didn't seem to me to be wrong—that 's all I got to say. I hope you'll forgive me. I'm sorry for the way I spoke—and what I done.

Tanner (*Returning*). My child, it's not for me to forgive you. I knew I could appeal to something higher in you, if you'd only listen to me. Are you truly repentant—from the bottom of your heart?

Janet. Yes, sir.

Tanner. As I said to your mother just now, I don't like preaching sermons, but I hope this has taught you that there can be no justification for our moments of passion and wilfulness. We must all try to humble our pride and our spirit. I won't go back on my word, but when you start out afresh you must try to wipe out the past by living for the future.

Janet. I'll try to, sir.

Tanner. And now, Mrs. Ransome, I suppose I'll have to make the entry as though it had happened an hour or so ago. I know I may seem soft-hearted about it. But I feel I am doing my duty. This may save your daughter from a life of degradation. I think the end justifies the means. But first, let me ask you, who knows that the ceremony wasn't performed before he died?

Mrs. Ransome. Only me—an' her father—an' my sister outside.

Tanner. Can she be relied upon to hold her tongue?

Mrs. Ransome. She surely can, sir.

Tanner. Well, you understand this is a very serious thing for me to do. If it becomes public I shall be faced with a very unpleasant situation.

Mrs. Ransome. Oh, I promise you, Mr. Tanner, not a soul will know of it. We'll take our dyin' oaths, sir, all of us.

Tanner. All right. But first let me lend your daughter this prayer-book. (*Takes prayer-book out of pocket; addressing Janet.*) Here's a prayer-book, Miss Ransome. I'll go with your mother now into the back-parlor, and meanwhile I want you to read over this prayer. Try to seek its inner meeting. Come, Mrs. Ransome, you can carry the register, and we'll come back later and discuss the funeral arrangements.

Mrs. Ransome (*Takes the marriage register*). Oh, Mr. Tanner, I don't know how to thank you.

Tanner. Well, Mrs. Ransome—I shall expect your husband to send us something for our new mission to spread Christianity amongst the Chinese.

(*Exit Tanner and Mrs. Ransome. Janet closes the door. She walks towards the couch, looks at the prayer-book, then at the couch. She flings the prayer-book to the other end of the room, smashing some of the ornaments on the mantle-shelf, and throws herself upon the side of the couch, sobbing wildly.*)

Slow Curtain.

"The Immutable"

Margaret C. Anderson

In a world where flippancies arrange an effective concealment of beauty there are still major adventures in beauty to be had beneath the grinning surface. One of them is the discovery of those rare persons to whom flippancies are impossible—those splendid persons who take life simply and greatly. Several months ago I tried to write an impression of Emma Goldman, from an inadequate background of having merely heard two of her lectures. Since then I have met her. One realizes dimly that such spirits live somewhere in the world: history and legend and poetry have proclaimed them, and at times we hear of their passing; but to meet one on its valiant journey is like being whirled to some far planet and discovering strange new glories.

Emma Goldman is one of the world's great people; therefore, it is not surprising to find her among the despised and rejected. Of course she is as different from the popular conception of her as anyone could be. The first thing you feel in meeting her is that indefinable something which all great and true people have in common—a quality which seems to proceed on some a priori principle that anything one feels deeply is sublime. Then a sense of her great humanity sweeps upon you, and the nobility of the idealist who wrenches her integrity from the grimest depths. A terrible sadness is in her face—as though the suffering of centuries had concentrated there in some deep personal struggle; and through it shines that capacity for joy which becomes colossal in its intensity and tragic in its disappointments. But the thing which takes your heart in a grip, and thrusts you quickly into the position of the small boy who longs to die for the object of his worship, is that imperative gift of motherhood which is hers and which spends itself with such utter prodigality upon all those who come to her for inspiration. Emma Goldman has ministered to every kind of human being from convicts to society women. She has no more idea of conservation than a lavish springtime; and where she draws courage and endurance and inspiration for it all will remain one of those mysteries which only the artist can explain. A mountain-top figure, calm, vast, dynamic, awful in its loneliness, exalted in its tragedy—this is Emma Goldman, "the daughter of the dream," as William Marion Reedy called her in an appreciation written several years ago. "A dream, you say?" he asked, after sketching her gospel. "Yes; but life is death without the dream." In that rich book of Alexander Berkman's, *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist,* she is given a better name. "I have always called you the Immutable," is the way the author closes one of his letters to her. And this is the quality which distinguishes Emma Goldman—a kind of eternal staunchness in which one may put his fundamental trust.

This is the woman America has hated and persecuted, thrown into jail, deprived of her citizenship, and held up as an example of all that is ignorant, coarse, and base. America will recognize its failure some day, after the brave spirit has done its work—after the spasm of the new war has ushered in quite simply some of the changes which Emma Goldman has been pleading for during her years of fighting. But it takes education to produce such awakenings, and there is no immediate hope of such a general enlightenment. The stupidity of the situation regarding Emma Goldman is that other prophets have raised their spears to the same heights and have been misunderstood or ignored but not outraged by the peculiar ignorance which Americans alone seem capable of. Had Ibsen appeared among us to lecture on the rightness of Nora's rebellion or to denounce the pillars of society as he did in his writing, he, too, would have been thrown into prison for free speech or accused of a president's assassination. The cruelty of the situation regarding Emma Goldman is that she has so much work to do which so many people need, and that she cannot break through the prejudice and the superstition surrounding her to get at those dulled ones who need it most. Ten years ago she was preaching, under the most absurd persecution, ideas which thinking people accept as a matter of course today. Now the ignorant public still shudders at her name; the "intellectuals"—especially those of the Greenwich Village radical type—dismiss her casually as a sort of good Christian—one not to be taken too seriously: there are so many more daring revolutionists among their own ranks that they can't understand why Emma Goldman should make such a stir and get all the credit; the Socialists concede her a personality and condone her failure to attach herself to that line of evolutionary progress which is sure to establish itself. "Unscientific" is their damning judgment of her; her Anarchism is a metaphysical hodge-podge, the outburst of an artistic rather than a scientific temperament. And so they all miss the real issue, namely, that the chief business of the prophet is to usher in those new times which often appear in direct opposition to scientific prediction, and—this above all!—that life in her has a great grandeur.

How do such grotesque misconceptions arise? Why should it have happened that all this misapprehension and ignorance should have grown up about a personality whose mere presence is a benediction and whose friendship compels you toward high goals you had thought unattainable? There is no use asking how or why it happened; it is a perfectly consistent thing to have happened, for it happens to everyone, in greater or less degree, who strives for a new ideal. But if I could only get hold of all the people who are unwilling to understand Emma Goldman and *force* them to listen to her for an hour:—what a sweet triumph comes with their "Oh, but she's wonderful!"

And now about her ideas. If you have read Wilde's *Soul of Man*

Under Socialism you know the essence of Emma Goldman's Anarchism. What is there about it to cause an epidemic of terror? It is merely the highest ideal of human conduct that has ever been evolved. Well, it is possible to get even the prejudiced to admit this much. Nearly everyone can see that government in its essence is tyranny; that one human being's authority over another is a degrading thing; that no man should have the power to force his neighbor into a dungeon on the flimsy pretext that punishment is a prevention and a protection; that no man should dare to take the life of another man, on any basis whatever; that crime is really misdirected energy and "criminal types" usually sick people who should be treated as such; that "abnormal" people are those who have not found their work; that people who work should have some share of their production; that the holding of property is a source of many evils; that possessiveness and "bargaining" are mean qualities; that co-operation and sharing are splendid ones; that there should be an equality between giving and taking; that nothing worth while was ever born outside of freedom; and that men *might* live together on this basis more effectively than on the present one. Even your "reasonable" man will grant you this premise; but then he plays his trump card: It may all be very beautiful—of course it is; *but it can never happen!* Oscar Wilde answered him in this way: "Is this Utopian? A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing. And when Humanity lands there, it looks out, and, seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realization of Utopias."

Emma Goldman believes this. She does not belong with the rank and file of Anarchists. Cults and "isms" are too restrictive for her. "But you are an extreme Individualist," the Socialists tell her. "No, I am not," she answers them. "I hate your rigid Anglo-Saxon individualism. It is just because I am so deeply social that I put my hope in the individual." It is because she hates injustice of any sort so passionately that she adopted Anarchism as the soundest method of combating it. If you have laws you must accept the abuses of law. Why not be more completely simple—why keep on pretending that we need a machinery which fosters tyrannies instead of giving freedom an unhandicapped path to begin upon its great responsibilities? This was the idealism upon which the American founders built—a minimum of government, at least, when that evil seemed to become a necessity. In her remarkable book that has just been published, Voltarine de Cleyre discusses this phase of the matter brilliantly in a chapter called "Anarchism and American Traditions." There is no possibility of going into it minutely here, except to ask those who insist upon regarding Anarchism as an unconstructive force to read it.

These are the things Emma Goldman is trying to preach. She does not expect to see a new order spring up in response to her vision; so the face-

tious ones who poke their stale jokes at the unspeakable humor of a communistic society might save their wit for more legitimate provocations. All she hopes is to quicken the consciousness of those through whom such changes will come—to improve the individual quality. It reminds you of Comte's suggestion, at the time when he fell deliriously in love, that all the problems of society could be solved on that divine principle. It is like Tolstoy's dream prophecy—his prediction of the time when there will be neither monogamy nor polygamy, but simply a poetogamy under which people may live freely and beautifully.

And so Emma Goldman continues her work, talking passionately to crowds of people, sickened by audiences who listen merely out of curiosity, disheartened by the vapid applause of those who make their own incapacities the burden of their rebellion, heartbroken by the masses who cannot respond to any ideal, cheered by the few who understand, dedicated to an eternal hope of new values. This is the real Emma Goldman—a visionist, if you will, but at the same time a woman with a deep faith in the superiority of reality to imagination. How she has lived life! How gallantly she makes the big out of the little and accepts without complaining the perverted role which has been thrust at her. To have seen her in her home with its hundreds of books and its charming old pictures of Ibsen and Tolstoy and Nietzsche and Kropotkin; to have seen her friends, her nephews and nieces offering her their high adoration; to have watched her gigantic tenderness, her gorgeous flinging away of self on every possible pretext; to have listened with her to great music in a kind of cosmic hush that music is made by and for such spirits; to have heard her, "the crucified," talk of the ideal she cherishes and how her expression of it has been so far below her dream; to have compared her, an artist in life, as incapable of spiritual vulgarity as a Rodin or a Beethoven, with a sensitiveness which makes her almost fear beauty, with a sweetness that is overwhelming—to compare her with the vulgarians who denounce her is to fall into a mad rage and long to insult them desperately. I said before that Emma Goldman was the most challenging spirit in America. But she is so much more than that: she is many wonderful things which this article merely touches upon, because it is impossible to express them all.

Science is after all but a reassuring and conciliatory expression of our ignorance. —*Maeterlinck.*

Poems

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Expressions of a Child's Face

Dawn?—no, the stunted transparency of dawn—
Color taken from the birth of a white throat
And shaken in a still cup till it gradually reaches strength
A sudden scattering of strained light—
The smile has lived and seemed to die.

Thought?—no, the invisible shudder of a perfume
Trying to leave the shadowy pain of a flesh-flower
A whisp of it whips itself away,
And leaves the rest—a cool, colorless struggle.

Sadness?—no, the growth of a pale inclination
Which knows not what it is;
Which tries to form the beginning of a swift question,
But has not yet developed trim lips.

And then what seems a smile
But is the sleeping body of a laugh.
It almost awakes, and throws out
Long breaths, in a green and yellow din.

Emotions

I

His anger was a strained yellow wire.
You leapt into it thinking to snap it,
But it flung you off silently.

II

Her happiness was too apparent—
Pleasant flesh in which you sensed heavy blood-clots.

III

Veering, weary birds were her hatreds.
They rested on you for years,
Then circled away, still weary.

IV

Her sorrows were clumsy, black bandages
Which seemed to hide wide wounds,
But only covered scratches.

To —

You are a broad, growing sieve.
Men and women come to loosen your supple frame,
And weave another slim square into you—
Or perhaps a blue oblong, a saffron circle.
People fling their powdered souls at you:
You seem to loose them, but retain
The shifting shadow of a stain on your rigid lines.

To Handpainted Chinaware

Distorted ducks, smirking women and potshaped blossoms
Fastened to pale plates, you are dreary symbols of those who painted you.
O ducks, you were made by women
Who sway in and out of the waters of life,
Content to catch morsels of food from birds flying overhead.
And you smirking women, were painted by men
Who unrolled little souls on plates,
Gave them faces which could not quite hide their ugliness . . .
You alone almost baffle me, pot-shaped blossoms—
Were you fashioned by childless women, who made you the infants
Denied them by life?

Study of a Face

Her forehead is the wind-colored, sun-stilled wall of a country church.
Trailing cloud-shudders overhead narrow it to a thin band of vague
light:
Two tarnished, exultant cerements of earth—cheeks—meet it,
And the three speak clearly, lanquidly.

An Old Man Humming a Song

Life was a frayed, pampered lily to him—
A lily which still clung to his gray coat,
Like an unbidden word whitening the death of a smile.
The half-smooth perfume of it touched the slanting, cambric curtain
of his soul,
And stirred it to low song.

The Spiritual Dangers of Writing Vers Libre

EUNICE TIETJENS

The spiritual dangers that beset a struggling poet are almost as numerous as his creditors, and quite as rampant. And woe unto him who falls a prey to any one of them! For poetry, being the immediate reflection of the spiritual life of its author, degenerates more quickly than almost any other form of human expression when this inner life goes astray.

There is first of all the danger of sentimentality, an ever-present, sticky danger that awaits patiently and imperturbably and has to be met afresh every day. True, if the poet yields to this danger and embraces it skillfully enough, the creditors aforementioned may sometimes be paid and much adulation acquired into the bargain—witness Ella Wheeler Wilcox—but it is at the price of artistic death.

There is the danger of giving the emotions too free rein, of producing, as Arthur Davison Ficke has said in a former number of THE LITTLE

Review, merely "an inarticulate cry of emotion" which moves us like "the crying of a child." Much of our sex poetry is of this type. On the other hand, there is the equally present danger of becoming over-intellectualized—of drying up and blowing away before the wind of human vitality. Edmund Clarence Stedman went that way. Then there is the danger of determined modernity, of resolutely setting out to be "vital" at all costs and crystallizing into mere frozen impetuosity, as Louis Untermeyer has done—and the other danger of dwelling professorially in the past with John Myers O'Hara. There is too the new danger of "cosmicality," of which John Alford amusingly accuses our American poets of to-day. And there are many, many other pitfalls that the unsuspecting poet must meet and bridge before he can hope to win to the heights of immortality.

But there seems to be a whole new set of dangers, especially virulent, that attend the writing of *vers libre,* free verse, polyrhythmics, or whatever else one may choose to call the free form so prevalent to-day. These dangers are inherent in the form itself and are directly traceable to it. For contrary to the general notion on the subject, it takes a better balanced intellect to write good *vers libre* than to write in the old verse forms. It is essentially an art for the sophisticated, and the tyro will do well to avoid it.

The first of these dangers, and the one in which all the others take root, is a very insidious peril, and few there be who escape it. It is the danger of being obvious.

In writing rhymed or even rhymeless poetry of a conventional rhythmical pattern the mind is constantly obliged to sift and sort the various images which present themselves—to test them, and turn them this way and that, as one does pieces in a mosaic, till they at last fit more or less perfectly into the pattern. This process, although it sometimes, owing to the physical formation of the language, distorts the poet's meaning a little, has the great artistic advantage of eliminating many casual first associations, which on careful thought are found not worth saying. It is precisely this winnowing, weighing process which the form of free verse lacks. Anything that comes to mind can be said at once, and with a little instinct for rhythm, is said. The result of this mental laziness is that the ideas expressed are often obvious.

But here a curious phenomenon of the human mind comes into play. Just as a physically lazy man will often perform great mental exertions to avoid moving, so the mind will frequently go to quite as great lengths to find unusual methods of expression to conceal, even from itself, this laziness of first thinking. The result is the attempt to cover with words the fundamental paucity of the ideas.

There are several principal effects which may result from this. One is brutality. A conception which, if spoken simply, is at once recognized as trite, may if said brutally enough pass muster as surprising and "strong."

A crude illustration of this is to be found in the recent war poetry of "mangled forms" and "gushing entrails." Ezra Pound furnishes the most perfect example. Another effect is the tendency to the grotesque. This device is more successful in deceiving the poet himself than the other, though it has less general appeal. For it is possible, by making a thing grotesque enough, to cover almost completely the underlying conception. Skipwith Cannéll runs this danger, along with lesser men. A third peril is that which besets some of the Imagistes—the danger of reducing the idea to a minimum and relying entirely on the sound and color of the words to carry the poem.

Still another result of the complete loosening of the reins possible in *vers libre* is the immediate enlargement of the ego. It is not so easy to see why this should result, but it almost invariably does, and has since the days of Whitman. It usually goes to-day with the effect of brutality. The universe divides itself at once into two portions, of which the poet is by far the greater half. "I"—"I"—"I" they say, and again "I"—"I"—"I." And having said it they appear to be vastly relieved.

The next step is to lay about them gallantly at every person or tendency that has ever annoyed them. "I have been abused" they say, "I have been neglected! You intolerable Philistines, I will get back at you!" It is odd that it never seems to occur to these young men that they can only hit those persons who read them, and that every person who reads them is at least a prospective friend. Those who neglect them they can never reach—and slapping one's friends is an unprofitable amusement.

Examples of these unfortunate spiritual results of abandoning oneself too recklessly to the free verse form are numerous. James Oppenheim's latest volume, *Songs for the New Age*—although it is in many ways an excellent work and deserves endorsement by all who really belong to the new age and are not merely accidentally alive to-day—nevertheless shows in places the tendency to obviousness and slack work.

More flagrant examples are to be found elsewhere. Take for instance Orrick Johns. Here are some stanzas from his long poem, *Second Avenue,* which took the prize in Mitchell Kennerley's *Lyric Year*:

"How often does the wild-bloom smell
  Over the mountained city reach
To hold the tawny boys in spell
  Or wake the aching girls to speech?

The clouds that drift across the sea
  And drift across the jagged line
Of mist-enshrouded masonry—
  Hast thou forgotten these are thine?

That drift across the jagged line
  Which you, my people, reared and built
To be a temple and a shrine
  for gods of iron and of gilt—

Aye, these are thine to heal thy heart,
To give thee back the thrill of Youth,
To seek therein the gold of Art,
And seek the broken shapes of Truth."

The same Orrick Johns wrote this blatant bit of free verse in *Poetry* a few months later. Both the pauctiy of ideas and the enlarged ego are very well shown here:

No man shall ever read me,
For I bring about in a gesture what they cannot fathom in a life;
Yet I tell Bob and Harry and Bill—
It costs me nothing to be kind;
If I am a generous adversary, be not deceived, neither be devoted—
It is because I despise you.
Yet if any man claim to be my peer I shall meet him,
For that man has an insolence that I like;
I am beholden to him.
I know the lightning when I see it,
And the toad when I see it. . . .
I warn all pretenders.

But to see the tendencies of which we have spoken in their most exaggerated form it is necessary to go to Ezra Pound, the young self-expatriated American who wails because "that ass, my country, has not employed me." His earlier work was clean-cut, sensitve poetry, some of it very beautiful. This for example:

PICCADILLY

Beautiful, tragical faces,
Ye that were whole, and are so sunken;
And, O ye vile, ye that might have been loved,
That are so sodden and drunken,
Who hath forgotten you?

O wistful, fragile faces, few out of many!

The gross, the coarse, the brazen,
God knows I cannot pity them, perhaps, as I should do,
But, oh, ye delicate, wistful faces,
Who hath forgotten you?

This, from *Blast,* the new English quarterly, is the latest from the same hand. The capitals are his own. The contrast needs no comment:

SALUTATION THE THIRD

Let us deride the smugness of "The Times":
GUFFAW!
So much the gagged reviewers,
It will pay them when the worms are wriggling in their vitals;
These were they who objected to newness,
HERE are their TOMB-STONES.

They supported the gag and the ring:
A little black BOX contains them.
SO shall you be also,
You slut-bellied obstructionist,
You sworn foe to free speech and good letters,
You fungus, you continuous gangrene.

. . . .

I have seen many who go about with supplications,
Afraid to say how they hate you
HERE is the taste of my BOOT,
CARESS it, lick off the BLACKING.

To attempt to lay the entire onus of so flagrant a spirtiual and cerebral degeneration to the writing of *vers libre* alone is of course impossible. But the tendency is clear. Fortunately, however, we are not all Ezra Pounds and there are still poets balanced enough to appreciate these dangers and to make of free verse the wonderful vehicle it can be in the hands of a genius.

Union

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(Translated from the original Bengali by Basanta Koomar Roy, author of "Rabindranath Tagore: The Poet and His Personality.")

Beloved, every part of my being craves for the corresponding part of yours. My heart is heavy with its own restlessness, and it yearns to fall senseless on yours.

My eyes linger on your eyes, and my lips long to attain salvation by losing their existence on your lips.

My thirsty heart is crying bitterly for the unveilment of your celestial form.

The heart is deep in the ocean of being, and I sit by the forbidding shore and moan for ever.

But to-night, beloved, I shall enter the mysteries of existence with a bosom heaving with love supreme, and my entire being shall find its eternal union in thine.

War, the Only Hygiene of the World

F. T. Marinetti

(Translated from the French by Anne Simon)

I want to explain to you the difference between Futurism and Anarchism.

Anarchism, denying the infinite principle of human evolution, suspends its impulse at the ideal threshold of universal peace, and before the stupid paradise of interlocked embraces in the open fields and midst the waving of palms.

We, the Futurists, on the contrary, affirm as one of our absolute principles the continuous growth and the unlimited physiological and intellectual progress of Man.

We aim beyond the hypothesis of the amicable fusion of the different races, and we admit the only possible hygiene of the World: War.

The distant goal of the anarchistic conception (a kind of sweet tenderness, sister to baseness) appears to us as an impure gangrene preluding the agony of the races.

The anarchists are satisfied in attacking the political, judicial, and economical branches of the social tree. We strive to do much more than that. We want to uproot and burn its very deepest roots; those that are planted in the brain of man, and are called:

Mania for order.

The desire for the least effort.

The fanatical adoration of the family.

The undue stress laid on sleep, and the repast at a fixed hour.

Cowardly acquiscence or quietism.

Love for the antique and the old.

The unwise preservation of everything that is wicked and sick.

The horror of the new.

Contempt for youth.

Contempt for rebellious minorities.

The veneration for time, for accumulated years, for the dead, and for the dying.

The instinctive need of laws, chains, and impediments.

Horror of violence.

Horror of the unknown and the new.

Fear of a total liberty.

Have you never seen an assemblage of young revolutionaries or anarchists? . . . *Eh bein*: there is no more discouraging spectacle.

You would observe that the urgent, immediate mania, in these red souls,

is to deprive themselves quickly of their vehement independence, to give the government of their party to the oldest of their number; that is to say, to the greatest opportunist, to the most prudent, in a word, to the one who having already acquired a little force, and a little authority, will be fatally interested in conserving the present state of things, in calming violence, in opposing all desire for adventure, for risk, and heroism.

This new president, while guiding them in the general discussion with apparent equity, shall lead them like sheep to the fold of his personal interest.

Do you still believe seriously in the usefulness or desirability of conventions of revolutionary spirits?

Content yourself then, with choosing a director, or, better still, a leader of discussion. Choose for that post the youngest amongst you, the least known, the least important; only his role must never supersede the simple distribution of the word, with an absolute equality of time that he shall control, the watch in his hand.

But that which digs the deepest ditch between the futuristic and anarchistic conception, is the great problem of love, with its great tyranny of sentiment and lust, from which we want to extricate humanity.

Genius-worship is the infallible sign of an uncreative age.—*Clive Bell.*

The least that the state can do is to protect people who have something to say that may cause a riot. What will not cause a riot is probably not worth saying.—*Clive Bell.*

Noise

George Burman Foster

There is a discovery, by no means pleasing or edifying, that the student makes as he broadly surveys the history of humanity. All the great turning-points of that history seem to be inwardly associated with violent upheavals and fearful revolutions. And of all these revolutions, it may be doubted whether history records any one on so large a scale as that which confronts us under the name of Christianity, in the transition from ancient to mediæval ecclesiastical culture. It was not a single Crucified One that gave Christianity the sacred symbol of its religion; unnumbered thousands—mostly slaves—breathed out their poor lives on martyrs' crosses. The old culture went down in rivers of blood—not too figuratively meant—and a new arose, or, better, was created. Now, what is true of this most important revolution of our antecedent cultural life is true also, in corresponding measure, of every new "becoming" in the history of peoples. No state, no church, no social form, has ever arisen but that the path of the new life has passed over ruins and graves.

Must this be so? Must it be eternally so? Is it a thing of historical inevitability, is it even a law of the very order of the world itself? The answer—first answer, at all events—is, Yes! To affirm itself, to persist as life,—this belongs as nothing else does to life's very nature. What newly arises negates what has already arisen. All that is living pronounces a sentence of death upon all that has been alive and that now sets itself against the new life. Accordingly, we are wont to call life a struggle for existence. Old Greeks coined a phrase, *Polemos pater panton*: war is the father of all things. The right to life is the right of the strong.

In view of these things, may we fairly raise the question as to whether there are exceptions to so universal a rule? Were we to set up a different right, would it not be the right of the weak? Would it not be to make the sick and the infirm masters over the well and the strong? Would it not be to preach a decadent morality as do all the pusillanimous and the hirelings who beg for the protection of their weakness because they do not have the strength to drive and force their way through life?

The man who, for a generation, has been called the prophet of a new culture, this *Friedrich Nietzsche,* is he not, then, precisely the apostle of this man of might and mastery, of ill-famed *Herrnmoral,* master's morality, especially? Napoleon, his Messiah—do you think? Did he not gloat and glory over the time when the wild roving *blonde Bestie* was still alive in the old Germans? Did he not worship the beast of prey, memorialize the murderer, stigmatize the morality of Christianity as a crime against life, because of its saying, Blessed are the poor and the sick, the peaceable and the meek?

JEROME S. BLUM, *The Trickster.*

STANISLAW SZUKALSKI. *The Orator.*

If, now, the word of this new prophet should make disciples, should even revolutionize the times, should we close our churches and stop our preaching, as the first thing to be done? For the churches preach goodness and love, not might and dominion; see in man child of God, not beast of prey.

If all this were a partisan matter—for or against Nietzsche—I would have nothing to do with it. To join in the damnatory fulminations against this man, or to advertise mitigating circumstances for his thought, and to re-interpret the whole from such a standpoint, until the whole should seem less brutal and less dangerous—to do either the one or the other is not for me, but for those polemicists and irenicists who are adding to the gayety of nations in these otherwise heartbreaking times, by the high debate as to whether Nietzsche be both the efficient and the final cause of our present world war. Not to defend Nietzsche, not to condemn him, but to wrestle for a firm, clear, moral view of life in our seething times, this alone is most worth while, and this too is my task.

But for all that, I do believe we must penetrate much, much deeper into this new prophet's spirit than either friend or foe has yet done, if we are to win from Nietzsche a deepening of our own and our time's moral view of life.

Would that we might forget, for a moment at least, all that partisan praise and blame have scraped together respecting this most modern of all philosophers; would that we might accompany him into the most hidden workshop of his own thoughts and hearken to the personal confessions of his wonderful soul! And what would we hear there? This preacher of crash and catastrophe and cataclysm, temporal and eternal, speaking of "thoughts which come with dove's feet and steer and pilot the world"; of "the stillest hours which bring the storm." Zarathustra-Nietzsche hears the *Höllenlarm*, the hellish alarum, that men make in life, that life itself makes ; he observes how men lend their ears to this noise, how they are frightened by it, or exult over it, how they think that the truth is the truer where the noise is the louder, how the howling of the storm signifies to men that something good and great must be taking place, some great event of history must be under way. Then Nietzsche sets himself like a flint against this evaluation of things: "The greatest experiences, these are not our noisiest, but our stillest hours. It is not around the inventor of new noise, it is around the inventor of new values that the world revolves, inaudibly revolves." I speak for myself alone, but these are words, Nietzsche words, for which I would gladly sacrifice whole volumes of moral and theological works. These words sharpen the eye and the ear for life-values which the majority of men today pass by—pass by more heedlessly perhaps than ever. These great words supply us with a criterion for the evaluation of questions of the moral life, a criterion that no one will cast aside who once comes to see what it means. It is a criterion without which we do not yet comprehend

life in its depths, because we so constantly contemplate things from a false angle of vision. Something of the men who are carried away by "hellish alarum" lives in all of us. Let there be stillness without, and we think that there is nothing going on. Let nature peal and groan outside there, so that all gigantic forces seem to be released; then we have respect for her, we discern in such over-power even a divine creative force or a divine destructive will. Let people collide, the earth quake from thunder of cannon, and we signalize such a day in our history, pass it down from child to child, and we call such and such a battle a world-historical event.

But we forget the best. A blustering and brewing pervades nature when Spring comes over the land to conquer Winter. When we hear the conflict we cry: "Spring has come!" Not so. The true, genuine Spring-life, nascent underneath the fury, makes no noise at all, weaves away inaudibly, invisibly, in tiny seeds, and conceals in itself the noiseless new germs of life.

Thomas Carlyle, though a trifle noisy himself at times, could finely write: "Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule." Wordsworth, not unmindful of

> "The silence that is in the starry sky"

yet, gazing on the earth about him, sang

> "No sound is uttered,—but a deep
> And solemn harmony pervades
> The hollow vale from steep to steep
> And penetrates the glades."

And for Longfellow there is

> "Hoeder, the blind old god
> Whose feet are shod with silence."

But the chief study of mankind is still man, not nature and the gods. Man's silences! Yes, amid the smoke of powder and clink of swords, peoples slash each other; and the men who make such uproar the people call great. But the might and work of a people are to be found in that quiet heroism, of which no one can discern anything outwardly—that quiet heroism to which no one can unveil monuments in our cities. It is the inaudible battles of the heart that this heroism fights; and the quieter it is, the more gloriously it shines. Men with big voices and mighty lungs we hear. Their words excite, move to tears, arouse boisterous and voluble antagonisms. These who assemble about them such billowy mobs, we are tempted to think that they are the leading spirits, that a vast power must live in them, since they are so able to move inert men. But another prophet,

modern also, has said to these bawlers in market places: "Do you think that he who stirs up scandal moves the world?" Nothing easier than to start a scandal! Also, nothing jollier for numerous men, to say nothing of women. But scandal is a roaring in the ears. It does not reach the heart. It irritates, over-irritates the nerves. It creates no blessings, no life. A tiny word that sinks down into the deep of the soul, and quietly does its work there of germinating and sprouting—this means infinitely more for the world than the "alarum" of all the professional and unprofessional bawlers. Deep rivers make least din. Light cares speak; mighty griefs are dumb. A heart must be profane indeed, in which there is nothing sacred to silence and the solemn sea. Once more, to quote Carlyle: "Under all speech that is good for anything lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time."

It were well to begin at home, and learn to evaluate experience aright in our own being. There are moments in our lives when everything that we encounter disconcerts us; nay, when our whole being seems to be off the hinges, out of joint. Pain plows up our innermost selves. We could shriek from heartbreak and woe. We stand there undone. And men who see us and hear us moaning so piteously, groaning so painfully, have the feeling: "No pain like this!" But how mistaken they are! For there is a cry of the soul, heard of no one, more painful than all that can be pitied or lamented. There are labors and battles of the soul wherein nothing is hammered and driven, and yet *something new* is formed. It is never so still in a man as when he makes up his mind to have done inwardly with some experience. As long as there is foaming and blustering within, we accomplish nothing. True work tolerates no tempest. We must be still. And when old values are broken, when we must lead life to new goals, the quiet hour must come in which a divine child of the spirit is conceived by the holy spirit; and the brightest light which we can kindle within will burn so quietly and clearly that no cloud of smoke shall ascend therefrom, and there shall be no flickering to bear witness of contact with the restless world. "There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone."

Behold, then, this Nietzsche, who flees all "alarum" and execrates all din as a falsification of the moral values of life; who lives preferably thousands of feet above the world there below, who lingers on the loftiest lands of life whither no whirring rattle of the day could rise! Could this Nietzsche find joy in men mauling and making a mess of each other? Could this Nietzsche preach a culture in which battalions in uniform should line up against those in blouse to see who knew best how to deal the deadly blow? Could he gloat over the field where the thunder of battle thundered the loudest? "Inventor" Krupp's "new noise"—would that appeal to Nietzsche who wanted all silent save the dripping rain, and who worshipped sunshine alone? One might answer these questions in the light of one's own experi-

ence. Let us suppose that we comprehend the meaning of the *stillsten Stunden,* the quietest hours, and the worth of those great happenings of which nothing reaches the newspapers, and which no *avant-coureur* trumpets. Tell me, could we then detect even the slightest inclination to be our own heralds, and to sacrifice our quietest hours to the gaping and squabbling of men? Men—so the old gospels say—ought not to cast their pearls before swine, or give that which is holy to the dogs. But what is pearl, what is holy, if not what the Nietzschean still hour contains and produces? There is something so tender and beautiful in that hour that we shrink from expressing it, from translating it into thought, lest word and thought tincture its best perfume. Silence is sweeter than speech, more musical than song. Whoever has a deep in himself into which he alone descends and penetrates, a *plus* of his life that remains after we have known and weighed all his words and deeds, protects this deep and this *plus* from everything that could make a noise, from all mere words, from all intrusive and obtrusive tittle-tattle. *Sich eine Oberfläche anheucheln,* to feign a surface, to wear a mask, this is the original and fine insight into such psychology. Man envelops himself in unneighborliness, not to hold haughtily other men away from him, but to save himself from them, so that they may not clumsily finger some pearl which could not stand so rude a touch. Why speak in parables? Because it is not given unto them to know the mystery of the kingdom, said the Nazarene. Parables were a protecting shell encasing the most intimate kernel, which ignorance or awkwardness might otherwise corrupt or destroy. Nietzsche and the Nazarene held a deep and a *plus* so uniquely their own that they intentionally sought, not to be understood, but to be misunderstood, with reference thereto.

Yes, there is a "surface" which only the man knows and uses who bears about a deep in his own being. There, hypocrisy becomes a protection of truthfulness; surface a protection of depth. Whoever "feigns such surface," wears such mask, is infinitely more honest and veracious than he who has no silence in his deep which cannot be speech on his tongue—a speech which is often only motions and noises of the tongue of him who pries curiously into what he is inwardly incompetent to understand, or offers a superficial and voluble sympathy for griefs of which he is as innocent as a babe unborn, or a jaunty appreciation of values and verities and virtues for which he has never sweat even a drop of blood. To wear a mask, to lie, lie, lie,—that is the *truth* of the soul as it hides its treasures and its sanctities from vulgarity and volubility!

'The suitor of *truth?* Thou?' Thus they mocked.
'Nay! Merely a poet!
An animal, a cunning, preying, stealing one,
Which must lie,
Which must lie, consciously, voluntarily,
Longing for prey,

Disguised in many colours,
A mask unto itself,
A prey unto itself.
That—the suitor of truth?
Only a fool! a poet!
Only a speaker in many colours
Speaking in many colours out of fools' masks,
Stalking about on deceitful word bridges,
On deceitful rain-bows,
Between false heavens
Wandering, stealing about—
Only a fool! a poet!
(*Italics* mine.)

Thus, it is the Deep, the Unique, the Abyss within, that is the great Isolator. Nietzsche was indeed "the eagle that long, long gazeth benumbed into abysses, into *its own* abysses!"

And he spoke in parables. Give heed—so Zarathustra counsels his disciples—to the times when your spirits speak in parables, for in these times is the origin of your virtue.

I said I would not vindicate Nietzsche. But what if his deification of force-humanity, of master-humanity, were *Oberfläche,* "surface," mask, which he "feigned" or wore, in order to protect his pearls from sows, his holy of holies from hounds? What if *this*—scandalizing the scandalous!—were but picture and parable which Nietzsche flaunted to the people that they might wreak their vengeance thereupon? And the parable is so pertinently chosen that it says everything to men of sense and seriousness, hides everything from fools; that the pearls can be recognized if right eyes behold, but protectingly concealed from rude eyes and awkward hands.

Of course, Nietzsche was a homicide! So must we be! If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; if thy right hand offend thee, hew it off, and cast it from thee. And there are things more offensive than an eye or a hand! These are the weaknesses which we pamper and grow in ourselves: thought-lessness which we wink at; old pet habits which have come to be just too dear for anything, especially for us to knife; above all, sickly sentiments, self-pity, from which even all our joys cannot rescue us—so that we do not have the courage to join those warriors who turn their weapons against their own selves, and to swear an *"I will,"* that is hard as steel, against all these softnesses and humors and self-commiserations. Surely, it were well to be force-men, master-men, so that we would not coddle our impotency or carry on a pleasure-pain play with our weakness.

Yes, in these "stillest hours" there is also a "still" homicide and interment, a plucking out and a hacking off, and the warrior-hero does not betray the least pathos as he does this—there is no plaintive note in his voice. The greatest thing about the dying Socrates, sipping away at his cup of hemlock,

was the total absence of pathos and self-pity. Ah, if we but took half the pains to marshal forces of will in ourselves, that we now devote to conserving our weak wills, and to adducing all sorts of plausible reasons for their impuissance! If we but actually learned *Herrenmoral,* master-mortality, that were indeed masterful and understood mastership! We are called to be masters by our creator, not only masters of the earth, but also masters of the spirit. And mastership is a great sacred thing, which we ought to learn from world-masters. We ought to be hammers in life and not anvils. The great calamity among men is that they shrink from being hammers, and call the virtue of the anvil that lets itself be struck by the name of "patience."

It is just not true that Christianity abhors master-morality and preaches a *Schlavenmoral,* a slave-morality. Yes it *is* true of the cowardly and inert thing that men call Christianity, this religion of the study-chair and the barracks which can make use of no master, because it summons just those powers to rule whose whole strength consists only in the weakness of others. But there *is* a Christianity which has been outright mighty force, outright master-instinct, this kingly Christianity, in whose presence a Pilate, and a Herod, with the entire host of their war-slaves, were feeble folk indeed; a Christianity of love and gentleness and meekness,—aye, aye, sir! But one can have gentleness in the heart,—and yet lay on with a club! That was indeed master-morality when the Son of Man made himself master of the Sabbath; when he with a whip of cords scourged the money-changers and mammonists out of the Temple! That was a force-man and a master-man who hurled his, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" against the weak heart of Peter.

How would it do for our churches to have a new festival, a festival of "the stillest hour," memorializing the "invention of new values, around which the world revolves, noiselessly revolves"? Noises enough, often enough *Höllenlarm,* have there been in our churches, are yet, God knows! But it is not noise that rules the world. It is stillness which ultimately is the spiritual and moral might of the men who will possess the kingdom of earth. What if even the history of peoples "feigns a surface," wears a mask, for those who having eyes see not, having ears hear not? What if men mistake *Höllenlarm* for messages of great occurrences in history, and on this account hold themselves aloof from those phenomena and experiences in which *something new,* a life of the heart, presses on to its birth-hour? Yet the human race will not always need or require noise and masks as its history rolls on. The more men kill what is really worthy of death, the less will they set out to kill each other. The more powerfully the will becomes conscious of its calling to master, the more strenuously men strive after greatness, human greatness, the more ridiculous will it come to seem to them in the course of time that the force of man should be sought in the force of his muscles, the mastership of man in the hoarded prerogative of powder

and lead. The day will yet come—as come it shall—when we will estimate our life, not according to its noisiest, but according to its stillest hours. And then a great and pure life will be created by what is done in the heart of man.

The Birth of a Poem

(*Translated from the Russian of Maximilian Voloshin by A. S. K.*)

In my soul is a fragrant dusk of coming thunder...
Heat-lightnings coil there like blue-birds...
Lighted windows burn...
And fibres, long,
Slow-singing,
Grow in the gloom...
O the odor of flowers that reaches a scream!
Lo! lightning in a white zig-zag...
And at once all became bright and great...
How radiant is the night!
Words dance, then flash in couples
In an enamored harmony.
Out of the womb of consciousness, from the bottom of the labyrinth—
Visions crowd in a quailing host. . .
And the verse blossoms into a hyacinth-flower,
Cold, fragrant, white.

Editorials

Why Socialists Went to War

WE have listened with much interest to the excuses for the German Socialists who went to war, as well as to the attacks on them for doing so. Now, though hesitating to obtrude our ignorance into the muddle of a complicated discussion, we can't refrain from offering a suggestion.

The bottom reason for sudden activity under the stress of unusual circumstances is to be found, not in a conscious mental decision, but in the previously-formed habits of the individual mind. We are referring partly to the mob-emotion which has swept away so many even of the greatest souls of Europe. We are thinking more of the essence of Socialism, and the sort of emotional method which has been produced among its adherents—the material upon which mob-psychology had to work.

There is no essential difference between the method of German Imperialism and the method of German Socialism; the only difference lies in the objectives. Both insist on the supreme importance of the state, both work through cohesive organizatoin and the almost unquestioning following of leaders. The habit of obedience, the instinct for organization, the gregarious mode of action—these are the very qualities of the individual German which have made it possible for the German Social Democratic Party to grow to such size and strength. What more ineviatble, when the mobilization order went up, when flags flew and drums beat, than that the individual German Socialist should in his excitement shoulder his gun and march to war?

Of course, we don't really know anything about it, and we haven't the resources to make anything like a scientific investigation. But we strongly suspect that the morals of organized humanity will remain inferior to the morals of the individual until the individual habit of mind becomes one which denies to organized humanity supreme authority over the will. G. H. S.

Even Galsworthy!

IN *Scribner's Magazine* for November, Mr. Galsworthy has a stunning article on the War. And then at its close:—"Your Prussian supermen of Nietzsche's cult . . . !"

Another New Poet

MR. SCHARMEL IRIS is a young Italian poet, born in Florence, who at the tender age of ten, and later, was praised by Ruskin, Swinburne, Francis Thompson, Edmund Gosse, and other men who may be assumed to know what good poetry is. Ruskin wrote: "He is a youth of genius and his poems are marvelously beautiful. His heart has felt the pathos of life and he has set this pathos to music." Swinburne said: "He writes with imaginative ardor, and impassioned is the word which best illustrates his utterance. He is genuine and sincere, and his lovely poems display energy of emotion and a true sense of poetic restraint" Thompson was more superlative: "I believe Scharmel Iris to be a poet of the first rank," he stated. "His poems are sublime in conception, rich in splendid imagery, full of remarkable metaphors and new figures, and musical in expression." Of course it has been difficult for a young man of such talent to find a publisher or a public; but at last a volume of his work is to be brought out by the Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company. The book will be called *Lyrics of a Lad,* and will be ready about Christmas time. Beside a preface by Maurice Francis Egan and an interesting title-page decoration by Michele Greco, it will have a frontispiece portrait by Eugene R. Hutchinson, the photographer who should never be referred to by any noun except "artist." Personally, we love Mr. Iris's work; we use the verb thoughtfully, because his poetry is not merely the sort which interests or attracts; it remains in your mind as part of that art treasure-house which is your religion and your life.

Prizes for Poetry

AN INTERESTING announcement comes from *Poetry* in regard to two prize offers. One—the Helen Haire Levinson prize of two hundred dollars for the best poetry by a citizen of the United States published in the magazine during its second year—has been awarded to Mr. Carl Sandburg for his *Chicago Poems.* This is a particularly gratifying decision, for Mr. Sandburg's is a new voice which must be reckoned with in American poetic production. The second is a one hundred dollar offer for the best war or peace poem on the present European situation, and has been given to Miss Louise Driscoll of Catskill, New York, for a poem called *Metal Checks,* which appears in the November issue.

My Friend, the Incurable

At dusk I pass an ugly red building with shrieking fat black letters on its façade—Home for Incurables. Shrill grass, narcotic carnations, hazy figures in rocking chairs and on the balconies, melting in the liquid gold of autumn twilight—a harmony of discord that screams for the spiritual brush of Kandinsky. There are no signs of pain or grief on the faces of the doomed: a profound calmness they bear, a resolute quiescence, reminding us of Dante after he had seen hell or of Andreyev's resurrected Lazarus. "To be sure, they are quite happy," explained the obliging Doctor. "These men and women have come to be free of struggles, of doubts, and of the anguish of hopes. The knowledge of their fate, the ultimate, irrevocable truth, is a relieving balm for the tired spirits—nay, even for the hopeless bodies, for as soon as they cease fighting their disease they learn to adapt themselves to that disease, to consider it an inseparable part of their existence. I can show you a number of patients who are actually in love with their affliction, who would resent the idea of being turned normal. Look at the hilarious face of that fellow yonder at the fountain; he is intoxicated with sunset, and appears to be the happiest of mortals, despite his terrible disease. A queer case, an un-American case."

The doctor uttered a fearful Latin term and told me the history of that patient. A European, he has been for many years afflicted with something like "sentimentalomania," a peculiarly Continental ailment. Skilful physicians had tried in vain to cure him; change of climate and environment had been of no avail: even in Siberian tundras and in foggy London his disposition remained unaltered. In despair he went to Berlin, where, he was advised, the gravest case of sentimentality would be annihilated; the reaction proved almost fatal, for the Spree and the *Sieges Allee* made such a nauseating impression upon the poor fellow that his illness was complicated by a severe outbreak of Germanophobia. As a last resort, the famous specialist, Herr Dr. Von Bierueberalles, bade him taste the influence of the sanest atmosphere on earth, that of the States. When even the harshest and most practical American treatment had failed to knock out the unfortunate's folly, he was pronounced hopeless and offered a place among the incurables, which offer he willingly accepted, and acquiesced. He has since become accustomed to his disease and bears it rather with defiant joy.

At times, when I seek relief from practical values and sane standards, I come to have a chat with my friend, the Incurable. Henceforth he will have the floor.

With whom do I side in the War? Why, of course, with Germany! Perhaps my attitude shows that I have not been completely cured from the

Prussophobia that I had contracted in Berlin; as it is, I sincerely wish to see the German boot victorious on the whole continent and over the mouldy Britons, a rude, dreamless, wingless Napoleon brooding over old napping Europe. Picture the ruined cathedrals of Belgium and France "restored" into comfortable barracks for the braves of the Fatherland; picture the boulevards of Paris and Brusselles, the quays of the Neva and the Thames, ornated with the statues of the most Christian Wilhelm and of his illustrious ancestors down to the Great Elector of Brandenburg; picture the excellent *Schutzman* reigning supreme, physically and spiritually, from Vladivostock to Glasgow,—think what an abyss of hatred, of stirring electrifying hatred will arise among the rotting nations, and out of hatred self consciousness, endeavors, cravings, to be crystallized in torrents of new art creations! As for Germany, I have no fear for the duration of her hegemony; she will undoubtedly choke from indigestion. But oh, how I dread the reverse outcome! The victory of the Allies will push Progress a century backward; it will strengthen the tottering absolutism in Russia; it will swell the piggish arrogance of the French bourgeois; it will augment the insular hypocricity of the English Philistine; it will still more, if it is possible, vulgarize international diplomacy and greed, arousing the appetites of the so-called Democracies.

Democracy—who was it that recently stated with charming aplomb that "Individualism and democracy are synonymous terms?" Yes, I recall: it came from the pen of the author of *Incense and Splendor* and *To the Innermost.* I confess this statement, especially when considering its authorship, came to me as a revelation. To me the word "democracy," as many another beautiful word, has lost its original lofty meaning and has come to rhyme with mediocrity, with the strangling of the Few of the Mountain by the Many of the Valley. Could you name many great things that the most democratized countries, like America and Switzerland, have produced outside of Schweitzer-cheese and Victrolas? Has there ever been a great individualist who appeared as a child of his age, as an outgrowth and a reflection of a democracy? I do not know of such instances. Of course, I grant that the writer of that statement put into the word "Democracy" a higher, a more idealistic meaning. Words, like music, like practically every medium of art, express the author's personality, and, provided he is an artist, he binds us to share his interpretation. Take, for example, that popular song, *"Oh, You Beautiful Doll";* apparently there is nothing tragic in it, yet my emotions were stirred when I heard its French interpretation by Olga Petrova (it was before the kind American entrepreneurs had forced her to perform stunts in Panthea). She had managed to put so much sorrow and tenderness into *"O Ma Grande Belle Poupée!"* that one forgot the triteness of the words and felt gripping sadness. Or take a less vulgar illustration—Gertrude Stein's *Tender Buttons.** It is an exquisite little thing in cream covers, with

**Tender Buttons,* by Gertrude Stein [Claire Marie, New York].

a green moon in the center, implying the yolk of an egg with which "something is the matter," and it gave me rare pleasure to witness the first attempt to revolutionize the most obsolete and inflexible medium of Art—words. The author has endeavored to use language in the same way as Kandinsky uses his colors: to discard conventional structure, to eliminate understandable figures and forms, and to create a "spiritual harmony," leaving to the layman the task of discovering the *"innerer Klang."* Both iconoclasts have admirably succeeded; both the "Improvisations" and the little "essays" on roast-beef and seltzer-bottles have given me the great joy of cocreating, allowing me to interpret them in my own autonomous way. Says the Painter:*

> The apt use of a word, repetition of this word, twice, three times or even more frequently, will not only tend to intensify the inner harmony but also to bring to light unsuspected spiritual properties of the word itself. Further than that, frequent repetition of a word deprives the word of its original external meaning.

Gertrude Stein has beautifully followed this recipe. Words, plain every-day words, have lost their "external meaning" under her skilful manipulation, and in their grotesque arrangement, frequent repetition, and intentional incoherence they have come to serve as quaint ephemeral sounds of a suggestive symphony, or, if you please, cacophony. The *Tender Buttons* arouse in the sympathetic reader a limitless amount of moods, from scherzo to maestoso. I shall recall for you a few lines of one peculiar motive:

(From *A Substance in a Cushion.*)

What is the use of a violent kind of delightfulness if there is no pleasure in not getting tired of it.

(From *Red Roses.*)

A cool red rose and a pink cut pink, a collapse and a sole hole, a little less hot.

Aider, why aider why whow, whow stop touch, aider whow, aider stop the muncher, muncher munchers.

(From *Breakfast.*)

What is a loving tongue and pepper and more fish than there is when tears many tears are necessary.

Why is there more craving than there is in a mountain....Why is there so much useless suffering. Why is there.

Do you not feel the deep melancholy underlying these incongruities? I could quote places that would bring you into a totally different mood, most hilarious at times. These "exaggerated cranberries," to paraphrase an expression of one of my incurable colleagues, should be chanted to the music of another great iconoclast, Schoenberg. But I observe an indulgent sneer on your face. Of course, I am an Incurable—*Adieu!*

IBN GABIROL.

**The Art of Spiritual Harmony,* by W. Kandinsky [Houghton Mifflin, Boston].

London Letter

E. Buxton Shanks

London, Sept. 11, 1914.

We are all soldiers now and literature, for the time, has disappeared. The publishing business is at a standstill, reviews are cutting down their size, and all the best poets are sedulously learning to form fours in the squares of London. It is, by itself, a remarkable thing, which will have an effect on all of us when the war stops and we begin to write again. To leave your pens and paper, to know that you have before you in the day, not an endless struggle with rhythm, rhyme, and editors, but a few hours' drilling that is laborious and terminable—it is a rousing experience for a poet, mentally as well as physically.

Meanwhile the literary result of the war is nothing but disastrous. All our more or less "official" poets—Mr. Bridges, Mr. Newbolt, Mr. Binyon, Mr. Watson, Mr. Phillips, and so on—have come forward with amazing arrays of abstract nouns. Mr. Bridges, who is almost the worst as well as almost the best of living poets, printed a copy of verses in *The Times* which rhymed far less often than is proper in a ceremonial piece and ended thus:

> Up, careless, awake!
> Ye peacemakers, fight!
> ENGLAND STANDS FOR HONOUR:
> GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT.

Mr. William Watson has been prodigal of poetry and has reached his highest level in a poem which contains the following singular lines:—

> We bit them in the Bight,
> The Bight of Heligoland.

It is a very sad business These gentlemen have retired to their studies, determined to feel what is proper, and they come out having done their best; but they will be heartily ashamed of it—I hope—in a few months. Unfortunately, Mr. John Lane has collected their verses in a volume and is selling their shame for charity. Three good poems have come out of the welter, one by Mr. G. K. Chesterton—*The Wife of Flanders,* a very fine composition—and two by Mr. De La Mare.

The trouble is that a poet does not feel war fever very acutely in a general sense. Patriotic poetry is nearly always bad. If there is a worthy reference to the Armada in Elizabethan poetry, it has escaped me; and the English resistance to Napoleon has never been a very happy subject for English writers. The good poetry that is provoked by war is of a different

character: it is personal, visual, and concrete. It never expresses any general aspect of war, but only such subjects as have been personally observed and felt by the poet. I would give as instances Rudyard Kipling and the German poet Liliencron, both of whom have written well about soldiers and fighting, but foolishly about War and Patriotism.

Yet any poet going about the streets today must see and feel a quantity of poetical things. A week or so ago, I saw an endless baggage-train belonging to the artillery, as it passed through Barnet. It had come from Worcester, commandeering horses and wagons on the way; it was going to Brentwood and thence—God knows! It was very long and uneven—the carts had bakers' and butchers' names on them—the horses were ridden with halters and sacks for saddles—the men were tired and dishevelled. I spoke to one of them who was watering his horse at a trough, offered to bring him beer from a public-house close by; but someone had given him tea farther back on the road and he would rot. He thanked me and rode away, drooping very much over his horse's neck. It was all a poem in itself or it gave me the emotions of a poem, because it had none of the conventional glitter of war. It was poetical because it was business-like, just as our khaki service uniforms are more beautiful than the bright clothes the troops wear in peace.

If the war-poets would confine themselves to real and tangible things like this, they might well express the experience through which we are now passing. But they seem unhappily obsessed with the idea of expressing an obstreperous valour and self-confidence and bluster which the nation is very far from feeling. The nation, so far as I can gauge it, is showing an obstinate, workmanlike silence and does not either make light of, or grumble at, the hardships it has to suffer: the baggage-train of which I have spoken was a very adequate symbol of this. But no one is ever so greatly out of touch with the people as a popular poet.

At the beginning of the war, the musical in London were shocked by an announcement that no German or Austrian music would be played at the famous Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts. We were naturally a little upset, as we depend on these performances for solid and regular entertainment: and it seemed hard and unnecessary to renounce Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, and even Schönberg. Luckily good sense and humour killed the absurd idea, but not before a French and Russian programme had been substituted for the first Wagner night. Now, much as I shrink from the thought of having to hear Tschaikowsky instead of Wagner, I do believe that we have a cause for national resentment against the second of these composers. His ridiculous and windy prose-works have been among the writings which have provoked the war. With Nietzsche, and with the renegade Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, he has encouraged the notion that there is a special Teutonic culture which is superior to any other

and which deserves to be spread at any cost. Such an idea has never appealed to the true Germans (e. g., Goethe, who knew what he owed to France and England), but it has been useful to the Prussian soldiers, who have debased and vulgarized true German culture. Perhaps I am exceeding the duties of a London letter-writer and becoming an advocate; but I think I am giving you an accurate account of the feelings of those here who admire German poetry and music. I am not a Chauvinist in art—few people are. I read Goethe impenitently in the public trains and trams, to the disgust of my neighbours, and I continue to sing German songs, a little out of tune: unless my Territorial uniform is served out to me very soon, I shall probably be arrested as a spy.

New York Letter

GEORGE SOULE

Some years ago a good woman, who would like to be foster-mother to all struggling heroes, was sitting at midnight in her down-town flat. Suddenly there was a noise at the front door, someone leapt up the staircases two steps at a time, and rushed into her room shouting "I've got it! I've got it!" She turned around and saw the dark face of a young actor, shining with excitement. He immediately burst into a superb interpretation of a passage from *Hamlet*. He had been working over it for two weeks without being able to satisfy himself, but it had come to him that evening. He could not wait to let his good friend know, had jumped on an elevated train, and after being carried two stations too far in his elation, was there with his prize.

No, this is not the beginning of a magazine story, nor is it a passage from the biography of a deceased European celebrity. It is the simple truth about a young American dramatist who is known only to a few;—and he is of New England stock!

Later the young Hamlet, having completed his acting apprenticeship, began to write, and went into the real estate business to support himself. Nobody wanted his plays; they were too "highbrow." So he began to build a theatre of his own. The managers' trust put every difficulty in his way, and finally, when the building was nearly done and the company was engaged, succeeded in crushing him. The next attempt was a repertory company on the East side, but this wiped out what little was left of his

resources before it got fairly started. One play was produced on Broadway;—it ran two weeks. Last year another was rehearsed for nine weeks, but it was withdrawn on the day of the dress rehearsal, because the author refused to make a change insisted on by the manager. Now the writer has retired to his farm in the Connecticut hills, where he and a companion have with their own hands built a little theatre. In this, on Sunday afternoons during the summer, he reads from his fifteen manuscript plays to such few people as can get there to hear him. And as he reads, there is on his face much the same enthusiasm as on the night years ago when he got his passage from *Hamlet*.

I visited Butler Davenport for the third time last Sunday. The main house is a rambling mid-Victorian affair, with queer crannies and cupola rooms from which one can look far across the hills to the Sound. On its left is an old farmhouse of the eighteenth century, furnished as Mr. Butler's grandfather left it, and with a musty smell which no old-furniture shop could counterfeit. Between the two is an old-fashioned garden, in midsummer filled with larkspur, cosmos, and a hundred other flowers which few but our grandmothers could name. At the intersection of walks at its center is a crab-apple tree, surrounded by a bench. A formal garden with high, thick cedar hedges, bird-houses, unsuspected grass walks and an avenue of woodbine arches lies on the other side of the main house. In the rear, stretching out towards the wide valley, is a long, hedged walk ending in an arch, between fields of wild flowers. Down it one could go to any kind of distant mystery.

The theatre is a simple, strong little building behind the old farmhouse. Its most expert bit of carpentry is the balcony, but that is, of course, unpretentious. The seats are ordinary kitchen chairs, and there is nothing on the stage but a reading desk. But the luxury of sitting between wide-open doors in the hill-breeze, full of grass odors and wing sounds, is better than the comfort of plush seats and much gilded fresco.

This time, however, as there were only four of us, we sat out under an apple tree. Except for a moment when a tragic passage was interrupted to shoo away a loud-voiced and ill-mannered hen, it was the most nearly perfect theatre I have known.

And the play? It is impossible to do more than hint at the nature of unpublished plays. This one dealt with the "white slave" question, but in a way infinitely superior to the melodrama of *The Lure* or *The Fight*. There was another, of subtler treatment, called *Deferred Payment,* showing the natural retribution seeking out a man who looked for everything in a woman except companionship. *Keeping Up Appearances*—the one actually produced—pictures a middle-class family engaged in a tragic struggle with the pocket book on account of the false ideals of the community. *Justice,* written before Galsworthy's play of the same name, draws a parallel between

C. RAYMOND JOHNSON.

CHRISTIAN ABRAHAMSEN. *A Clearing in Northern Wiscor*

society's persecution of a woman who is consecrated to a fine love without marriage, and society's punishment of the unfortunate victims of prostitution. Mr. Davenport's best work is in *The Importance of Coming and Going,* a satirical tragi-comedy which contrasts the exaggerated emphasis we lay on death with the casual way we regard birth. When a person who never should have come into the world leaves it, perhaps gladly, we weep copiously and buy showy funerals; but mothers let their daughters marry any kind of man of wealth or position, without giving them any insight into the mysteries of birth.

Mr. Davenport's plays do not rank with Ibsen's or even with Galsworthy's. But thousands of worse plays have been produced and have succeeded—simply because they contained no ideas. Mr. Davenport is master of a technique which would make it easy for him to write a popular success if he did not insist on saying something. One manager has told him that he is ten years ahead of his time, but that if he were only European his work could be produced. A publisher wrote him that his plays could be issued in book form if he were only well-known. Mr. Davenport's question, "My dear Mr. ———, how am I to become well known?" has not elicited a reply.

This man's spirit will remain just as eager and strong as when he began; he may get before the public eventually. Even this year hopeful new plans are under way. But whether he ever succeeds or not, he will have found in life a thousand times more than the obtuse millions who are deaf to him. It would be an insult to offer him sympathy.

And it would be stupid to place final blame on the managers or the publishers, or to think that such things as drama leagues can furnish a fundamental remedy for the apathy of the public. The whole structure of society must be altered, and the quality of the individual human spirit must be quickened, before our leaders can find any adequate reaction in the crowds. We have denied ourselves the artistic stimulus of a cohesive aristocracy. How shall we vitalize our democracy?

If they (men) were books, I would not read them.—*Goethe.*

Some people term a book poor and unreal because it happens to be outside the reality with which they themselves happen to be acquainted—a reality which is to actual reality what a duck-pond is to the ocean.—*George Brandes.*

The Theatre

Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet

(*Blackstone Theatre*)

One of the noblest things I have ever seen on the stage—or ever expect to see—is the Hamlet of Forbes-Robertson. The poet, the scholar, the philosopher, the great gentleman, the lover, the brilliant talker, the anguished boy—they are all there in the tall man in black with the graven face and the wonderful hands and the voice of surpassing richnesses—the tall, graceful, impetuous, humorous, agonized man in black who reads Shakespeare as if he were improvising and makes a true and charming human being out of a character that has had the misfortune to become a problem. "And please observe," writes Bernard Shaw, "that this is not a cold Hamlet. He is none of your logicians who reason their way through the world because they cannot feel their way through it; his intellect is the organ of his passion; his eternal self-criticism is as alive and thrilling as it can possibly be." His moment of expiation, alone at the back of the stage, with his arms raised to the vaulted heavens; and his gallant last moment on the throne with its single silver sentence, "The rest is silence"—these things are too moving to be articulate about. Richard Le Gallienne has expressed it all as well as it can be done: "All my life I seem to have been asking my friends, those I loved best, those who valued the dearest, the kindest, the greatest, and the strongest, in our strange human life, to come with me and see Forbes-Robertson die in *Hamlet.* I asked them because, as that strange young dead king sat upon his throne, there was something, whatever it meant—death, life, immortality, what you will—of a surpassing loneliness, something transfiguring the poor passing moment of trivial, brutal murder into a beauty to which it was quite natural that that stern Northern warrior, with his winged helmet, should bend the knee. I would not exchange anything I have ever read or seen for Forbes-Robertson as he sits there so still and starlit upon the throne of Denmark." M. C. A.

"The Yellow Ticket"

(*Powers' Theatre*)

A bleeding chunk of reality is not art, but it is a bleeding chunk of reality; your aesthetic emotions may sleep at the sight of a tortured animal, but your humane emotions will roll up to your throat when you witness the simple tragedy of a Jewish girl in St. Petersburg, presented in Michael Morton's play, *The Yellow Ticket.* To me such a realistic play in such a realistic

presentation has as little to do with dramatic art as a reporter's story has to do with literature; but I brushed aside my memories of Rheinhardt and Komissarzhevskaya when I went to see a piece of Russian life at Powers'. And I saw it indeed—real, nude, appalling.

Some of my acquaintances have asked me whether the tragedy could be true, whether a Jewish girl has no right to live in St. Petersburg, unless she has bought her protection from the police by selling her reputation—that is by procuring a yellow ticket, the trade-licence of a prostitute. Yes, it is true. A Jew is forbidden to abide outside the Pale of Settlement, with the exception of certain merchants and persons of a university education, and prostitutes. The latter form the most desirable element in the eyes of government officials, since their occupation does not generally presuppose any predilections for revolutionary ideas or free thought. I have known instances where women involved in the Revolution, gentiles as well as Jewesses, obtained yellow tickets which served them the rôle of a *carte blanche* from the molestations of the police. There are many anecdotic facts in Russian life that seem incredible to the outsider, and Mr. Morton has produced in his play a mass of such facts with photographic verisimilitude. It must be said to the credit of the actors that they have escaped the slippery path of melodramatic overdoing. K.

"Jael"

(*The Little Theatre*)

"Hosanna!" I felt like shouting, when the curtains slowly concealed the mysterious stage. I am still under the spell of the oriental atmosphere, not yet cooled off for objective criticism. What Florence Kiper Frank has done with the biblical subject may terrify the orthodox student of the Bible, but I greeted her daring heresy and free manipulation of epochs and styles. She has skilfully blended the bloodthirsty, gloating outcries of Deborah's Song with the idylic lyrics of Solomon's Songs, and has presented in *Jael* a composite type, a mixture of the savage tent-woman, of the passionate yet gentle Shulamite, and of the eternal jealous female. The result, as far as the creation of an atmosphere goes, is a positive success.

A word about the staging. Maurice Browne, on the privilege of a pioneer, may be congratulated on the progress he has made in leaving behind mouldy conventions and approaching the state where he can produce pure aesthetic emotions. The three one-act plays on the present bill, regardless of their merits or demerits, demonstrate the great possibilities of an artistic stage manager, who can do away with elaborate accessories and produce suggestive illusions with the aid of an ultramarine background and calico apple blossoms. Yet, as in all pioneering, there are signs of hesitation and of half-measures. I am sure that the effect of *Jael* would not in the least

diminish (it would rather be intensified), if we were spared the inevitable storm-pryotechnics. The verses in themselves imply the idea of battle and tempest, and Miss Kiper in the title rôle has the voice and diction to serve the purpose. K.

Harold Bauer in Chicago

HERMAN SCHUCHERT

There yet remain certain pianists and other opinionated craftsmen in music who will say, when approached on the subject of Harold Bauer's piano playing: "Oh, yes; but you know Bauer is—well, shall we say?—a monotonist. His playing is all of one style—beautiful tone, to be sure; but, oh, such a sameness! He shades beautifully—yes, surely, but it's all too colorless." And it probably never occurs to these critics that a pianist who uses an entirely beautiful tone, who shades delicately, and who is definitely individual in his playing, might not seem monotonous to the admirers of true piano-artistry. And it is quite certain that these carpers failed to attend Bauer's last Sunday afternoon recital in Orchestra Hall, when and where the above composite quotation was put to shame.

The program was headed by that most unequal set of little pieces—interesting, dull, graceful, and often clumsy:—Brahm's Waltzes. The Brahms faddists may sacrifice all the credit to their idol, but he deserves only a part of it; for Bauer made these waltzes float as lightly and pleasantly as the material permitted, and invested them with all possible contrast and pulse. There was no lack of what pianists call "point," either in this opening number or in the remainder of the program; and it is this quality of "point," which is the season more in evidence in Bauer's work than ever before, which makes the carpers appear rather uninformed. "Point" is nothing mysterious; it means definite and crisp rhythm, brightness of tone designed to contrast with richness and warmth of tone, sharp shadings artistically brought out, and a deeply satisfying precision in tempi. This man's work deserves this inclusive term. Whatever lack there might have been in seasons past (there has been a fragile foundation for the criticism mentioned at the beginning of this appreciation, when, as late as three years ago, his tonal ideals apparently did not include great brilliance), this Sunday recital went far to establish the fact that Bauer has a happy variety of tone-colors at his command, which variety includes no little brilliance. Sheer facility and

digital expertness have never seemed to occupy the attention of this master-pianist, except insofar as such facility and expertness would give expression to purely musical content; and now if the carpers continue to shrug their shoulders at the praise of Bauer, it will be because they miss the usual bombast and key-swatting of esteemed mediocrity, and certainly not because of any inadequacy of technic for musical purposes, or lack of pianistic lustre. No mediocrity of a technic-worshipper or piano-eater ever gave a performance of Beethoven's Opus 3 that could compare with that of Bauer on Sunday afternoon; for he then projected a deeply significant art, particularly in the first movement of the sonata, which must be inexplicable in words. Schumann's *Scenes from Childhood* were given a highly imaginative treatment—a treatment which penetrated even the academics. And Schumann's Toccata—that battered veteran of many an ivory struggle—ceased for once to be an endurance stunt, and hummed forth (as the composer hoped and indicated) as a strangely beautiful bit of music. Bauer's playing of this will remain long in the awakened music-receptacles. So will his interpretation of his own arrangement of Cesar Franck's Prelude, Choral, and Fugue—which are three movements vieing with each other for supreme religious solidity—and his nonchalant handling of the tricky D-flat Study of Liszt. The Chopin Scherzo in C-sharp minor closed a program which would surely have been sombre and sleepy under the fingers of any less than a pianistic musician. In certain splendid moments Bauer seems like a high priest performing a tonal miracle, or like a potent magician weaving curious and impossible dream-fabrics. And, with all pleasant fancies put aside, he is an exponent of modern pianism at its best.

In music a light blue is like a flute, a darker blue a 'cello, a still darker a thunderous double bass; and the darkest blue of all—an organ.—*Kaninsky.*

Color is a power which directly influences the soul. Color is the key-board, the eyes are the hammers, the soul is the piano with many strings. The artist is the hand which plays, touching one key or another, to cause vibrations of the soul.—*Kandinsky.*

A Ferrer School in Chicago

Dr. Rudolf von Liebich

The Havasupai Indian mother says: "I must not beat my boy. If I do, I will break his will." Unlike her pale-faced friends, she is not obsessed with the mania for governing. We, in our insane subservience to traditions, continue to train our children to obey. Slaves they shall be; that is the slogan. We no longer whip men; we whip children only because they are weaker than we are. So, a child is the slave in successive stages of home, church, school, government, and either boss or "superior officer." Could Europe be at war unless its men were made molluscous by discipline and their mental paralysis completed through *respectability?*

Children are born materialists, poets, and joy-worshippers. We tame them and they grow up philistines, supernaturalists, and respectable believers in the disinterested love of dullness. Instead of teaching them theories and superstitions, we should tell them that they are parts of the universe; that the carbon, iron, sulphur, phosphorus, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, the zero-gases, and the dozen other elements of which our bodies are made are also the main elements of sun, moon, and stars,—of the whole material universe. The next step might be to show the child, through actual experiments, the known physical and chemical properties of these elements, thus preparing its mind for the greatest of all poetries—the poetry of evolution. These things need but be shown, not laboriously learned by rote; they need only to be told, not to be taught; and if the child's healthy inquisitiveness has not been ruined by repression, it will delight in feeling the pull of the magnet; in watching the electric spark that unites oxygen and hydrogen into water; in drawing the marvelous beauties of snow flakes and other crystal formations; in watching and aiding the growth of birds, beasts, flowers, or fruits; in the thrill of blended voices or in other forms of voluntary co-operation. All these things, all the realities need but be shown to delight the untainted mind of childhood; while daily free association with other children will soon give to each child a practical working knowledge of ethics (quite impossible to attain under the boss-system of the government schoolmistress) from which, as a basis, the errors of our economic and social systems can be pointed out and discussed. In the minds and hearts of these free children, ideals can then be formulated which will tend toward their development into the free society of the future, whose coming their own efforts will hasten. For it is only through the successive enslavement of each succeeding generation that governments can retain their powers.

Such should be some of the activities of a Ferrer or Modern School,

free from the noxious taint of authority, superstition, or respectability. If we cannot do better let us begin, at least, with a Sunday school. However that may be, and whatever the future of such a school, all those interested in establishing it are cordially invited to communicate with the editor of The
we cannot do better let us begin, at least, with a Sunday school. However
Little Review, with William Thurston Brown, 1125 N. Hoyne Ave., with Anthony Udell, 817½ N. Clark St., or with the writer, 1240 Morse Ave.

The Old Spirit and the New Ways in Art

William Saphier

Full of visions and ideals and eager to express them in their own way, a group of striving young painters and sculptors in this city is working industriously without regard for applause from either the crowd or the few. Just as there are religious and social rebels—people who refuse to accept the old dogmas and habits merely because they were successful at a certain time and fit for a certain period in human history—these young artists refuse to adopt methods and views of the past for the purpose of expressing their views on modern subjects.

In striving to realize the new idea in form and color they are of necessity passing through that period in which the intellect discerns and style is chosen—the period of experiment. And if they do not achieve as great a success as the old masters, they certainly work in the spirit of a Monet or a Rembrandt. We print this month reproductions of work done by four of these artists. They have nothing in common except that they are all trying to express themselves in their own way.

Jerome S. Blum, the oldest and best known of the group, is an extraordinary painter of the usual. He does not rely on a dramatic subject, or on a sensational technic, to arouse interest in his work. It is his unusual way of looking at people and nature, and his vigorous and interesting color schemes, that have made his paintings notable. Mr. Blum is far too imaginative to be natural, far too poetic to be "real." All his work strikes one as a spontaneous expression of almost childish delight in color.

The Orator is the work of Stanislaw Szukalski, a boy of nineteen, who comes from Russian Poland. He studied at the Krakau Academy, where he received two gold medals and five other prizes. On entering his studio your amazement grows as you wander from one thought or emotion to another in plaster. Each one grips and holds you vigorously. *Impressions of Praying, Sleeping, Hurling,* and *Bondage,* a few very interesting por-

traits of Max Krammer and Professor Chiio, and also a full figure of Victor Hugo tell of the spiritual insight of this young sculptor—the unexpected in every one. His works are full of life and imagination. The fact that some of our able nonenities have characterized them as caricatures proves how narrow-minded some of our sculptors are today.

C. Raymond Johnson is only twenty-three years old, and in all the work he has done so far purity, brilliance of color and spaciousness predominate. It is the suggestion in his present work of great possibilities in the near future that makes them interesting. The one in this issue shows the highly decorative effects of his ideas. Besides painting Mr. Johnson finds time to experiment with colored lighting and the making of most original posters for the Chicago Little Theatre.

Christian Abrahamsen, the young and independent portrait painter, has done some very remarkable work. His portraits are the result of penetrating study of his subject and adaptation on the part of the painter to the moods of the sitter. He varies his style with his subject. His portrait of Michael Murphy sparkles with life and vigor and holds your attention as few of the portraits of older painters can. Beside portraits Mr. Abrahamsen paints sunny landscapes in the open air and under clear skies. The large canvas filled with the freshness, strength, and beauty of a clearing in northern Wisconsin, reproduced in this issue of The Little Review, represents some of the work done last summer.

To name is to destroy. To suggest is to create.—*Stéphane Mallarmé.*

Art is a form of exaggeration, and selection, which is the very spirit of art, is nothing more than an intensified ode of over-emphasis.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Book Discussion

Vachel Lindsay's Books

The Congo and Other Poems, by Vachel Lindsay. [The Macmillan Company, New York.]

It is not too much to say that many of us are watching Vachel Lindsay with the undisguised hope in our hearts that he may yet prove to be the "Great American Poet." He has come so fast and far on the road to art and sanity since the early days when he drew minute, and seemingly pathological, maps of the territories of heaven, and grinning grotesques of the Demon Rum! He has carved his own way with so huge and careless a hand! And his work, in spite of its strangeness, is so deeply rooted in the crude but stirring consciousness that is America to-day! Surely there is ground for hope.

Like every artist who creates a new form, Mr. Lindsay has had to educate his public. And the task is not by any means accomplished yet. We have had to overcome an instinctive feeling that poetry should be dignified, and to look the fact in the face that it must first of all be telling, and that in cases where these two elements conflict, dignity is a secondary consideration. We have been rudely jostled out of our academic position that poetry must be condensed, poignant, and literary, and we have been shown that by going back to the primitive conception—which included as the principal element the half-chant of the bard—true poetry may be diffuse, full of endless iterations and strangely impassioned over crude and even external objects. So much we have learned, and after the first shock of surprise, learned gladly. It has opened to us whole new reaches of enjoyment. We hope sincerely that we are not yet done with Mr. Lindsay's educative process.

The Congo is the title poem of his new volume. To describe the poem adequately would require almost as much space as the nine pages it occupies. So it must suffice to say that it is perilously near great poetry, broad in sweep, imaginative, full of fire and color, psychological—and very strange. Much in the same vein are *The Firemen's Ball* and *The Santa Fe Trail,* which appeared originally in *Poetry.*

Several of the poems in this volume, among them *Darling Daughter of Babylon* and *I Went Down Into the Desert,* are already familiar to readers of The Little Review, as they were first published in the June number. The volume contains also a delightful section of poems for children, and a group dealing with the present European war.

Both *The Congo* and Mr. Lindsay's earlier volume, *General Booth Enters Heaven,* are extraordinarily interesting books. Every mind which is truly alive to-day should know at least one of them.

Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty, by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.]

Almost simultaneously with *The Congo* has appeared a prose volume by Mr. Lindsay, *Adventures while Preaching the Gospel of Beauty.* It is an account, in the form of a diary, of a walk through Missouri and Kansas, and into Colorado. Its value is almost purely personal. To anyone who is interested in Mr. Lindsay's striking personality, this book will serve as a spiritual Baedeker. As literature its value is comparatively slight. It contains, however, one of his most striking poems, *The Kallyope Yell,* which appeared originally in *The Forum.* This alone is worth the price of the volume.

Eunice Tietjens.

Pumpernickel Philosophy

The Man of Genius, by Herman Tuerck. [The Macmillan Company, New York.]

Professor Tuerck, a very normal German, has been writing critical essays since the end of the eighties, and he has not changed a bit—the same good old idealist of the sissy category. In this book he makes a study of Genius, and comes to the magnificent conclusion that the chief characteristics of a genius must be goodliness, loving kindness, respect, and loyalty to existing institutions, obedience to the law, objectivity, and truth. Naturally, those who do not possess these delicacies are villains. The professor demonstrates two groups of thinkers, one in angelic white, the other in devilish black. Among the first, the real geniuses, we find beside Christ, Buddah, Shakespeare, Goethe, Byron, also Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon. But oh, Mr. Wilson, what German atrocities! Mr. Tuerck mercilessly disfigures his victims and pastes upon them with his saliva accurate, uniform labels. In *Hamlet,* in *Faust,* in *Manfred,* in the mentioned law-givers and warriors, the author manages to discover goody-goody traits of exemplary burghers. In the Black Gallery we face the lugubrious sinners—Stirner, Nietzsche, and Ibsen. "Woe to him who follows these modern antisophers!" cries Mr. Tuerck, for they are enemies of humanity, of the state, of society, of reality, of truth, for they are selfish and subjective. "The Devil, the Father of Lies, is great and Friedrich Nietzsche is his prophet."

A word of reassurance for Mr. Thomas Hardy. This Sauerkraut-gem, *The Man of Genius,* has had *seven* editions in Germany, and has aroused wide enthusiasm there, as witnessed by the numerous press-notices exaltingly praising the great idealist Tuerck, written by professors, Geheimraths, Hofraths, catholics, protestants, and even by socialists! Now, pray, ought there be any fear for the Nietzscheanization of the Fatherland?

K.

Kilmer's Confession

Trees, and Other Poems, by Joyce Kilmer. [George H. Doran Company, New York.]

Mr. Kilmer furnishes the following prose account of his convictions: "I am catholic in my tastes and Catholic in religion, am socially a democrat and politically a Democrat. I am a special writer on the staff of the New York *Times Sunday Magazine,* the *Times Review of Books* and the *Literary Digest.* I am bored by Feminism, Futurism, Free Love." This is perhaps a more succinct expression of his facility of faith than can be found in his verse. Readers should thank him for it, because it renders unnecessary any further attempt to discover what he believes.

At the opening of the volume, Mr. Kilmer quotes the following stanza from Coventry Patmore:

> Mine is no horse with wings, to gain
> The region of the Spheral chime
> He does but drag a rumbling wain,
> Cheered by the coupled bells of rhyme.

This, too, is useful, because it frankly warns us against looking in his verse for anything which is not there.

Within his self-imposed limitations, Mr. Kilmer has done good work. The amusing couplets about *Servant Girl and Grocer's Boy* have pleased countless newspaper readers, *The Twelve-Forty-Five* is a graphic description of the feeling produced by a late suburban train, *To a Young Poet Who Killed Himself* is an obvious rebuke to the small-hearted versifier, and *Old Poets* is a comfortable exposition of the philosophy of comfort. The religious poems will probably not be moving to anyone who does not share Mr. Kilmer's creed.

Mr. Kilmer's work is glossy with a simplicity more easy-going than profound. Though he is young himself, he obviously does not sympathize with young poets, of whom he writes:

> There is no peace to be taken
> With poets who are young,
> For they worry about the wars to be fought
> And the songs that must be sung.

His ideal is that of the "old poet":—

> But the old man knows that he's in his chair
> And that God's on His throne in the sky.
> So he sits by his fire in comfort
> And he lets the world spin by.

G. S.

Hilarious Iconoclasm

Art, by Clive Bell. [Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.]

It is an exquisite pleasure to disagree with Clive Bell! Like a fierce Hun he whirls through the art galleries of Europe, and smashes all venerated masterpieces into a heap of rubbish, sparing but the Bysantine Primitives and some of the Post-Impressionists. Between these two epochs he sees a hideous gap; not more than one in a hundred of the works produced between 1450 and 1850 is he willing to accept as a work of art. It naturally hurts to witness the slaughter of your old friends, such as Michelangelo, Velasquez, Whistler; but our Attila performs his massacre so beautifully, with such a charming sense of humor, that you cannot help admiring the paradoxical feats. What but a good-humorer smile will provoke in you such a prank, e. g.: "Nietzsche's preposterous nonsense knocked the bottom out of nonsense more preposterous and far more vile"? The best part of it is the fact that the author does not attempt to convince you in anything, for neither is he convinced in the infallibility of his hypotheses. The book is a relucent gem among the recent dull and heavy works of art.

Comments of an Idler on Three New Books

Eris: A Dramatic Allegory, by Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff (Moffatt, Yard), is, we are told on the cover, "full of vigorous enthusiasm, and embodies the philosophy of Henri Bergson," to whom on a flyleaf the book is duly dedicated. It is in careful rhythmic blank verse; a dialogue, principally, between "Man" and "Thought," with "Past" and "Future" now and then interrupting. The allegory is prefaced by a portrait of the author by Helleu; we trust an unfair one. A strangely bovine expression greets us from under a plued black hat and from over shoulders and arms drawn like a Goops. Hellen made lovely things once; why this?

In *Eris* we find Man hurling defiance at Thought, who taunts him, "You cannot vanquish me while Life endures." Discussion between them on this point covers some forty pages of melodious argument. Six of these (and they are consecutive) form a fairly comprehensive guide-book to a trip around the world, as Man, distracted, stops off at many well-known points seeking to escape pursuing Thought.

> In Venice I spread sail with Capulet
> And plied an oar across the green lagoons
> The soft air vibrant with the minstrels' song:
> I dreamed in Pisa's woodland and the gulf

> Of Lerici, where once again I heard
> The lyrich echo of pure Shelley's voice.
> On Pæstum's glory and on Dougga's mount
> I studied metope and fluted frieze—

And so on. "Man" finally reaches Mount Parnassus—

> The mighty throne of Zeus
> Hides like a cloud-veiled mist within the heavens;
> I am so near divinity it seems
> That I could tread the pathway of the stars;

but "Thought" comes hurrying along, two pages later. Man cries to him desperately:

> Envelope me within the cosmic heart
> Freed of my separate hideous entity,
> Blown with the wingèd dust from whence I came!

They struggle together, and Man plunges over the cliff. Thought, "assuming a sudden intenser magnitude, rises out of the dust of Man" (the stage directions seem a little confused here) and shoutes:

> At last to conquer after æons of strife—
> The reeling stars man's silent sepulchre.

There are graceful lines and pictures, occasionally a good simile. Technically the lines are too smooth, too neatly finished, each in its little five-iambic jacket. The lyrics lack singing quality. There is a tedious list, two pages, of famous ladies—Helen, Sappho, Salammbo, from Eve to the Virgin Mary—as Man cries to Past, "What woman are you in disguise?" Swinburne did this gorgeously somewhere, making each speak; but these do not—they do not even live.

Totally different is my second volume of verse—*The Sea is Kind,* by T. Sturge Moore (Houghton Mifflin). A letter from the publishers suggests that "like Noyes and Masefield, T. Sturge Moore may have a message to American lovers of poetry." I am an American lover of poetry and an eager one; therefore, I was hopeful; but I am oppressed by the obligation of doing justice to the initial poem in the book, viz.: *The Sea is Kind,* because I cannot tell at all what it is about. Several people, by name Evarne and Plexaura, females, and Menaleas and Eucritos, males, seem to be talking high talk by the edge of the sea—about ships and storms and nymphs and kindred things. Evarne speaks at great length in rough pentameters, quoting others more obscure, if possible, than herself.

> The handsome scowler smiled.
> Then with a royal gesture of content
> Addressed our wonder.
>
> . . . .

"But devastation from mine inroads stretches
"Across Euphrates further than they dare.
"The industrious Ninevite, the huckster grey
"With watching scored tale lengthen down his wall
"Beneath his hatred Median debtor's name,
"Dread me, and hang near casement, over door,
"To guard each southward-facing aperture,
"Rude effigies smaller than this of me.—
"Charm bootless 'gainst my veering pillared dust
"Which chokes each sluice in vainly watered gardens,
"Dessicates the velvet prudency of roses,
"And leaves green gummy tentrils like to naught
"But ravelled dry and dusty ends of cord";

and so on for a long, long while. It may be wonderful; I dare say it is.

The last two-thirds of the volume is taken up with short poems arranged in groups addressed to various persons—Tagore, Yeats, and Moore, among them. There is more clarity here. One discerns an autobiographic wistfulness in these stanzas entitled: *A Poet in the Spring Regrets Having Wed So Late in Life.*

Some things, that we shall never know,
    Are eloquent today,
Belittling our experience, though
    We loved and were gay:

For those, whose younger hands are free
    With a body not their own,
Taste delicacies of intimacy
    Which we have not known.

Primrose, narcissus, daffodil,
    In sudden April plenty,
Flourish as tender fancies thrill
    Spouses at twenty!

There seems something strangely improper about this, considering the strict propriety of the theme.

One group of two is addressed to Charles Ricketts. *The Serpent* begins

Hail Pytho; thou lithe length of gleaming plates!

and *The Panther* thus:

Consider now the Panther, such a beast.

One question addressed to the Panther is:

Dost, cloyed by rich meats spicy as the south,
Expose thy fevered palate to the cool,
Which, like snow melting in an emperor's mouth,
Helps make excess thy life's ironic rule?

Consider now Sturge Moore, our bewilderment in trying to ascertain what you wish us to think about such things as these, and consider too a transposition of the first line of a well-known poem about a Tiger, to read, "Consider now the Tiger."

The group to Yeats has one called *The Phantom of a Rose.* An explanatory footnote tells us that a girl returning from a ball drops a rose from her bosom and dreams that a youth, the perfect emanation of the flower, rises and invites her to dance.

> She ached to rise, she yearned to speak,
> She strove to smile, but proved too weak;
> As one in quicksand neck-deep,
> Wild with the will, has no power to leap;
> Her limbs like a sunken ferry-boat
> Lay logged with sleep, and could not float.
> She had danced too often at the ball,
> She had fluttered, nodded, and smiled too much.
> Tears formed in her heart: they did not fall.
>
> . . . .
>
> He rose, and danced a visible song;
> With rhythmic gesture he contended
> Against her trance; and proved so strong
> That the grapes of his thought wore the bloom of his mood,
> While her soul tasted and understood.

"Her limbs like a sunken ferry-boat." A happy simile! We recognize the sensation.

In *Judith,* one of the group to Moore, a vigorous note is sounded. This is good, and maybe the rest is too; I do not know. It rolls above my head.

The Spirit of Life, a series of nine essays by Mowry Saben (Mitchell Kennerley), is the kind of book that makes me savagely controversial and then cross for heeding it at all. Its platitudinous optimism meanders along through some two hundred and fifty pages under various chapter headings: Nature, Morals, Sex, Heroes, etc. The first sentence is: "There are many great Truths that can be expressed only by means of paradox"; and the last, "If life means nothing, if the universe means nothing, then reform is only an illusory word, which has come to confuse us upon the highway of Despair; but if in our highest ideals we may find the real meaning of our personal lines, because they are the quintessence of the spiritual universe, whose avatars we should be, there is nothing too glorious for the heart of man to conceive." All in between is just like that.

All persons, and there are many, who are determined willy nilly to believe the world a nice place; who, confronted with the unlovely, the stark, gaping and horrid, cast down their eyes exclaiming "It is not there," will take solid comfort in *The Spirit of Life.* It is like the millions of sermons droned out one day in seven all over the land to patient folk who no longer know why they come nor why they stay to hear.

But this is a review, not a diatribe—so "consider now" the Spirit.

The first essay is called *Nature*. It quotes freely from Peter Bell, and also reprints something about tongues in trees and sermons in stones. Turning the leaves we catch the names of Burroughs, Whitman, and Thoreau. Toward the end is this:

> Everything exists for him who is great enough to envisage it. The life that now is reveals man as the crowning glory of Nature, the goal of evolution. In the end the earth does but shelter our bones, not our thoughts and aspirations.

Skipping the rest, we turn quickly to *Sex*, hoping something from the vitality of the theme, and come to this:

> To attack Sex as one of the joys of life would be foolish and deservedly futile. . . . I am certain that sex is a sweetener of the cup of life, but one must not therefore infer that there can never be too much sweetening, for there can be, even to the point of danger from spiritual diabetes.

Immortal phrase, "Spiritual diabetes." Several pages of this essay are devoted to episodes in the life of insects, all pointing a painful lesson to man:

> . . . and there are spiders doomed to be eaten by the female as soon as they have demonstrated their masculinity. Thus are we taught how little permanence is possessed by an organization which yields only the instinct of passionate desire for sex.

Here is boldness,—

> I cannot indorse the ascetic ideal that holds the love of man for woman to be but a snare for the spirit. The great poetry of Dante alone is sufficient to refute so baseless a claim.

Why quote further? There are indubitably certain good things in the book, but they are by Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, Dante, Shakespeare, Whitman, et al.

A. M.

An Unacademic Literary Survey

Modern English Literature: From Chaucer to the Present Day, by G. H. Mair. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.]

Good histories of English literature are rare, and Mr. Mair's book should accordingly be given a warm welcome, for it combines brevity with comprehensiveness of treatment in a very unusual manner. Mr. Mair not only writes well and knows his subject, but he seems instinctively to know what his readers will want—and he supplies it.

For instance, we do not remember that popular histories of English literature bother to tell such a detail as how the chronological order of Shakespeare's plays is determined, but Mr. Mair's telling of that will show

the layman just what literary scholarship means, and in conjunction with his other remarks on our knowledge of Shakespeare it will rescue the uninformed from the chance of falling into such errors as the Baconian theory.

The book, however, is not one of higher and textual criticism and chronology. It is a work of appreciation, and the appreciation is that of a modern man. It is obvious that Chaucer might be treated in a manner quite alien to the interests of the man of today who is not a scholar, but the treatment of his work which ends in joining his hands to those of Charles Dickens as workers in a kindred quest is one that is well calculated to persuade even the philistine that Chaucer is a figure of passable interest to him.

It is the mark of the live man to recognize genius, and the manner in which Mr. Mair treats the genius of that great poet, John Donne, is in vivid contrast to the way in which it is usually treated in histories of English literature. For example:

> Very different . . . is the closely packed style of Donne, who, Milton apart, is the greatest English writer of the century, though his obscurity has kept him out of general reading. No poetry in English, not even Browning's, is more difficult to understand. The obscurity of Donne and Browning proceed from such similar causes that they are worth examining together. In both, as in the obscure passages in Shakespeare's later plays, obscurity arises not because the poet says too little, but because he attempts to say too much. He huddles a new thought on the one before it, before the first has had time to express itself; he sees things or analyzes emotions so swiftly and subtly himself that he forgets the slower comprehension of his readers; he is for analyzing things far deeper than the ordinary mind commonly can. His wide and curious knowledge finds terms and likenesses to express his meaning unknown to us; he sees things from a dozen points of view at once and tumbles a hint of each separate vision in a heap out on to the page; his restless intellect finds new and subtler shades of emotion and thought invisible to other pairs of eyes, and cannot, because speech is modeled on the average of our intelligences, find words to express them; he is always trembling on the brink of the inarticulate. All this applies to both Donne and Browning, and the comparison could be pushed farther still. Both draw the knowledge which is the main cause of their obscurity from the bypaths of mediævalism. Browning's *Sordello* is obscure because he knows too much about mediæval Italian history; Donne's *Anniversary* because he is too deeply read in mediæval scholasticism and speculation. Both make themselves more difficult to the reader who is familiar with the poetry of their contemporaries by the disconcerting freshness of their point of view. Seventeenth-century love poetry was idyllic and idealist; Donne's is passionate and realistic to the point of cynicism. To read him after reading Browne and Johnson is to have the same shock as reading Browning after Tennyson. Both poets are salutary in the strong and biting antidote they bring to sentimentalism in thought and melodious facility in writing. They are corrective of lazy thinking and lazy composition.

Another feature in which this book differs from others of its kind is that the author is not afraid to bring the record down to the work of his contemporaries, and the struggles of Mr. Shaw with the bourgeois world, and the era opened by M. J. Synge and the Irish literary renascence, are here sympathetically dealt with. L. J.

Overemphasized Purity

Love's Legend, by Fielding Hall. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.]

With a somewhat overemphasized regard for purity, Fielding Hall approaches the narration of this honeymoon trip down a Burmese river. The novel—if such a dissertation on the early marriage state could be called a novel—is told in rather peculiar fashion, by the man and woman alternately, at first, and later on with the help of two more people.

The man is prone to burst forth into fairy tales to explain every point of argument to Lesbia. He tells her of a beautiful princess who was blindfolded and kept within an enclosed garden that she might never know the ways of man.

> "They told her that the bandage made her see more clearly than if her eyes were free. For they had painted images upon the inside of her bandage and told her they were real."
>
> Silence.
>
> "And she believed it. Then came a Prince. He wooed the Princess and he won her. So he took her with him out of her garden. They came into the world and passed into a forest. There they were quite alone.
>
> "Take off your bandage," said the Prince. "Look at the world and me."
>
> "I am afraid," she sighed; "the world is evil."
>
> "It is God's world," the Prince replied. "He lives in it."
>
> "They told me that God lived in Heaven, far off, not here," she answered.
>
> "They told you wrong; open and you will see."
>
> "I will not look," she said, "I fear the devil."
>
> "Your beauty is all cold," he said, "your heart beats not!"
>
> "What is a heart?" she asked.
>
> "That which gives life," he answered; "my heart beats strongly and it longs for an answer. You have a heart as strong maybe as mine. But it is sealed. Will you not let me loose it?"
>
> "I am afraid," she answered.
>
> "Then I will tell you what he did. He held the Princess in his arms all despite herself and tore the bandage from her eyes."
>
> . . . "Did she let him do it?"
>
> "She heard his voice and all despite herself she let him do his will."

Mr. Hall voices these inanities with the appalling conceit of one who rushes in where even the best of writers tread with circumspection. And the worst of it is, that his rash feet have carried him nowhere, except, perhaps, into a limelight that is likely to prove embarrassing.

W. T. Hollingsworth.

Sentence Reviews

Russia: The Country of Extremes, by N. Jarintzoff. [Henry Holt & Co., New York.] A mosaic of essays on various aspects of Russian life, some of them of tremendous interest. Of particular importance are the chapters on "Studentchestvo" and on "Agents Provocateurs," which deal with the political movements of the country. Although the book lacks unity, the English reader will find in it a wealth of information and a helpful interpretation of Russian misty reality. Reproductions from several great Russian paintings are excellent.

New Songs of Zion; a Zionist Anthology, edited by S. Roth, New York. If this anthology was intended to serve as an echo of the Zionist movement, it will appear as a *testimonia pauperitatis.* The lofty ideal of forming a cultural center in Palestine for the Wandering Jew is very pallidly reflected in the naive verses of American boys and girls. Israel Zangwill is also represented with a few shallow effusions to the astonishment of those who admire his sense of humor. The translations from *Byalik* are tolerable, and I heartily recommend the English reader to get acquainted through them with one of the greatest living poets who is known only to readers of Hebrew.

The Two Great Art Epochs, by Emma Louise Parry. [A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.] Complete and instructive as a text-book for the history of art from earliest Egypt down to the decline of Renaissance—if there is still need for such text-books. The wretchedness of the reproductions is irritating.

Changing Russia, by Stephen Graham. [John Lane Company, New York.] Sentimental observations of a poetic tramp who bewails the inevitable transformation of patriarchal, agricultural Russia into a capitalistic state. Excellent descriptions of the picturesque shore of the Black Sea; interesting, though often erroneous, notes on the "Intelligentzia." Mr. Graham has been religiously tramping the globe for many years, and his love for nature and primitive life is manifest in every book of his.

Bellamy, by Elinor Mordaunt. [John Lane Company, New York.] Cleverly written, this chronicle of Walter Bellamy, a dynamic English obviosity, exploiter of silk pajamas, exhibits a man who is sufficiently honest to devote his life to himself.

Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions, by Morris Jastron. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.] An exhaustive, cool, cautious treatment of the much-polemised question as to the primacy of one or the other of the two ancient civilizations. Of great value to the student of comparative religion.

The Rise of the Working Class, by Algernon Sidney Crapsey. [The Century Company, New York.] An optimistic book by an ex-clergyman. Many things are cited as working class gains and benefits which that class would willingly reject. As appendix, there is a long panegyric of that mountebank, Lloyd George, in which he is hailed as a social and economic savior of the "People."

American Labor Unions, by a Member. By Helen Marot. [Henry Holt & Company, New York.] The first book on the American labor movement which takes tolerant and detailed notice of its later developments. The new Syndicalist tendency in the American Federation of Labor and the rise and growth of the Industrial Workers of the World are both discussed, as are also the much disputed questions of political action, violence, and sabotage. A book that merits the study of those who believe there is no other way of remedying economic conditions except through the periodical dropping of a paper ballot through a slit.

Life's Lure, by John G. Niehardt. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] A novel of Western mining life which has the same note of virile realism as has the very worthy verse of the same author. A healthy contrast to the usual Western compound of Deadwood Dick and puling sentimentality. One of the best pieces of red-blooded stuff that has recently been written. Jack London had better look to his laurels.

Change, by J. O. Francis. [Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.] A play to be read. Life here without affection states itself in its own terms. The timid and the frivolous may read this and have their eyes opened. Labor's struggle for freedom is forcefully depicted. The scene is laid in a little Welsh mining town, and the characters are drawn with simple charm and beauty. A play that breaths life and truth.

Everybody's Birthright, by Clara E. Laughlin. [Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.] Miss Laughlin has both sympathy and understanding for the ideals of young girls. In this little book she makes clever use of the Jeanne d'Arc story as a means toward helping another Jean to bear the loss of a twin sister.

Myths and Legends of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes, by Katharine B. Judson. [A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.] Here are some old friends: Hiawatha, Nokomis, and Minnehaha—also Bre'r Rabbit and the Tar Baby; and some myths of fire, wild rice, and Mondamin the Corn Woman, which furnish a fascinating comparison with Prometheus and Demeter over in the Aegean. A careful arrangement of material overcomes in part the misfortune of fragmentariness.

The Twenty-Fourth of June, by Grace S. Richmond. [Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.] A study of love at first sight—or just before. Rich Kendrick came into the house by the back door and saw a rose-colored scarf on the hatrack; but the poor young millionaire had to wait weeks before meeting its owner, and then months until *Midsummer's Day* for his answer. Incidentally he discovered the charms of work, home and good women.

Tansy, by Tickner Edwardes. [E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.] A charming story of the Sussex downs, by a man who lives among them. The background of village characters, of rural incidents, and of the Sussex countryside is exquisitely done. Tansy Firle is not a Watteau shepherdess —quite the contrary; she has a compelling personality and a beauty of the sturdy upland variety.

La Vie des Lettres: Collection anthologique et critique de poèmes et de proven Neuilly, Paris.

The July issue of this important quarterly is both breezy and instructive. Two exotic poems by the Roumanian, Alexander Macedonski; a cycle of poems by Nicolas Beaudrien (who was introduced to English readers by Richard Aldington in the June *Egotist*); a few dainty-grotesque *Images de la Capitale,* by Carlos Larronde,—they form what I called the breezy part. Of great charm also are the "ponderous" features. Among others there is an article by William Berteval on *Tolstoi et L'Art pour L' Art;* an attempt of a modernist to justify the Russian's point of view on art. In its international review the Quarterly mentions THE LITTLE REVIEW, with a "memento" for the poems of Nicolas Vachel Lindsay and Arthur Davison Ficke.

The Reader Critic

Rev. A. D. R., Chicago:

I earnestly request you to discontinue sending your impertinent publication to my daughter who had the folly of undiscriminating youth to fall in the diabolical snare by joining the ungodly family of your subscribers. As for you, haughty young woman, may the Lord have mercy upon your sinful soul! Have you thought of the tremendous evil that your organ brings into American homes, breaking family ties, killing respect for authorities, sowing venomous seeds of Antichrist-Nietzsche-Foster, lauding such inhuman villains as Wilde and Verlaine, crowning with laurels that bloodthirsty Daughter of Babylon, Emma Goldman, and committing similar atrocities? God hear my prayer and turn your wicked heart to repentance.

A. Faun, Paris:

In one of your issues I read with delight Wilde's paradox: "There is nothing sane about the worship of beauty. It is entirely too splendid to be sane." I fear you are getting too sane—you, who some time ago invited us "to watch, in the early morn-

ing, a bird with great white wings fly from the edge of the sea straight up into the rose-colored sun." In my illusion I pictured you enthroned in a tower, high above the street and the crowd, perceiving reality through dim stained glass walls. Alas, there is evidently an accommodating lift that connects your tower with the sidewalk. You have become so sane, so logical, so militant in attacking the obvious. . . Oh, Pan and Apollo!

A Proletarian:

Glad to see your magazine getting more and more revolutionary and courageously attacking the rotten capitalistic order. But why not dot the i's? Why shrink from discussing economic problems? Why not give us the real dope? Go ahead, we are with you!

David Rudin, New York:

Permit me to voice a different opinion from that expressed by Charles Ashleigh in his review of Galsworthy's *The Mob.* It is my contention that Mr. Galsworthy has sympathetically and powerfully portrayed the uncompromising idealist, the champion of an unpopular idea in this virile disrobing of the spangled strumpet Patriotism.

In these stirring times of destruction to appease insatiable kaisers, czars, kings and the uncrowned masters of despotism *The Mob* comes as an opportune declaration of the minority against war, against invasion, and against "Love of country."

Stephen More, the type of man whose conscience and sense of justice cannot realize that "idealism can be out of place," makes a brave, aggressive stand against the allied forces of position, friends, love, and the blind hatred of the despicable mob, armed only with an unprejudiced, faithful ideal. Such passion and sincerity of pur-

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pose surely should presage victory. The real victory is won at the moment when More dies for his idea at the hands of the very mob that many years later erects a monument to him—and worships. They await the next victim of the crucifix—and it begins again: inflammatory patriotism, destruction, and a chaotic, purposeless Hell on earth.

D. G. King, Chicago:

Your article *To The Innermost* in the October number is a manly poke at the snug, smug, dead-alive ones, the mollycoddles, the got-in-a-rut-can't-get-out-without-considerable-effort ones, and others of the won't-do-and-dare class that this farcical world of ours is plentifully sprinkled with! It's the best thing I've seen yet from your militant pen.

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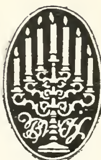

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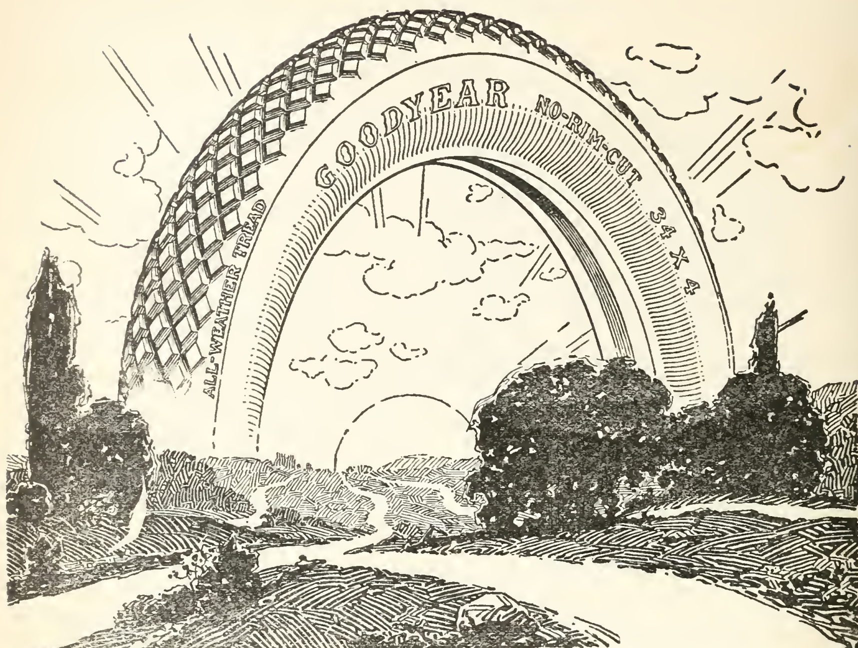

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. I DECEMBER, 1914 No. 9

Poems

RICHARD ALDINGTON

On a Motor-Bus at Night

(Oxford Street)

The hard rain-drops beat like wet pellets
On my nose and right cheek
As we jerk and slither through the traffic.

There is a great beating of wheels
And a rumble of ugly machines.

The west-bound buses are full of men
In grey clothes and hard hats,
Holding up umbrellas
Over their sallow faces
As they return to the suburban rabbit-holes.
The women-clerks
Try to be brightly dressed;
Now the wind makes their five-shilling-hats jump
And the hat-pins pull their hair.

When one is quite free, and curious,
They are fascinating to look at—
Poor devils of a sober hell.

The shop-lamps and the street-lamps
Send steady rayed floods of yellow and red light
So that Oxford street is paved with copper and chalcedony.

Church Walk, Kensington

(Sunday Morning)

The cripples are going to church.
Their crutches beat upon the stones,
And they have clumsy iron boots.

Their clothes are black, their faces peaked and mean;
Their legs are withered
Like dried bean-pods.

Their eyes are as stupid as frogs'.

And the god, September,
Has paused for a moment here
Garlanded with crimson leaves.
He held a branch of fruited oak.
He smiled like Hermes the beautiful
Cut in marble.

A Great Pilgrim-Pagan

George Soule

SHAKESPEARE in red morocco seems always wan and pathetic. I see him looking gloomily out of his unread respectability, bored with his scholarly canonization and his unromantic owners. How he longs for the irresponsible days when he was loved or ignored for his own sake! Now he is forever imprisoned in marble busts and tortured in Histories of English Literature. There is no more tragic fate in the annals of imagination. Terrible is the vengeance taken by institutional culture on those who are great enough to command its admiration.

Therefore, a genius who has not been tagged unduly by the pundits inspires me with a profound delicacy, in a sense akin to the reverence for a beautiful child. Here is a virtue which the world needs. One would like to proclaim it from the housetops. Yet there are the rabble, ready with their election-night enthusiasm, and the scholars, with their pompous niches. If one could only find all those whom the man himself would have selected as friends and whisper the right word in their ears! But, after all, we must speak in public, remembering that even misunderstanding is the birthright of the genius. It is better that power should be expressed in devious and unforeseen channels than not at all.

A flippant friend once told me that he had never had the courage to read William Vaughn Moody because the poet had such a dark brown name. That is important because of its triviality. I have no doubt that if the gospel hymns had never been written, and if we had never on gloomy Sunday evenings seen those pale books with the scroll-work Moody-and-Sankey covers, bringing all their dismal train of musical and religious doggerel, we should have been spared many misgivings about the evangelist's vicarious namesake. Let it be firmly understood, therefore, that there is nothing dark brown, or evangelistic, or stupidly sober-serious about the new poet of the Fire-Bringer. May he never go into a household-classics edition!

But there is a tinge of New England about him, just the same. Only one who has in his blood the solemn possibilities of religious emotion can react against orthodox narrowness without becoming trivial. It is the fashion to blame all modern ills on puritan traditions. We should be wise if in order to fight our evils we should invoke a little of the Pilgrim Fathers' heroism. Too many of us take up the patter of radicalism with as little genuine sincerity as a spearmint ribbon-clerk repeats the latest Sunday-comic slang. If you have ever walked over a New England countryside the endless miles of stone walls may have set you thinking. Every one of those millions of stones has been laboriously picked out of the fields—and there are still many there. Before that the trees had to be cleared away, and the Indians fought, and the ocean crossed without chart or government buoy. For over two centuries our ancestors grimly created our country for us, with an incessant summer- and winter-courage that seems the attribute of giants. What wonder if they were hard and narrow? We scoff at their terminal morraine; but we should be more deserving of their gift if we should emulate their stout hearts in clearing away the remaining debris from the economical and spiritual fields. In spite of injurious puritan traditions there is something inalienably American and truly great about old New England. It is the same unafraid stoutness of heart that is at the bottom of Moody's personality. It gives him power; it gives him unconscious dignity.

Yet Moody was indeed a rebel against the religious and social muddle in which he found himself. Something red and pagan poured into his veins the instinct of defiance to a jealous god and to pale customs. The best of the Greek was his; instinctively he turned at last to Greek drama for his form and to Greek mythology for his figures. There was in him that σπουδη which Aristotle believed essential for the poet—a quality so rare among us that the literal translation, "high seriousness," conveys little hint of its warmth, its nobility and splendor. He believed in the body as in the soul; and his conception of the godly was rounded and not inhuman. Dionysus was every bit as real to him as the man of sorrows. Is not this the new spirit of America which we wish to nourish? And is there not a peculiar virtue in the poet who with the

strong arm of the pilgrim and the consecration of the puritan fought for the kingdom of joy among us? In *The Masque of Judgment* he pictures a group of heroic unrepentant rebels against divine grace who have not yet fallen under the sword of the destroying angel. Of them one, a youth, sings:

> Better with captives in the slaver's pen
> Hear women sob, and sit with cursing men,
> Yea, better here among these writhen lips,
> Than pluck out from the blood its old companionships.
> If God had set me for one hour alone,
> Apart from clash of sword
> And trumpet pealéd word,
> I think I should have fled unto his throne.
> But always ere the dayspring shook the sky,
> Somewhere the silver trumpets were acry,—
> Sweet, high, oh, high and sweet!
> What voice could summon so but the soul's paraclete?
> Whom should such voices call but me, to dare and die?
> O ye asleep here in the eyrie town,
> Ye mothers, babes, and maids, and aged men,
> The plain is full of foemen! Turn again—
> Sleep sound, or waken half
> Only to hear our happy bugles laugh
> Lovely defiance down,
> As through the steep
> Grey streets we sweep,
> Each horse and man a ribbéd fan to scatter all that chaff!
>
> How from the lance-shock and the griding sword
> Untwine the still small accents of the Lord?
> How hear the Prince of Peace and Lord of Hosts
> Speak from the zenith 'mid his marshalled ghosts,
> "Vengeance is mine, I will repay;
> Cease thou and come away!"
> Or having seen and hearkened, how refrain
> From crying, heart and brain,
> "So, Lord, Thou sayest it, Thine—
> But also mine, ah, surely also mine!
> Else why and for what good
> The strength of arm my father got for me
> By perfect chastity,
> This glorious anger poured into my blood
> Out of my mother's depths of ardency?"

So the sanctity of the warrior. And the sanctity of other passions is there, too. A woman says:

> O sisters, brothers, help me to arise!
> Of God's two-hornéd throne I will lay hold
> And let him see my eyes;
> That he may understand what love can be,
> And raise his curse, and set his children free.

But quotations crowd upon me. Most of Moody's best work bears witness to his glorification of man's possible personality in rebellion against man's restrictive conception of society and god. We have had many such rebels; the peculiar significance of Moody lies in the fact that he lacks utterly the triviality of the little radical, and that his is a power which springs from the most heroic in American quality.

Of course all this would be worth nothing unless Moody had the authentic utterance of the poet. His fulness of inspiration, combined with his sensitive editing, has left us scarcely a line which should have gone to oblivion. As an example of his magic take three lines from *I Am the Woman,* in which the woman is walking with her lover:

> But I was mute with passionate prophecies;
> My heart went veiled and faint in the golden weather,
> While universe drifted by after still universe.

Or the woman's response to Pandora's singing in *The Fire-Bringer:*

> Hark, hark, the pouring music! Never yet
> The pools below the waterfalls, thy pools,
> Thy dark pools, O my heart—!

Fragmentary, mystic, unrelated with the context; yet who that has heard perfect music can fail to understand that cry? It is indeed this mystic richness, these depths below depths, that make a large part of Moody's individual fascination. He rarely has the limpid clarity or the soaring simplicity which make the popular lyricist such as Shelley. There is too much grasp of the mind in his work for the large public; only those who have in some degree discovered the beauty of the wide ranges can feel at home in him. One breathes with the strength of great virility, —an able and demanding body, a mind which conquers the heights, and those infinitely subtle and vibrating reaches of spirit which belong especially to the poet.

To me the thought of Moody is satisfying not only because he typifies those qualities which I like to think we ought to find in American literature, but because he exemplifies my ideal of a poet. There have been many insane geniuses; men whose glory has shone sometimes fitfully through bodily or mental infirmity. Some of us are accustomed to the idea that genius is in fact insanity or is akin to it. Certainly the words "wholesome" and "healthy" have been applied so many times to mediocre productions that we are wary of them. But is not the insanity of genius after all merely the abnormal greatness and preponderance of a single quality in a man? If by some miracle his other qualities could have been equally great, would he not have been a still nobler artist? To me the Greek impulse of proportionate development has an irresistible appeal. To be sane, not by the denial of a disproportionate inspiration, but by the lifting of all the faculties to its

level: that is a dream worthy of the god in man. To be an artist not by the denial of competing faculties, but by the fullest development of all faculties under an inexorable will which unites them in a common purpose: that is a rich conception of personality. The perfect poet should be the perfect man. He should be not insane, but saner than the rest of us. Moody not only expressed this ideal in his life, but in his work. He was strong and sound, physically, mentally, spiritually. No one who has read his letters can miss the golden roundness of his humor, his humanity, his manliness. Yet never for a moment did he make a comfortable denial of the will to soar. In his poem *The Death of Eve* he has burningly expressed the development of personality. Eve, an aged woman, has not succumbed to the view that she committed an unforgivable sin in disobeying God to taste the apple. Taking old Cain with her, she fearlessly enters the garden again to show herself to God before she dies. In her mystic song she sings:

> Behold, against thy will, against thy word,
> Against the wrath and warning of thy sword,
> Eve has been Eve, O Lord!
> A pitcher filled, she comes back from the brook,
> A wain she comes, laden with mellow ears;
> She is a roll inscribed, a prophet's book
> Writ strong with characters.
> Behold, Eve willed it so; look, if it be so, look!

And after singing of her life and of how she had been sensitive to the love of her husband and children, she goes on:

> Still, still with prayer and ecstasy she strove
> To be the woman they did well approve,
> That, narrowed to their love,
> She might have done with bitterness and blame;
> But still along the yonder edge of prayer
> A spirit in a fiery whirlwind came—
> Eve's spirit, wild and fair—
> Crying with Eve's own voice the number of her name.
>
> Yea, turning in the whirlwind and the fire,
> Eve saw her own proud being all entire
> Made perfect by desire;
> And from the rounded gladness of that sphere
> Came bridal songs and harpings and fresh laughter;
> "Glory unto the faithful," sounded clear,
> And then, a little after,
> "Whoso denyeth aught, let him depart from here!"

And only thus does Eve find god—in her perfect self—

> Ready and boon to be fulfilled of Thee,
> Thine ample, tameless creature,—
> Against thy will and word, behold, Lord, this is She!

Here, indeed, is the religion of our time. A faithfulness that is deeper than the old faithfulness; and that challenge which of all modern inspiration is the most flaming:

> Whoso denyeth aught, let him depart from here!

This is not the balance of a personality that denies itself! Like Nietzsche, Moody is shaken with the conviction that the most deadly sin is not disobedience, but smallness.

There is a striking similarity between the religious attitude of Moody and that of Nietzsche. Moody mentions Zarathustra only once in his published letters. Certainly he was not obsessed by the German, or a confessed follower. Nor did Moody elaborate any social philosophy, beyond a general radicalism quite different from Nietzsche's condemnation of socialism. But, like Nietzsche, Moody was in reaction against a false and narrow culture. And like him, Moody found in Hellenic ideals a blood-stirring inspiration. He found not the external grace of the Greek which Keats celebrated, not the static classical perfection which has furnished an anodyne for scholars. It was the deeper, cloudy spirit of Aeschylus, the heaven-scaling challenge of Euripides, the Dionysiac worship of joy and passion. Take, for instance, the chorus of young men in *The Fire-Bringer* which Professor Manly has called "insolent"—though it seems to me of a divine insolence:

> Eros, how sweet
> Is the cup of thy drunkenness!
> Dionysus, how our feet
> Hasten to the burning cup
> Thou liftest up!
> But O how sweet and how most burning it is
> To drink the wine of thy lightsome chalices,
> Apollo! Apollo! To-day
> We say we will follow thee and put all others away
> For thou alone, O thou alone art he
> Who settest the prisoned spirit free,
> And sometimes leadest the rapt soul on
> Where never mortal thought has gone;
> Till by the ultimate stream
> Of vision and of dream
> She stands
> With startled eyes and outstretched hands,
> Looking where other suns rise over other lands,
> And rends the lonely skies with her prophetic scream.

Moody, too, transvaluates values everywhere. *The Death of Eve* is an example of it. It is to "The Brute" that he looks for the regeneration of society. Prometheus is a heroic saviour of mankind; rebellion is his vir-

tue, not his sin. Pandora is not a mischievous person who through her curiosity lets out all the troubles on the world, but a divine, wind-like inquirer, the inspiration of Prometheus. The God of judgment-day is himself swept away by the destruction of mankind for the sins of commission. And the insignificance of man compared with what he might be is satirically shown in *The Menagerie.*

But let me not create the impression that Moody cannot be delicate. From *Heart's Wild Flower:*

> But where she strays, through blight or blooth, one fadeless flower she wears,
> A little gift God gave my youth,—whose petals dim were fears,
> Awes, adorations, songs of ruth, hesitancies, and tears.

From the gentle poem of motherhood, *The Daguerreotype:*

> And all is well, for I have seen them plain,
> The unforgettable, the unforgotten eyes!
> Across the blinding gush of these good tears
> They shine as in the sweet and heavy years
> When by her bed and chair
> We children gathered jealously to share
> The sunlit aura breathing myrrh and thyme,
> Where the sore-stricken body made a clime
> Gentler than May and pleasanter than rhyme,
> Holier and more mystical than prayer.

Or from *The Moon-Moth:*

> Mountains and seas, cities and isles and capes,
> All frail as in a dream and painted like a dream,
> All swimming with the fairy light that drapes
> A bubble, when the colors curl and stream
> And meet and flee asunder. I could deem
> This earth, this air, my dizzy soul, the sky,
> Time, knowledge, and the gods
> Were lapsing, curling, streaming lazily
> Down a great bubble's rondure, dye on dye,
> To swell that perilous clinging drop that nods,
> Gathers, and nods, and clings, through all eternity.

Here, surely, is an American poet who speaks in eternal terms of the new inspiration; one who was sane and blazing at the same time; one who in order to be modern did not need to use a poor imitation of Whitman, screech of boiler factories and exalt a somewhat doubtful brand of democracy; one who was uncompromisingly radical without being feverish; above all, one who succeeded in writing the most beautiful verse without going to London to do it. When one is oppressed with the doubt of American possibilities it is a renewal of faith to turn to him. If Whitman is of our soil, Moody is no less so; through these two the best in us has thus far found its individual expression.

The temptation to quote is one that should not be resisted. And I can think of no better way to send readers to Moody in the present world crisis than to quote the song of Pandora:

Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Wingéd sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay;
Of weariness and fear
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the grey disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!

If they (men) were books, I would not read them.—*Goethe.*

My Friend, the Incurable

II.

On Germanophobia; on the perils of Monomania; on Raskolnikov and Alexander Berkman; on surrogates and sundry subtleties

Ευρηκα!—shouted the Incurable, when I came on my monthly call. I have solved the mystery that has baffled your idealists since the outbreak of the War. The puerile effusions of Hardy, Galsworthy, and other Olympians who in the mist of international hostilities confused Nietzsche with Bernhardi, are quite explainable. It is well known that our successful writers have no time or inclination to read other fellows' books: they leave this task to journalists and book-reviewers. Hence their splendid ignorance of Nietzsche. The advent of great events showered upon the innocent laymen problems, names, and terms that have been a *terra incognita* to most of them, and justly so: for what has the artist to do with facts and theories,—what is Hecuba to him? But of late it has become "stylish" for men of letters to declare their opinions on all sorts of questions, regardless of the fact that they have as much right to judge those problems as the cobbler has the right to judge pastry. To the aid of the English novelists who wanted to say "something about the war," but whose information on the subject was zero, came the dear professor Cramb. A quick perusal of his short work* supplied the students with an outlook and a view-point, and out came the patriotic cookies to the astonishment of the world. Such, at least, is my interpretation of the mystery.

Professor Cramb's lectures are not an answer to Bernhardi, as the publisher wants us to believe, but rather a supplement to the work of the barrac-philosopher whose theory of the biological necessity of war is beautifully corroborated with numerous quotations from the most ancient to the most modern philosophers, historians, statesmen, and poets. The general splendidly demonstrates the efficiency of German mind, the ability to utilize the world culture for the Fatherland, to make all thinkers serve the holy idea of war, from Heraclitus's πὸλεμοσ πατήρ πάντων to Schiller's Bride from Messina. Yet I, in my great love for Germany, should advise the Kaiser's government to appropriate a generous sum for the purpose of spreading far and wide Cramb's "Answer," as the highest glorification of Teutonia. No German has expressed more humble respect and admira-

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**Germany and England,* by J. A. Cramb. [E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.]

tion for Treitchke, Bernhardi, and other eulogists of the Prussian mailed fist than this English dreamer of a professor. For what but a fantastic dream is his picture of modern Germany as that of a land permeated with heroic aspirations, a mélange of Napoleonism and Nietzscheanism? Nay! it is the burgher, the "culture-philistine" that dominates the land of Wilhelm and Eucken, the petty Prussian, the parvenu who since 1870 has been cherishing the idea of *Weltmacht* and of the Germanization of the universe.

Pardon me, friend, I cannot speak *sina ira* on this question; out of respect for Mr. Wilson's request, let us "change the subject." Come out where we can observe in silence the symphony of autumnal sunset. The Slavs call this month "Listopad," the fall of leaves; do you recall Tschaikovsky's *Farewell Ye Forests?* Sing it in silence, in that eloquent silence of which Maeterlinck had so beautifully spoken. I say *had,* for my heart is full of anxiety for that Belgian with the face of an obstinate coachman. His last works reveal symptoms of Monomania, that sword of Damocles that hangs over many a profound thinker, particularly so if the thinker is inclined towards mysticism. Maeterlinck, as no one else, has felt the mystery of our world; his works echoed his awe before the unknown, the impenetrable, but also his love for the mysterious, his rejoicing at the fact that there are in our life things unexplainable and incomprehensible. His latest essays* show signs of dizziness, as of a man who stands on the brink of an abyss. I fear for him; I fear that the artist has lost his equilibrium and is obsessed with phantasms, psychometry, and other nonsense. The veil of mystery irritates him, he craves to rend it asunder, to answer all riddles, to clarify all obscurities, to interpret the unknowable; as a result he falls into the pit of charlatanism and credulity.

> If there were no more insoluble questions nor impenetrable riddles, infinity would not be infinite; and we should have forever to curse the fate that placed us in a universe proportionate to our intelligence. All that exists would be but a gateless prison, an irreparable evil and mistake. The unknown and unknowable are necessary to our happiness. In any case I would not wish my worst enemy, were his understanding a thousand times loftier and a thousandfold mightier than mine, to be condemned eternally to inhabit a world of which he had surprised an essential secret and of which, as a man, he had begun to grasp the least atom.

These words were written by Maeterlinck a few years ago in his essay, *Our Eternity*. He has surely gone astray since. The last book is written in a dull pale style, in a tone of a professional table-rapper, enumerating legions of "facts" to prove the theory of psychometry or whatever it may be, forgetting his own words of some time ago: "Facts are nothing but the laggards, the spies, and camp followers of the great forces we cannot see." What a tragedy!

**The Unknown Guest,* by Maurice Maeterlinck. [Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.]

Was Dostoevsky a mystic? Undoubtedly so, but not exclusively so. Far from being a monomaniac, he applied his genius to various aspects of life and wistfully absorbed the realistic manifestations of his fellow-beings as well as the inner struggles of their souls. Dostoevsky is the Cézanne of the novel. With the same eagerness that Cézanne puts into his endeavor to produce the "treeness" of a tree, brushing aside irrelevant details, does Dostoevsky strive to present the "soulness" of a soul, stripping it of its veils and demonstrating its throbbing nudeness before our terrified eyes. We fear him, for he is cruel and takes great pleasure in torturing us, in bringing us to the verge of hysteria; we fear him, for we feel uneasy when we are shown a nude soul. Perhaps he owed his wonderful clairvoyancy to his ill health, a feature that reminds us of his great disciple, Nietzsche. I do not know which is more awesome in Raskolnikov*: his physical, realistic tortures, or his mysterious dreams and hallucinations. In all his heroes: the winged murderer who wished to kill a principle; the harlot, Sonya, who sells her body for the sake of her drunkard father and her stepmother; the father, Marmeladov, whose monologues in the tavern present the most heart-gripping rhapsody of sorrow and despair; the perversed nobleman, Svidrigailov, broad-hearted and cynical, who jokingly blows out his brains—in the whole gallery of his morbid types Dostoevsky mingles the real with the fantastic, makes us wander in the labyrinth of illusionary facts and preternatural dreams, brings us in dizzily-close touch with the nuances of palpitating souls, and leaves us mentally maimed and stupefied. I think of Dostoevsky as of a Demon, a Russian Demon, the sorrowful Demon of the poet Lermontov, the graceful humane Mephistopheles of the sculptor Antokolsky.

The tragedy of Raskolnikov is twofold: he is a Russian and an intellectual. The craving, religious soul of the child of the endless melancholy plains, keened by a profound, analytic intellect seeks in vain an outlet for its strivings and doubtings in the land where interrogation marks are officially forbidden. The young man should have plunged into the Revolution, the broad-breasted river that has welcomed thousands of Russian youth; but Dostoevsky willed not his hero to take the logical road. The epileptic Demon hated the "Possessed" revolutionists; he saw the Russian ideal in Christian suffering. "He is a great poet, but an abominable creature, quite Christian in his emotions and at the same time quite *sadique*. His whole morality is what you have baptised slave-morality" —this from Dr. Brandes's letter to Nietzsche,—a specimen of professorial nomenclature.

I am thinking of a threefold—nay, of a manifold—tragedy of a young

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**Crime and Punishment,* by Fyodor Dostoevsky. [The Macmillan Company, New York.]

man, who, besides being a Russian and an intellectual, is a revolutionist and is a son of the eternal Ahasver, the people that have borne for centuries the double cross of being persecuted and of teaching their persecutors. What makes this tragedy still more tragic is the element of grim irony that enters it as in those of Attic Greece: the Russian-Jewist-Anarchist is hurled by Fate into the country of Matter-of-Fact, your United States. The boy is poetic, sentimental, idealistic; imbued with the lofty traditions of the Narodovoltzy, the Russian saints-revolutionists, he craves for a heroic deed, for an act of self-sacrifice for the "people." "Ah, the People! The grand, mysterious, yet so near and real, People..." *He attempts to shoot an oppressor of the people, is delivered to the Justice, and is sentenced to twenty-two years of prison confinement. The curtain falls, but does the tragedy end here? No, it only begins.

For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.

Raskolnikov wanted to kill a principle; he wanted to rid the world of a useless old pawnbroker, in order to enable himself to *live* a useful life. He failed; the principle remained deadly alive in the form of a gnawing conscience. "I am an aesthetic louse," he bitterly denounces himself. Alexander Berkman wanted to *die* for a principle, to render the people a service through his death. He has failed. At least he has thought so. The Attentat produced neither the material nor the moral effect that the idealist had expected. Society condemned him, of course; the strikers, for whose benefit he eagerly gave his life, looked upon his act as on a grave misfortune that would augment their misery; even his comrades, except a very few, disapproved of his heroic deed. The icy reality sobered the naïve Russian. Was it worth while? For the "people?"

The *Memoirs* have stirred me more profoundly than Dostoevsky's *Memoirs from a House of the Dead*, far more than Wilde's *De Profundis:* the tragedy here is so much more complex, more appalling in its utter illogicality. On the other hand the book is written so sincerely, so heartedly, so ingenuously, that you feel the wings of the martyr's soul flapping upon yours. Berkman becomes so near, so dear, that it pains to think of him. You are with him throughout his vicissitudes; you share his anguish, loneliness, suicidal moods; your spirit and your body undergo the same inhuman tortures, the same unnecessary cruelties, that he describes so simply, so modestly; you rejoice in his pale prison joys, your heart goes out to the gentle boy, Johnny, who whispers through the dungeon wall his love for Sashenka; you weep over the death of Dick, the friendly sparrow

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**Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist*, by Alexander Berkman. [Mother Earth Company, New York.]

whose chirping sounded like heavenly music to the prisoner; you are filled with admiration and love for the Girl who hovers somewhere outside like a goddess, "immutable," devoted, noble, reserved; you are, lastly, out in the free, and how deeply you sympathize with the sufferer when he flees human beings and solicitous friends...When I read through the bleeding pages, I felt like falling on my knees and kissing the feet of the unknown, yet so dear, martyr. Surely, thou hast known suffering...

Don't sneer at my incurable sentimentality, you happy normal. The tragedy of Alexander Berkman is common to all of us, transplanted wild flowers. It is the tragedy of getting the surrogate for the real thing. Berkman and the Girl passionately kissing the allegorical figure of the Social Revolution—isn't this the symbol of the empty grey life in this normal land? What do you offer the seeking, striving, courageous souls but surrogates, substitutes? Your radicals—they are nauseating! They chatter about Nietzsche and Stirner and Whitman, wave the red flag and scream about individual freedom; but let one of them transgress the seventh commandment or commit any thing that is not *comme il faut* according to their code, and lo, the radicalism has evaporated, and the atavistic mouldy morality has come to demonstrate its wrinkled face. Has not John Most repudiated the act of his disciple, Berkman, because it was a *real* act and not a paper allegory? Of course, Most was German...

Hush! Were we not going to observe in silence the purple-crimson crucifixion of autumnal Phoebus? I have been as silent as the Barber of Scheherezade. Woe me, the Incurable!

Ibn Gabirol.

Sufficience

Helen Hoyt

I wish no guardian angel:
I do not seek fairies in the trees:
The trees are enough in themselves

On Poetry

Aesthetics and Common-Sense

LLEWELLYN JONES

POETRY, we are often told, cannot be defined but—by way of consolation—can always be recognized. Unfortunately the latter half of that statement seems no longer true, especially of latter-day poetry. Fraticidal strife between makers of *vers libre* and formalists goes on merrily, while the people whose contribution to poetry is their appreciation of it—and purchase of it—are not unnaturally playing safe and buying Longfellow in padded ooze.

I always thought I could recognize authentic poetry on most themes and even flattered myself that I had some little understanding of the psychology of its production. Latterly two voices have come to me, one affirming that I was right in my prejudice that all durable verse should have content as well as form, should have meaning as well as sound—though in closest union with the sound,—that, in short, the poet should be a thinker as well as a craftsman; an emotional thinker, of course, if that term be permitted, but not a mere clairaudient wielder of words. And then I heard a voice which bid me forget all that and list to

Long breaths, in a green and yellow din.

Hastening to give credit where it is due, let me remind the readers of THE LITTLE REVIEW that this is the last line of a poem by Maxwell Bodenheim in the last number of that periodical. I trust that Mr. Bodenheim will forgive me for using him to point a moral and adorn a critical article, especially as I shall have to compare him with Wordsworth before I get through, and shall have to ask him whether he is not carrying the Wordsworthian tradition just a little too far into the region of the individual and subjective, into the unknown territory of the most isolated thing in the world: the human mind in those regions of it which have not been socially disciplined into the categories which make communication possible between mind and mind.

The other voice which I have mentioned is that of Professor S. B. Gass, of the University of Nebraska, who writes on Literature as a Fine Art in *The Mid-West Quarterly* for July.

Professor Gass takes the very sane position that words are the socially-created tools—arbitrary symbols, he calls them—to give us "not the thing itself, but something about the thing—some relationship, some classification, some generalization, some cause, some effect, some attribute, something that goes on wholly in the mind and is not sensuously present in the thing

itself." And that work, he continues, is thought, and it proceeds by statement. But undoubtedly words have sensuous sounds and sensuous denotations and connotations. Professor Gass admits this, but regards their sensuous properties—and especially, I imagine he would insist, their sensuous sounds based on physiological accident—as secondary. Hence, to him, Imagism would be a use of words for purely secondary results. And that is decadence: "Decadence arises out of the primary pursuit of secondary functions." Now Wordsworth and the romantic school generally used words in this way, and so, logically enough, Professor Gass classifies Wordsworth as a decadent. In doing so we fear he exhibits an intellect too prone to dichrotomize. He cuts human psychology up into too many and too water-tight compartments. When he quotes Wordsworth's

> . . . I saw a crowd,
> A host of golden daffodils;
> Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

he seems to forget that there is more in that poem than its imagism—as we would call it now; that it is record of a personal experience, that is not only a trespass on the domain of the painter (to speak as if we agreed with our critic) but that it is a personal reaction to the picture painted in those words, that it tells us something that no mere picture could do. The poem, in fact, is a picture plus a story of the effect of the picture upon a human soul.

But the point in which I agree with Professor Gass is that—whatever the ultimate purpose of literature, including the lyric; whether, as he says, it is "a reflection of human nature, intellectual in its mode, critical in its spirit, and moral in its function"; or whether it is legitimate to regard its rhythms in words and "secondary" connotations and associations of words as materials for an art rather than for a criticism of life—the point beyond all this that I think fundamental is that literature does what it does—inform, enlighten, or transport—by understandable statement.

Certainly all appreciation of literature that dares to voice itself—that is all criticism—must proceed on this supposition, and it is just this supposition that is flouted by some of Mr. Bodenheim's poems.

Take the following, for instance:

TO ——

> You are a broad, growing sieve.
> Men and women come to you to loosen your supple frame,
> And weave another slim square into you—
> Or perhaps a blue oblong, a saffron circle.
> People fling their powdered souls at you:
> You seem to lose them, but retain
> The shifting shadow of a stain on your rigid lines.

Now obviously there is no sense in this in the ordinary intellectualistic meaning of the word sense. Unlike most poetry, it cannot be analyzed into a content which we might say was expressed suitably or unsuitably in a form. If, then, it be a good poem, we must look elsewhere for its excellence. I would hesitate to find that excellence in the mere sound of the words. Is it then in their associations? Arthur Ransome, the English critic, accounts for the peculiar effect of poetry by its use of what he calls potential language—of words which by long association have come to mean more than they say, that have not only a denotation like scientific words, but a sometimes definite, sometimes hazy, connotation, an emotional content over and above what is intellectually given in their purely etymological content. Does this help us here? I am afraid not. Personally I have always associated sieves with ashes and garden-earth (there is also a little triangular sieve that fits into kitchen sinks). Blue oblongs and saffron circles remind me of advertising posters and futurist pictures; while—I admit a certain poetic quality of a sort here—powdered souls remind me of Aubrey Beardsley.

But, perhaps, the ultimate objection to this poem as it stands is the fact that I have an uneasy suspicion that some printer may have transposed some of these expressions. For would it not really have made better sense if the poem had spoken of a saffron oblong and a blue square? Certainly if I choose to think that that is what it must have been originally no other reader, on the face of the matter, could convince me otherwise. While, if another reader told me that Mr. Bodenheim had once studied geometry and therefore could not possibly have written about a "slim square", I would be quite unable to convince him otherwise.

But—it will be objected—it is quite unfair to any poem to analyze it word by word. It spoils its beauty. I challenge the assertion, and even assert the opposite. As a matter of fact, it is only by analysis that we can tell good poetry from bad poetry. For instance:

> Crown him with many crowns
> The lamb upon his throne.

Analyze that and it straightway appears the nonsense that it really is. But, on the other hand, take this poem of Francis Thompson's (I quote only a part):

> Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
> The eagle plunge to find the air—
> That we ask of the stars in motion
> If they have rumour of thee there?
>
> Not where the wheeling systems darken,
> And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
> The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
> Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

> The angels keep their ancient places;—
> Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
> 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
> That miss the many-splendored thing.

Now that poem, it will be observed, is not unrelated in subject to the two lines quoted just above it. And yet, how it defies any effort to analyze it out into anything else than itself. Rhythm, cosmic picturings, the homely metaphors of the dusty road, all combine to place us in an attitude toward, to give us a feeling for, reality, which is different from, and nobler than, those of the man who has either never read this poem, never read the same message in other poetic language, or—what is more to the point—never managed to get for himself the same experience which dictated that poem.

For, after all, if I were to agree with Professor Gass that poetry (as a part of literature) is not a fine art, it would be because I think it more than a fine art. Because I think the function of poetry is not merely to be a verbal picture art or a verbal music art, but to be an organon of reconciliation between art and life. The best poems, I think, will be found to be those which alter our consciousness in such a way that our inward, and even our outward, lives are altered. The poet sees the world as we do not see it. Consequently, he can put a new complexion on it for us. The world is pluralistic, and so are we. Intellectually we may be of the twentieth century, but emotionally we may be born out of our due season. Then let the poet of that due season mediate to us the emotional life that we need. Living in America, we may, through him, reach Greece or India. By his aid we may conquer the real world; by his aid we may flee from it if it threatens to conquer us. By his aid alone we may get outside of our own skins and into the very heart of the world.

What, then, shall we say, when poetry offers to conduct us into a world of growing sieves, slim squares, powdered souls, cool, colorless struggles, the obstetrical adventures of white throats, and green and yellow dins?

I have heard of a book which explains the fourth dimension. If I ever get a chance to read that book, and if I find that I can understand the fourth dimension, I shall have another shot at the appreciation of this poetry. For I have a slumbering shadow of a pale-gray idea (if I, too, may wax poetic) that in the sphere of the fourth dimension a slim square would be a perfectly possible conception.

I shall arise and go home now and read some poems by the late Mr. Meredith who is popularly supposed to be obscure.

In Defense of Vers Libre

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

(*A reply to "Spiritual Dangers of Writing Vers Libre" by Eunice Tietjens in the November issue of The Little Review*)

THE properly qualified judge of poetry can have no doubts about *vers libre;* if he doubts it, he is no judge. He belongs to that class of hide-bound conservatives who are unwilling to discard the old merely because it is old. He does not yet understand that the newest is always the best. Worst of all, he does not appreciate the value of Freedom.

Freedom is the greatest of boons to the artist. The soul of the artist must not be hampered by unnecessary constraints. The old fixed verse-forms—such as the sonnet, blank verse, and all the other familiar metres—were exactly as cramping to the free creating spirit of the poet as the peculiar spaces and arches of the Sistine Chapel were to the designing instinct of Michael Angelo. Lamentable misfortune! that his Sibyls had to occupy those awkward corners. How much would they not have gained in grandeur could they have had all outdoors to expand in!

All outdoors is just what *vers libre* affords the poet of today. He is no longer under the necessity of moulding his thought into an artificial pattern, compressing it to a predetermined form; it can remain fluent, unsubjugated, formless, like a spontaneous emotional cry. No longer need he accept such fatal and stereotyped bondage as that under which Milton labored when the iron mechanics of blank verse forced him to standardize, to conventionalize, his emotion in such lines as—

> O dark dark dark amid the blaze of noon,
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
> Without all hope of day! . . . .

To be honest, we must admit that there was something sickly and soul-destroying about the earlier verse-forms. The too-honeyed sweetness and metrical constraint of *Paradise Lost* has always secretly repelled the true judge of poetry; and Shakespeare's Sonnets have never been thoroughly satisfactory just because of the fatal necessity under which the author worked, of rhyming his lines in conformity with a fixed order. How could spiritual originality survive such an ordeal?

It would be unwise, however, to condemn the whole body of past poets; for certain of the earlier practitioners did, in their rudimentary way, see the light. Milton in *Sampson Agonistes,* in the midst of passages of the old-fashioned regular blank verse, introduced several choruses in *vers libre;* and these could perhaps hardly be surpassed by any English or American poet now living. As everyone knows, Walt Whitman (see *The Poets of*

Barbarism by George Santayana) used *vers libre* profusely. In fact, there extends backward from us an unbroken chain of distinguished *vers libre* tradition, through Whitman, Matthew Arnold, Southey, Shelley, Milton, and many others; the chain ends only with that first "probably arboreal" singer just antedating the first discoverer of regular rhythm. *Vers libre* is as old as the hills, and we shall always have it with us.

The one defect of the earlier practitioners of *vers libre* was that they did not have the wit to erect it into a cult. They used the free form only when it seemed to them essentially appropriate to the matter:—that is to say, they used is sporadically, desultorily. Today we know better. Today we know that the free form must be used ever and always. *In hoc signo vinces!*

As a modern poet admirably says—

> Those envious outworn souls
> Whose flaccid accademic pulses
> Beat to no rythms of more Dionysiac scope
> Then metronomes,—
> Or dollar-twenty-five alarm-clocks,—
> They will forever
> Cavail at novelty, at beauty, at freshness;
> But, hell!—
> But, a thousand devils!—
> But, *Henri Quatre* and the *Pont Neuf!*—
> We of the new age, who leap upon the
>   mountains like goats upon the
>   heaps of tin cans in the vacant
>   lots, and butt the stars,—
> We know they are liars,
> And that we are what we are.

Could that be expressed in a sonnet? I think not. At least, it could not be expressed so vigorously, so wisely, so well.

There is, however, one obvious peril against which the enthusiast must guard himself. *Vers libre* is not of itself a complete warranty of success; because a poem is in this form, it is not necessarily fine poetry. "Love is enough," says William Morris; he would not have said the same about *vers libre*. A certain power of conception, beyond the brilliant and original idea involved in the very employing of the free verse-form, is requisite for real importance in the finished product.

Nor is the statement of the poet's own unique and terrifying importance a sufficient theme to constitute the burden of all his work. Several of our most immortal living *vers librists* have fallen into such an error. This "ego über alles" concept, though profound and of a startling originality, lacks variety if it be indefinitely repeated. Should the poet, however, feel deep in his soul that there is nothing else worth saying except this, let him at least take care to beautify his idea by the use of every artifice. After saying "I am I, and great," let him not forget to add variety and contrast to the picture by means of the complementary idea: "You, O world, are you,

and contemptible." In such minglings of light and shade lies poetry's special and proper beauty.

Vers libre has one incontestable advantage over all those more artificial vehicles in which the poets of the past have essayed to ride into immortality. This newly popular verse-form can be used perfectly well when the poet is drunk. Let no one of temperate habits underestimate this advantage; let him think of others. Byron was drunk most of the time; had he been able to employ a form like this, how many volumes could he perhaps have added to the mere seventeen that now constitute his work! Shelley,—seldom alcoholicly affected, I believe,—was always intoxicated with ideas; he, equipped solely with the new instrument, could have written many more epics like *Queen Mab,* and would probably have felt less need of concentrating his work into the narrow limits of such formalistic poems as *The West Wind.*

Let it be understood that all the principles suggested in this monograph are intended only for the true devotee of *vers libre.* One can have nothing but contempt for the poet who, using generally the old-fashioned metres, turns sometimes to *vers libre* as a medium, and carries over into it all those faults of restrained expression and patterned thought which were the curse of the old forms. Such a writer is beyond hope, beyond counsel. We can forgive Matthew Arnold, but not a contemporary.

Certain devoted American friends of poetry have been trying for some time to encourage poetry in this country; and I think they are on the right track when they go about it by way of encouraging *vers libre.* No other method could so swiftly and surely multiply the number of our verse-writers. For the new medium presents no difficulties to anyone; even the tired business-man will find himself tempted to record his evening woes in singless song. True, not everyone will be able at first trial to produce *vers libre* of the quality that appears in the choruses of *Sampson Agonistes:*

> This, this is he; softly a while;
> Let us not break in upon him.
> O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
> See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
> With languished head unpropt,
> As one past hope, abandoned,
> And by himself given over,
> In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
> O'er-worn and soiled.
> Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
> That heroic, that renowned,
> Irresistible Sampson? whom, unarmed,
> No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast,
> could withstand? . . .
> Which first shall I bewail,
> Thy bondage or lost sight,
> Prison within prison
> Inseparably dark?

That is indeed admirable, and not so easy to write as it looks. But some kind of *vers libre* can be turned out by anyone; and to encourage the use of this medium will be to encourage and vastly increase that multitudinous body of humble and industrious versifyers who are at present the most conspicuous ornament of American literature.

The Decorative Straight-Jacket: Rhymed Verse

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

THE clamping of the inevitable strait-jacket, rhymed verse, upon the shrinking form of poetry has been the pastime of centuries. Those who would free poetry from the outworn metal bands and let her stretch her cramped limbs are labeled decadent, slothful, and futile. How easy it is to paste disagreeable labels upon the things one happens to dislike.

I admit that poetry freed from the bonds she has so long worn may become vulgar and over-demonstrative. A convict who has just been released from a penitentiary is perhaps inclined to caper down the road, and split the air with good red shouts. But after his first excesses he walks slowly, thinking of the way before him. With some poets free verse is still the boisterous convict; with others it is already the sober, determined individual. But I rather like even the laughing convict, looking back and flinging huge shouts at his imposing but petty prison.

Suppose I were a Bluebeard who had enticed a young girl into my dim chamber of poetic-thought. Suppose I took the little knife of rhyme and cooly sliced off one of her ears, two or three of her fingers, and finished by clawing out a generous handful of her shimmering, myriad-tinted hair, with the hands of meter. I might afterwards display her to the world, saying: "Look! Is she not still beautiful, still almost perfect?" But would that excuse my butchery? The lesson is perhaps fairly clear. Rhymed verse mutilates and cramps poetry. It is impossible for even the greatest poet completely to rise above its limitations. He may succeed in a measure, but that is due to his strength and not to the useless fetters he wears. But, say the defenders of the fetters, rhyme and meter are excellent disciplines. Does Poetry or does the Poet need to be disciplined? Are they cringing slaves who cannot be trusted to walk alone and unbound? These are obvious things, but one must sometimes be obvious when speaking to those who still possess a childish belief. Poetry is not determined by the monotonous form in which it is usually clothed, but by the strength or weakness of its voice.

Because men have foolishly placed this voice in the mouth of a child, wearing a dress with so many checks on it, and a hat the blackness of which matches the ebony of its ugly shoes, it does not necessarily follow that the voice becomes miraculously changed when placed in some other mouth, whose owner wears a different garb. Then there is the rhythm difficulty. If the little child, Rhyme and Meter, does not swing his foot in time to what he is saying, adding rhythm, his words, according to some, change from poetry to prose. What delightful superstitions!

Poets can undoubtedly rise to great heights, in spite of the fact that they must replace stronger words with weaker ones, because "passion" does not rhyme with "above," but "love" does. But how much higher could they rise if they were free? I do not say that to eliminate rhyme, meter, and rhythm is to make the way absolutely clear. The Poet must still be a Poet to climb. Nor do I say that if the Poet finds that rhyme, rhythm, and meter happen almost to fit his poetic thoughts, he must not use them. I only say that the poet who finds that the usual forms of poetry confine and mar his poetic thoughts should be able to discard them without receiving the usual chorus of sneers, and that if he does he is not miraculously changed from a poet to a writer of prose.

Harriet Monroe's Poetry

Eunice Tietjens

You and I, by Harriet Monroe. [The Macmillan Company, New York.]

Right here in Chicago, under our very noses, there is dwelling personified a Real Force. It is done up in a neat and compact little package, as most real forces are that are not of the Krupp variety, and it works with so little fuss and fury that it takes some discernment to recognize it for a force at all. Nevertheless it is a power which is felt throughout the length and breadth of the country, in California, in Florida, in Canada, and in England. And wherever it is felt it is a liberating force, a force that ruthlessly shatters the outworn conventions of the art in which it operates, that tears away the tinsel trappings and bids art and beauty spring forth clean and untrammeled, to forge for themselves new forms that shall be fitting for the urge of today.

The name by which this force is known in every day parlance is Miss Harriet Monroe, and its manifestations are twofold—as poet and as editor.

As editor she has created and kept alive the courageous little magazine *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse,* which might almost, so far as Chicago is concerned, be called the spiritual older sister of The Little Review. It, too, in its own field, stands for the revolt of today against the hide-bound spirit of yesterday, and it, too, is a thorn in the side of the Philistines.

The most recent manifestation of Miss Monroe's influence is, however, in her character as poet. She has collected together a large number of poems, most of which have already appeared in the leading magazines and have been widely copied, and has brought them out under the title *You and I.* Seeing them so collected, one is much better able to get a perspective on the poems themselves, and on the very interesting personality behind them. And they bulk large. Unquestionably this is one of the most important of the recent books of poetry.

You and I is essentially modern in spirit and in treatment. Miss Monroe has the power of looking with the eyes of the imagination at many of our modern institutions. *The Hotel, The Turbine, The Panama Canal, The Ocean Liner*—these are some of the subjects she treats with a real understanding and a sweep of vision that quite transfigures these work-a-day objects. And she is equally at home when writing of the great emotional complexity of *State Street at Night* or the simpler but more profound poignancy of the *Elegy for a Child.* Indeed, one of the noticeable things about the book is the unusually large range of themes treated.

There is also in this book the primal, but unfortunately rare, gift of wonder. This is one of the essential qualities of true poetry, and it furnishes Miss Monroe with the key-note of the book, an open-eyed, courageous facing of fate, and an unshakable belief in the redeeming power of beauty.

This little lyric may serve as an introduction to the spirit of the book:

THE WONDER OF IT

How wild, how witch-like weird that life should be!
That the insensate rock dared dream of me,
And take to bursting out and burgeoning—
Oh, long ago——yo ho!——
And wearing green! How stark and strange a thing
That life should be!

Oh mystic mad, a rigadoon of glee,
That dust should rise, and leap alive, and flee
Afoot, awing, and shake the deep with cries—
Oh, far away—yo hay!
What moony mask, what arrogant disguise
That life should be!

Scharmel Iris: Italian Poet

MILO WINTER

SCHARMEL IRIS, the first of the Italians in America to write poetry in English is a Florentine who was brought to Chicago when but an infant. Before his tenth year his poems attracted attention and were warmly praised by such men as Ruskin, Swinburne and Gosse. Later Francis Thompson and Richard Le Gallienne expressed appreciation. These poems which originally appeared in leading publications of England and America are gathered together for the first time and printed by the Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company (Fine Arts Building, Chicago; $1.00 net). The volume, entitled *Lyrics of a Lad,* contains his most desirable and characteristic lyrics and is a serious contribution to our poetic literature. These poems came to be respected as art through their freshness and originality—there are no trite, worn-out, meaningless phrases, or words of an abstract, generalized significance. Immortal beauty is a vision in his eyes and a passion in his heart, and he has labored to reveal it to the world. Art is a creation of men's minds, and because Mr. Iris's creation is direct and spontaneous it becomes greater art. This volume is not post-Miltonic or post-Swinburnian or post-Kiplonian. This young poet has the good sense to speak naturally and to paint things as he sees them. Because this book is Scharmel Iris it is distinctive. It is without sham and without affectation The announcement of its publication and his poems in THE LITTLE REVIEW brought the publisher three-hundred orders. The book, slender and well-printed, has more real poetry than any volume of modern verse it has been our good fortune to read.

It is difficult to do an important book justice in a short article. Perhaps a miscellaneous quotation of lines will help:

The thrush spills golden radiance
From boughs of dusk;

The day was a chameleon;

In sweat and pangs the pregnant, Night
Brings forth the wondrous infant, Light;

Within the sunset-press, incarnadine,
The sun, a peasant, tramples out his wine;

You are the body-house of lust;

Where twilight-peacocks lord the place
Spendthrifts of pride and grace;

And lo, at Heaven's blue-windowed house
God sets the moon for lamp;

> The sunbeams sought her hair,
> And rested there;
>
> These mute white Christs—the daily crucified;
>
> Lucretia Borgia fair
> The poppy is.
>
> The sunbeams dance in dawn's ballet;
>
> While sunset-panthers past her run
> To caverns of the Sun;
>
> When from the husk of dusk I shake the stars;
>
> O dusk, you brown cocoon,
> Release your moth, the moon,
>
> Ah, since that night
> When to her window, she came forth as light,
> Have I been Beauty's acolyte;

and there are many other striking lines. In *The Visionary* a poet steals the pennies on a dead man's eyes to buy himself bread, and, after his death, the money denied him in life is in turn placed on his sightless eyes. It is irony of the bitterest sort. *Late January* is an excellent landscape—interpretive rather than descriptive. *Scarlet—White* is struck at the double standard, and is a strong and powerful utterance. *April, Canzonette, Lady of the Titian Hair* are exquisite and charming lyrics. Three graceful compositions are *The Heart-Cry of the Celtic Maid, Tarantella* and *Song for a Rose*. *The Ugly Woman* will cause discussion, but it is good art. The trio of *Spring Songs* and *Her Room* are well nigh perfect. *Mary's Quest* is very tender, as is also the *Twilight Lullaby*. *The Leopard, Fantasy of Dusk and Dawn, The Forest of the Sky* are wonderfully imaginative, and were written in Chicago, ---in the grime and barrenness of Halsted Street. There is a poignant thing of five lines, a mother who is going blind over the death of a son. Her despair is hopeless and tragic—she makes a true and awful picture of realism in her grief. *Heroes* treats of the nameless heroes, daily met and overlooked. The love poems are sincere as all love poems must be. In *Foreboding* the note of sadness is emphatic—almost dominant; but there is more than mere sadness in it; it is not a minor note. It is tragedy, really, that speaks in such poetry:

> Her cold and rigid hands
> Will be as iron bands
> Around her lover's heart;

and

> O'er thee will winter through the sky's gray sieve
> Sift down his charity of snow.

The Mad Woman (printed in *Poetry*) is as excellent as it is unusual, and few finer things have been done in any literature.

There is a fine flowing harmony about the poetry of Scharmel Iris that denotes a power far beyond that revealed by many of today's singers. The poems are colorful and certainly musical and they display an adequate technique. Such a gift as his, revealed in a number of very fine achievements, gives promise of genuine greatness. After many years of discouragement and the hardest work, he has at last found a publisher who bears the cost of the edition, purely on the merit of the work. It contains a preface by Dr. Egan, American minister in Copenhagen, an attractive title-page decoration by Michele Greco, and a photogravure portrait of the author. By advancing the work of living poets like Mr. Iris one can repay the debt he owes to the old poets. This poetry (as THE LITTLE REVIEW remarked) is not merely the sort which interests or attracts; it remains in your mind as part of that art treasure-house which is your religion and your life.

The Poetry of T. Sturge Moore

IN an early number of THE LITTLE REVIEW a correspondent remarked that an article I had the honor of contributing sounded a rather curious note inasmuch as it was a piece of pure criticism in a magazine deliberately given over to exuberance.

Well, it is now my turn to stand up for exuberance as against a contributor, A. M., who gives the poetry of T. Sturge Moore criticism only, and, in my humble opinion, criticism as unfair as would be a description of Notre Dame rendered altogether in terms of gargoyles and their relative positions.

Would it not be more in the spirit of THE LITTLE REVIEW to point out in the title poem of Mr. Moore's book, *The Sea is Kind,* such passages as the two following:

Eucritos—

Thou knowest, Menalcas,
I built my hut not sheltered but exposed,
Round not right-angled.
A separate window like a mouth to breathe,
No matter whence the breeze might blow,—
A separate window like an eye to watch
From off the headland lawn that prompting wink
Of Ocean musing "Why," wherever he
May glimpse me at some pitiable task.
Long sea arms reach behind me, and small hills
Have waded half across the bay in front,
Dividing my horizon many times
But leaving every wind an open gate.

. . . .

There is a sorcery in well loved words:
But unintelligible music still
Probes to the buried Titan in the heart
Whose strength, the vastness of forgotten life,
Suffers but is not dead;
Tune stirs him as no thought of ours nor aught
Mere comprehension grasps, can him disquiet.

And these are parts of a dramatic poem full of fresh figures, colorful glimpses of the romance of ancient life, and what a school-boy would describe as a "perfectly corking" description of a sea fight with dead men slowly dropping through the green water—

As dead bird leaf-resisted
Shot on tall plane tree's top,
Down, never truly stopping,
Through green translucence dropping,
They often seemed to stop.

And how, again could any thorough searcher of this book fail to mention that delightful recipe for wine "Sent From Egypt with a Fair Robe of Tissue to a Sicilian Vine-dresser, 276 B. C." And surely no obscurity nor any uncouthness of figure—such as your critic objects to, as if poets did not have the faults of their virtues—mar those beautiful child poems:

That man who wishes not for wings,
Must be the slave of care;
For birds that have them move so well
And softly through the air:
They venture far into the sky,
If not so far as thoughts or angels fly.

Were William Cory making a prediction rather than "An Invocation" when he ended his poem of that title with the line:

Two minds shall flow together, the English and the Greek.

I would feel like nominating Mr. T. Sturge Moore as its fulfillment.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

Amy Lowell's Contribution

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, by Amy Lowell. [The Macmillan Company, New York.]

. . . And Amy Lowell's new volume of verse refutes all the critical disparagement of *vers libre,* imagism, or "unrhymed cadence," as Miss Lowell herself chooses to call her work. For she demonstrates that it *is* something new—that it is a clear-eyed workmanship which belongs distinctly to this keener age of ours. Miss Lowell's technical debt to the French —to the so-called Parnassian school—has been paid in a poetical production that will put to shame our hackneyed and slovenly "accepted" poets. Most of the poems in her book are written in *vers libre,* and this is the way Miss Lowell analyzes them: "They are built upon 'organic rhythm,' or the rhythm of the speaking voice with its necessity for breathing, rather than upon a strict metrical system. They differ from ordinary prose rhythms by being more curved and containing more stress. The stress, and exceedingly marked curve, of any regular metre is easily perceived. These poems, built upon cadence, are more subtle, but the laws they follow are not less fixed. Merely chopping prose lines into lengths does not produce cadence; it is constructed upon mathematical and absolute laws of balance and time. In the preface to his Poems, Henley speaks of 'those unrhyming rythms in which I had tried to quintessentialize, as (I believe) one scarce can do in rhyme.' The desire to 'quintessentialize,' to head-up an emotion until it burns white-hot, seems to be an integral part of the modern temper, and certainly 'unrhymed cadence' is unique in its power of expressing this."

Take Miss Lowell's *White and Green,* for example:

Hey! My daffodil-crowned,
Slim and without sandals!
As the sudden spurt of flame upon darkness
So my eyeballs are startled with you,
Supple-limbed youth among the fruit-trees,
Light runner through tasselled orchards.
You are an almond flower unsheathed
Leaping and flickering between the budded branches.

Or *Absence*:

My cup is empty tonight,
Cold and dry are its sides,
Chilled by the wind from the open window.
Empty and void, it sparkles white in the moonlight.
The room is filled with the strange scent
Of wistaria blossoms.
They sway in the moon's radiance
And tap against the wall.

But the cup of my heart is still,
And cold, and empty.

When you come, it brims
Red and trembling with blood,
Heart's blood for your drinking;
To fill your mouth with love
And the bitter-sweet taste of a soul.

—M. C. A.

Star Trouble

HELEN HOYT

A little star
Came into the heaven
At the close of even.
It seemed not very far,
And it was young and soft.
But the gray
Got in its way,
So that I longed to reach my hand aloft
And push the clouds by
From its little eye,
From its little soft ray.

Parasite

CONRAD AIKEN

Nine days he suffered. It was in this wise.—
He, being scion to Homer in our time,
Must needs be telling tales, in prose or rhyme;
He was a pair of large blue hungry eyes.
Money he had, enough to live in ease;—
Drank wine occasionally; would often sit—
Child and critic alternate—in the Pit:
Cheap at a half-crown he thought feasts like these.
Plays held him by the throat—and cinemas too—
They blanched his face and made him grip his seat;
And oh, fine music to his soul was sweet—
He said, "His ears towards that music *grew!*"
And he kept watch with stars night after night,
Spinning tales from the little of life he knew.—
Of modern life he was the parasite.

Subtle his senses were—yea, like a child,
Sudden his spirit was to cry or laugh;
Strange modern blending of the tame and wild;
As sensitive to life as seismograph.
His sympathies were keen and sweet and quick,
He could play music subtly in your mood;
Raw life, to him, was often strange and rude—
Slight accidents could make him white and sick.
Unreasoning, but lovable was he;—
Men liked him, he was brave; and yet withal
When brute truth stunned him, he could cringe and crawl;
When most he loved the world, he least could see.
Now let him speak himself, as he well can,
In his queer modern style of poesy.—
Then judge him, you, as poet and as man.

. . . .

There was a woman lived by Bloomsbury Square,—
She was not all that womankind can be,—
Yet she was good to me, I thought her fair,—
I loved her, she was all the world to me;
O, I was adoration, she divine,
And star or moon could not so sweetly shine.

I will say little—it was neither's fault—
Yet to a bitter time my loving came,
A time of doubt, of faltering, of halt,
A time of passionate begging and of shame,
When I threw all life's purpose at her feet,
And she stood strange to me, and cold and sweet—

Child that I was! for when it came, that hour,
It was in no wise as my heart had thought—
For comic devils had me in their power,
She laughed at me, we wrangled, and I fought,
And there was hot breath gasped in murderous words. . . .
It was at dusk, when sweetly sang the birds. . . .

Then there was silence—oh, how still and cold!
Without good-bye I went; for she had said—
"Young fool!"—that was a rapier-turn that told;
I could have killed her, for she knew I bled—
And smiled a little, as I turned away;
We have not known each other since that day.

I had expected, if my love went wrong,
The world in sympathy; I suffered pain
That evening when I heard the birds in song,
And stars swam out, and there was no hope for rain,
And the air was dense with lilac-sweet. . . . I walked
In sullen way; fierce with my soul I talked—;

And knew what knave I was; yet I devised,
Being still too angry for sincerer grief,
Some pain,—appropriate for a soul despised,—
In simulated venom crushed a leaf,—
And glared at strangers, thinking I would kill
Any that dared to thwart my casual will.

So, passing through dark streets, with heedless eyes,
I came upon a beggar, who had drawn
Pictures, upon the stones, of ships, and skies;
The moonlight lay upon them, grey and wan—
And they seemed beautiful, alive they seemed;
Beside them, cap in hand, their maker dreamed.

Above him there a long, long while I stood,
Striving to go, like dream-stuff, to his heart;
Striving to pierce his infinite solitude,
To be of him, and of his world, a part;
I stood beside his seas, beneath his skies,
I felt his ships beneath me dip and rise;

I heard his winds go roaring through tall trees,
Thunder his sails, and drive the lifted spray;
I heard the sullen beating of his seas;
In a deep valley, at the end of day,
I walked through darkness green along with him,
And saw the little stars, by moon made dim,

Peer softly through the dusk, the clouds between,
And dance their dance inviolable and bright;
Aloft on barren mountains I have seen
With him the slow recession of the night,
The morning dusk, the broad and swimming sun,
And all the tree-tops burn, and valleys run

With wine of daybreak; he and I had kept
Vigil with stars on bitter frosty nights:
The stars and frost so burned, we never slept,
But cursed the cold, and talked, and watched the lights
Down in the valleys, passing to and fro,
Like large and luminous stars that wandered slow. . . .

Rising at dawn, those times, we had no fire,—
And we were cold,—O bitter times were those,—
And we were rained on, and we walked through mire,
Or found a haystack, there to lie and doze;
Until at evening, with a let of rain,
We shivered awake, and limped, with crying pain,

To farms, and begged a meal. . . . if they were kind
We warmed ourselves, and maybe were allowed
The barn to sleep in. . . . I was nearly blind,
Sometimes, with need to sleep—sometimes so cowed
By pain and hunger that for weeks on end
I'd work in the fields,—and maybe lose my friend:

Live steady for a while and flesh my bones,
And reap or plough, or drive the cattle home,
And weed the kitchen patch, and pile up stones;
But always it must end, and I must roam;
One night, as still as stars, I rose, was gone,
They had no trace of me at come of dawn,

And I was out once more in wind and weather,
Brother of larks and leaves and dewy ferns,
Friends of the road I had, we begged together,
And slept together, and tended fire by turns:
O, they were rare times, bitter times were they,
Winding the open road day after day!

And then I came to London. . . . Sick, half dead,
Crossing a street I shocked with dizzy pain,
With fury of sound, and darkness . . . then in bed
I woke; there was a long white counterpane;
I heard, impassively, the doctors talk.
From that day, without crutch, I could not walk.

O, the sick-hearted times that took me then!
The days, like vultures, sat to watch me dying.
It seemed as if they lived to feed on men.
I found no work, it seemed so useless trying.
And I got sick of hearing doorbells ring:
Begging in London was a hopeless thing.

Once I had driven: I tried to get a job
At driving 'busses, but there wasn't any;
Sometimes, by washing wheels, I earned a bob;
Sometimes held horses for a stingy penny;
And it was hard to choose between the bed
That penny paid for, and a bite of bread.

Often I hid in parks, and slept on benches,
After the criers had wailed and passed me by;
And it was cold, but better than the stenches
Of ten men packed in one room like a sty.
Twice, I was caught and jailed. It wasn't bad,
Come to think of the cot and bread I had.

But O the weariness, day in, day out,
Watching the people walking on so cold,
So full of purpose, deaf to even a shout,—
It was their utter heedlessness that told;
It made me white at heart and sick with hate.
Some guiltily looked away; some walked so straight

They never knew I lived, but trod my shadow,
Brushed at the laces that I tried to sell. . . .
O God, could I but then have seen a meadow,
Or walked erect in woods, it had been well,
These wretched things I might have then forgiven,
Nor spread my shadow betwixt them and heaven. . . .

I failed at hawking. . . . somehow, I never sold . .
I wasn't shaped for it by Him that makes.
I tried with matches, toys, sham studs of gold,—
I failed; it needs a fakir to sell fakes.
The bitter pennies that I saved for buying
Were going to hell, and my whole soul was dying.

I tried to steal a sleep, without my penny,
One night at John's. I hadn't fed all day.
It was a shrewish winter night, and rainy.
John found me out and swore. I said I'd pay
Next afternoon, or die—he said I'd die. . . .
O, I was longing for a place to lie! . . .

He pushed me to the door and opened it,
His stinking arm was smothered round my face,
And then I raged and swung my crutch and hit,
He only laughed and knocked me into space.
When I came to, Joe Cluer bathed my head,
And he had paid my penny, so he said.

Joe Cluer was a man—God help him now,
Pneumonia got him down last year and took him.
But he had colored chalks, and taught me how
To draw on stones; sometimes the d.t.'s shook him
So hard he couldn't draw, himself, but show
The way it's done. . . . That's how I made a go.

And we'd steal out together, he and I,
And draw before the crowds began to come.
At first he helped me. But as time went by
Drink made him worse, and I would help him some:
I drew him six on paper, in the end,
And he would take them out, and just pretend

To draw a little on the dewy stones. . . .
But it was useless, for the stones were wet,
And he just wasted chalk, and chilled his bones,
His hand so shook . . . O, I can see him yet . .
Cramping his fingers down with hellish pain
To write out "My Own Talent," large and plain.

Sometimes, to go out early, it was fun,
When it was not too cold, on autumn days
When leaves were rustling downward, and the sun
Came rising red and paley through the haze. . . .
The streets were fairly quiet, the people few,
There was a smell of dead leaves damp with dew. . . .

And I'd draw, singing, places I had seen,
The places that I walked when I was free,
And of my colors best I loved the green,—
O, it would break my heart to draw a tree
Growing in fields, and shaking off the sun,
With cattle standing under, one and one. . . .

And roads I loved to draw,—the white roads winding
Away up, beautifully, through blue hills;
Queer, when I drew them I was always minding
The happy things, forgetting all the ills,
And I'd think I was young again, and strong,
Rising at smell of dawn to walk along. . . .

To walk along in the cool breath of dawn,
Through dusk mysterious with faint song of birds. . . .
Out of the valleys, mist was not yet gone,—
Like sleeping rivers; it were hard for words
To say that quiet wonder, and that sleep,
And I alone, walking along the steep,

To see and love it, like the God who made! . . .
And I would draw the sea—when I was young
I lived by sea. Its long slow cannonade
Sullen against the cliffs, as the waves swung,
I heard now, and the hollow guttural roar
Of desolate shingle muttering down the shore. . . .

And the long swift waves unfurled in smother of white,
Snow, streaked with green, and sea-gulls shining high,—
And their keen wings,—I minded how, in flight,
They made a whimpering sound; and the clean sky,
Swept blue by winds—O what would I have given
To change this London pall for that sweet heaven!

And I kept thinking of a Devon village
That snuggled in a sea-side deep ravine,
With the tall trees above, and the red tillage,
And little houses smothered soft in green,
And the fishers talking, biding for the tides,
And mackerel boats all beached upon their sides.

And it was pleasure edged with lightning pain
To draw these things again in colored chalk,
And I would sometimes think they lived again,
And I would think "O God, if I could walk,
It's little while I'd linger in this street
Giving my heart to bitterly wounding feet. . . ."

And shame would gnaw me that I had to do it.
O there were moments when I could have cried
To draw the thing I loved—and yet, I drew it;
But how I longed to say I hadn't lied,
That I had been and seen it, that I wanted
To go again, that through my dreams it haunted,

That it was lovely here, but lovelier far
Under its own sky, sweet as God had made.
It hurt me keenly that I had to mar
With gritty chalk, and smutchy light and shade,
On grimy pavings, in a public square,
What shone so purely yonder in soft air!

And yet I drew—year after year I drew;
Until the pictures, that I once so loved,
Though better drawn, seemed not of things I knew,
But dreamed perhaps; my heart no longer moved;
And it no longer mattered if the rain
Wiped out what I had drawn with so much pain.

I only care to find the best-paid places,
To get there first and get my pictures done,
And then sit back and hate the pallid faces,
And shut my eyes to warm them, if there's sun,
And get the pennies saved for harder times,—
Winter in London is no joke, by crimes.

It's hellish cold. Your hands turn blue at drawing.
You're cramped; and frost goes cutting to your bones.
O you would pray to God for sun and thawing
If you had sat and dithered on these stones,
And wanted shoes and not known how to get them,
With these few clothes and winter rains to wet them.

You come and try it, you just come and try!
O for one day if you would take my place!
If we could only change once, you and I,
You, with your soft white wrists and delicate face!
One day of it, my man, and like Joe Cluer,
Pneumonia'd get you and you'd die, that's sure.

O God, if on dark days you yet remember
So small and base a thing as I, who pray,
Though of myself I am but now the ember—
For my great sorrows grant me this, that they
Who look upon me may be shaken deep
By sufferings; O let me curse their sleep,

A devil's dance, a demon's wicked laughter,—
To haunt them for a space; so they may know
How sleek and fat their spirits are; and after,
When they have prospered of me, I will go;
Grant me but this, and I am well content.
Then strike me quickly, God, for I am spent.

Yet,—lift me from these streets before I die.
For the old hunger takes me, and I yearn
To go where swelling hills are, and blue sky,
And slowly walk in woods, and sleep in fern;
To wake in fern, and see the larks go winging,
Vanish in sunlight, and still hear them singing!

So die; and leave behind me no more trace
Than stays of chalkings after night of rain;
Even myself, I hardly know their place
When I go back next day to draw again;
Only the withered leaves, which the rain beat,
And the grey gentle stones, with rain still sweet.

* * *

So for nine days I suffered this man's curse,
And lived with him, and lived his life, and ached;
And this vicarious suffering was far worse
Than my own pain had been. . . . But when I waked,
His pain, my sorrow, were together flown;
My grief had lived and died; and the sun shone.

There was a woman lived by Bloomsbury Square—
She is no more to me; I could not sorrow
To think, I loved this woman, she was fair;
All grief I had was grief that I could borrow—
A beggar's grief. With him, all these long years,
I lived his life of wretchedness and tears.

Personality

George Burman Foster

A POWERFUL appeal to peoples, especially to the German peoples, it was with this that the nineteenth century began. Still in the eighteenth century there were no peoples, only dynasties, courts. All life revolved around these courts. On the crumbs that fell from royal tables, peoples lived. For the sake of these crumbs, peoples crawled and crouched and cringed. Then came the Corsican! He trod under foot all these gracious sovereigns. The greater selfishness of the giant swallowed up the selfishness of the pygmies. Germany was still but an historical memory. Europe seemed to have but one will: the will of Napoleon. In the collapse of dynasties, peoples began to consider themselves. Preachers of repentance arose who interpreted the sufferings of the people in a way that could be understood. The Napoleonic thunder awoke them from the sleep of centuries. There came the prophet Fichte with his ever-memorable *Reden an die deutsche Nation.* A living divine breath blew over the dead bones of the Fatherland until they became alive again. And as the people considered and reflected upon themselves, and showed the astonished world that they were still there, the judgment that was executed against the royal courts was turned against their executor. The German phoenix arose from its ashes, the people revealed their unwithering power, their eternal life. A rebirth of the people's life, this was the program of the major prophet Fichte. Folk culture, folk education, this was to create a new self within the folk, a free self, dependent upon a life of its own, instead of a self that was unfree, dismembered, unsettled. And all the best, freest, noblest spirits went about the work with a will to renew the folk life in head and heart and hand.

Did this work succeed? Was even an auspicious beginning made? Or, was a false path taken from the very start? Confessedly opinions deviate most widely as to all this. But among those who consider this work as abortive and bungling, no one has aired his displeasure—if not, indeed, his disgust and distemper—so energetically as *Friedrich Nietzsche.* The Germans grew proud of their folk schools, where every one could learn to read and write, if nothing more. But Nietzsche raged: "Everybody can learn to read and write today, which in the long run ruins not only the writing, but the thinking as well!" The Germans founded libraries, built reading halls, and art institutes, that the spiritual treasures of humanity might be as widely available as possible. But Nietzsche scoffed: "Once there was the Spirit of God, now—through its introduction into the masses it has become *Pöbel,* the vulgar plebeian mob!" He even called the whole German culture *pöbelhaft,* vulgar, coarse, plebeian; German manners, unlike

French, inelegant and unrefined; ochlocracy or mobocracy, the democratic instinct of modern civilization—to Nietzsche, the grave of all genuine human life.

In the tendency of the times there is undoubtedly the danger of leveling men, of uniformizing their culture, consequently of externalizing their culture. Nietzsche's aversion to this tendency is understandable, and is well worth laying to heart. For example, religion ecclesiasticized is dispiritualized; morals conventionalized are degraded; so is art; so is even science, as is seen in the "science made easy" cults and courses. Nietzsche made it the special business of his life to dam back this current in the affairs of our modern world. To him, the preaching of the equality of all men was the most dangerous lie of the last century. Therefore, he preached the inequality of all men; required of men that they should not be ironed out to the same smoothness, that they should not all be hand and glove with each other, but on the contrary, that they should be aware of their manifold inequalities, keep their distances, and that thus great and small might be clear as to their real differences. *Not* liberty, equality, fraternity, but the *Eigenheit,* the peculiarity, the uniqueness, the *own-ness* of the human personality, the right of man to his *Eigenheit,* the pleasure in its unfolding and formation—this was to be the watchword of the new culture.

This was what Nietzsche required. He based his requirement upon the fact that every man is an unrepeatable miracle. He never was before, he never will be again, except in his own self. This fact is almost self-evident. It must be kept in mind especially when we place a man into relation with his surroundings. A man cannot possibly be explained merely as a result of his environment. No man can be so explained, least of all a superior individual who has awakened to a self-conscious life, of distinctive personality, and who is inwardly aware of the mystery of his own person. Here scientific inquiry, with its descriptions and explanations, halts. At this point science ceases and we must resort to intuition and interpretation of life's deepest mysteries.

Nietzsche was right in his requirement. Man is an unrepeatable miracle. But may we not go even further than Nietzsche did? All life is peculiar and singular and unique. Behold the billowy field of grain! Countless stalks bend to the breeze. The whole seems to be but a great homogeneous mass. But take any two of these stalks and consider them more minutely, compare them with each other. Each is something special, something with an individual life of its own. Pluck an ear from the stalk. One grain is side by side with another, one looks for all the world just like another. But, in fact, no one is just like another. And from each grain a special stalk grows, so special that the like of it was never in the world before. Or, you wander along the beach. Innumerable are the grains of sand on the shore of the sea. The multitude of grains form indeed a uniform mass, so uniform that its very uniformity wearies and pains the eye,

if it is looked at for long. But look sharply, consider any two of these grains of sand. Each is something for itself. In the whole illimitable mass, you find no second grain just like the first. What is true of the little grains of sand is true of every drop in the wide and deep sea; true of every mote in the air, of every least particle in vast shoreless cosmic spaces. Then, too, there are the stars—one star differs from another star in glory, as Paul saw and said long ago.

All this I call the wealth of nature, the wealth, if you will, of God. In this eternal life, nothing is ever repeated or duplicated. This I call infinite creative power. Never and nowhere does the weaving and waxing world deal wih copies. Everywhere and everywhen the world creates an original fontal life of its very own.

Then should not man be awakened to such a life—man in whose eyes and soul all this singular and peculiar life is mirrored? Should it be man's lot alone to be excluded from all this superabounding fulness of original life? Should he be offended at what is a blessing to all other creatures, fear their fulness, find the true task of his life in the renunciation of this fulness? To be sure, the centripetal, solidaric forces of life do indeed awaken in man. With the breadth of his spirit man spans the greatest and the least, compares the likest and the unlikest, combines the nearest and the farthest. But, for all that, he would sin against life, he would commit spiritual suicide, were he to use this systematic power of thought to over-paint gray in gray the variegated world with its colorful magnificence, to make everything in his own world so similar, so uniform and so unicolored, everything that was divinely destined and created for an existence of its own. From everything that was repeated or duplicated in the world would ascend an accusation to God in whose life all human life was rooted. We who would thus be only a repetition of another would have the feeling that we were so much too much, that we were superfluous in the world! For the proof that we are not superfluous in life is to be found in the fact that no one else can be put into our place, can be confounded with us, that there is a gap in life, in the heart, into which no one else can fit, and that if ever another does occupy our place in life, the gap abides, surviving as the only trace of our existence in the human heart, corresponding to our image and our nature. To be superfluous in the world, to fill therein no place of one's own, to drift and drag about with this feeling—the feeling of all this is alone the real damnation of life, the worst hell that there is in this or in any other world. But the feeling, even with the minimum capital of life, which yet we may call our own—the feeling that one makes a necessary, organic, irreplaceable contribution to the possessions of humanity, this is life indeed; who has this life, and keeps it alive, knows more joy and bliss than any other heaven can guarantee.

A life of one's own that shall yet serve the life of all—there is the consummation devoutly to be wished! In these days we hear much about

decadence and the decadent. What does that mean? At bottom, the decadent seeks to escape the diremption of the modern man between the individual and the social, by affirming the former and negating the latter. The individual, the social cell, detaches itself from the whole organization, from the social body, without considering that he thereby dooms himself to death. The cell can just as little exist without the organism, as the organism without the cell. Decadence is the last word which anti-social individualism has to say to our time. The history of this individualism is the judgment of this individualism. The man who fundamentally detaches himself from society cuts the arteries of life. Still the man must be his own man, and not another, even that he may give a service of his own to society, as a cell must be its own cell and not another if it is to construct and constitute the organism of which it is so small a part. Besides, man is not entirely like a cell. He is in an important sense a supersocial being, as the cell is not super-organic. So we may as well go on with our discussion of the Nietzschean uniqueness and *own-ness* of personality. Personality is both super-individual and supersocial. We have its truth in value-judgment and not simply in existence-judgment.

Somewhere in the old forgotten gospels there is a grim stirring word: Enter by the narrow gate, for the gate is broad and the road is wide that leads to destruction, and many enter that way. But the road that leads to life is both narrow and close, and there are few who find it.

Yes, indeed! It is a narrow, a very narrow gate through which men enter into life; a small, a very small path that leads to this narrow gate. There is room for only one man at a time—only one! There is one precaution with which man must sharpen all his wits, if he is to have regard for the way, so that he may at no moment lose sight of the way; or if his feet are not to lose their hold and slip, if he is not to grow dizzy and plunge into the abyss. This is not every man's thing; it costs stress and strain and tension; it needs sharp eyes, cool head, firm and brave heart. It is much easier to stroll along the broad way, where one keeps step with another, where many wander along together; and if there but be one that is the guide of all, then of course all follow that one step by step. On this broad way no one need take upon himself any responsibility for the right way. Should the leader mislead his blind followers, the latter would disbelieve their own eyes rather than their leader, would "confess" that the false broad way was nevertheless the right way, rather than condemn their own blindness and indolence. These are the *Herdenmenschen,* the herd men who cannot understand that there is a strength which only the man feels who stands alone. These are the men who have no stay in themselves and seek their stay, therefore, in dependence upon others; possess no supplies of their own, and ever therefore only consume the capital which others amass.

Friedrich Nietzsche summoned men out and away from this herd. Friedrich Nietzsche warned men of the broad way and guided their minds to the solitary paths which are difficult and perilous indeed, but along which the true life is to be lived. These small paths, these are the paths of the creative: "Where man becomes a new force, and a new law, a wheel rolling of itself, and a first mover!" There every force of his being becomes a living creative force. No thought is repeated, no feeling, no decision, is a copy of something which was before. This is a new faith in man. He does not need to live by borrowing. There is a stratum in his own soul, in whose hidden depths veins of gold are concealed, gold that he needs but to mine in order to have a worth of his own, a wealth of his own. This is a new love to the man who conceals undreamt of riches underneath his poor shell, divine living seedcorn preserved with germinating power underneath all the burden of the dead that overlay him. Here Nietzsche, the godless one, chimes with the godly Gallet who values the error which man of himself finds more highly than the truth he learns by rote. To be sure, man possesses this that is his very own, this power of the creator, in his soul, not in his coat, not in his manners, not in life's forms of social intercourse. The man is still far from having everything his very own, if he be only different from others, if he only says "no" to what others say "yes." There are people enough whom one might call reverse *Herdenmenschen.* They esteem themselves original because they act, think, speak differently from what they see everybody else doing, and yet they are only the counterpart of others, they receive the impulse of their life, not from what is living in their ownselves, but from opposition to what they themselves are not. What they call beautiful is not beautiful to them because it grips their souls, fills their hearts with the free joy of vision, but because others cannot endure it, and call it ugly. The good for which they strive is not good because they have themselves thereby become stronger, greater, better, and will always become stronger, greater, better thereby, but a caprice which they follow, making it a law to themselves, because others may not do so. As if anyone could live on negation, or create by digging mole tracks in the fields and meadows of men! Even the small path is path, and every path has a goal, and the goal of every path is a "yes" and not a "no!" Therefore, Friedrich Nietzsche, Contemner of *Pöbel,* of the plebeian mass, would count all as *Pöbel* who held themselves aloof from the broad way purely because they saw how many there were that trod it. He would also call the most select and sought-after exclusivists *Herdenmenschen* were they to derive the reason of their action and passion merely from the mania and disease to be different from the herd.

Plain, indeed, then, is Nietzsche's great requirement. Let every man honor and safeguard his unrepeatable miracle, and be something on his own account. This cultural requirement is supplementation and development of the moral ideal of the great German prophet at the beginning of

the nineteenth century, speaking as he did out of the blackest night of a people's life. Fichte, too, would create a folk, no *Pöbel*. To be folk, all that is *Pöbel* must be overcome. *Pöbel,* that is all that lives herd-like, and borrows the impulse of its action and passion from others, not from itself; or, more accurately, *Pöbel,* to speak with Nietzsche, is wherever man is not himself, but his neighbor! *Pöbel* signifies, therefore, not a human class, not a social layer of the population, but a *disposition*. Everywhere there are aristocratic *Pöbel,* wherever men pride themselves on reciprocally surpassing each other in flunkey-like ways of thinking. There is a political, a partisan *Pöbel* which counts it human duty to help increase the great pride that runs after a leader on the broad way of the herd. There are *Pöbel* in science and in art, wherever men do not dare to ally themselves with a cause, a principle, a work, until some "authority" has pronounced judgment in the matter. There are pious *Pöbel* who cock their ears for what their neighbor believes, who, even in questions of conscience and of heart, are impressed by large numbers and determined by vast herds. *Pöbel* shouts its "hosanna" and its "Crucify him" without knowing what it does,and blasphemes every body who does not shout with it. To what shall I compare this generation? It is like children sitting in the market-place, who call to their playmates, "We piped to you and you would not dance, we lamented and you would not beat your breasts."

We are all influenced by what the medicinal psychologist is wont to call "suggestion"—influenced, that is, by alien thoughts, alien expressions of will. What we repeatedly hear comes to lose its strangeness; we come to think that we have understood it and appropriated it. Our taste, our moral judgment, our religious faith, these and such as these are probably far more alien than domestic, far more the life of others than our own,—in a word, suggestion. We have not tested the alien, elaborated it, made it our own. We have let these uncritically empty themselves into the vessel of our spirit where they coalesce, motley enough at times, with the rest of the content. There is, therefore, something of *Pöbel* in all of us, whether we control others or are controlled by others. To form out of *Pöbel* strong and free personalities of our very own,—as a cell is formed from the precellular stuff of life, as the flowers and fruit of a tree are elaborated from the sap and substance at their disposal,—this is the first and best service we can render society. To form out of *Pöbel* a folk, not a distinctionless mass that wanders along the broad way to damnation, —a community of men, where each walks the narrow path of life, no herd in which the individual only has his number and answers when it is called,—a body with many members, each member having its own life and its own soul,—*also sprach Jesu-Fichte-Nietzsche!*

The Prophecy of Gwic'hlan

(*Translated by Edward Ramos from the French of Hersart de la Villemarque*)

I

When the sun sets, when the sea snores, I sing upon the sill of my door.

When I was young, I used to sing; and I still sing who am grown old.

I sing of the night, of the day, and none the less I am discontent.

If my head is low, if I am discontented, it is not without cause.

It is not that I am afraid; I am not afraid to be killed.

It is not that I am afraid; I have lived long enough.

When one does not look for me, I am found; and when one looks for me, he finds me not.

Little import that which advenes: that which ought to be will be.

And one must die three times, before he come to repose.

II

I see the wild-boar that comes out of the wood; he drinks very much, and he has a wounded foot.

His jaws are drooping, blood-covered, and his bristles are whitened with age.

He is followed by his tribe, grunting from hunger.*

The sea-horse† comes to meet him; he makes the river banks tremble in horror.

He is as white as the brilliant snow; he has silver horns on his forehead.

The water boils under him from the thunder-fire of his nostrils.

Other sea-horses surround him, close packed as herbs by a swamp.

"Hold fast! hold fast! sea-horse; hit him on the head; hit hard, hit!

The bare feet slip in the blood! harder! have at them! harder!

I see blood flowing like a river! hit hard! hit them! strike harder!

I see the blood rise to his knees! I see blood like a lake!

Harder! have at them! harder! Thou may'st rest thyself tomorrow.

Hit hard! Hit hard, sea-horse! Hit him on the head! Hit hard! Hit!

III

As I lay soft wrapt in sleep in my cold tomb, I heard the eagle call in the midst of the night.

He summoned his brood and all the birds of the heavens.

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*Wild-boar and his brood—the men of Bretagne and their leader.

†Sea-horse—the Norsemen.

He said to them in calling:

"Rise you quickly upon your two wings!

It is not of the rotten flesh of dogs or of sheep; it is of the flesh of Christians that we will be eating!

"Old sea-crow, listen; tell me—what do you hold there?"

"I hold the head of the Chief of the Army; I wish to have his two red eyes.

I tear out his two eyes, because he has torn out thine own."

"And you, fox, tell me—what do you hold there?"

"I hold his heart, which was false as mine is;

The heart which desired your death, and long ago plotted your death."

"And you, tell me, Toad, what do you there, at the corner of his mouth?"

"I, I am put here to await his soul in passage:

It will remain in me as long as I shall live in punishment for the crime he has committed against the Bard who no longer lives between Roc'allaz and Porzguenn."

Editorials and Announcements

Rupert Brooke on the War

IN HER Letter from London two months ago Miss Amy Lowell made a reference to Harold Munro's Poetry Book Shop in London which may have seemed a little unfair to people who know the high aim of Mr. Munro in that undertaking of his. Miss Lowell did not intend it to be so; in fact she plans for an early number of THE LITTLE REVIEW an article which shall set forth the interesting work that is being done there. In the meantime we have been shown a letter from Robert Brooke, one of the Poetry Book Shop group, which is certainly not open to the charge of "preciousness". Mr. Brooke is in the War; he is a Naval Sub-Lieutenant for service on land, attached to the Second Naval Battalion and was sent with the relief force to Antwerp "just too late". The letter reads: "There I saw a city bombarded and a hundred thousand refugees, sat in the trenches, marched all night, and did other typical and interesting things. Now we're back for more training. I will probably get out again by Christmas. . . . . There's nothing to say, except that the tragedy of Belgium is the greatest and worst of any country for centuries. It's ghastly for anyone who liked Germany as well as I did. . . . . I'm afraid fifty years won't give them the continuity and loveliness of life back again! Most people are enlisting. ——— and his brother have gone into cavalry; I'm here: among my fellow officers being Denis Brown, one of the best musicians in England; Kelly, the pianist who won the Diamond Sculls; one of the Asquiths; a man who has been mining in the Soudan; a New Zealander—an Olympic swimmer; an infinitely pleasant American youth, called ——, who was hurriedly naturalized "to fight for justice" . . . . and a thousand more oddities. In the end, those of us who come back will start writing great new plays." Our London correspondent, Mr. E. Buxton Shanks, sends a note with infinite pathos in it. "I enclose a letter for December," he writes. "Unfortunately it may be my last. The greater part of my regiment went to France last Monday and I expect to follow it before long, so that this may be not only my last Letter to THE LITTLE REVIEW, but also my last piece of literature for ever and ever."

Russia in Storm

FROM Russian newspapers and private letters that have been smuggled through into this country we learn about the great resurrection that is taking place in the land of extremes. The war has shaken the dormant giant, and life is pulsating with tremendous vigor. The abolition of liquor-trade has had an unbelievable effect on the population; the fact that this reform was promulgated by the government which has thereby lost nearly a billion yearly revenue, is of inestimable significance. The Czar and his counsellors have finally awakened to recognize the impossibility of reigning over a country without citizens, and liberal reforms on a wide scope are being announced. Nationalities and parties are united under a new slogan: "Down with Nationalism! Long live Patriotism!" Even the reactionary organs have abandoned their chauvinistic tone, and they preach equality and freedom and the abolition of the bureaucratic régime which they ascribe to Germanistic influences. The revolutionary parties, however, are not intoxicated with the momentary upheaval; they have had too many bitter experiences to be lulled by promises from the throne. Of all the warring nations the Russian socialists were the only party to take an openly antagonistic attitude towards their government. They were demonstratively absent from the Douma when the war manifesto was announced, and later they gave out a declaration in which they expressed their condemnation of the government and its policy. Recently an official communication stated a discovered conspiracy among the radical members of the Douma. It is clear that the revolutionists intend to forge the iron while it is hot; this time affords them a rare opportunity for forcing the Autocrat to yield to the demands of the people and in defiance of popular sentiments and drummed up patriotism, the uncompromising fighters brave their way forward to the ultimate goal. It is great life in Russia!

Alexander Berkman on the Crime of Prisons

MR. ALEXANDER BERKMAN, author of *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist,* which is reviewed in this issue, will deliver two lectures in Chicago, Sunday, December 6, in Room 512 of the Masonic Temple. His subject in the afternoon will be *War and Culture;* in the evening *The Psychology of Crime and Prisons.*

Winter Rain

Eunice Tietjens

Winter now has come again;
All the gentle summer rain
Has grown chill, and stings like pain,
And it whispers of things slain,
Love of mine.

I had thought to bury love,
All the ways and wiles thereof
Buried deep and buried rough—
But it has not been enough,
Heart of mine.

Though I buried him so deep,—
Tramped his grave and piled it steep,
Strewed with flowers the aching heap,—
Yet it seems he cannot sleep,
Soul of mine.

And the drops of winter rain,
In the grave where he is lain
Drip and drip, and sting like pain,
Till my love grows live again,
Life of mine!

Home as an Emotional Adventure

Margaret C. Anderson

I was going Home!

It was seven o'clock on a clear, cold, snowless night in December—the ideal night for a journey. Behind me, Chicago:—noise, jangle, rush, and dirt; great crowds of people; a hall room of agonizing ugliness, with walks of a green tone that produces a sort of savage mental biliousness and furniture of striped oak that makes you pray for destruction by fire; frayed rugs the color of cold dishwater and painted woodwork that peels off like a healing sore; smells of impromptu laundry work, and dust that sticks like a hopeful creditor; an outlook of bare brick walls, and air through the window that should have been put through a sieve before entering. All these—and one thing more which makes them as nothing: the huge glory of accomplishment.

Before me? . . . It was snowing hard as we steamed in. There came a clanging of brakes, a cold blast of snowy air through the opened doors, a rush of expectant people; and then, shining in the glow of a flickering station light, one of the loveliest faces I've ever seen—my sister's,—and one of the noblest—my "Dad's." Then a whirring taxi, a luxurious adjustment to comfort in its dark depths, a confusion of "So *glad* you're here," and "Mother's waiting at home"; a surging of all my appreciation at the beauty of young Betty, with her rich furs and stunningly simple hat and exquisitely untouched face; a long dash through familiar streets until we reached the more open spaces—the Country Club district where there are only a few homes and a great expanse of park and trees; and finally a snorting and jerking as we drew up before a white house from which lights were shining.

Now this little house is all white, with green shutters and shingles, with a small formal entrance porch, like a Wallace Nutting print, in front, and a large white-pillared, glass-enclosed living-porch on one side. A red brick walk of the New England type leads up to it, and great trees stand like sentinels at the back. On a winter night, when the red walk and the terrace are covered with soft snow, when the little cedar trees massed around the entrance sparkle with icy frost, when the warm light from the windows touches the whiteness with an amethyst radiance—well, it's the kind of house that all good dreamers sometimes have the reward of dreaming about. And when Mother opened the door, letting out another stream of light and showing her there against the warm red background of the hall, I was convinced that getting home was like being invited to paradise.

Of course we talked and laughed for an hour; and underneath it all I was conscious, above everything, of the red and white room in which we sat; of the roaring, singing fire; of the shadows it threw on the luxurious rugs and old mahogany; of the book-lined walls; of the scattered magazines on the long table; of the chiming grandfather's clock; of the soft lights; and—more than all—of the vase of white roses against the red wall.

"But you must hear the new Victrola records!" Mother cried. And so I lay back in a deep chair with my face to the fire, and listened—listened with my soul, I think, to some of the world's great music: Sembrich and Melba and Homer and Gluck; Paderewski and Pachmann, orchestras, operas, and old, old songs; and finally my favorites—the violin ones. There was Kreisler, with his perfect art, playing old Vienna waltzes, haunting Provence folk songs, quaint seventeenth-century gavottes and dances; Maud Powell putting new beauty into the Schubert *Ave Maria,* and that exquisite tone-picture of Saint-Saëns called *The Swan;* and last of all Mischa Elman, with his deep, passionate singing of Bach's *Air for the G String* and Tschaikowsky's *Ye Who Have Yearned Alone.* There's a beauty about those last ones that is almost terrible, so close is it to the heart of human sorrow.

"Well," said Dad, a little later, "I don't know about the rest of you, but *I'm* going to bed. And first I mean to have some milk and a piece of pumpkin pie. Does that attract a city girl?"

It did—to the extent of three glasses of milk, besides the pie. "You'll not sleep," warned Mother; but I retorted that I didn't care; I was too happy to sleep, anyhow. And, besides, the kitchen, in its immaculate gray and whiteness, was so refreshing that I wanted to stay there awhile. Large baskets of grape fruits and oranges and red apples stood on the pantry shelves; the stove was polished until it looked like a Sapolio advertisement; and a clock, ticking loudly, gave the room that curious sense of loneliness that a kitchen needs. I can conceive of a library without books, or a fireplace without a fire, but never of a kitchen without a loud-ticking clock.

After while we all trooped up to bed—up the white staircase with the mahogany rail, and into fresh white bedrooms in such perfect harmony with the snow outside.

"This house is positively sensuous!" I told Mother. "It's an emotional adventure just to come into it. . . ."

I climbed into a big mahogany four-poster; but not to sleep—oh no! I sat bolt upright with the silk comfortlet (oh luxury of luxuries!) around my knees, and gazed out the windows: for from both of them I saw a fairyland. It was all white—all except the amethyst shimmerings of boulevard lights; and white flakes dropped one by one through the amethyst. Away in the distance on both sides were faint outlines of woods—bare, brown woods now covered warmly with snow. And over it all a complete and ab-

solute stillness. Just as in spring I used to feel fairies leaping from every separate violet and tulip and hyacinth for their twilight dance on the wet grass, so now I felt a great company of snow fairies dancing in the faint rays of amethyst that darted into the woods—dancing and singing and glittering in their silver frostiness. And then a slow quiet wind would sound far off in the branches of the oak trees; and gradually the fairy carnival ceased and I went ecstatically to sleep.

The next morning, after breakfast in a dining-room of old blue and white and mahogany, I stated my ideas of what one ought to do in such a house. "I don't want to go anyplace or see anyone or do anything. Don't plan luncheons or teas or other things. It will take a week to store up all the impressions I want to. So please just let me stay here quietly and absorb the atmosphere."

And so my precious week began. In the mornings I'd put on boots—for the snow was deep by this time—and take long tramps through the woods. Then each afternoon had its distinct adventure: sometimes it would be a mere wandering about from room to room standing before a specially-loved picture or buried in a favorite old book. And what an enchanting thing it is to read in such a setting: to look up from your book knowing that wherever your eyes fall they will be rested; to feel your imagination sinking into the soft depths of a reality that is almost dream stuff!

Sometimes the afternoon would have its hard-fought game of cards between Dad and me—with the table drawn close to the fire, and Bertha running in from the kitchen with a hearty offering of cider and hot doughnuts. (Bertha always seemed to sense the exact moment when we declared, with groans, that to wait another hour for dinner would be a physical impossibility.) Sometimes at four o'clock I'd conceal myself in a mass of cushions in the big swing on the porch, and wait for the darkness to come on, loving every change of tone in the grayness until the boulevard lights blossomed like flowers and made another fairyland. And always we'd have tea by candle-light—on the porch in deep wicker chairs, or before the leaping fire.

Sometimes after tea I'd take a two-mile tramp down town, stopping at the post-office (because a post-office in a small town is a place worth seeing at five o'clock in the evening) and trying deliberately to get cold and tired before reaching home again, so that the warmth and comfort would come as a fresh shock and joy. And then a quite wonderful thing would happen: namely, the miracle of a superlatively good dinner. I shall never forget those dinners! Not the mere physical pleasure of them, but their setting: Mother feeling a little gossipy, and talking cozily of the day's small happenings; Dad in a mood of tolerant amusement at our chatter; and Betty, usually in white, looking so adorable that even the roses on the table couldn't rival her.

But most perfect of all were the long evenings! First we'd read aloud

a little Pater, just for the ravishing music of his language, and then Betty would sing. I don't know any lovelier singing than Betty's; it's so young and fresh and wistful. And when she'd finish with the Brahms *Lullaby* I could have cried with the beauty of it all. Later, when everyone had gone to bed, I would creep downstairs again to lie by the fire and have the obliging Mr. Mischa Elman play me another concert. *Ye Who Have Yearned Alone* was the thing he'd play most often, for it has a surging sadness that keeps one humble in the midst of happiness. Everything of yearning is in it: the agonies of countless tragic loves; the sad, sad strivings for joy and comprehension; the world-old miseries of "buried lives"; hopes and fears and faiths—and crucifixions; ecstacies dying out like flames; utter weariness of living—and utter striving to live.

* * * * *

Oh, you people who have homes! Why *don't* you realize what they might yield you! When you find yourself uneager, stupified with contentment, ashamed of your vicious comfort—why not share your homes? . . . Back in Chicago, I have a vision strong and soothing, like a poppy seed that brings sleep. I close my eyes at night; and suddenly my bare walls are lined with books; soft lights are lighted; in a great fireplace burns a crackling fire that has in it sometimes soft sounds like bird-singing; and out of the rumble of elevated trains, drowning the roar of traffic and bringing a deep stillness, come the singing tones of a violin, rising and falling over an immortal melody—*Ye Who Have Yearned Alone.*

A Miracle

Charles Ashleigh

If the gods of Greece walked abroad,
The sun blazing their splendor to all eyes,
It would not amaze me.

If the court of Solomon, the king,
In clashing storm of color,
Were to descend into the murk of the city,
I should not be surprised.

For I have conversed with a stripped soul
And its grandeur and wonder have filled me.

London Letter

E. Buxton Shanks

London, September 29th.

ENOUGH of war poetry. An industrious statistician has calculated that three thousand pieces have been printed since the beginning of August. When our poets are unanimous in the choice of a subject, their unanimity is horrible. We have had lyrical outrages from railway porters, dairymen, postmen, road scavengers, and what not, with their names and professions duly appended, in the delectable fashion set some time ago by *The English Review*. Meanwhile, in France, young poets are killing one another. We must arrange a balance-sheet of gains and losses when the war is done. M. Charles Péguy is gone already; that is a loss which makes one fear for Jules Romains and the rest who must be at the front in one army or the other. The French and German casualty lists are not published in the English papers: when the smoke clears off again the arts of the continent will show a different complexion.

Meanwhile we are beginning to ask, prematurely of course, what effect the war will have indirectly on our own arts. The war of '70 caused an epoch of literary ferment in Germany and was at the back of much good poetry. To that war we owe Detter von Liliencron, Richard Dehmel, and Gerhardt Hauptmann, who is, I freely admit, a great dramatist, though I cannot abide him. In France it produced the tired subtleties of Kahn, Régnier, and the other Symbolists. In Austria, a century of humiliation, which has become almost a national habit, has evolved the tired elegance of Hofmannsthal and the weary tenderness of Schnitzler who is so obviously so sorry for all his characters as almost to make the reader weep with him. If we win this war, what may we expect? We can be certain that the English arts will react to the strain: the reaction will not necessarily be a good one, unless the efforts of those who sit about at home and vulgarize war are neutralized or ignored. The tone of our newspapers—and these mould our minds, whether we like it or not—is now most insufferably ugly. And as a result of victory, I fear a blatant hollow tone of exultation in our poetry that—from a literary and social standpoint—is almost worse than the languors of defeat. It will be well if we achieve victory when every person in the country has been made to feel the cost of it. Three days knee-deep in flooded trenches—our arts must draw strength from that dreadful experience.

It is true perhaps that we do wish to feel the cost. We are supposed to live in fear of a Zeppelin raid. In my opinion, half the inhabitants of London constantly though secretly hope it. We feel that with a bomb or two tumbling about our heads we shall be "in it." To read the newspapers is

like having a surfeit of the kind of book which is called "The Great War of 19—." I have read dozens of them and they move my imagination almost as much as the reports—some of them, such as are well-written, like Mr. Wells's *War in the Air,* even more.

The result that we must pray for is a greater concreteness and reality in our writing. We have developed an inhuman literary point of view which is fundamentally insincere and which is never more ugly or less convincing than when our poets try to be "modern." Such poets as Emile Verhaeren—now a refugee in London—treat factories and so forth, the typical products, they think, of modern life, purely as romantic apparitions, much as the romantic writers treated mountains and deserts, excuses for rhetoric and flamboyant description. They have never felt the reality of them, because modern life in its rapidity has outdistanced the poet's mind in his attempt to conceive it.

I hold no brief for "modern poetry" in that sort of sense: I do not hold it necessary to write about these things. But if you will compose upon a factory or a railway-station, you must feel what factories and railway-stations really are; you must not take refuge in a romantic description of lights and roaring machinery. The perpetually breaking high note of the Futurists is merely a rather useless attempt to deal with a difficulty that we all know. Perhaps the war will bring us rather suddenly and jarringly in touch with reality. It is certain that the young men of the class from which literature chiefly comes, have now in their minds a fixed and permanent thought which from time to time comes up onto the surface of consciousness. This thought is the thought of violent death. We have grown physically and morally soft in security; but, as I write, affairs are reaching a crisis in France, fresh regiments are being sent abroad. We each of us wonder which may be the next to go.

This honest and undisguised fear—a man is wonderfully insensitive if he does not feel it and a braggart if he will not admit it—has a powerful and purifying effect on the spirit. Its spiritual action is comparable to that of violent and maintained physical exercise. The flabby weight of our emotions is being reduced and hardened: we have sweated away a great many sick fancies and superfluous notions. The severe pressure of training for war induces in us a love of reason, a taste for hard thinking and exactitude and a capacity for discipline.

The art of war is fortunately an art that allows itself to be definitely judged. Either you win your battles or you lose them. It is of no use to say that Warmser was a great general whose subtle and esoteric methods of making war have never been appreciated by a numskulled public. Napoleon thrashed him and there is an end of argument. A soldier cannot resignedly appeal from the fortunes of the field to the arbitrament of the future.

The consideration of these facts leads us to wish that poetry were in the

same case; and we are beginning to feel both that poetry may become a more active factor in normal life than hitherto and that a careful criticism may remove it from the desert space of assertion and undefended preference which it now inhabits. Possibly the war may help to cure us of our ancient English muddle-headedness. We have awakened with surprise to find our army an admirable and workmanlike machine. The South African war rid us, in military affairs, of the incompetent amateur and the obstructive official. Vague rumors of what the army had learnt there even reached other departments of activity: possibly this war will infect us all with a new energy and a new sense of reality. We may learn how to reach our ends by taking thought and by cherishing ideas instead of plunging on in a sublimely obstinate and indisciplined muddle. As for our war-poetry—I must end where I began—it is merely a sloughing of the old skin, a last discharge of the old disease.

New York Letter

George Soule

NATURE flowers in the spring, man in the fall. With the first of November comes a bewilderment of elections, concerts, books, plays, new magazines, bombs, exhibitions, and all the other things that seem to have blossomed so futilely year after year. To set about the task of discovering the significant in it all is more confusing than to attempt to trace the origin of new species in a single May countryside.

Take the theatres, for instance. There is the usual increase in plays which are so bad that even visiting travelling salesmen begin to supect their artistic integrity. There is Shaw's *Pygmalion,* which some think is second-rate Shavism well acted by Mrs. Campbell, and others believe is a good play badly acted. There is Molnar's *The Phantom Rival,* an amusing and slender satire which is understood by one-quarter of the audience, and applauded for its faults by the other three-quarters. MacDonald Hastings, who aroused hopes with *The New Sin,* has descended to a very bad second-rate in a vehicle for Nazimova called *That Sort.* Elsie Ferguson has made a hit in *Outcasts,* written by Hubert Henry Davies,—the author of the fascinating *Cousin Kate,*—as a vehicle for Ethel Levey, the former star of unspeakable musical comedy in America who has become a great actress in London. It is a play of sordid "realism," whose principle function seems to be to raise an almost academic question of morals and then disclaim any moral intent by a solution which in the opinion of most of the audience is either grossly immoral or disgustingly moral. Everything is topsy-turvy.

Early in the season the Schubert organ created some amusement by

demanding the abolition of dramatic critics. Here are the managers, ran the argument, responsible business men who put large sums of money into new productions. Along comes your newspaper critic to the first night, with a somewhat exalted standard of taste, a jaded appetite, and a reputation for wit. Before the play is over he leaves, hastily writes a column in which he exploits his own cleverness at the expense of the play, and turns away many possible customers. This is not good business ethics. If the play really is bad, let the public find it out gradually. They may never find it out at all. If it is good, we really don't need the critics for publicity. The article was ingenuous and engaging. Most of our critics are so undiscerning that we were glad to see them baited. Perhaps as a result of this, Alan Dale and Acton Davies both left their respective papers. But as if to heap coals of fire, the critics united in a roar of praise for *The Beautiful Adventure,* a play so truly awful that the most ingenious and expensive pushing could not even bluff the public into liking it. It failed after a few precarious weeks.

Just now The Catholic Theatre Movement has created a diversion by issuing their "White List" of plays and threatening to prosecute by law the producers of "unclean" drama. They take occasion to compliment the newspaper critics for abandoning to some extent artistic standards of criticism and substituting moral standards. The movement will undoubtedly tell against much undesirable filth, but it is needless to say that it would be used with equal effectiveness against most works of genius which might by some strange chance be produced.

Little Theatres are sprouting up by the handful. The Punch and Judy Theatre is a clever imitation of the theatrical prototype, with benches for seats, wall boxes for two only, and boy ushers. It is the personal enterprize of Charles Hopkins, a Yale graduate who shows his enthusiasm by combining not only the rôles of actor, manager, and producer, but owner and playwright as well. He has not yet, however, put on any of his own plays. Mrs. Hopkins, a really talented graduate of Ben Greet's company, plays the feminine leads. The Neighborhood Theatre is a quasi-philanthropic undertaking with enough money behind it to aspire to the new stage art in all its magnificence of the concrete dome and more expensive settings. Perhaps the most interesting of all will be a new theatre planned by the Washington Square villagers under the leadership of a committee among whose members are Mr. and Mrs. Max Eastman and Charles and Albert Boni. It will be supported principally by its own subscribers at a very moderate expense, and will be as far as possible from a philanthropic attempt to "elevate the stage." It is the result merely of a belief that here is a group of people who want to see more intelligent drama than is ordinarily supplied, and that the dramatic material and acting and producing ability are available. Plays by American authors will be

used as far as possible, but the standards will not be lowered for the sake of encouraging either authors or propaganda. Such a thing cannot avoid being at least a healthy experiment.

Pavlowa opened in the Metropolitan a week after Genée had given a Red-Cross benefit in a vaudeville theatre. The conjunction was a striking example of the marked inferiority of a romantic form to a classic unless the romantic vehicle is done honestly and supremely well. Genée gave in ten minutes more genuine æsthetic pleasure by her perfection of line than Pavlowa in a whole evening of half-done work. Pavlowa has proved often enough that she can be one of the goddesses of the dance. Last year she had with her Cecceti, her ballet master, and practiced with him constantly. Only by such external vigilance can perfection be maintained. This year, presumably for reasons of economy, Cecceti is not present. The company is much weakened by the absence of the principal character dancers. The opening ballet was a second-rate concoction with almost no real dancing in it. And to top off the insult, a third of the program was devoted to ordinary ball-room dances, which any number of cabaret preformers in the United States can do better than trained ballet people. It was the usual tragedy of the artist who tries to popularize his work. An enthusiast sitting next me said: "We are now seeing the funeral of good dancing in America. Those who want this sort of thing will go to the restaurants. And the others will say, 'If this is ballet, give me baseball.'" But there is still hope. The original Diaghilew company which plays yearly in London and Paris is coming next season. Then we shall see romantic ballet at its highest.

Only one other event must be mentioned now. While various discontented persons, perhaps anarchists, have been leaving bombs about public buildings, the socialists have elected Meyer London to Congress. In itself this is not of great significance. It is interesting to see, however, that twelve thousand people went to the public reception to him in Madison Square Garden. It is still more interesting to compare what was said there with ordinary political buncombe. Mr. London began by calling President Wilson one of the ablest men this country has produced. He went on to say "The business of socialism is to give intelligence to discontent... When I take my seat in Congress I do not expect to accomplish wonders. What I expect to do is to take to Washington the message of the people, to give expression there to the philosophy of socialism. I want to show them what the East side of New York is and what the East side Jew is. I am confident that I will get fair play. I will be given my opportunity, and I not intend to abuse it. Do not let yourselves be deceived by this victory. You are good noise-makers, but you are poor organizers. Organize now for the next campaign. Organize for victory, not by violence, but by the greatest of all forces, the force of the human intellect. Give the people your message clearly and make them think about it."

If the ballot fails because of lack of intelligence, is it reasonable to suppose that violence will succeed with the same material? Or that any arrangement under the sun for the welfare of human beings can take the place of individual human quality? "My friends, mankind is something to be surpassed!"

The Theatre

"The Philanderer"

(*Chicago Little Theater*)

THE most interesting thing about Shaw's *Philanderer* as it was put on at The Little Theater the latter part of November, was the new treatment it received at the hands of the scenic artists of that precious institution. One is tempted to use the trite but pretty figure and say that it was an instance of an old gem in a new setting, only modifying it by the statement that *The Philanderer* is merely a fake gem. The luster it may have had in the eighteen-nineties is now almost entirely worn away. In short, its fun is pointless. Ibsen, thanks largely to Mr. Shaw's active propaganda, is a household pet. Ibsen clubs are as obsolete as Browning clubs; while the "new" woman as embodied in her present-day sister, the feminist, is too familiar and too permanent a figure to be the subject of effective satire. That the play still has appeal for a modern audience is due wholly to its characters, and yet these stage people are not real. They are no more than caricatures, each effectively distorted and exaggerated in the drawing, each effectively touched off in monochrome. To use another overworked phrase, they are typically Shavian in that they are not characters but traits of character. They are not real people; they are perambulating states of mind, as are almost all of Shaw's creations, and the more emotional, rather than intellectual, the state of mind, the wider its appeal.

But neither Shaw nor the play is the thing in this discussion. The setting of the play, subordinate, no doubt, in intention, but predominating because of its novelty, is what interested most the eyes of the layman brought up for years on the familiar conventions of the ordinary-sized theater. The action demands interior settings, but instead of the realistically-painted canvas walls and wooden doors, The Little Theater gives us tinted backgrounds with rectangular openings for entrances and exits. The first act is done in gray, the second and third in blue, and the fourth

in a soft green. The effect of people, particularly of women, moving against such plain unrelieved tints is pictorial in the extreme. Each successive movement, each new position is a new picture. The curtains parting on the last act, showing the copper tint of a samovar, a vase of delicate pink flowers, a white tablecloth, a handsome dark woman pouring tea, all against a soft glowing green, gave one the feeling of seeing an artfully-composed, skillfully-colored canvas at a picture gallery. And it suggested, more successfully than any other setting I have ever seen, the home of a person of refinement and restraint. Less successful was the setting for the second and third acts. The use of indigo in representing an Ibsen club may be satirical and it may be subtle, but its effect on the spectator after an hour or so is depressing, and in the general atmospheric gloom that increases as the act goes on the sparkle of some of the brightest dialogue is lost.

On the whole, the workings out of this new idea in scenery is suggestive in its effect and lovely in its pictorial quality, but until the novelty wears off it obtrudes itself upon the interest that belongs rightly to the play. Its cheapness should ingratiate it to the professional producer. Naturally, the effect of one unrelieved tint in the settings of a theater of ordinary size would be deadly in its monotony, but the idea suggests of itself endless variation and improvements. After leaving *The Philanderer,* with its obvious limitations, with its uneven, at times amateurish acting, one cannot help wishing that our every night plays had half the thought, half the taste, half the imagination in their production that The Little Theater plays seem to have.

SAMUEL KAPLAN.

Music

The Kneisel Quartet and Hofmannized Chopin

. . . And in the meantime war went on beyond the ocean. Strange, but this absurd thought accompanied me as a shrill dissonance throughout the concert. I could not help conjecturing what would be the result, if all the warriors were brought together to listen to the Kneisel Quartet: Would they not become ennobled, harmonized, pacified, humanized? Could they go on with their dull work—for modern war gives no thrills for the individual fighter—after Mozart's Quartet in E Flat Major, which has the soothing effect of a transparent vase? They might have found Brahms's Quintet suffering from this artist's usual weakness—lack of sense of *measure,*—but the Scherzo would certainly have elated the most avowed anti-German. The four instruments performed their work so artistically that one forgot their existence and heard "just music." The only number that could have aroused

international complications was the insincere grotesque of Zoltan Kodaly, who succeeded in misusing an excellent source, Danuvian motives. "But this is Modern", I was shrapnelled. Well, call me a conservative, but if this is modern music, then, in the name of Mozart and Beethoven, *Pereat!*

Still imagining a Marsian audience I was not dismayed even by the appearance of the effeminate Chopin. For Josef Hofmann took the artistic liberty of interpreting the gentle Pole in his own way, and the Scherzo in B Flat Minor sounded as a virile volcanic charge. The pianist refuses to take Chopin sentimentally, and he puts charming vigor even into the moon-beamed, tear-strewn D Flat Nocturne, even into the frail ephemeral E Minor Valse. K.

Hofman's Concert

The spoiled child of the world's pianism—Josef Hofmann—played Schumann's A Minor piano concerto with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at two concerts during the first week in November. Both performances were masterly and splendid in musical values.

Since he left his cradle, Hofmann has had the world sitting at his pianistic feet and fingers so that he has come to take the most vigorous and sincere homage as a matter of fact; and, perhaps for this reason, he occasionally fails to merit it. He is insolent to his worshippers and furious with his critics. Long and copious praise has gone to his head. His insolence is less poetic and far less handsome than Paderewski's, and Hofmann's playing needs to reach magnificent proportions before one is able to forget his bad-boyish disposition.

But one does forget. For his musicianship and key-wizardry are things of great beauty. Despite the fact that his scorn sometimes leads him to abuse the piano, in the way of crude smashing blows, there is (in the Schumann work, for instance, which displays him at his best) never a moment in which he loses a rythmic grasp that is deeply satisfying. And when he chooses, and doesn't lose his temper, he can bring forth remarkable tonal beauties from the box of wood and wire. There is an admirable drive in his art. It is vital and powerful. One's regrets are swallowed and quite forgotten in listening to his artistic qualities of tone, rhythm, piano-color, and, in fact, of genuine music.

Herman Schuchert.

Art

Rose Madder or Red?

William Saphier

PHYSICAL usefulness predominates in the make-up of every real piece of craftsmanship. Its lines and the beauty of its decoration make up its value.

Art does not rely on physical usefulness, form, or decoration. It is its suggestiveness, its appeal to the imagination, its drawing out of sympathy or hatred, its arousing of new and deep emotion—this is what gives the fine arts their importance in life. Art should act as a screen for fine tragic acts, for great emotions. Nature should be the pigment for the painter's brush, but not his aim. He should dilute it with his blood and marrow and fling it on the canvas with determination.

Thus I pondered as I entered the twenty-seventh exhibition of American Oil Paintings and Sculpture at the Chicago Art Institute. Wandering from canvas to canvas, from one prize-winner to another, I felt all my hope for a miracle vanish. They are so real, so true to life, so bereft of imagination, that one wonders why anybody ever took the trouble to paint them.

Just look at these flowers, trees, cows, and nudes. I have seen them many, many times exactly the same way and under the same circumstances in life. They are "pretty" and will undoubtedly make a good decoration in a middle-class home. This may be a worthy thing to do, but why should it be called art? I think this is our punishment for great achievements in the industrial field. No nation can go on building the fastest railroads, the tallest skyscrapers, the largest factories, the fastest automobiles, without paying for it by a loss of its finer æsthetic senses.

But I am getting away from the exhibition. It has become the fashion to be disappointed with exhibitions both here and abroad—and with good reason. As there are few good artists, the chances of getting them on a jury is slight. The result is apparent: good pieces of craftsmanship are hung along with fine pieces of art, and the prizes intended for fine art goes to good craftsmanship. In saying this I do not wish to join the popular sport of hitting the jury and getting a round of applause. But how can one escape these conclusions if he compares the prize-winner, *A Nude,* by Richard E. Miller, with *"Under the Bough,"* by Arthur B. Davis, whose rhythmically-moving figures and beautiful colors transport one to fairyland? The figures remind me of Hodler, the foremost painter today in Switzerland, who is sixty years old and younger than the youngest. Or compare the prize with *Thomas and his Red Coat,* by Robert Henri. What simple forms and colors—what a thorough understanding of a child and his world! Or *The Widow,* by Charles W. Hawthorne. These are works of great simpli-

city, understanding, imagination, and individuality; they are monuments to some fine feeling, dream, thought, or incident in the life of their creators.

As for the other prize winners—the disjointed color spots serving as garden flowers and the chocolate box cover-design—I shall not discuss them. The meaning of such stuff and the reason for awarding is too obscure.

Outside the pictures mentioned above the following are worth seeing: *The Venetian Blind,* by Frederic C. Frieseke; *Dance of the Hours,* by Louis F. Berneker; *Winter Logging,* by George Elmer Brown; *Through the Trees,* by Frank T. Hutchins; *The Harbor,* by Jonas Lie; *The Garden,* by Jerome S. Blum; *Procession of the Redentore Venice,* by Grace Ravlin; *The Ox Team,* by Chauncey F. Ryder; *Smeaton's Quay, St. Ive's,* by Hayley Lever; *The Fledgling,* by Grace H. Turnbull. *A Hudson River Holiday,* by Gifford Beal, looks much like a department store. In fact you may find everything in this exhibition from a flag to a mountain—and all the popular colors. The only thing that is missing is a "For Sale" sign, with a "marked-down" price.

Seven pieces of sculpture by Stanislaw Szukalski, whose work the readers of The Little Review had a chance to see reproduced in the last number, make up the most interesting part of the exhibition.

The original obscuring of the works of Grace Ravlin, Grace H. Turnbull, Johansen, and Blum by the hanging committee deserves praise. But I think if they really wanted to do something unusual they might have thought of something better. For instance, hang all the rejected ones in separate rooms, marked "rejected," and let the visitors see and judge for themselves. This would give the exhibition a bigger meaning. As it is, it means confusion; and confusion asks persistently in this case: are the fine arts anything in particular or just a mixture of craftsmanship, cleverness (the usual companion of emptiness) and some undigested ideas?

Life is a learning to die.—*Plato.*

Man grows used to everything, the scoundrel!—*Dostoevsky.*

Book Discussion

A Watteauesque Enthusiast

The Enchantment of Art, by Duncan Phillips. [John Lane Company, New York.]

To Mr. Phillips life is a *Fête Galante* in Watteau's style. He sees nothing but the elegant, the poetic, the joyous, the enchanting. I picture him in a powdered wig, clad in a gorgeous costume of the Louix XV. period, playfully lorgnetting life and art, and raving ecstatically over everybody and everything. I confess, an all-loving person looks suspicious to me; but Mr. Phillip's book is so sincere, he adores things so pathetically, that I cannot help enjoying him. He becomes irritating only at such moments when he tries to be very much in earnest and breaks into absurd generalization. His credo is Impressionism—in life and in art—but what an elastic term is Impressionism to our dear enthusiast. Giotto, Titian, Da Vinci, Velasquez, Corot, and Dégas were impressionists, and so were Shakespeare, and Browning, and Keats, and Yeats, and Robert Bridges and who not! He loves them all, loves beautifully, touchingly, but he fails pitifully to define his beliefs. Why should he define? Why not be happy in enjoying good things without giving reasons, without strained endeavors to form classifications and definitions. Oh, those definitions! But we easily forgive the author his absurd statements, we can even sympathize with the pain he gets when contemplating the Futurists, whom he terms "lawless." We forgive a lover everything, for we feel grateful to him for the moments of bliss that he generously shares with us. Truly, it is a book of religious joy. K.

Old Virtues in New Forms

The Age of Mother-Power, by C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan). [Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.]

One is compelled to take Mrs. Gallichan seriously in her visioning of the future social status of men and of women in the world of sex; for the results of close observation, research, and computation strengthen the most reasonable prophecies. She is modest enough to state her big idea in simple terms. She points out that, since society had in its primitive days a long and up-tending period of mother-power, or female dominance; and, following that, a protracted season of masculine rule, which is only now awakening to feminine rebellion; it is clearly apparent that a new era is commencing, in which all the old virtues of mother-right will be re-established in new

forms, with the distinctly modern addition of that solitary virtue of male despotism—father-protection. This is a theory—only a theory, if one wishes to preen one's own prejudice—which the writer approaches and develops from various angles. She has fruitfully studied history, legend, folk-lore, savages, and other departments of human life. Her deductions are carefully and lucidly thought out, strongly original, and entirely worthy of attention.

HERMAN SCHUCHERT.

A Handbook of the War

The Great War, by Frank H. Simonds. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.]

The European war threatens to become a prolonged phenomenon. To the Trans-Atlantic public it is a keenly-felt tragedy; to us here it is an interesting spectacle, the audience being requested to remain neutral, to refrain from applause and disapproval. Even so, we are in need of a libretto. Frank H. Simonds supplies us with a comprehensive account of the first act of the drama. The lay reader is getting acquainted with the complexities of the pre-war events and with the further developments of the conflict down to the fall of Antwerp. The simple maps and the lucid comments make the book not only instructive, but also readable. You must read the book if you do not want to play the ignoramus in present-day floating, cinematographic history.

The New Reporting

Insurgent Mexico, by John Reed. [D. Appleton and Company, New York.] "Who is John Reed?", asked the newspapers when, forgetting for the moment their name-worshipping arrogance, they discovered that the best reports from Mexico were coming, not from the veteran correspondents, but from an unknown. The answer is that John Reed is the only "correspondent" that the Mexican mix-up or the present European struggle has yet brought to light, who has a really new and individual method of reporting. These are not dogmatic, cock-sure, crisis-solving "articles" from the front, but simple, vivid reporting of scenes and actions that have some reason for being reported. And John Reed is about the only reporter who has shown us that the Mexican people have visions of a future. The newspapers and

those whose duty it seems to uphold the old idea are now crying that Reed's simple realism is too slight to be of value as history, and that he does not "get beneath the surface"—but these people have still to see which kind of reporting can endure as history.

Incorrect Values

Life and Law, by Maude Glasgow. [G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.]

A secondary title—"The Development of the Exercise of the Sex Function Together with a Study of the Effect of Certain Natural and Human Laws and a Consideration of the Hygiene of Sex"—is evidence *per se* that the book is inadequate and superficial. In less than two hundred pages no writer can more than hint at all these topics, and in trying to cover so much ground the author really covers nothing. She tells over old facts and frequently gives them what are now accepted as incorrect values. Her statements are as sweeping as the scare heads of the old quack medicine almanacs. She describes men as ignorant, intolerable, immoral monsters; and women as being universally down-trodden and the sexual victims of man's unbridled appetite. The book is as full of "musts" and "shoulds" as the rules of an old-fashioned school master. The author tells nothing new; veers from science to sentimentality in a most disconcerting way; and adds nothing to the constantly-increasing library of valuable sex books.

Mary Adams Stearns.

Sentence Reviews

Abroad at Home, by Julian Street. [The Century Company, New York.] So far as what he will write is concerned we don't give a rap whether Shaw visits America or not. Yes, we don't believe even *he* could lay out the statisticians as Street does when he advises us on the purchase of pig iron; or display such fiendish glee at the chance of hurting the feelings of a professional Fair booster: or—well, every paragraph of every chapter is worth reading.

Reminiscences of Tolstoy, by Count Ilya Tolstoy. [The Century Company, New York.] The book is richly illustrated; this is its main value. Nothing is added to what we have known about Tolstoy's personality; we have had numerous, perhaps too many, works on his intimate life; Sergeyenko nearly exhausted the subject. True, we gain considerable information about the great man's son, Count Ilya, but, pray, who is interested in it?

American Public Opinion, by James Davenport Whelpley. [E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.] The name is misleading: the book presents a series of articles on American internal and foreign problems, written from the point of view of a conservative. Why call Mr. Whelpley's personal opinion "American Public Opinion"? The articles on our foreign diplomacy are valuable; they reveal our infancy in this peculiarly European art.

Jael, by Florence Kiper Frank. [Chicago Little Theater.] The production of this play was treated subjectively in the last issue of this magazine. In the reading of it the verse impresses one in much the same manner as the viewing of the production. The two effects are so similar as to impress one with the coherence and wonderful worth of the Chicago Little Theatre in harmonizing the value of the play as literature with the importance of the production.

The House of Deceit. Anonymous. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.] Maurice Sangster had a "conviction in his heart that he was born to make a conflagration of the Thames". He came to London and proceeded to attack the religious, political, and social institutions of the present day. He serves merely as a blind for the author, who, attacking almost everything under the sun, is not courageous enough to reveal his identity.

The Mystery of the Oriental Rug, by Dr. G. Griffin Lewis. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.] To the lover of Persian and Caucasian rugs the book will surely bring moments of exquisite joy. The author possesses both knowledge and taste, and he tells us curious things about the history of the oriental rug.

(*A number of reviews of important books are held over until next month because of lack of space.*)

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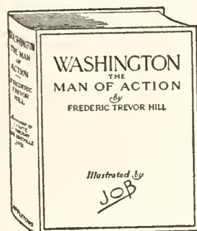

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Text by Frederick Trevor Hill
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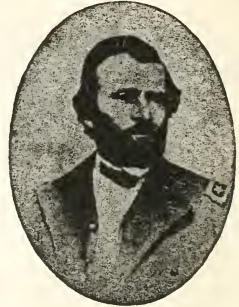

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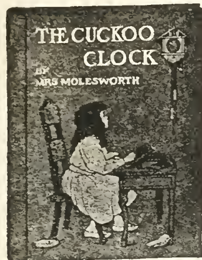

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The Allies

(August 14th, 1914)

AMY LOWELL

Into the brazen, burnished sky the cry hurls itself. The zigzagging cry of hoarse throats, it floats against the hard winds, and binds the head of the serpent to its tail, the long snail-slow serpent of marching men. Men weighted down with rifles and knapsacks, and parching with war. The cry jars and splits against the brazen, burnished sky.

This is the war of wars, and the cause? Has this writhing worm of men a cause?

Crackling against the polished sky is an eagle with a sword. The eagle is red and its head is flame.

In the shoulder of the worm is a teacher.

His tongue laps the war-sucked air in drought, but he yells defiance at the red-eyed eagle, and in his ears are the bells of new philosophies, and their tinkling drowns the sputter of the burning sword. He shrieks, "God damn you! When you are broken the world will strike out new shoots."

His boots are tight, the sun is hot, and he may be shot, but he is in the shoulder of the worm.

(Over)

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A dust speck in the worm's belly is a poet.

He laughs at the flaring eagle and makes a long nose with his fingers. He will fight for smooth, white sheets of paper and uncurdled ink. The sputtering sword cannot make him blink, and his thoughts are wet and rippling. They cool his heart.

He will tear the eagle out of the sky and give the earth tranquility, and loveliness printed on white paper.

The eye of the serpent is an owner of mills.

He looks at the glaring sword which has snapped his machinery and struck away his men.

But it will all come again, when the sword is broken to a million dying stars, and there are no more wars.

Bankers, butchers, shopkeepers, painters, farmers,—men, sway and sweat. They will fight for the earth, for the increase of the slow, sure roots of peace, for the release of hidden forces. They jibe at the eagle and his scorching sword.

One! Two!—One! Two! clump the heavy boots. The cry hurtles against the sky.

Each man pulls his belt a little tighter, and shifts his gun to make it lighter. Each man thinks of a woman, and slaps out a curse at the eagle. The sword jumps in the hot sky, and the worm crawls on to the battle, stubbornly.

This is the war of wars, from eye to tail the serpent has one cause:

PEACE!

The Logical Extreme

GEORGE SOULE

(The first of a series of three Dramatic Extravaganzas to be called "Plays for Irascibles.")

CHARACTERS:

GENERAL HEINRICH VON BUHNE
MARYA RUDINOFF

SCENE:

A private dining room in the General's house in Berlin. It is decorated in black and white, and designed to impress one with the luxury of austerity. A chaotic but strong cubist bust in black onyx is at the left. The dining table, right center, is prepared for a meal. The effect of the room is that of a subtle beauty compressed and given terrific force by a military severity. There is a door at the rear and an entrance for servants at the left.

The General enters rear, followed by Marya. He is tall, with a large mustache and gray hair; his face and figure are in striking harmony with the room. A man of high intellectual quality; the lines and angles of his jaw, his mouth, his brows, are almost terrifying in their massiveness. He is in evening dress, and wears a single crimson order. Marya likewise is tall, a young woman with dark hair, and of a tense beauty. She is subtle, yet apparently lacks utterly fear and the softer qualities. She moves about with an unemphasized superiority over her surroundings. She wears a red evening gown, low cut to show her superb shoulders, yet without daring for its own sake. One feels that she would be equally at ease as a nude Greek goddess.

The General seats her at the right of the table, bows, and sits opposite her. Two servants enter with appetizers; they continue serving the dinner as the dialogue progresses.

GENERAL VON BUHNE *(lifting his glass).* To a good day's work. *(She touches hers to her lips)* Fräulein Rudinoff, you are superb! I do not refer to your beauty; any dog could see that. I don't believe in praise. But as a sculptor to his statue, allow me to say that of the many secret agents I have employed, you are the most subtly efficient—cold as ice and blazing as fire.

MARYA. Please, Heinrich! I don't believe in praise either.

GENERAL. Not even when it is for myself? But you are right. Man does not become strong until he ceases to wonder at his strength.

MARYA. That is your secret, I believe.

GENERAL. My secret, Marya? I do not have secrets. A secret is something guarded, kept. My mystery, perhaps, yes. That is something which the many are incapable of discovering—even when it is flaunted in their faces.

MARYA. But we flaunt nothing, you and I.

GENERAL. No, we stand for everyone to see. My enemies think you are their spy, and I—know what you are.

MARYA. And so, we have them at last where your iron fist can close on them.

GENERAL. Yes, I have them, thanks to you. The poor visionary fools shall not assassinate the chancellor and blow up the churches.

MARYA. You know, we women are supposed to worship the poets. Well, we do, but we are fascinated and held by men like you. I loved the comrades, but—as you see——

GENERAL. You are right, Marya. I love them, too; that is why—I crush them. (He laughs shortly.) And perhaps that is why I dominate you. It is not an effort; it is an instinct. There is something—inevitable—about our love. That, I think, is because I—am inevitable.

MARYA. When I first came to you, Heinrich, I hated you. I think I do still, a little. There is always the zest of hate about the greatest love.

GENERAL. How you echo me! *(A silence)* Would it surprise you, my beautiful one, to know that I, like you, was once an anarchist?

MARYA. You!

GENERAL. Yes, I, the bugaboo of the democrats, the great reactionary, the militarist, the apostle of repression, the fortress of the German Empire. I was once a revolutionist, and I plotted to kill your Czar!

MARYA. And yet you failed!

GENERAL. I am in a whimsical mood tonight. Shall I explain to you the paradox?

MARYA. Tell me!

GENERAL. When I was a young chap I was restless, full of that driving spirit all healthy youngsters have. The methodical occupations they gave me in the Fatherland disgusted me. I had money, and I traveled. So I came to Russia and took up with one of your artistic groups in an interior city—I won't tell you which. Believe me, I was fascinated, lifted out of myself! The great, clean spirit of your intellectual anarchists, the daily dangers they thrived on, the nonchalance with which they met death or exile, their daring minds, which ripped the veil from the future, their beautiful art productions—these things carried me

to the height of inspiration. They represented the highest human quality of which it was possible to dream.

MARYA *(covering her eyes with her hand)*. You have known that, too!

GENERAL. Yes, and love along with it. It was a boy-like worship. And when my beloved one went to the scaffold it burned into me a white-hot scar of fearlessness and severity I shall never lose. The love, I see now, was ephemeral; the scar is eternal.

MARYA. And why did you leave them? Why did you leave them?

GENERAL. I had heard of America; I wished to go there and study the freedom we desired to create in Russia.

MARYA. So you went; what then?

GENERAL. I found a country without a hereditary ruler, one rich in opportunity, where all men are theoretically equal before the law. I found a country where even the peasants read and have their magazines, a country without a state church. It was a land won from the wilderness by heroic struggle, whose freedom men had died to create, and whose unity men had died to preserve.

MARYA. Did you not breathe more freely there?

GENERAL. Ah, Marya, that was the tragedy! I suffocated! For it was also a country without a poet, without a musician, without a sculptor, without a philosopher. The cities were run for loot, and the people, in whose power everything lay, could not seize the reins. And business —business—business, everywhere. As I went along the railroads I saw nothing beside the track but dirty wooden shanties in the cities, nothing in the country but ugly advertising signs. What do you think was the best paid and most highly honored profession? Advertising!

MARYA. Are you lying to me!

GENERAL. No, it is the truth. Heroism, the love of beauty, the love of truth—except convenient truth—any sort of high endeavor for its own sake, was laughed at and crushed in those people by the dull weight of prosperity. That whole nation was an ugly monument to the triumph of the commonplace, a stone over the grave of godlike aspiration.

MARYA. But surely they have improved since then?

GENERAL. Do you know why they put up new buildings? Because some millionaire who sells worthless things for five and ten cents wishes to make money renting offices; because some railroad or insurance company wishes to get advertising space in the papers without paying for it. Do you know why the clergymen preach honesty? So that business conditions may not be disturbed! Do yon know for what purpose the magazines accept stories and articles? So that they may gain the largest possible public to offer up to their advertising men! Whenever an artist appears, he is either ignored or scoffed at by that bestial monster, the

majority! It is like a prehistoric animal taking up the whole earth with his vast bulk, seizing everything beautiful for food with which to stuff his maw, and poisoning the air with the breath of his indigestion. *(He rises and goes to the sideboard, where he busies himself selecting a cigar. As his back is turned, Marya quickly empties a powder into his glass. As he comes back and seats himself, she lifts her glass.)*

Marya. Then let us toast Russia, General! *(They drain their glasses.)*

General. Would you mind telling me, Marya, how long I have to live? *(He lights his cigar.)* You are surprised? But that does not suit you. You should have known me better than to think I did not know what you would do when I turned my back tonight.

Marya *(rising, pale):* About a minute, General.

General. Then let us use the time well. Now we can be perfectly frank. Why have you—*(He waves his hand in the direction of the empty glass.)*

Marya. Because I am true to my cause! Because you are the scourge of Germany; you represent everything we hate, every cruelty, every oppression, every evil thing of the past. I have lived for this moment for years!

General. Ah, you are beautiful! In you is my reward! And do you renounce your love, too?

Marya. I have loved you—more than I knew how to bear. Do not think I shall live after you. And yet—I had to kill you!

General. Now I am ready to die. My work is done. I have produced the beauty I desired!

Marya. You? What do you mean?

General. You, who know how to kill what you love, can ask that? To produce the rebellion in Germany, to make heroes with the scourge—that has been my life! I, too, have lived for this moment! To be loved by a woman with a flaming soul, a woman who is greater than her love!

Marya *(Springing to him as he weakens):* Stay with me! Come back to me! O Heinrich, Heinrich, I have wronged you!

General. No, Marya, you would have wronged me if you had not carried your faith to its end. I—I—am the greatest anarchist of you all! *(He dies. She looks at him a moment, puts her arms across her eyes, then rises and speaks levelly to the servant who enters.)*

Marya. Peter, I have killed your master. No, do not be afraid, I shall sit here quietly. Lock me in, if you like, and send for the authorities. *(The servant stands stupidly staring at her.)* Do as I say, at once! *(He tumbles out. She sits slowly at her place, her elbows on the table, looking dumbly into the distance.)*

Slow curtain

Little Flowers From a Milliner's Box

SADE IVERSON

Reminders

I have been making a little hat;
A hat for a little lady.
Red and brown leaves edge it,
And the crown is like brown moss.
If I might, I would say to her:
"Pay me nothing, pay me nothing—
I have been paid in full, lady—
I have been paid in memories.
Ah, the sweep of the sun-burned meadow
Rising above the woodland!
Ah, the drift of golden beech-leaves,
Fluttering the still hour through!
I can hear them falling, softly,
Softly, falling on the tawny ground.
The nuts, too, are falling, pad-pad,
Mischievously on the earth.
Never was sky so blue, so deep,
So unbearably perfect!
I throw up my hands to it,
I fling kisses heavenward,
To Something, to Somebody,
Who made beauty—who made Youth!
Take your hat, little lady,
Wear it smilingly;
It is all sewn with dreams,
And looped with memories.
Little dead joys, like mists,
Float about it invisibly,
Making it miraculous.
You lack the money to pay for these things.
It is I who owe you for the little hat
You commissioned, made of red and of brown leaves,
With a crown like sun-dried moss
In the woods where I once wandered."

But I cannot afford to be kind,
Or strange, or mad, or merry.
She will give me purse-worn bills
For the little dream hat, the fairy-sewn hat,
And I shall say with formality:
"Thank you, madam; I am glad
You are pleased with the little hat."

Stale, stale, flat, flat!

Will there never again come a day
When I shall be throwing kisses to the sky,
Hoping they will reach up to Him
Who made beauty, and little golden leaves,
And brown nuts falling in the Autumn woods?

Eidolons

I have been looking at the sun-ball,
Red as a Japanese lantern
Swinging low in the West
On a bed of saffron sky.
And now I have come into my room
With grey and lonely walls all about me,
And everywhere I look, behold,
Little wonderful bright balls are swinging!
My room is gay with them,
My wall is dancing.
Who could guess this little grey room could be so gay?

Voices

I awake in the night to the sound of voices—
Voices of strangers passing in the street.
I cannot hear what they are saying,
But it is easy to see that they are happy.
Perhaps they have been to a party,
Dancing to music—or remembering the birthday
Of some one whom they love.
I am glad to have heard them,
Glad they were laughing.
It fretted the silence
As the bright balls of a rocket
Fret the black sky of night.
As for me, I am shut up in silence,
Like a fly in odorous amber.
No one hails me, no one calls me;
No one tells me the day is fair
Or wishes me happy dreams.

Sometimes I fall to wondering,
What if I should run out onto the street,
Crying to some passerby:
"I would make a good friend to you!
I am one who understands friendship;
Try me and see!"
                    Oh, what would happen?
Should I be scorned?
                    Oh, silence, silence,
You are but a grey bubble, and I could break you
With one breath of impatience. Yet I dare not.
Something witholds me. Still must I waken
In the lonely night-time,
Taking joy from the voices of strangers
Passing in the street, talking, laughing.
Joy?
It mocks me like the sound of falling water
That tricks the ear of the thirst-mad wretch
Dying in the desert.

                    My desert is Silence!
It covers the bleak rotundity of the earth.

Ten Square Feet of Garden

Did you ever see my garden? See my mallow? See my larkspur?
My petunias like censors, snowy white and full of honey?
And my phlox, a summer snow-bank, and my haughty purple asters?

Did you ever see my flocks and herds, all my little golden creatures?
Dusky honey-bees in plenty, golden bumble-bees a few?
Have you never seen them feeding on my larkspur and my mallow?

Some day I shall have a fountain, or a tiny pool for lilies.
And I'll sit there, hidden safely, all alone and full of fancies,
Playing I'm a lovely princess, resting by her carven fountain.

I shall like to be a princess, to have friends and lovers by me!
I can praise them, I can chide them, tell them secrets if I like,
Flinging back their happy laughter like a handful of clear water.

Oh, my little treasured garden, ten square feet of haunting perfume,
Ten square feet of tossing blossoms, all my feoff and own dominion,
How I love you, with your old-gold, noisy, honey-bearing herds!

My Friend, the Incurable

III.

Personalities: Villon; Verhaeren; Parnell; Romain Rolland; Dostoevsky

HOW do you do? Or, as Oscar Wilde preferred it, How do you think? It is so much more interesting. Tell me, if you can, spontaneously, freely, about your thoughts, reveal your personality, and we shall enjoy a most engaging conversation, as charming as any good novel or essay. Speak about yourself; people do this so much better than when they discuss others. To me the most enchanting reading has always been literature of Personality, such as subjective lyrics or chatty essays of the Montaigne category; but I am particularly interested in Letters and Memoirs, where the writer reaches transparency, unless he deliberately uses his pen as a masque for self-concealment, as is the case, to my mind, in *De Profundis*. True, an artist reveals his best in his artistic creation; you discover autobiographical contours of Goethe in Faust and Werther; Tolstoy's restless searchings are mirrored in Besukhov, in Levin, in Nekhludov; Zarathustra and *Ecce Homo* allow you a glimpse into the very crater of Vesuvius-Nietzsche. Yet through this medium you see the artist in his royal garb, so to speak, in his regalia; he seldom appears to you in his unceremonious morning-gown and slippers, to let you contemplate him not at his *best* but in his quotidian intimate aspect. Exceptions? I admit a legion.

To be sure, Francois Villon* wore no stage array. His childish frankness and spontaneity account for the fact that he is to this very day an outcast among *bon ton* salons, and even Robert Louis Stevenson stooped to condemn him. Of course he is a disgrace for the fraternity of writers: a thief, a robber, a murderer, a tramp, a debauchee, who possessed less tact than even his by-no-means puritanic confrère, Rabelais, and chanted most exquisite verses on most base topics. Villon is not in the least detached from his poetry: he is it, his very life was a song, a ballad. Filthy fifteenth century Paris, licentious monks, mercenary courtesans, tavern sages, knights of the road and candidates of the gibbet—in such an atmosphere the poet breathed, lived, and sang in the old picturesque French. Every adventure, every experience, impression, and emotion, Villon reflected in a ballad or a rondel, with equal beauty and sincerity; with equal compassion and loyalty he chanted to his religious mother and to the faded courtesan, to the duck-

**The Poems of François Villon,* translated by H. DeVere Stacpoole. [John Lane Company, New York.]

thief and to the creaking gibbet; and he poured a world of tender humor and sympathy into his greatest *Ballade des Pendus,* an epitaph for himself and his companions expecting to be hanged. You may love him, you may condemn him, but you cannot deny his absolute truthfulness, for his soul is unreservedly denuded, a quivering, appealing, humane soul.

> Ayez pitie, Ayez pitie de moy.
> A tout les moins, si vous plaist, mes amis!

Villon is justly called "the father of French poetry"; his influence has been felt for nearly five centuries, from Rabelais to Verhaeren. Indeed, in the savage cosmic rhythm of the "enormous" Belgian I often hear the echo of the medieval *"Pauvre Villon."* Verhaeren....I must close my eyes when I think of this Titan. You cannot gauge him, you cannot see him in his entirety: an Atlas, bigger than our planet, detached from it. I think Verhaeren has been best loved, and perhaps best understood in Russia,—a land where realities are looked upon as symbols, else life would become a horrible absurdity. There he is endeared as the lyricist of the modern soul rent with eternal contradictions in the great task of transvaluation of values: a mystic with no God, a prophet with no blessing, a positivist without faith in man, a socialist without a political program, an anarchist without "action," an urbanite longing for his village, a villager craving for the city. Verhaeren destroys rather than creates, wills rather than believes, yearns rather than attains. His movement lacks gracefulness; his attack, firmness; his flight, lightness; his love, tenderness; his architecture is without system, his system without method. And the more profound, the more palpitating and irresistible is the chaos of his titantic images heaped in masses, the more sincere are his wails, the more burning his tears. I think it was the admirable French critic, René Ghil, who observed that to Verhaeren the world appears as if in a flash of lightning, in an enormous, exaggerated form, and as such he embodies it in his work—also exaggerated, also enormous; that his poetry resembles the genius of Rodin hewing his Balzac out of marble and powerful dreams.

How differently is Verhaeren conceived in the Teutonic mind! The Austrian poet, Stefan Zweig,* has written an interesting book on the Belgian, an elaborate study of his personality and works, which substantiates my claim that people speak much more successfully about themselves than about others. Herr Zweig appreciates Verhaeren highly (and let me tell you sub rosa, my friend, that his general estimation of the Poet is but a pale echoing of the brilliant Léon Bazalgette in his book *Les célébrités d'aujourd hui);* he considers him the greatest poet living, he names him *the* European poet in the same sense as Whitman is *the* American poet. Soon, however,

**Emile Verhaeren,* by Stefan Zweig. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.]

he falls into the Teutonic fallacy of preciseness-by-all-means, of violently accurate definitions which *must* suit the facts, else—*desto schlimmer für die Fakten.* He wishes us to believe with him that Verhaeren is the poet of socialism, of democracy, that he has proclaimed his great Aye to contemporary life, with its greed, factories, and smoke; that a poet who wants "to be necessary to our time must feel that everything in this time is necessary, and therefore beautiful." Thus with the German skill in fencing with Hegelian dialectics the critic endeavors to persuade us that Verhaeren must needs love modern life in all its aspects, that he is enraptured with all manifestations of contemporary spirit, from the urban "multitude" to that most hideous platitude, the Eiffel Tower. Mr. Zweig has utterly failed to see that Verhaeren does not feel the present, the contemporary, that he lives spiritually in the past and in the future, while the fleeting present is for him but a *symbol,* an alphabet of monstrous hieroglyphs, the mysteries of which he interprets prophetically. Has he not expressed his endless despair and maddening grief over the tragedy of the all-absorbing monster-city? Has the world not been to him a Golgotha, "an eternal illusion"? To Mr. Zweig Verhaeren is a happy, satisfied lover of all and everything. The poet and the painter, Maximilian Voloshin (one of whose poems appeared in THE LITTLE REVIEW), relates his impression of the Belgian: "When you see him for the first time you notice before anything else a deep furrow cleaving his brow, resembling two wide-spread wings of a flying bird. This furrow is himself. In it is his sorrow, his flight." I wonder whether Mr. Zweig has observed the furrow; or did he deliberately overlook it in order to save his "structure"?

Yes, my friend, people seldom succeed in their attempt to interpret others. Would you classify biographies as literature of personality? Perhaps in the sense that they reveal the personality of the biographer, but then it depends upon the value of that personality. Here is an instance. The brother of Parnell writes his Memoirs*, bringing forth a mass of details and anecdotes of "Charley's" life. Charles Parnell has always been a fascinating personality to me. Long ago I heard a lecturer speaking on the great Irishman before a European audience of revolutionists; the listeners (by no means Irish!) were enchanted with the figure of the unique leader, with his powerful individuality and skillful strategy. I have pondered many a time over his portrait revealing the mysterious face of a medieval sorcerer, and have looked forward to a work that would help me in gaining a clearer idea of the "uncrowned King of Ireland." His brother's memoirs gave me a wealth of information about their family pedigree and about each individual member

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**Charles Steward Parnell: A Memoir*, by his brother, John Howard Parnell. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.]

(their number is considerable), particularly about the writer's business undertakings. About Charles Parnell I have learned numerous external facts and figures, but his intrinsic self is as little known to me now as before. Of what value is such a book which succeeds merely in introducing to you Mr. John Howard, an Irish gentleman of no particular interest?

It is totally different when you are confronted with such a wonderful individuality as Romain Rolland*. Apparently it is a book of essays on Berlioz, Wagner, Saint-Saëns, D'Indy, Strauss, Debussy, and on some aspects of modern music; in reality you come to know the rich personality of Rolland and the reactions of his sensitive, graceful soul on the musical productions of our best-known composers. I am delighted with his influence on my views; not that he has altered them: musical opinions do not let themselves be proved or disproved; but he has *enhanced* my attitudes, he has made me admire my favorites more profoundly and hate my torturers more thoroughly. Do not let your Editor know that Brahms's symphonies prove as indigestible to Rolland as they have been to your humble Incurable. It is the reading of such a book that offers me the joy of looking into a great soul, and it reminds me of the exalted experience I have had in reading Wilde's *Intentions,* or the essays of Przybyszewsky and Arthur Symons.

The unceremonious self-revealment of a great man, of which I spoke in the beginning, does not always appeal to my aesthetic sense. At times my feeling of delicacy is scalded at the sight of a repulsive negligee. It has painfully irritated me to read Dostoevsky's letters* in the English translation: would that the Russians kept their dirty linen at home. The book reveals a petty tragedy of a great personality; eternal want, indebtedness, whimpering, small jealousy, narrowness, intolerance. We learn how most of his books were written in a hurry, under pressure of need, the author being aware of their inadequacy; we learn of his petty envy towards Turgeniev, his slighting of Tolstoy, his bigoted hatred of everything liberal, European, his sturdy opposition to the revolutionists, his obsequious demeanor before high officials. With the exception of a few bright spots, the pages produce the nauseating effect of a pathological museum. Such a pity.

Come, now, friend: *How do you think?*

Ibn Gabirol.

**Musicians of To-Day,* by Romain Rolland. [Henry Holt Company, New York.]

**Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky.* [The Macmillan Company, New York.]

A Note on Paroxysm in Poetry

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

Paroxysm is the poetic expression of that modern spirit which finds its most notable expression in other arts in the sculpture of Meunier, the polyphonic music of Strauss, the philosophy of Bergson, and the American skyscraper. It is the application of dynamics to poetry. It stands midway between romanticism, which is an escape into the past, and futurism, which is a flight into the future. Paroxysm is deep-rooted in to-day.

M. Nicolas Beauduin, its most noteworthy French exemplar, has many noteworthy disciples in France and Germany, and paroxysm is a well-known force in every literature except that of America, where its unconscious expression in life has been most remarkable. Students will find its philosophy set forth and its current phases in literature duly chronicled in M. Beauduin's quarterly review, *La Vie des Lettres.* It is only possible here to offer a few very brief hints as to its literary aims and materials:

It aims to be a synthesis of modern industrial and mechanical effort.

It repudiates the ivory tower.

It handles the materials of modern life directly, not in symbols.

It responds to the roar of factories and trains.

The poet is to be "an active lyric," representing his age.

The poet's vision is the cinematograph of modern life with its continual mechanical transfiguration.

It is not sentimental.

To art for art's sake, and art for truth's sake, it opposes art for life's sake.

It discards personal sensation; it is not ashamed to be "cosmic."

The evolution of poetry is to be as rapid and terrible henceforth as material evolution.

It will sing the new man, the man-machine, the multiplied man, the Man-Bird.

It exalts motion and repudiates equilibrium.

It is social.

It feels the need for violent motives of faith, and finds them in the passion of the cities.

It cultivates a scientific technique.

It does not reject any words in forming a vocabulary.

It seeks swift, hurtling, dynamic rhythms.

It is based on "dynamic notions of qualitative duration, of heterogeneous continuity, of multiple and mobile states of consciousness."

It perceives the elements of poetry contained in modern cities, locomotives, aëroplanes, dreadnoughts, and submarines; in a stock exchange, a Wall Street, or a wheat pit; and in every scientific marvel and in the sonorous song of factories and railways.

It emphasizes their dynamic consciousness.

To sum up: It aims to attain and express with the quick, keen vigor and strength of steel, the whirling, audacious, burning life of our epoch in all the paroxysm of the New Beauty.

When M. Beauduin's new volume, *La Cité des Hommes*, is translated and published in America, it will be less difficult to estimate the success with which paroxyst poetry may be achieved.

The New Beauty

NICOLAS BEAUDUIN

(Authorized translation from the French by Edward J. O'Brien)

Long years the poet had not understood
This powerful art bursting from forces in sight,
From the tamed element which revolts in cries,
From the victory of the spirit
Over the passive immensity of matter.

The modern beauty of joy and madness,
Of triumph and truth,
He saw her, in a passionate rhythm,
Flinging down the palaces of doubt and silence,
Vanquishing black scepticisms and torpors,
Rekindling the universe under her jets of vapor,
Destroying the vain mystery that disappears.
Covering the entire world with her network of iron,
Launching her towers, her bridges, her tunnels, her dockyards,
Over all the exasperated continents of the globe.

Ah! the new beauty, ardent, insatiate,
Strained toward conquest and the vastest life,
She was indeed the god whom nothing resists,
Dynamic beauty of swiftness and hope,
Rushing ever beyond, out of the blackness,
Dancing and paroxyst humanity.

He saw her at last, superb before him,
Entrapping error, mowing night;
She erected on the old barbaric soil
Her cathedral with its vertiginous walls,
Lit by the mad and whirling suns of the searchlights.

Beauty of brass, beauty of fire,
She was there visible as a god.
Beauty of vapor, geometric beauty,
Modern beauty who builds for her temple and landscape
High furnaces casqued with purple and gold,
Cities mad beneath their electric lamps,
Launching at conquered heaven in spirals of pride,
The rut of dynamos and the bustle of windlasses,
The multiplied brutal effort of the machines,
The fiery flight of aeroplanes in the air,
The frantic trolleys under their sheaves of lightnings,
And dominating the night of silence and hatred,
The terrible thunderous flight of hertzian waves.

The Artist as Master

The Japanese Print: An Interpretation, by Frank Lloyd Wright.
[Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company, Chicago.]

HENRY BLACKMAN SELL

" 'A flower is beautiful,' we say—but why? Because in its geometry and its sensuous qualities it is an embodiment and significant expression of that precious something in ourselves which we instinctively know to be Life, 'an eye looking out upon us from the great inner sea of beauty,' a proof of the eternal harmony in the nature of a universe which is too vast and intimate and real for the mere intellect to grasp."

Yet our materialists would solve the Problem with their material intellects. And our theologians would solve it with their ecclesiastical deductions. The one would put Life in the cold hands of the scientist, expert in fact and figure; the other, gropingly indefinite, in the hands

of the spiritual formulalist. Yet both are wrong. The Problem can be solved. The literal, objective guesses of the materialist are but flimsy realisms far from true. The indefinite, abstract dreams of the theologian are but the futile inaptitudes of man calculated to define that which cannot be defined.

But definitions are not what the world needs. The Solution would be interesting, but the Problem is fascinating. It is the Going and not the Goal that holds us to the bitter and the sweet, through mornings, noons, and nights, year by year.

If, then, we grant the Solution but a cold conclusion, and the Goal but a stagnation point, to whom can we turn but to the artists—those spiritual children of that great master who wept when he could find no imperfection in his masterpiece.

The artist, whose interests are in the *interpretations,* and not in the *translations* of Life, and whose interpretations have given Life all that it holds sacred.

> There is no power but has its root in his . . . .
> There is no power
> But his can withold the crown or give it
> Or make it reverent in the eyes of men.

Written philosophies of artist craftsmen are rare. Their busy lives find little time for penning rules; but when one does speak, it is with the captivating force of original thought: the summary of attainments through many trials and many failures.

And it is with this sure touch of deep artistic experience that Frank Lloyd Wright draws from the geometric beauty of the mystic Japanese prints his philosophy of the artist as master of the Problem.

"Real civilization means for us a right conventionalizing of our original state of nature, just such a conventionalizing as the true artist imposes on matural forms. The law-giver and reformer of social customs must have, however, the artist soul, the artist eye in directing this process, if the light of the race is not to go out. So, art is not alone the expression, but in turn the great conservator and transmitter of the finer sensibilities of a people. More still, it is to show those who shall understand just where and how we shall bring coercion to bear upon the material of human conduct. So the indigenous art of a people is their only prophecy and their school of anointed prophets and kings. Our own art is the only light by which this conventionalizing process we call "civilization" may eventually make its institutions harmonious with the fairest conditions of our individual and social life.

"I wish I might use another word than 'conventionalizing' to convey the notion of this magic process of the artist mind, which is the

constant haunting reference of this paper, because it is the perpetual, insistent suggestion of this particular art we have discussed. Only an artist, or one with genuine artistic training, is likely, I fear, to realize precisely what the word as here used connotes. Let me illustrate once more. To know a thing (what we can really call knowing), a man must first love the thing and sympathize vividly with it. Egypt thus knew the lotus, and translated the flower to the dignified stone forms of her architecture. Thus was the lotus conventionalized. Greece knew and idealized the acanthus in stone translations. Thus was the acanthus conventionalized. If Egypt or Greece had plucked the flowers as they grew, and given us a mere imitation of them in stone, the stone forms would have died with the original. In translating, however, its very life's principle into terms of stone well adapted to grace a column capital, the Egyptian artist made it pass through a rarifying spiritual process, whereby its natural character was really itensified and revealed in terms of stone adapted to an architectural use. The lotus gained thus imperishable significance; for the life-principle in the flower is translated—transmuted to terms of building stone to idealize a real need. This is conventionalization. It is reality because it is poetry. As the Egyptian took the lotus, the Greek the acanthus, and the Japanese every natural thing on earth, as we may take and adapt to our highest use in our own way a natural flower or thing, so civilization must take the natural man, to fit him for his place in this great piece of architecture we call the social state. And today, as centuries ago, it is the prophetic artist mind that must reveal this natural state idealized, conventionalized harmoniously with the life-principle of all men. How otherwise shall it be discerned? All the sheer wisdom of science, the cunning of politics and the prayers of religion can but stand and wait for the revelation,—awaiting at the hands of the artist that conventionalization of the free expression of life-principle which shall make our social living beautiful,—organically true. Behind all institutions or dogmatic schemes, whatever their worth may be, or their venerable antiquity,—behind them all is something produced and preserved for its aesthetic worth; the song of the poet, some artist vision, the pattern seen in the mount.

"Now speaking a language all the clearer because not native to us, beggared as we are by material riches, the humble Japanese artist has become greatly significant because he is the interpreter of the one permanent thing in the life of his people; that one permanent thing being the principle of a right conventionalization of life which makes of their native forms the most humanly significant, and most humanly joy-giving as in its ever varied moods and in evanescent loveliness he has made Fujiyama—that image of man in the vast—the God of Nippon."

Evolution versus Stagnation

(Being a Debate, with Rare Illustrations, by Major Funkhouser, Mr. Lucian Cary, and The Camera, reported for THE LITTLE REVIEW *by Herman Schuchert.)*

Place: Fullerton Hall.

Time: Thursday afternoon, December 10, 1914.

Characters: Mere and supporting members of the Drama League, and others mentioned above; also guards, committees, and a few men.

MAJOR FUNKHOUSER *(his remarks, condensed).*
Censorship of the movies is necessary because it must be.
Buildings, public rights, and milk are censored, and it is good.
Fifty per cent of a movie audience is under fifteen years of age.
I may be wrong sometimes, but I pass what I think they should see.
We must be big-brothers to our citizens of lesser intelligence.
I told my four daughters only what I thought they should know.
I believe in telling women as little as they may really need.
The working class wants salacious stuff; we must prevent.
These excerpts from banned films will illustrate my points:

THE CINEMATOGRAPH *(its pictures, briefly mentioned).*
Woman and man clutching each other in a raging, although amiable, passion.
Boy being taught how to pick pockets.
Hold-up.
Woman and man in furious love-experiments.
Mexicans burning bodies of dead rebels.
Doctors dressing Mexican battle-wounds.
Woman and man preparing the furnace of love.
Woman and man . . . .
Woman . . . .
Man . . . .

MR. LUCIAN CARY *(his ideas, pieced together).*
These pictures are positively abominable.
No human being could possibly want to see them.

If we must have censorship, the Major's is as good as any.

Censorship with flaws is preferable to perfect censorship because perfect censorship would abolish the necessity of one's judgment.

Imperfect censorship permits us, by its slips, to exercise our minds.

In no other civilized country is there such restriction.

Artists in America must keep their keenest visions to themselves.

Censorship deadens human perceptions.

Who wants cloistered virtues when true health is possible?

Man must learn to judge for himself; and he surely will do so.

America is unprecedented in its timidity of tastes and convictions.

Mrs. Henderson *(in a bored manner).*

It isn't a question of arbitrary standard; it's purely aesthetic.

The Major passes films of the most flagrant sentimentality.

Only legal restrictions are made, and these are futile.

The only satisfactory standard is that of individual taste.

Of course, the title of this debate was not quite the one used on this article. It was very tame—the title. But not so with the films. The Major had evidently selected his choicest ones—and a goodly number of these—which were reeled off in swift succession. Murder trod on the heels of love. Flaming moments of lust were split up by stage-robbers. Nigger babies, whose crime was that they didn't need clothes, followed suicides.

Your reporter was fortunate enough to find an acquaintance, sitting in the rear of the hall. This lady married a man of millions. He liked the way she did *Florodora*—liked it so well that he gave her a chance, which she has since made much of. She is charming, because she has retained the frankness of the stage and merely exchanged the shoddy furs and diamonds for the real thing. She confided that *The Follies* were simply right, and that the Drama League was radically opposed to the movies in any or all forms, and that she adored winter because it kept reminding her of Christmas. She is a supporting member of the League, and the only one present who waived her constitutional prerogative of a front seat. Her sisters-in-league were availing themselves of their privilege. They wanted to be where they could not get out, in case the pictures were really good.

And they were — sickening. Not a member left. Not a whisper. All eyes focused upon the screen, where horrors of war and of love (in which there seemed to be nothing fair) were showing. When their nervous systems could stand no more, some lady's locomotive and oral powers returned, and the reel was stopped.

Then came Mr. Cary, who found it difficult not to speak over their heads with his simple language and big ideas. The audience whispered and began to show the tips of countless yellow-feathers. They could stand horrible pictures; but this talk was too much. It was too sane and calm and cutting. Yellow feathers showed, full length. Women left in twos and threes, although the first person to go out was a male. Cary's short, admirable paragraphs were divided in this manner:—three ladies on the right of the hall would balance their departure under cover, as it were, of the departure of three sisters on the left. This mental cowardice was worse than the pictures.

An intolerable discussion followed. A huge wave of ancient yet ever-modern philistinism raised itself among the majority of those who remained, and surged across the hall to drown Mr. Cary and Mrs. Henderson. Major Funkhouser found his feet again, and assumed the big-brother-protector attitude, to repeated grand-stand advantages. As long as they had seen the pictures, what matter if the public didn't? Evolution lost the day. Stagnation was an immediate success. Your reporter left, grinning.

Free, dost thou call thyself? Thy ruling thought would I hear of, and not that thou hast escaped from a yoke.—*Nietzsche.*

Dawn in the Hills

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

Out of the vast,
Flooding and flowering the cool, skyey vast,
Day, day at last!
Squandering, spilling, pouring white-flecked fire,
Higher and higher
The light of the sun mounts into the dim of the sky.
And all the little fields that lie
At the foot of the hills that hold them in mothering tender,
Sweet with translucent, shimmering green,
Lay themselves bare to the sun, and the hill-trees slender,
Upward reaching thin arms of prayer,
A-shiver with ecstasy, tipped with sheen,
Sway to the quivering call of the fresh-stirring air.

Through the night have I waited Thy summons, through the night have
I lain
Racked with unutterable, ancient, blackening pain.
And the soul of me touched not Thy presence nor felt Thee about me,
And the soul of me, sick with its hate and dismay, was minded to rout
Thee,
Yea, from itself to tear Thee, enduring without Thee.
But now have I found Thee again, O my Comrade, again!
In the light of the morning and white of the dawn I behold Thee.
See, with my arms outstretched, I enclose and enfold Thee.
With a shout that the darkness is light, I enclose and enfold Thee.

Now feed me with life as with rain is nourished the flower!
Crown me with ecstasy, drench me with power!
See, I am bare to Thee as the fields are bare to the sun.
Resplendent, vivid, ever-living One,
This is the moment, this the creative hour!
Lo, I am one with thee,
I partake, I am washed anew.
Out of lies this is true,
Out of the dark of lies and entangling hates this is true,
That Thou who art ever-living, out of death shall create anew.

What weakling spirit knew thee gray and old,
Thou flaming one,
Thou fructifying sun,
Thou trumpet-call of morning to the blood,
Thou surge of the earth flood!
Youth of the universe art Thou, militant, bold.

Naught to Thee is decay,
When the spirit rots in its shroud,
And the horrible thoughts of night have way,
And life is a noisome cloud;
A noisome cloud of the fen,
Dank with the spirit's decay!
O out of the morning laughest Thou then,
Out of the singing day.
Out of the morning leapest Thou,
Laughing at fear and pain,
And the horrible thoughts of night give way,
And the soul is created again.

The hills now are flooded with light and the trees rejoice
With happy voice.
The smell of the sweet, green things is in the air.
The breeze is a prayer.
And my soul, O my Comrade, my living soul is a prayer.

And rapture gives way to peace.
The dawning faints into the day.
Out of night have I found release,
Out of death, the way.
And my heart is calm with Thee, my heart that went forth with a shout.
Thou hast compassed me wholly about.
With the floods of Thy peace Thou hast compassed me wholly about.
I am elate with power.
Past is the creative hour.
I am calm for the ways of men.
Shall I not proclaim Thee then
To the doubting lives of men!
Out of the dawn have I plucked Thee.
I go to the world of men.

The Bestowing Virtue

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

THE THOU is older than the I; the thou hath been proclaimed holy, but the I not yet; thus spake Zarathustra.

In times most ancient—at culture's dawn of day—the individual was swallowed up and lost in the life of the tribe. He did not count as an individual, but was valued only as a member of the group to which he happened to belong. Subsequently, man's endowment to personality entered upon its unfolding—the first syllables of the long human story were stammered. Man began to become a self. To be a self was to specialize into a difference from all other men. From that moment on, the entire course of evolution may be considered as a progressive differentiation and specialization of the human personality. At the outset there were only a few splendidly and highly endowed natures that felt a distinct life of their own welling up in themselves from mysterious springs of being. They took up the gauge of battle against others, against the mass which attempted to subject and assimilate them to its peculiarity. Mass meant monotony. But the differentiating energy and impetus encroached further and further, passing from the great to the small, pushing into the mass whose members no longer wanted to be mass, herd, but men. The might of spiritual personality opposed itself to the superiority of corporeal peculiarity. Psychical feeling more and more became personal. Character increasingly received a distinctive stamp. Along with this, the impulse to self-dependence began to stir even in those men who were outclassed in physical strength by their stronger human brothers. Later, when the head and heart, and no longer the fist, formed the strength of man, woman pressed into the circle of life's evolution. She was no longer a mere exemplar of the genius. She, too, would be personality. This course of events signified an infinite refinement and enrichment of cultural life on the one side; on the other, it gave rise to the question as to how, in this differentiation of men into even more decidedly pronounced personalities, a cohesiveness could be originated among them that would save life from disintegration and consequent decay. At bottom, the individual is not sufficient unto himself. Self-dependent, he would be miserably impoverished and stunted—of this there can be no doubt, according to the most elementary laws of life. Hence, along with the formation of human personality, there is a refinement of those forces of life which seem summoned to secure a bond of fellowship among men: law, custom, a benevolent disposition toward others, the feeling of sympathy for others. Even Nietzsche, who forsees a future in which all these older group

forces and moral impulses shall be obliterated, and every man pander to his own self alone and his own peculiarity in willing and feeling, in thinking and speaking—even Nietzsche cannot help preaching a new love that shall bind men together. Even Zarathustra confesses: "I love men! My will, my ardent will to creation, impels me constantly to men—as the hammer to the stone!" To be sure, this Zarathustra-love is to grow out beyond and above what we call love to-day, what we call Christian love. There is to be a Beyond Christiantity. The new love will be as high above the old love as Above-Man will be above man. Beyond-man means Beyond-love. How earnestly and ominously does this preaching of a new love pierce like a sword into the heart of our time! A new test of the worth or unworth of our moral view of life! Were we even convinced that the best and purest features of the old Christian love would re-appear in any new love, still the question would not be elucidated—the question whether this old love would thereby become new again, would become living again, save through a storm of thunder and lightning that should purify the heavy, stuffy atmosphere which has gathered about the word love itself.

You will know them by their fruits—of nothing is this so true as of love. Where there is power, an effect must ensue, and in the effect, not only the right of the power, but the kind as well, manifests itself. Now, love wills to promote the life of another with its own life. Love wills to do good to its object, to redress some wrong, supply some lack, help some need, remedy some defect, and the like. Therefore, the fruits of love are gifts—hence, *die schenkende Tugend,* the bestowing or the giving virtue, of Nietzsche's phrase. Accordingly, only a possessor can give. Who possesses most—the rich—give most! Who needs gifts is poor, and since poverty is great, becoming ever greater, gifts are needed to meet the needs. Thus, human love has become the practice of beneficence—the work of the rich by which they help the poor. The greatness of benefactions, this becomes a criterion for the greatness of love. We have but to think of the "foundations" and "benevolent funds" and "charitable institutions" and "unions" for the care and keeping of the poor, as well as of the incalculable sums which are given in private for the relief of want, in order to be impressed with the "fruits" which have grown on the tree of human love. How magnificent, how imposing these "fruits" are! How much love there is in the world today, in this world in which so much good is done! Who could doubt it? Who could deny it? Who? Who but Friedrich Nietzsche!

The loathsome vanity and the refined hypocrisy with which this beneficence is prosecuted, such obvious strictures as these, Nietzsche passes over without a word. This genus "benefactor" that does what it does just to benefit itself, is so lowdown to the Zarathustra-poet that

he will not honor it with a notice. He simply classed it with the gilded and counterfeit rabble, *Pöbel,* with the culprits of wealth, who pick their profits from sweepings. Then there is the criterion of the numerical worth of the gift, not the ratio of the gift to the possessions of the giver, this criterion for the evaluation of love was so external, so deceptive, to Nietzsche, that he left it, too, out of account. What impelled Nietzsche to his depreciation of this whole species of beneficence was something different, something deeper. All these gifts, great and numerical as they may be, are *alms,* and who has only alms to give to man is a poor man, and Zarathustra feels—well, listen to what he says to the saint!

Zarathustra answered: "I love men."

"Why," said the saint, "did I go to the forest and desert? Was it not because I loved men greatly over-much? Now I love God: men I love not. Man is a thing far too imperfect for me. Love of men would kill me."

Zarathustra answered: "What did I say of love! I am bringing gifts to men."

"Do not give them anything," said the saint. "Rather take something from them and bear their burdens along with them—that will serve them best; if it only serve thyself well! And if thou art going to give them aught, give them no more than an alms, and let them beg even for that."

"No," said Zarathustra, "I do not give alms. I am not poor enough for that."

I am not poor enough for that. Priceless words! You read these words and you think of truly kindhearted men who sigh: If I were only rich so I could do good! They envy the rich their possessions, not for the sake of the pleasures and comforts which possessions permit their possessors to provide, but in the wholly honest feeling of the blessings which they could scatter with their wealth. Then comes Nietzsche, and says to these kindhearted men, You are only poor noodles, if you have nothing better to bring the world and men than this blessing of wealth. Then he points them to gifts the least of which outweighs a million donations.

Now, Nietzsche had no contempt of wealth with which to insult his fellowmen's intelligence. Nor was he a socialistic indicter of beneficence. Nor was he even a rigorous critic of the doubtful disposition, so often manifest in such benevolent activities. But perhaps his plain words on the poverty of almsgiving seem so weighty precisely because he must be acquitted without further ado of speaking from contempt, from the standpoint of Christianity, or from the *milieu* of poor folk. And yet it was this most soaring spirit of the nineteenth century, this aristo-

crat from top to toe, compared with whom even a Goethe seems like a plebeian, it was precisely he who—as from an aerie up among the eagles—looked down with such abyssmal contempt upon the highest and noblest triumph of riches—namely, the ability to bestow benefits—that he detected, even in this triumph, only testimony to the poverty of riches. Along with this, at all events, Nietzsche passed damnatory judgment upon a *Kultur* which estimates the distances among men, the measure of their greatness according to the distinctions of possession, and therefore derives the right of the influence which it accords the individual from the sums which he donates by way of alms. Then, too, what has the man to do with his possession! It is not his *personality* which has assigned him a place in life where a confluence of industrial goods crystallize around him! What does it signify as to the worth of a man that he has cast his baited hook into the stream of life just where a big hungry fish swims by and bites! And if, now, this most contingent of all contingencies, that a man should get rich, is considered by his generation as the peculiar deed of a hero, the deed which he was in a position to compass in life,—if the mere fact that a man releases, in the shape of benefits and alms, a part of this wealth which he could not spend upon himself if he would is a phenomenon around which the conversation of the day revolves, of which newspapers in special articles and telegraphic dispatches have so much to say, then this is a sign of the decay of our moral culture, and we cannot be thankful enough to the man who has jolted us out of such aberration of ideas and made us see with eyes no longer blinded by the glitter of gold!

Aye, wealth a man does need who wants to give. Wealth he needs for the sake of his giving love. But he must create this wealth himself. He must wrest wealth from all values. He must coerce all things to himself and into himself. All these things must stream back from the well of living water within him as the gifts of his love. Insatiably does the soul seek after treasures and gems because her virtue is insatiable in her will to give. This is the soul's thirst to be an offering and a gift, and hence she thirsts to house all wealth in herself.

Vulgar souls give what they have, noble souls what they are—this is the well known saying that mirrors the meaning of Nietzsche. Love's highest labor is to create something great out of its ownself, that it may be able to give unceasingly out of its own fulness and yet never be exhausted! No mountain is too steep and no valley too deep for love, because love herself must know heights and depths that she may give to others what she has seen and known there. Do we fear lest we succumb to a weakness? Then we must force the weakness underneath our feet because we need our strength to give strength to others.

Would we say to virtue: Thou art too hard for us; take thy laurel and let us sin? Now, the hardest is spur to our love, to steel our wills, our courage, so that courage may gush into the souls of others also. What we have made out of our own selves, this, this alone, is our wealth, this is the gift by whose bestowal men can become rich. A thought of our own which we have acquired; a light of our own, which we have kindled in our innermost being; a lofty enthusiasm for what is great; an energetic aversion to all that is common and base,—this is our true wealth, the gift that enriches us while it is given to others. Poor indeed are the people who can give only alms; rich indeed are those who give themselves to men, who proffer their most intimate gifts to men, who say to men's hidden hearts and hopes: Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, I give unto thee!

Why are we so deeply involved in hard necessity that our life can not dispense with alms and therefore with the people who make a virtue out of this giving of alms! Simply because we have so few such truly rich men who thirst to become offerings and gifts for man! These men can we have, can we become ourselves, only when duty and righteousness, and not benevolence and inclination, shall decide in an ordering and helpful way, as to the requirement of life. Behind every benefit which is necessary there is concealed an unrighteousness of life which makes the benefit necessary. All alms with which the world cannot dispense today is an accusation against our culture, a confession of how poor we are in the midst of all our wealth. It will be the first great step towards a new culture when we first learn to measure the unworth of these benefits by the eternal worths which alone are worthy of man, which man forms in himself as new fructifying deeds, as the lightning of thought which detonates from his soul, as living beauty to which he gives shape in his own being.

Then if all duties which are based on right and law, shall cease to be considered as something special, something great, if their fulfilment shall be no longer marveled at as a feat of virtue, because these duties shall have become self-evident and natural, then shall man be illumined by new and greater duties which shall make him a debtor to life, then shall he call his wealth and the fulness of his being his debt which he can pay only in constant creation for man, in ceaseless giving to man! "Therefore, nobler souls will it: they will to have nothing *gratis*, least of all life! Whoever is of the *Pöbel* wills to live *gratis*, but we others to whom life gave itself—we ever meditate as to what we can best give in return and, verily, that is a noble saying which says: what life promises us, that will we keep for life!" In simpler language: Not to merit a reward, heavenly or earthly, will we give, will we assemble

in ourselves the highest gifts, to lay them down as offerings upon the altars of men, but we will give to return thanks for all that we have undeservedly received. Bickering and calculating as to whether we have had our just dues, haggling over hopes which have not done what they promised, we will have none of this, but thanks, thanks, that as men we have gained some material from the saddest life, created joys out of its pains, wealth and worth out of its weakness and loss. This, this, in Nietzsche's immortal words, is *eine Umwertung der Werte,* a transvaluation of values in the moral life, from which a new moral culture can issue. In our labors we are ever shadowed by the still, lurking thought of returns and rewards, we calculate, and calculate ever in our own favor, that somewhere life has left us in the lurch. Could we but once reverse this matter: It is not life that is obligated and indebted to us—we are obligated and indebted to life! In the former way of counting we always come out with a deficit, with a poverty: in the later, with a balance, with a wealth: we still have something for which we gave nothing, did nothing, with which we have done no good!

How would it do to put such thankfulness to the test? When the heart is shaken with sorrow's power—it is life's gift to feel such shaking, in such shaking love can feel the storm raging. Even such gift you would not have *gratis.* You would make some return—the bravery with which you settle for it. You come to know despondency, a new deed, and your thanks therefor is that you have been permitted to overcome a paralysis of your energy. If, with freer vision and with broader heart, your eye has become alert and keen for human folly and lamentation, and these attack you as cowardice and disgust of life, then you take this as a gift that you will not have *gratis,* you will give something as counter-gift and thanks: a more energetic will, that will go to the bottom of folly and grief, with the fineness of feeling which has been bestowed upon you—you will dig deeper, search out more earnestly the genuine values of life, so that your cowardice and your *ennui* at life may become a new strength and a new joy for life. If you feel your hands tied, if the world seems a prison at whose bars you lunge, but whose rods you cannot break, if then a horrible feebleness befalls you, and your best will confesses that you are too weak,—then take this, too, as a gift for which you learn to give thanks, for even the restriction of your power creates a new freedom, the pressure of the impossible ceases with your learning, thus, the possible, the necessary, of your life. Poor? You may be rich, immeasurably rich, not for yourself indeed, but for others, that you may communicate to them, give to them and yet never give out! Be debtor of life, that in your poverty you may make many rich. Be debtor of love, that you may never be able to pay your great eternal debt. Confessing and obligating yourself to such debt, your life gains that eternal worth which increases the more you spend of it, which

receives, the more you give of it. Poor, yet having all things; poor, yet making many rich—*also sprach Paulus-Nietzsche.*

After this Zarathustra went back into the mountains and the solitude of his cane and withdrew from men, waiting like a sower who hath thrown out his seed. But his soul was filled with impatience and longing for those he loved; for he had still many gifts for them. For this is the hardest: to shut one's open hand because of love.

It is the business of the very few to be independent: it is the privilege of the strong, and whoever attempts it, even with the best regret but without being obliged to do so, proves that he is probably not only strong, but also daring beyond measure. He enters into a labyrinth, he multiplies a thousand-fold the dangers which life itself already brings with it; not the least of which is that no one can see how and where he loses his way, becomes isolated, and is torn piecemeal by some manatour of conscience. Supposing such a one comes to grief, it is so far from the comprehension of men that they can neither feel it nor sympathize with it, and he cannot any longer go back! He cannot ever go back again to the sympathies of men.—*Nietzsche.*

Editorials and Announcements

Mrs. Havelock Ellis

MRS. ELLIS'S visit to Chicago has been a series of revelations. At first she was a little disappointing: in her lecture on James Hinton and his sex ethics—particularly in the discussion which followed it—Mrs. Ellis did not loom as large as some of her more "destructive" contemporaries. The thing was beautifully done, of course—a gorgeous bit of interpretative art; for Mrs. Ellis chooses words with a poet's care and presents ideas with an economy that is invigorating and restful at the same time. But in so far as the lecture reflected her own ideas it had some of the limitations to which the eugenist point of view is always open: the failure to go quite the whole distance. Compared with the directness and honest thoroughness of the few pioneers who are advocating birth control—like Margaret Sanger, whose little pamphlet on the subject will cost her ten years imprisonment if the authorities can get hold of her—the ideas of Mrs. Ellis came with a certain inadequacy. But later she cleared herself of the charge of cultism by her laughing remark to some one who discussed eugenics with her: "Eugenics? A mere spoke in the wheel, and a very dogmatic spoke at that. Heaven knows we don't want a race of averages." One of her most delightful afternoons was given over to her Cornish stories. She read one called *The Idealist,* which ought to be studied by all those who draw their rigid distinctions between "normal" and "abnormal". As Mrs. Ellis said, "This story is an attempt to show that those people we so piously consider the worst of us are sometimes the best of us." And so this charming woman with her simplicity, her humor, her frankness, her idealism, and her fine boyishness is a personality one must not fail to know. She returns to Chicago on February 4, to lecture on sex and eugenics in Orchestra Hall. That lecture will be given exclusively to women and will include a discussion of sex abnormalities, as well as a paper on the subject written especially for the occasion by her husband, which Mrs. Ellis will read.

A Journal of Ideas

THE NEW REPUBLIC is the first weekly in America which has dared to assert that ideas are interesting, even if they are new. We have had one kind of weekly whose main purpose is to pay dividends to its owners. Dividends demand advertising, advertising demands large circulation, circulation demands pleasing as many people as possible, pleasing many people has seemed to demand piffle and dishonesty. We have had another kind of weekly which confines itself to academic criticism and frankly gives up any attempt to speak to the nation. *The New Republic* is run neither for dividends nor for ancient prestige. It proceeds on the assumption that we can find writers who are both honest enough and intelligent enough to speak things of a value not determined either by capital or by the mob. It hopes that their product may be so interesting that the people who want to read it will be sufficiently numerous to support the paper. It hopes vastly more that the ideas and opinions so enunciated will introduce a powerful and much-needed element of disinterested intelligence into American public life. The way in which these hopes are put into print will have much to do with the success of the attempt. But it is hopeful that somebody with adequate resources and equipment is actually engaged in the attempt to relate honesty and intelligence with the democracy.

John Cowper Powys

WHEN the Welshman, John Cowper Powys, comes to the Chicago Little Theatre for his lectures during January and February a great many people ought to fall under the spell of this man whose methods spoil one for almost all other lectures. Mr. Powys's intellect has that emotional character which is likely to be the quality of the man of genius rather than the man of talent. He might be called the arch-appreciator: he relies upon the inspiration of the moment, and when violently enthusiastic or violently the reverse (he is usually one of the two) he never stops with less than ten superbly-chosen adjectives to express his emotion exactly. His subjects will be Dostoevsky, Wilde, Milton, Lamb, Hardy, Henry James, Dante, Rabelais, Hugo, Verlaine, Goethe, and Heine. The dates may be had at the Little Theatre.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis's "The Love of Tomorrow"

HERMAN SCHUCHERT

ONE'S sense of the general or the particular fitness of things is disturbed when an attempt is made to paraphrase or condense the spoken words of Mrs. Ellis. It is seldom that this sense of fitness is at all troubled, because it is a simple matter to extract from the average lecture enough coherent material for second-hand purposes. On the subject given above Mrs. Ellis compels continuous attention. It is not enough to say that she steadily advances her ideas by means of careful phrases, for every phrase seems to be an idea in itself. She is an artist. Her words are like so many focussed lights, not one of which is superfluous. And the illumination which she obtains is a grateful brightness. In listening to her one's powers of receptivity, while never strained, are not for one moment allowed to rest. As she says, "It's all solid meat." Hence, the feeling of futility in an attempt to present justly her observations and schemes of social betterment.

What an absurdity might be suggested to the reader by the statement that Mrs. Ellis advocates a form of "trial marriage" or a "probation for engaged lovers"! And yet her plan of such a pre-ceremonial arrangement is as practical as it is badly needed—practical and entirely reasonable, in that she has apparently overlooked nothing, from the subleties of human nature to the future laws of the land. And how faddish might she appear if one told of her attacks upon latter-day Puritanism, lust in the guise of love, prostitution within marriage, the evils of both repression and brutish or premature expression, the abomination of smirking elders and cowardly guardians, and so forth. Truly, these things constitute a fad of today, but—Mrs. Havelock Ellis was writing and preaching these ideas longer than twenty-five years ago. In questions of love, marriage, and the possible beauty of human relations, she is a splendid, unhurrying pioneer. It would be impossible to measure the courage, the fine preseverance, it has taken to work on patiently and forcefully in the midst of leering society, infallible misunderstanding, and a great ocean of evil-mindedness. What daring! to speak plainly of the beauty of love-passion. And how hopeless! Here, evolution endlessly proves itself a laggard process.

Until one hears Mrs. Ellis it is easy to overestimate the "building" powers of Emma Goldman, although it is always too easy to consider only Miss Goldman's sturdy "wrecking" capacity. But the percentage of constructive element in Mrs. Ellis's work is much more apparent than

in Miss Goldman's. Clearly, each woman is superlative in her own sphere. By virtue of its tested strength, Mrs. Ellis's constructive machinery may be said to destroy naturally whatever gets in its way. And in addition to this she does some direct, incisive battling as well. Her humor has carbolic in it. Her sarcasm is a spiritual antiseptic.

In the realm of the child, Mrs. Ellis agrees with that grand Swedish woman—Ellen Key. These two coincide upon the supreme importance of full and proper education for the coming generation, including eugenics, hygiene, and kindred topics. It is a joy to know of so much sanity abroad in the world.

But even today, when a number of more or less important writers and speakers are taking up her ideas, when Chicago is having the truths of humanity forced down its tonsilitic throat, it was still possible —on a Sunday night in the Little Theatre—for Mrs. Ellis to have in her audience many whose deep sighs of boredom it was scarcely necessary to observe before tagging them as a lower class of mentality, while no doubt their jewels and furs were quite necessary to indicate their social standing. What curious gropings of psychology brought these people to such a lecture? Or was it fashion? In the faces of these might a dozen Saviours have found ample pity-material. Yawns and dull looks! Something between a Cross and a Bomb was wanting to awaken these unthinking ones, asleep while superb ideas — ideas of admirable vitality and development — were being put before them by the clear and earnest voice of a great woman.

What is done out of love always takes place beyond good and evil.—*Nietzsche.*

London Letter

EDWARD SHANKS

London, Dec. 1, 1914.

I HAVE to humiliate myself at the beginning of this letter. Nietzsche did not provoke the war; he did not imagine there was ever any specifically "Teutonic" culture, worthy of being spread at any cost; and he seems to have disliked Prussia as much or more than I do. I say this not to inform the readers of THE LITTLE REVIEW, who know it all already from the number in which my error appeared, but to unburden my soul. I sinned like a daily journalist and spoke from hearsay —for I confess I have never been able to read Nietzsche with sufficient attention to gain more than a vague notion of his ideas. Two persons set me right—Mr. Harold Monro, the editor of *Poetry and Drama,* with some heat and indignation, and, more gently, Mr. A. R. Orage, the editor of *The New Age,* who was in old days one of the first to bring Nietzsche to England. It would seem that his efforts were of little use, for my blunder was merely an incident in a carnival of misapprehension which is now engaging our pseudo-intellectual critics. I have sinned in numerous, if evil, company.

I must withdraw another statement — namely, that the war has produced no adequate and agreeable verse. Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Sing-songs of the War* (published by the Poetry Bookshop) is an admirable little volume. Wisely pitching his note neither too high nor too vulgarly, he has struck closer to the mark than he has ever in any attempt. He has achieved an excellent patriotic song, beginning

> O, England is an island,
> The fairest ever seen:
> They say men come to England
> To learn that grass is green.

That needs only supporting music to be a fine song of the pleasant boisterousness and exaggeration that it should be. Of the others, *The Drowned Sailor* and *Soldier, Soldier,* have caught a wonderful and touching note of the folk-song. Mr. Hewlett's work here is not ambitious. he has profited enormously by not keeping in his mind the necessity of producing a fine piece of literature. He has tried honestly to produce "something that will do" and much good poetry has been written in that way.

Mr. Harold Monro's new book, *Children of Love,* which he has published himself at the Poetry Bookshop, contains also four gloomy war poems as far removed from Mr. Hewlett's as from the verse of the news-

papers. They are vivid and real impressions of fighting and, as appeals for recruiting, enormously inapt. But poetry does not exist for that. The title poem is a lovely piece, Mr. Monro's very best, the composition which settled, or should have settled, all our doubts concerning his genius. The others display that sombre misery which is the characteristic note of his writing, which is extremely uncomfortable and, after a little while, extremely impressive.

I may seem to have devoted too much space to the publications of the Poetry Bookshop. But I think that, with luck, as time goes on, it may bulk yet more largely in English letters. Mr. Monro, if he is careful, may have the position that the *Mercure de France* held in Paris until quite recently: that is, he may publish about ninety per cent of all the good poetry that is published.

The war—again—disturbing our lives as a great tidal wave disturbs sea and shore, has brought to the surface, as waves will, many things of beauty. Among these, one that is not regarded, is Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts,* which has been abridged and produced by Mr. Granville Barker. It is printed in three volumes and nineteen acts, with innumerable choruses and semi-choruses. Mr. Barker has reduced the play to three acts and the chorus to two persons who sit enthroned, one on each side of the stage. Mr. Henry Ainley sits at a reading-desk lower down in front and declaims the descriptive stage-directions. The setting is a conventional design in grey to which slight additions are made from time to time, but which remains for the most part unchanged. Thus you see the men and women of Wessex in fear of invasion by "Boney," the victory and death of Nelson, the death and burial of Sir John Moore, Wellington at Salamanca, Napoleon signing his abdication at Fontainebleau, Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo. The Napoleon was bad: he laughed sardonically in the fashion of melodrama, but the play transcended him. The tragedy was profoundly moving, the comedy not less so. It is an extraordinary work, written in Mr. Hardy's graceless style, and probably the greatest of his compositions. One thing only was wanting—an audience. That which is essentially impressive must have something to impress—the listeners have a place in a good play—and the grandeur of the occasion was sensibly diminished. When we went, we asked the box-office attendant if we might go in at half-price, on account of our uniforms, and he answered indifferently that "we might if we liked." When we got in, we understood. There were about two rows in the stalls and two more in the pit. The boxes were empty as far as I could see. I cannot understand the English public. What more do they want now than to see Nelson on the *Victory* and Wellington at Waterloo? Is it a cause of offence to them that the play is by a great man?

New York Letter

GEORGE SOULE

IF I WERE a Japanese journalist looking for notoriety, I should translate sections from Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, Richmond P. Hobson, *et al.,* and publish them under the title "America and the Next War." There is no question that these gentlemen put together are ten times as influential in the United States as von Bernhardi was in Germany. And there is no question that their utterances are just as inciting to militarism. If to them were added editorials from the Hearst newspapers, with their millions of circulation, and the books of certain prominent army officers, no one could convince the Japanese that the United States is not a conceited, hot-headed, and militarist nation. After the outbreak of a war we should plead in vain that we are peace-loving and fight only in self-defence. "Have you not the second largest navy in the world?" the Japanese would say. "Was any nation threatening you? Did you not capture the Philippines by force and subdue them against their will, practicing against the innocent natives horrible atrocities? Would you not do the same to Japan if you had the chance? Fortunately we are forewarned, and seize a favorable occasion to free the Philippines, since you have broken your promise to give them independence." And we should feel that the Japanese were monsters hiding their aggressive spirit under humanitarian humbug.

Most of us have forgotten the spasm of "divine mission" that swept over this country at the time of the Spanish-American war. We were appointed by God to conquer or absorb the world, and bestow upon it, willing or unwilling, our American *Kultur*. "Civilization" was, indeed, the precise word we used, although we sometimes varied it with "free institutions." At the same time the beef trust was furnishing "embalmed beef" to the army, and our economic system was at its very depth of unsavoriness. The Spanish papers cartooned us, quite justly, as "the American hog," and the cartoons were reproduced broadcast over this country to feed the fires of hate. A Spaniard became to us the very impersonation of demoniacal cruelty. The country ran high with the spy fever, while the Atlantic coast waited in some trepidation for the imagined approach of Cervera's squadron. We were prey to all the grinning illusions of war.

European opinion was at this time largely against us. To most Europeans we seemed a combination of pious humbug and bumptious conceit. To be actively dangerous we should have needed only a power-

ful armament. As it was, they regarded us with only distant apprehension. But they were not for a moment deceived by our high-sounding phrases. We were the most dollar-worshipping nation in the world, had often proved ourselves so. They recalled the unpleasant experiences they had had at the hands of Americans—vulgar tourists. The thing was perfectly obvious. We had little fineness of feeling. What we were fighting for was really dollars and cents, not the freedom of subject peoples. At this time they set themselves to watch us very carefully. Canada and the rest of America shared their feelings, with more bitterness.

Since then there has been little visible and striking change. We still live under an inchoate and un-idealistic commercialism. The world can thank us for very few treasures of literature, philosophy, or art. Not a single great nation has any particular occasion to love us. To most of them we are blasphemous and hateful. Hearst has more millions and more newspapers than ever, and we are still subject to strong popular hysteria—such as the recently-shown hatred of Germany. We sit as judges on the world. We calmly assume that we could do no such terrible things as other nations; that our *Kultur* is the best. At any time we may again be ready to spread it by force of arms.

Now all the powerful nations of the world, except us, are weakening each other in a terrific struggle. The occasion is siezed in America by the armament makers and a political party without an issue. To defend ourselves we must arm! they say. Anyone who has taken the trouble to read Bernhardi's books will know that it is the precise argument he employed. Political parties under commercialism are unscrupulous, and we shall doubtless see the agitation raised to a national issue. Anything to get the Democrats out of office. The probability is that the hysteria will succeed. The only hope to the contrary is that it may be allayed, not by opposition, but by prompt action on the part of the administration which shall mend our present fences without committing us to any definite policy of armament.

Suppose, however, that a President should be elected on the issue of larger armament immediately after the European war. It is an insult to the intelligence to pursue the logic of events further. The "defensive" alliance against us, the "defensive" alliance for us—if, indeed we could induce anybody to enter one—the constantly-increasing tension, the *casus belli*, the repetition of history. But such a disastrous war would not be a tragedy if we had so deserved it. The tragedy would be that we should have no such intrinsic worth as has Germany to offer as a defence. The tragedy would be that we had been so concerned about the mote in our brother's eye that we had failed to remove the beam in our own.

I Am Woman

MARGUERITE SWAWITE

I am woman:
Old as Lebanon cedars — and far older;
Young as the freshest green shoot
That peeps through the snow in the March time.
My face is turned to the East
Pink with the dawn of my promise;
My hands are clutched from behind
By the fettering fingers of her who was woman alone,
Molded and spurred by desire,
Knowing only the need
Of a kiss for the cup of her throat,
Of a child for the curve of her arm.

To-day I am woman,
Less — yet a little more;
For I am learning to sing
Not his, nor another's, but mine own song,
That has lain in my heart since the first day.
A great golden song it shall be
Though not always soft with sweet cadence,
For I must travail to sing:
I am learning
To feed upon nothing, yet fill me;
To warm my chill limbs without fire;
To go on my way, without kiss, without child,
Though my lip is red, my arm willing.
Yet I know I shall never cease
Till I have sung it all—
All to the very last note.

Still I shall be woman
In all the long days to come
That beckon to me in the pink dawn;
My song shall grow sweetly familiar,
And he who was frightened shall draw near
Singing his separate song,
Ever his own and yet blending

Its virile strains with mine;
So we shall raise a great harmony
Enfolding the world in our music,
Rejoicing again in our marriage.

One day that shall be . . . .
But to-day
I am weary—
The East is rosy with promise of dawn.

(The following is one of the poems in Edgar Lee Master's "Spoon River Anthology" which has been running in Reedy's St. Louis Mirror and attracting such widespread attention. In our opinion it is in the first ranks of fine poetry.)

Caroline Branson

With our hearts like drifting suns, had we but walked
As often before the April fields till star-light
Silkened over with viewless gauze the darkness
Under the rock, our trusting place in the wood,
Where the brook turns! Had we but passed from wooing
Like notes of music that run together, into winning
In the inspired improvisation of love!
But to put back of us as a canticle ended
The rapt enchantment of the flesh,
In which our souls swooned, down, down,
Where time was not, nor space, nor ourselves—
Annihilated in love!
To leave these behind for a room with lamps;
And to stand with our Secret mocking itself,
And hiding itself amid flowers and mandolins,
Stared at by all between salad and coffee.
And to see him tremble, and feel myself
Prescient, as one who signs a bond—
Not flaming with gifts and pledges heaped

With rosy hands over his brow.
And then, O night! deliberate! unlovely!
With all of our wooing blotted out by the winning
In a chosen room in an hour that was known to all.
Next day he sat so listless, almost cold,
So strangely changed, wondering why I wept,
Till a kind of sick despair and voluptuous madness
Siezed us to make the pact of death.

A stalk of the earth sphere,
Frail as star-light,
Waiting to be drawn once again
Into creation's stream.
But next time to be given birth
Gazed at by Raphael and St. Francis
Sometimes as they pass.
For I am their little brother,
To be known clearly face to face
Through a cycle of birth hereafter run.
You may know the seed and the soil;
You may feel the cold rain fall.
But only the earth-sphere, only heaven
Knows the secret of the seed
In the nuptial chamber under the soil.
Throw me into the stream again,
Give me another trial—
Save me, Shelley!

Music

The Kneisel Quartet and Hofmannized Chopin

Albert Spalding

What more felicitous combination could be desired than this: Albert Spalding playing the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, with the Thomas Orchestra! Twice, four thousand people were warmed to genuine enthusiasm; and at both the Friday and Saturday concerts the orchestra men (whose utterly bored manner is their usual tribute) awakened and showed the strongest appreciation for the young man's art. Frederick Stock beamed, fatherly, while he clapped his hands.

The displayers of sophisticated conceit and blasé judgment still choose to regard Albert Spalding as a student. Their criticism, superficial as it is, might have been based upon his playing of three or more years back, when, along with the most marked talent, there was an element of the conservatoire in his work. But the pupil has disappeared, and there is now purely the artistic individual. And it follows naturally that, for these same critics, unless one draws from a violin a tone as big as a string bass, it cannot be beautiful.

For his two Chicago appearances he chose a work which is completely suited to him. Spalding can play Mendelssohn. This composer, with his happy delicacy, beauty, and rhythmic finesse, was safe in the hands of the artist. A sturdier or a more sensuous fiddler might have soiled the concerto. For Spalding is a spiritual aristocrat, a musician whose tonal excellencies are not florid, but elegant; not passionate, but of a fine intensity.

Technic?—One speaks of technic only when there is too much or too little. Albert Spalding has, at the age of twenty-six, learned the supreme art of self-expression; and both the self which he expresses and the medium he employs for it are of the first order of fine things.

Herman Schuchert.

Book Discussion

Love's Highway

Love and the Soul Maker, by Mary Austin. [D. Appleton and Company, New York.]

There is a certain generic myth, outcropping whenever the discovery of some mysterious, hidden treasure is in question, which is that the discoverer may possess only so much of it as he can carry away on his own person. Whenever I met this climax in my childish reading my greedy little soul rebelled because the hero might not have all that his eyes could see instead of the negligible bit that he could handle with his own muscles. Experience has taught that under no circumstances can a man own more than he possesses within himself; this is as true of material art forms as it is of culture and education. It is almost tragic in its truth when we look about and see such a wealth of apparent happiness and love and then look into our own impoverished hearts. We may not covet either our neighbor's automobile or his wife, but frequently we do covet, in spite of good intentions, the happiness that he derives from that automobile and that wife. Particularly weak are we when we look down love's highway and see what we believe to be limitless and ideal joy. The little orbit in which we move seems sadly askew, and it takes a book like Mary Austin's *Love and the Soul Maker* to make us understand that all the topsy-turviness of the present is but the labor-pain of a saner, truer, happier future.

The author combines science and sentiment in a new way. Her facts show that she has read widely; her conclusions show that she has thought deeply; her sentiments show that she has felt—at least potentially—most, if not all, of the joys and sorrows which the practice and malpractice of love produce. And the one shining truth that she has discovered in all this hidden treasure of sex happiness is that *"we've a right to as much love as we can work up into the stuff of a superior personality."* This truth is thrown out as independently of conventions, prejudices, religious beliefs or practices as a searchlight is independent of the hinges that hold it in place. It is the ultimate measure of what is good or what is bad in love; it is the standard by which all sex problems must finally be adjusted. She goes on to say that "taking anything over what we can give back in some form or other to the social sum is my notion of sinning"—and an inspired notion of sinning it is, too. We are all searching for the treasure of love happiness, yet no one may justly

take more than he can carry away in inspiration and the impulse of creating something within or without that will add to the sum total of human happiness.

Between facts and sentiment Mrs. Austin leans to sentiment—yet why not? She is not writing for the elect body of sex students, but for ordinary men and women. Those who have read little or nothing of sex psychology would find cold, uncompromising facts too difficult a diet. Offering them such an argument would be like comforting a bumped child with the multiplication table. By means of such a book as *Love and the Soul Maker* it may be possible for even the ossifying brains of dogmatists to catch a glimmer of light on our present sex problems, while such dazzlingly and ruthlessly true books as Havelock Ellis writes may petrify several additional lobes.

Although not openly propagandic, Mrs. Austin has a decided philosophy of life which she sets forth in a dozen different ways and which, without saying so, she hopes her reader will accept. She insists that "the proper end of loving is not personal but racial; it is the Soul Maker's most precious commodity," and that love pirates or love grafters commit their most venal sin by believing that love is its own excuse. As Mrs. Austin expresses it, "Love for love's sake is the shibboleth by which they blunt the unassailable fact that love was not invented for love's sake but for life's." Here, of course, is a radical point of departure which will turn many readers away from her pages; it may, however, induce an equal number to read further.

The flaws in our modern system of marriage are more closely seen and more cleverly pointed out than are the remedies offered. For example, the author shows that modern society asks of marriage "things it was never meant to pay"; yet her remedy is vague. And again: "The initial mistake about marriage is in regarding it as a condition, a state, when it is primarily a relation" and may exist in spite of very unfavorable conditions and quite apart from them. Delightfully, indeed, does she puncture the time-worn fallacy of platonic friendships: "I doubt that there can be any informing intimacy between men and women unless there exists also the potentiality of passionate experience." Yet many of her views are completely radical. "There never has been a time since man stood up and knew himself for man," she writes, "that the major process of love has been reproductive," and later she points out that "chief among the uses of passion is the raising of the percentage of values in those who entertain it." She cuts off all the frills of convention, ceremony, tradition; strips away all but the essential naked truth germ and declares: "Marriage is an agreement between any pair to practice mate-love toward one another, with intention."

Marriage, thus simplified, would not, indeed could not, be the failure which modern society so widely accepts with resignation instead of combating with thoughtful dissatisfaction. We have become so racially hypnotized that we do not distinguish between associated facts (such as food, shelter, religious sanction, obedience, etc.) and the essential truth of mate-love. "The primary obligation of lovers is to love," she says. This done, all will adjust itself; and yet lest any should draw the over-quick conclusion that Mrs. Austin advocates free love, let me also add that she says: "To love and to keep on loving. This is the one way of making marriage do its work in the world."

As a remedy she begs women to open their eyes to the fact that marriage is not now the only career for them. That marriage does not fill the lives of those who enter it is evidenced by the divorce courts. Tentatively Mrs. Austin suggests that instead of dissolving so many marriages it would be wiser to unload the excessive strain put upon them. Let economics take hold of the problem of the mother, who for the sake of providing bread for herself and her children crucifies her own personality, ignores her own right to happiness upon the racial conception of marriage. Very frankly she explains what marriage should do for us: "First of all to satisfy the hunger of the body for its natural mate . . . and finally it must satisfy the need of companionship on the intimate and personal side of life." She hints that "it is immensely more important that a mating pair should relish kissing together than that they should both be Presbyterian."

She is hopeful concerning the final abolishing of prostitution if the present marriage customs are changed. She is emphatic in the need of young people being enlightened in regard to marital experiences and problems, but her suggestions are indefinite and inconclusive. However, much may be overlooked for her emphasis of the fact that sex is an active principal and that the best love-life is that which makes the best use of love's activities. She admonishes us to "play fair alike in loving and unloving," which means that love is not a light thing of a day, but must be great enough and strong enough to control itself, even to sacrifice itself for the greatest racial good—and never to sell itself from a motive of personal selfishness, or for the bliss of an hour.

The highway that Mrs. Austin lays out for love is rough and stony in spots, and yet its goal of racial betterment through achievement as well as by means of offspring is not to be despised.

MARY ADAMS STEARNS.

Dutch Bourgeoisie

Small Souls, by Louis Couperus. [Dodd, Mead and Company, New York]

Rain, rain . . . It is always raining in Holland; the skies are ever hidden behind muddy clouds, and in the damp, bleak atmosphere straggle grey figures with stony faces. It is painful to follow Couperus through the four hundred odd pages of his gloomy novel, to meet only "small souls," petty men and women whose sole interest lies in dinner parties and endless gossip. Empty, tedious, stupid "society," without even the piquant vice that makes attractive the bourgeoisie of Balzac, Maupassant, or Zola. The least boring figure among the asinine menagerie is that of the heroine, Constance, whose sole virtue consists in the fact that she had committed adultery in her early life. The author has not brought in a single positive type of Holland's artistic or intellectual circles to counteract the general gloom of the picture; he has evidently determined to hold his readers within the frame of a family-epic, to focus their attention on one particular aspect of life in the Hague, the shallowest, the palest. As this novel presents the translation of the first part of the author's tetralogy, we must be patient and consider the book as a prelude to the developing drama. Already we see at the end of this volume promising symptoms of a new, real life, to be manifested in the growing boy, Adrian—big, healthy, sturdy, who despises his petty relatives with their noisy intrigues, and whose "boyish lips, with their faint shading of dawn, curve into a scornful smile as he says: 'It's all about nothing!'" We shall eagerly look forward to the following volumes, for Couperus is an artist, a deep psychologist, a follower of Zola; his method may be old, arch-realistic, but, as I say, he is an artist, hence thrilling. K.

James Stephens: Poet and Pagan

The Demi-Gods, by James Stephens. [The Macmillan Company, New York.]

God's most high messengers and certain Irish loafers nest well together. James Stephens was the first man to discern this and other plain, albeit unique, facts; and in the *Demi-Gods* he takes the reader into a delightful confidence, telling him the inmost thoughts of three angels, their two companions (also Irish), a philosophic donkey, an

ecstatic crow, and the like of them. The angels learn table-manners and similar ethics from the two Celtic vagabonds, whom they chance upon when they touch foot to earth, one dark night. The father-vagabond gets daily food for the party, paying for it when he isn't temperamentally swept into stealing; the other, who is the dearest kind of an Irish girl, naturally in love with the youngest angel, does the cooking and mothering for them all,—and celestial wisdom is shelved during the acquirement of so much worldly knowledge.

How can the astonishing charms of this book be described? In the first place, there is poetry—neither cadent nor decadent poetry, but the sort of prose that conveys the most finely imagined poetic thought. And there is contrast. Such contrast! From the calm conversation of angels to the braying of an ass is the easiest jump for Stephens. It is a gentle slide from paragraphs of delicate dawn-picturing to a peasant's narration of brawls and thieving, or a description of the angels attired in Pat McCann's trousers. And, given the latitude of half a dozen quotations, one might prove that this same Stephens was a deep-gazing mystic. Nor would his extreme paganism be difficult to establish. But to avoid all the inevitable shruggings of literary shoulders, if one really said these things about the man, let it be quickly stated that James Stephens is before all else an artist, a writer with a superlative sense of humor and a pleasantly incomprehensible imagination.

While a deeper probing of his mysticism or paganism (as such) would perhaps bring about a sudden discounting of his humor and his poetic sensibilities, it is necessary to remember that Stephens is Irish, with all the implied values of that temperament. Therefore, it is well to consider the author of *The Demi-Gods* to be this day's most unique literary light. The combination stands alone.

Herman Schuchert.

Unfulfilled Expectations

A Lady of Leisure, by Ethel Sidgwick. [Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.]

Long, diffuse, sometimes clever, sometimes pointless conversations mark this latest book of an author from whom we had come to expect only the best. Miss Sidgwick could not write anything that did not have passages of keen insight and shrewd handling of our commonplace humanity, but here their value is hidden under an avalanche of words—words—words. The slight plot—which of course is no fault—deals

with the whims of the daughter of a great London surgeon. She overcomes parental objection and enters a dressmaking establishment; but we are given no particularly vital picture of this life. There are several young people whose love affairs become mutually mixed, but ultimately untangled—all of which is done by means of conversations, jerky, exclamatory, unrestrained. This method is true to life because such chatter is exactly the way modern people talk, but nevertheless our ears ache with it, and we find ourselves longing for a paragraph of straightaway description or narration, which never comes.

The frivolous and empty atmosphere is all well enough for a relish, but it is unsatisfying as a total, particularly from one who can give too much that is worth while. It is like a continuous afternoon tea, or a lemon meringue pie with nothing but the meringue. M. A. S.

Interpretation of Music

Nature in Music, by Lawrence Gilman. [John Lane Company, New York.]

> Its thin divine kinkiness . . .
> I felt it undulate my soul—
> Lavender water, pitted and heaved to huge, uneasy circles.

The readers of THE LITTLE REVIEW may remember these lines: they were meant to interpret Debussy. I challenge Llewellyn Jones to "object" to this gem and to question its "sense"! The stanchest conservative will agree that of all arts music presents the widest liberty for subjective interpretation, especially for such an autonomous artist as a poet. "There is some music which should be described by poets rather than expose by inquisitive aestheticians. Of such is the magical music of Debussy." This from Lawrence Gilman's latest book. Mr. Gilman evidently considers himself a good member in both categories, for he follows up the quoted remark with unrestrained effusions of colorful descriptions of Landscape-music, Sea-music, Death-music. It is charming reading, though at times the unbridled Pegasus causes you dizziness; not that you are encountered with daringly-new views or dazzling ideas: Mr. Gilman is too much of an American for such extravagance. It is the manner of his exposition, the ravishing richness of his style, that endangers your mental equilibrium. Judge for yourself:

Debussy, when he wrote this delectable and adorable music *(Rondes de Printemps)*, sent his spirit into the woods and fields, through gardens and orchards and petal-showered lanes, and upon the moors and hills; he trod the brown soil of the earth, but he also looked long up into the green branches and the warm, gusty sky of May, and savored the fragrant winds.

Is it not enchanting? But when you are treated to such nectar on nearly every page, you sigh for the elegant, reserved Romain Rolland, who expresses his enthusiasm for Debussy in a cooler, yet by no means less convincing, way.

Aside from this purely external characteristic the book contains very interesting remarks on the treatment of natural elements and phenomea by various composers. The invention of new instruments, the development of the art of orchestration, and general new conceptions of our age, have drawn a sharp line of distinction between the old and the new interpretations of nature in music. While the old composers (among the old the author places not only Hayden and Beethoven, but also Wagner and Grieg) approached Nature either as a subject to be faithfully rendered, or as a provocator of direct emotional reactions in themselves, to the new composers (Debussy, d'Indy, Loeffler, MacDowell) Nature "is a miraculous harp, an instrument of unlimited range and inexhaustible responsiveness, upon which the performer may improvise at his pleasure," to quote the inimitable original. The classification is rather hazardous; the importance of Loeffler is greatly exaggerated, but as a purely subjective view the work of Mr. Gilman is interesting. K.

A Pasteurized "Man and Superman"

The Raft, by Coningsby Dawson. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.]

The Raft is based on the same idea as Shaw's—*minus* moral shocks, mental exhilaration, and the Superman. The theory is served as strong drink in the one, as good boy's tea in the other. The same idea receives such different treatment that the person who would pronounce *Man and Superman* a "corrupt play" might speak of *The Raft*, as a beautiful story, provided a few courageous truths which it was necessary for the author to state in order to refute, could be forgiven. It is a harmless com-

promise between the belief that no literature has a right to exist that is not suitable for a girl in her teens, and the conviction that men and women must face life as it is.

In *The Raft,* we read this figurative suggestion of the theory:

> We're girls adrift on a raft and we can't swim. Over there's the land of marriage with the children, the homes and the husbands; we've no means of getting to it. Unless some of the men see us and put out in boats to our rescue, we'll be swept into the hunger of mid-ocean. But they're too busy to notice us. . . . Always wanting, wanting, wanting the things that only men can give. . . . Did men ever want to be married or was it always necessary to catch them?

In *Man and Superman* we find a more liberal statement:

> To a woman, a man is only a means to the end of getting children and rearing them. Vitality in woman is a blind fury of creation. What other work has she in life but to get a husband? It is a woman's business to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can. . . . You think that you are the pursuer, and she pursued. Fool, it is you who are the pursued, the destined prey.

During the last few years stories and plays exploiting this doctrine have been hurled thick and fast in the attempt to batter down so-called romantic love, romantic though fortified not only by the fancies of the poets and novelists but also by the analyses of the scientists and the experiences of life. According to these stories, love is nothing more or less than a passion for reproduction, a desire for children. This idea is being emphasized by two very different types for two very different reasons: one tries to make a Don Quixote of romantic love and hopes by ridicule to eliminate it as the great motive and to give some of the other passions a chance in literature; the other considers everything even suggestive of sex unmoral, and so searches for an excuse to justify the gratification of a natural craving. Neither satire nor platitudes can alter nature.

Love, they say, considered as intense personal affection is an idea purely fanciful, romantic. If so to consider it is romantic, scientists are romantic; for such men as Lankester and Pycraft say "the view that the sequel of mate hunger is the dominant instinct has no foundation in fact. Desire for the sake of the pleasure of its gratification, not its consequences, is the only hold on life which any race possesses. Love is the attribute upon which this preservation of the race depends."

In other words it is a case of cause and effect. That the joy of motherhood is greater than any other joy in a woman's life has absolutely nothing to do with the question as to whether or not the hope of that joy was the reason for the selection of a mate. The question is not one of superiority but priority; not which is the greater, but which came first; which is the cause and which the effect. If the desire for

children is the cause of what we call love, the only logical outcome is that in selection any woman could not refuse any man fit to be the father of her children on the ground that he did not appeal to her personally. Life does not support such a conclusion.

Why woman's choice is not impersonal is only one of the many things that cannot be explained by the theory that makes her desire for children the sole cause of attraction. It does not explain too many things: faithless wives, some childless marriages, children found on door-steps, abortions, some prostitution, why some women never marry for fear of children, or why man is not the coy, reluctant, elusive creature defined, though not pictured, by Dawson and Shaw.

No wonder it fails to explain; for children, instead of being the whole cause are the result of only a part of the cause, mate hunger—a hunger of body, mind, and spirit. Love is the feeling for the one that seems to supply those needs, the impulse toward that one. The sooner we realize that the attraction between men and women is not all physical any more than it is all mental and spiritual, and that sex is in all three phases, the sooner shall we reach the truth; the sooner shall we hear the last of one type that prudishly denies physical attraction or else tries to "purify" it by making it a means to an end, and of the other type that sees in marriage only physical union.

The theory will not stand either a logical or an emotional test. Not only can it not explain this confusion of cause and effect, this mistaking the part of love for its whole; but it also cannot answer why it should look to the future for a cause when love is so vitally a thing of the present; nor why it was ever thought necessary to find any explanation outside of itself for the attraction between men and women. If there is any passion in the world that does not need a justification other than its mere existence, it is love. For though realizing the exaltation of moral passion, the exhilaration of mental passion, no one can deny that it is through love we know intense, vivid personal happiness—happiness that is vibrant, full of color, rapturous.

But it is absurd to try to analyze it; it is even more so to argue about it: but really women have grown very tired of having men tell them why they marry, tired of this confusion of result with cause, of a part with the whole, tired of the belittling of love by people who have never experienced it, tired of this sex obsession. It is doubly absurd to waste time in arguing when the best argument I can offer against the Raft theory is the book itself, where the author spends most of his time disproving his own definitely-stated idea through the actions of his characters. It is interesting to see that both Dawson and Shaw should, by methods diammetrically opposite, show how fallacious is their statement by exactly the same circumstance,—that is, by having the woman

care passionately for *the* man, not *a* man. That fact alone routs the whole theory. Certainly Cherry and Jehane have very decided personal preferences regardless of the next generation; moreover the Golden Woman and "heaps of other well-bred women" will not marry for fear of children; and Peter, Ockey, and the Faun Man insist on being ardent lovers that vainly pursue.

Notwithstanding these contradictions throughout the book, the author keeps on bravely and inartistically reiterating his Raft motives, as if to keep up his courage. Possibly because he realizes that he is losing his theme, he starts another which is really the one consistently developed. This second theme is that love is never reciprocal: that at the best it is a case of one loving, the other allowing; that usually it is a case of one loving and the other not even allowing. He starts an endless chain of unrequited affection: Glory loves Peter; Peter loves Cherry; Cherry, the Faun Man; the Faun the Golden Woman; the Golden Woman, herself—or is it Peter? That is one chain; and another is Ockey loves Jehane; Jehane, Barrington; Barrington, Nan.

These two themes working at cross purposes are typical of the book which is a mass of contradictions of this author's own definitely expressed ideas, and of life. So many things do not ring true: the labored, morbid, commonplace treatment of Peter, "the maginative child," as an exponent of the artistic temperament; the lack of love as the sole cause of Ockey's failure, when he needs so many other things to make a man of him; the marriage of Nan and Barrington as the ideal union, when neither one has a nature intense enough to feel a great love, when even such love as they know has never been put to the merciless tests that life uses; the brooding, year in and year out, of the unmarried women over the loss of the joys of motherhood, and their lack of interest in any other phase of life; Jehane's unworthiness, emphasized by the author in person and through his characters, when her actions with different treatment might have made her almost a heroine; the declared finality of so many things that are really only initial steps; platitudes as answers to the vital questions of life.

Most of these false notes come from the fact that the theories of the author and the actions of his characters are not in harmony. Whenever I hear writers talking of such discords and saying that they are obliged to let their characters work out their own salvations, I always consider the attitude an affectation. But I have changed my mind. Dawson seems to be left alone on his Raft, shouting his untenable theories till he is hoarse; while his characters, ignoring him, have reached land and are living their own lives. I found myself in the absurd position of resenting the author's interference with those vivid,

distinctive, powerful characters he had created; of wanting to tell him to keep his hands off, and let them tell their own story.

And left to themselves they tell it unflinchingly. What if the treatment is obvious and conventional? It is obvious treatment of the great mysteries of life; conventional treatment of its beauties.

The advancement of science at the expense of man is one of the most pernicious things in the world. The stunted man is a retrogression in the human race: he throws a shadow over all succeeding generations. The tendencies and natural purpose of the individual science become degenerate, and science itself is finally shipwrecked: it has made progress, but has either no effect at all on life or else an immoral one.—*Nietzsche.*

Sentence Reviews

Gustave Flaubert, by Emile Faguet. *Balzac*, by the same author. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.] Emile Faguet is a critic of the old school, an academician. He analyzes the writers thoroughly, profoundly, comprehensively, applying a uniform scholarly method. He gives the biographies of Flaubert and Balzac, reviews their works, and finally discusses their general importance for literature. You do not find any sparkling revelations or extraordinary insight, but you form an adequate opinion of the chief characteristics of the two great Frenchmen. The translations are good; Mr. Thorley, who did the Balzac, has proved that in the rôle or a translator he runs less risk than when undertaking to interpret Verlaine.

Bahaism: The Modern Social Religion, by Horace Holley. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] Another example of overestimation of Oriental thought. The success of Tagore's second-rate allegories gave Mr. Holley the idea of displaying before the ever-thirsting Western mind another Eastern "great". Bahaism, as interpreted by the writer, is one of the "57 varieties" of the blessed Christian Socialism. The world must be reformed, nicely, humbly, altruistically, without causing any damage to State and Society. Naive and dull like a Sunday sermon at an Ethical Society.

Woman and War, by Olive Schreiner. [Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.] A timely pamphlet, reprinted as a fragment from the famous book *Woman and Labor*. The author claims that woman can carry on war as well as man, considering modern war implements; but as a sculptor would resent the idea of hurling his creations on the ramparts to stop the breaches made by the enemy, so does the human child-bearer instinctively antagonize the reckless destruction of that which she has at so much cost produced; for "men's bodies are our woman's work of art."

Appearances, by G. Lowes Dickinson. [Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.] The title vindicates the author's superficiality. Impressions of India, China, Japan, America, are bewilderingly crowded in a dazzling bouquet, revealing charming brilliance on the part of the observer, but lack of profound insight. A rapidly-changing panorama of faces and places, a cinematograph. "All America is Niagara. Force without direction, noise without significance, speed without accomplishment." Such aphorisms lavishly scattered throughout the pages make the book ideal train reading.

Psychology General and Applied, by Hugo Münsterberg. [D. Appleton and Company, New York.] This new text-book by the Harvard professor summarizes various aspects of psychology and will be of help to the student who seeks facts rather than speculation. Mr. Münsterberg is at his best when he deals with a college audience; his reputation and prestige would be quite safe if he limited his activity to that field and did not indulge in pro-German pamphleteering.

The Story-Life of Napoleon, by Wayne Whipple. [The Century Company, New York.] The life of the "Man of Destiny" is an inexhaustible source for historians and biographers. Mr. Whipple has compiled a new biography of the Corsican, based exclusively on stories and anecdotes as related by various authorities. Those for whom Napoleon is the grandest phenomenon in history will feel grateful to the author for his enormous work performed lovingly and inspiringly.

Stories from Northern Myths, by Emilie Kip Baker. [The Macmillan Company, New York.] I enjoy reading Greek mythology in spring, Hindu legends in summer, the Bible at any time, Norse sagas in winter nights. This book is a skillful composition of the most interesting myths of the North, written with irresistible

charm. It is ideal reading in the blissful moments of mental relaxation, when you dismiss temporarily all "problems" and plunge into the enchanting abyss of the Non-Real.

The Architecture of Humanism, by Geofry Scott. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.] A cold, merciless weilding of the scythe that the author admits is dogmatic criticism. Even the crucified Ruskin has more thorns added to his crown; but still we fail to see the object of this book in holding up all architectural ideals as "fallacies".

Father Ralph, by Gerald O'Donovan. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] Ralph O'Brien was born to be a priest. One might almost say, considering his mother's attitude, that he was a priest before he was born, and his bringing up was single-eyed to that end. Only as he grows older does he begin to find flaws in the supposedly flawless church of God. Then as he brings his keen young mind to these problems he fights against the religious decadence of Ireland, and causes the author's pen to rush along through a torrent of socialistic and revolutionary indignation.

Balshazzar Court; or, Village Life in New York City, by Simon Strumsky. [Henry Holt and Company, New York.] These eight connected essays concern the modern apartment house filled with strange families which become linked together by the telegraphy of domestics; the street, Broadway, teeming with its interest in unnatural things; with the show which one knows perfectly beforehand through the kindness of the newspaper reporters; and others. The author sees the unimportant trifles that make up urban life, and lifts them into whimsical prominence.

The Wonderful Romance, by Pierre de Coulevain. [Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.] "To America, country of new thoughts"—thus does the author dedicate her last book. Almost as if she could foresee her death, Mlle. Fabre (Pierre de Coulevain was her pen name) wrote of conclusicns and impressions long stored up in her brain. Like her previous books, this is a collection of thoughts and observations set down in a charming but desultory way.

To-Day's Daughter, by Josephine Daskam Bacon. [D. Appleton and Company, New York.] *To-Day's Daughter* is an utterly American book dealing with our peculiar present-day problems. Mrs. Bacon forces no conclusions upon the reader, for each case is "different." The author limits her modern woman in no way except to make her choose one purpose and to show her that she cannot be a dozen different women and achieve success in all directions. She proves that woman must have a cohering line, a central motive to which other things are subservient, and a due regard to the environment where Fate has placed her.

Lucas' Annual, edited by E. V. Lucas. [The Macmillan Company, New York.] Of course, the correct literary pose toward even the best "collections" is one of indulgent condescension. Nevertheless, we must admit that in Lucas's collection Ruskin's criticism of one of Browning's poems gives us a good laugh and an intellectual challenge; that Barrie's *Hyphen* and the prize novel, *Spoof,* are clever satires on literary style; that Browning's letter emphasizes what we felt while prying into the Browning Letters: that our self-respect could never again be the same;—that as a whole the book appeals to our sense of humor and to our literary taste.

Nothing Else Matters, by William Samuel Johnson. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] That jaded epithet, "like champaigne," should have been reserved for this novel, for it bubbles and sparkles and leaves a luxurious taste in one's literary mouth; and, while under its pleasurable influence, one is eager to declare that heroines of

today should all bear resemblance to the charming little human who laughs and loves through these pages.

The Bird-Store Man, by Norman Duncan. [Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.] The old, Sabbath-scented story, practically told by the title, is in this case partially redeemed by a binding of tan, cream, and pale green.

Altogether Jane, by Herself. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] When a sane, intelligent woman speaks frankly and cleverly, with neither lush nor morbidity, the public owes itself the pleasure of hearing her; and, given that hearing, Jane, in this healthy chronicle, will be found convincing.

Personality Plus, by Edna Ferber. [Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.] One or two personalities plus slang raised to the nth power minus profundity gives the readable, salable unit which Edna Ferber presents in this story of a blossoming college chap.

The True Ulysses S. Grant, by Gen. Charles King. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.] Some patriotic hawker should get the idea and the permission to sell this informative volume at that sight-seen tomb on Riverside Drive, for Grant can't have too many friends.

Nancy the Joyous, by Edith Stowe. [Reilly and Britton, Chicago.] Nancy, one animated beam of bookish sunlight, is just too sweet and frank and "wholesome" for anything—even to read.

The Torch Bearer, by Reina Melcher Marquis. [D. Appleton and Company, New York.] Once again the reader is asked to consider a married woman with a talent—a situation which has become epidemic. In this case the plot is too big for the writer's ability and the whole story is shallow and sketchy.

Selina, by George Madden Martin. [D. Appleton and Company.] Like so many writers who achieve a first success, Mrs. Martin has not done nearly so well with Selina as she did with Emmy Lou. Selina is natural but colorless. The Mid-Victorian setting (which is repeatedly emphasized) is of Mid-Victorian mediocrity. The plot is merely a series of unstartling incidents.

Essays—Political and Historical, by Charlemagne Tower. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.] Those who have been taught to believe government is the most important thing in our existence and is an institution founded on truth, justice and human needs will if they read this book at all sincerely, close it in wonder. Despite the "skill and thoroughness" with which the book is written one cannot help questioning the meaning of all this petty, diplomatic scheming and complicated governmental legislating.

Coasting Bohemia, by J. Comyns Carr. [The Macmillan Company, New York.] Essays, some of which appeared in an English daily, the real value and literary worth of which compel us, who live in America, to realize our lack of journalistic criticism. Millais, Alma-Tadema, Burne-Jones, Whistler, and many others are written about in a manner that surely must have aided in public understanding and appreciation.

Anne Feversham, by J. C. Snaith. [D. Appleton and Company, New York.] "Delightful," "charming," "entertaining," and all the rest of the usual publishers' adjectives for usual books. They try to justify this one because of its historical background, which, however, is too slight to save it.

The Commodore, by Maud Howard Peterson. [Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, Boston.] A lean-on-me-Grandpapa little boy, plenty of sentiment, a style which

some people consider adorable, incidents of wholesome morality pinned to a background of naval stations and marine affairs, make this a book which the young may read with impunity—and, if young enough, with satisfaction and a grim resolve to go and do likewise.

The Grand Assize, by Hugh Carton. [Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.] Milton built a heaven for his highest imaginings; Dante dug a hell and cast all his personal enemies into it; the author of *The Grand Assize* puts the Last Judgment into a municipal court room and tries the Plutocrat, the Derelict, the Daughter of Joy, the Drunkard, and all his other pet aversions. This he does with an intellect less alive to the essence of human nature than that of the most biased, graft-elected judge of the last decade, for he treats life as a theory and people as classified emotions.

Wintering Hay, by John Trevena. [Mitchell Kennerley, New York.] This tragedy of weakness will hold everyone who has ever tried to pour success into some sieve-like character, too negative to stand alone. So well is Cyril Rossingall depicted that the reader loses the consummate art of the author in his seeming artlessness. Its setting is life in London and Dartmoor; its plot is life as lived by English gentlefolk; its theme is the reflex effect of events on life; its essence is simply—life.

The Story of Beowulf, translated from the Anglo-Saxon by Ernest J. B. Kirtland. [Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.] Once again the ancient Anglo-Saxon manuscript, treasured through centuries in the British Museum, has been made over into up-to-date English with all the trimmings of introduction, foot-notes, appendix and frontispiece. As a mere layman, we believe it to be well done.

Stories without Tears, by Barry Pain. [Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.]. Trivial of plot, sometimes hardly more than an incident, these stories capture some poise, pose, or feature of life and cast it masterfully into a medallion of delightful symmetry. Sad, gay, amusing, pathetic, they have the de Maupassant twist with all its perennial fascination.

Marta of the Lowlands, by Angel Guimera. [Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.] What Lady Gregory has done for the Irish, Angel Guimera has done for the Catlan drama (Catalonia is a province in Spain) by picturing the characteristics of the people in various dramatic situations. In *Marta of the Lowlands* he has shown the tragic and absolute ownership of the landed proprietor over the peasants who live on his territory.

A Soldier of The Legion, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. [Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.] The Williamsons know Northern Africa and if you know them—you surely do, this being their fifteenth book—you will know what to expect here. Those people who still can find time for nothing but war "literature" may be interested to know that the Legion described in this book is fighting in France for the Allies in the present war.

Private Affairs, by Charles McEvoy. [Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.] It is human to be curious, and when we get a chance we like to know all about the intimate affairs of other people. In this book the affairs are told in such a direct, interesting manner, without the pettiness of gossip, that we find sufficient excuse for our human weakness.

The Reader Critic

George Middleton, New York:

I read *Wedded* with much interest and really want to congratulate you upon your courage in producing it. As I told the author, whom I recently met, I do not think technically it is perfect: he has overdrawn the minister and made an author's comment in his lines. I feel the last line absolutely out of key; for the effect, in my judgment, would have been much stronger if the minister had been less obviously the hypocrite. Aside from a little bungling in the opening, I think, however, that its sincerity is much more important than this captious criticism. I feel he put over quite clearly a situation in human life which should be presented. And it was courageous of you to affront public opinion, as you no doubt have, and give place to such a sincere little piece of life. I wonder when the world is going to let us talk about all the things we now smirk over and know. Once we can place these sex matters on the same plane of conversation as we do pork and cheese then they will really cease to be important. I believe in the reticences of taste and proportion—but not those of subject matter. And sooner or later the question of birth control must be given wide publicity, so that only wanted children will come into the world. So long as functionally the woman must bear the labour and thus suffer unequally in parenthood, so should we do everything through education to arm her against assuming unwilling burdens. When children are born of free choice in marriage then they will partake of a higher dignity, and parenthood itself will mean more than a functional disturbance and a matter of rebellion it now is with many. Any play which makes us question our nice polite functions about morality should be accessible to those not afraid of new ideas. It is curious how little faith the innate conservative has in human nature and the finer things of life. So afraid are they that they would bind people by old traditions and not personally-achieved opinions. *Wedded* presents in vivid phrase a fragment of life which has no doubt come to many a woman, and I heartily congratulate you for the courage which prompted you to give the author a hearing.

S. H. G., New York:

The November number is the best yet. I don't like Iris's work as well as I do Bodenheim's; judging by these poems I think he has been too much praised. Bodenheim makes some superb contributions to language and imagery. Langner's play doesn't escape the querulous note in spots, but it is worth doing and is done well on the whole. Darrow's article is well-knit and presents an idea. The best thing in the issue is Kaun's translation. And I dislike very much your article on Emma Goldman, because it falls so far below the hardness of thought it should have had.

I have taken much to heart two articles in the first *New Republic:* Rebecca West's *The Duty of Harsh Criticism* and the editors' *Force and Ideas.* We who are saying things in public have a simply tremendous responsibility not only to feel, but to know, and to use the acid test on everything we say. Your article shows that you have been carried away by a personality to approval of a social program, and is the most convincing proof I have ever seen that belief in anarchism is a product of the artistic temperament rather than the result of an intelligent attempt to criticise and

remould society. I know you did not intend it to be so; that is the reason it annoys me so much. It was a wise and necessary thing to correct misapprehensions about Emma Goldman's personality; that you have done fairly well; though even that is marred by too much protesting and a substitution of a somewhat sentimental elation for power of mind and emotion. But your offhand generalities on the top of the third page are just the sort of shoddy thinking that justifies conservatives in dismissing social theorists with a sneer, and imprisoning them when they get dangerous. These generalities do not even accurately represent Wilde's essay. It is not that I disagree with you; I recognize a fundamental truth in these things if it could only be disentangled, made definite, and applied. But to a discerning and unprejudiced reader it is quite evident that in order to save yourself the trouble and unromantic grind of doing this, you have made a lot of meaningless assumptions without really knowing very much about history or anthropology or psychology or any of the other wonderful tools which modern heroes have put at the service of the human will. You have the blind faith of a Catholic saint in divine revelation; the only difference is that the terms of the revelation are altered.

As a thing entirely apart from the above objection, the sporadic violence of the anarchists is puerile and ridiculous. The whole muddle in which the anarchists find themselves on account of their disagreements as to violence is an example of the necessity of efficient and intelligent organization—which is exactly what government in its essence is, to me (but is not now). My own position on anarchism has become more clearly defined than before. I stand fundamentally with Montessori on the position that the beginning and the end of revolution is improvement of the individual. I should be prepared to endorse a brutal autocracy if that bred better human stock. I am thoroughly convinced that Emma Goldman could preach until she lost her voice without producing an appreciable effect. The world has had too much preaching. There would be something finally tragic about the waste of such a personality as hers unless there were a better way of accomplishing her object. She has been working for years, yet ninety-nine per cent of Americans regard her as a sort of Carrie Nation. The more we long for her success the more we appreciate her personality, the more keenly we must criticise her method.

The question of how race hygiene must be applied is a profound and complex matter, impossible of solution by any individual. It will be solved gradually, and as a resultant of honest intellectual work by all forward looking people—more especially by your despised scientists. It will be a matter of inspired scientific education, of proper industrial conditions, of profound art stimulus, of sex reform, in short, of most of the things advocated today by the socialist party. I have a fair-to-middling imagination, but I totally fail to see how these things may properly be put into action without intelligent governmental organization. We simply must not narrow our minds by perfectionist generalities. It is the duty—and the inspiration—of the poet to understand and use science, of the scientist to develop the poet in himself, of all to face grimly every fact which concerns him and banish forever from his mind sentimentalism. Sentimentalism about ribbons and candy is sometimes pretty, but sentimentalism about the human race is a terrible form of blasphemy and the greatest of the sins of pettiness.

Now that I have spoken honestly, don't think I have joined the ranks of irascible conservatives, and that I yell because I've been prodded. No one realizes more than I the necessity of greater emotion, or more sweeping vision. But let's not make our vision sweeping by the simple process of cutting off our view!

OBLOMOFFDOM

Minnie Lyon, Chicago:

We are told by literary authorities that a certain Goncharoff occupies the place next to Turgeniev and Tolstoy in Russian literature. As to this I cannot vouch, but I can say that he has written a most profound and wonderful book called *Oblomoff* wherein he has depicted in convincing terms the enthralling bondage of Russia's intellectuals in her days of stagnant inactivity. From this book was coined the phrase—"Russian Malady of Oblomoffdom", so well did it dissect her diseased and irresolute will—a malady so universal as to make one feel that *Oblomoff* was written for us as well as for Russia. It certainly is a direct emphasis upon a condition which prevails so largely both in our personal and social life that few can read this inimitable pen portrait without a sneaking feeling that some of his own lineaments are limned therein.

Goncharoff writes of his hero: "The joy of higher inspiration was accessible to him—the miseries of mankind were not strange to him. . . . Sometimes he cried bitterly in the depths of his heart about human sorrows. He felt unnamed, unknown sufferings and sadness, and a desire of going somewhere far away,—probably into that world towards which Stoltz had tried to take him in his younger days. Sweet tears would then flow upon his cheek. It would also happen that he would feel hatred towards human vices, towards deceit, towards the evil which is spread all over the world; and he would then feel the desire to show mankind its diseases. Thoughts would then burn within him, rolling in his head like waves in the sea; they would grow into decisions which would make all his blood boil; his muscles would be ready to move, his sinews would be strained, intentions would be on the point of transforming themselves into decisions. . . . Moved by a moral force he would rapidly change over and over again his position in his bed; with a fixed stare he would lift himself from it, move his hand, look about with inspired eyes . . . the inspiration would seem ready to realize itself, to transform itself into an act of heroism—and then, what miracle, what admirable results might one not expect from so great an effort! But—the morning would pass away, the shades of evening would take the place of broad daylight—and with them the strained forces of Oblomoff would incline towards rest—the storm in his soul would subside—his head would shake off the worrying thoughts—his blood would circulate more slowly in his veins—and Oblomoff would slowly turn over and recline on his back; look sadly through his window upon the sky, following sadly with his eyes the sun which was setting gloriously . . . And how many times had he thus followed with his eyes that sunset!"

How easy to fall back upon a soft bed of *concessions*—and drift into a world of forgetfulness! It is just into terrible inertia—this every day and *every* day humdrum conservatistic acceptance of things as they are—that THE LITTLE REVIEW comes with its laughter of the gods; it is so joyous, so fearless, so sure of its purpose, and hurls itself against it with its vital young blood and its burning young heart, and pleads with it for a re-creation of ideals in living, life, and art, and a bigger comprehension of what life and art can mean to the individual and to the race, if the individual will only open his heart and mind to these limitless freedoms. And it does not say: "Look, this is the only way;" but "come all ye who have something to offer—only let it be sincere, true, and unafraid." And because of this big inclusiveness, we sometimes hear our friend, the sophisticated critic, say: "It lacks sophistication."—What is sophistication anyway? Isn't it something that has been baked and dried a

long time? I wonder if every thoughtful reader does not grow weary of petty criticism! It is the twin sister (it has not the virility to be a boy twin) of Oblomoffdom, and lives as a parasite upon the brains of others. (I like that word *Oblomoffdom;* it covers such a multitude of indictments with an economy of words.) Let us have criticism—yes, by all means; but let it *be* criticism—critical in values, illuminating in meaning, clear in exposition, telling us how and *why*. Then we'll give you our respectful and unbiased attention. Too much of the stuff that passes as criticism is merely a "personal attitude," a channel for expressing a prejudice for (often) something too big for the critic's grasp. How often, too, does one grow a bit heart-weary on hearing some big personality, some fine intellect limit itself to one vision—its own.

Why not throw that attitude aside as an outworn garment, and welcome any force, simply and gladly, that can stimulate a spark of life-urge within us? A more courageous and intense love of truth, of men, of life.

And so, we welcome you, LITTLE REVIEW, with a *Happy New Year* and a *long life*—as a Rebel spirit amongst us, fighting our deadly Oblomoffdom.

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MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

Vol. 1 FEBRUARY, 1915 No. 11

Our First Year

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

AN interesting man said recently that the five qualities which go into the making of the great personality—of the genius, perhaps—are (1) energy, (2) imagination, (3) character, (4) intellect, (5) and charm. I number them because the importance of his remark lies in the fact that he arranged them in just that order. The more you think of it the keener a judgment it seems. I can see only one possible flaw in it—a flaw that would not be corrected, I am certain, by moving number four to the place of number one, but by a reversal of number one and number two. Energy does seem the prime requisite—after you've spent a few days with one of those persons who has seething visions and a contempt for concentration. But Imagination!—that gift of the far gods! There is simply no question of its position in the list. It is first by virtue of every brave and beautiful thing that has been accomplished in the world.

Last March we began the publication of THE LITTLE REVIEW. Now, twelve months later, we face the humiliating—or the encouraging—spectacle of being a magazine whose function is not transparent. People are always asking me what we are really trying to do. We have not set forth a policy; we have not identified ourselves with a point of view, except in so far as we have been quite ridiculously appreciative; we have not expounded a philosophy, except in so far as we have been quite outlandishly anarchistic; we have been uncritical, indiscriminate, juvenile, exuberant, chaotic, amateurish, emotional, tiresomely enthusiastic, and a lot of other things which I can't remember now—all the things that are usually said about faulty new undertakings. The encouraging thing is that they are said most strongly about promising ones.

Of course THE LITTLE REVIEW has done little more than approach

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the ideal which it has in mind. I am not proud of those limitations mentioned above—(and I am far from being unconscious of them); I am merely glad that they happen to be that particular type of limitation rather than some other. For instance, I should much rather have the limitations of the visionary or the poet or the prophet than those of the pedant or the priest or the "practical" person. Personally, I should much rather get drenched than to go always fortified with an umbrella and overshoes; I should rather see one side of a question violently than to see both sides calmly; I should rather be an extremist than a—well, it's scarcely a matter of choice: people are either extremists or nonentities; I should far rather sense the big things about a cause or a character even vaguely than to analyze its little qualities quite clearly; in short, I should rather feel a great deal and know a little than feel a little and know a lot. And so all this may serve to express our negative attitude.

But what am I to say about our positive attitude—how possibly express all the things we hope to do? Perhaps I need not try: Oscar Wilde made explanations of such a position superfluous when he said that the worship of beauty is something entirely too splendid to be sane. That is our only attitude. I hope at least half the people who read this will understand that I did not say our platform is merely the worship of beauty. Beauty involves too many elements to be championed lightly. Beauty from the aesthete's point of view and beauty from the artist's point of view are two widely different things. I might paraphrase Wilde and say that the new Beauty is the new Hellenism. Certainly I want for THE LITTLE REVIEW, as I want from life, not merely beauty, not merely happiness, but a quality which proceeds from the *intensity* with which both beauty and ugliness, pleasure and pain, are present.

This much to start with. Now there are people who complain that within their limited allowance of magazines they are forced to do without THE LITTLE REVIEW because it gives them nothing definite, nothing finished, nothing conclusive. But my idea of a magazine which makes any claim to artistic value is that it should be conducted more or less on the lines of good drama, or good fiction; that it should suggest, not conclude; that it should stimulate to thinking rather than dictate thought. Most magazines have efficient editors and definite editorial policies; that is what's wrong with them. I have none of the qualifications of the editor; that's why I think THE LITTLE REVIEW is in good hands. Because the editorial tradition in this country has usurped the place of the literary tradition we have lifted loyalty to policies into the place of loyalty to ideals. A veteran editor—a man of letters—once told me that there were fifty good writers to every good editor in America, and that he would teach me to be the former. He proceeded to illustrate, not by chucking out the poor stuff that was being written for his journal but by showing how it could be stuck in where it wouldn't be too noticeable! When some manuscript that delighted his soul came in (he was very human and out of sympathy with the crusted "policy"

that had somehow grown up around his own magazine) he taught me the "art" of reducing its policy to a state of negativeness that would not be out of harmony with the policy he was supposed to be supporting. Once he received some poetry that was very strong and very beautiful. He treasured it so that he kept it in his desk for months before returning it. It was so beautiful as to be beyond the appreciation of his audience, he was sure; and anyhow his journal had never gone in for publishing poetry—it merely printed reviews of poetry; so what could he do but return it? I used to feel that I was in the midst of some demoniacal scheme for achieving the ultimate futility. And so I think that "policies" are likely to be, or to become, quite damning things. Therefore instead of urging people to read us in the hope of finding what they seek in that direction, it is more honest to say outright that they will probably find less and less of it. Because as "sanity" increases in the world THE LITTLE REVIEW will strive more and more to be splendidly insane: as editors and lecturers continue to compromise in order to get their public, as book-makers continue to print rot in order to make fortunes, as writers continue to follow the market instead of *doing their Work,* as the public continues to demand vileness and vulgarity and lies, as the intellectuals continue to miss the root of the trouble, THE LITTLE REVIEW will continue to rebel, to tell the truth as we see it, to work for its ideal rather than for a policy. And in the face of new magazines of excellent quality and no personality we shall continue to soar and flash and flame, to be swamped at intervals and scramble to new heights, to be young and fearless and reckless and imaginative—

. . . . chanter
Rever, rire, passer, être seul, être libre,
Avoir l'œil qui regarde bien, la voix qui vibre. . . .

—to die for these things if necessary, but to live for them vividly first.

There are other people who argue that we might be hugely successful by being better: that we might borrow a lot of money (they always say this so casually), pay high for contributions, become acutely sophisticated, fill a wide-felt need, etc. Now the first thing we shall do, as soon as we are able to pay our printer's bills without paroxysms of terror, is to pay for contributions; it is disgusting that writers who do real work don't make enough out of it to live on at least. But as things are now no one can *live* by writing unless he writes badly. The only exceptions are cases which emphasize rather than disprove the point. In the meantime a magazine ought to be started for the sole purpose of printing the good things that the best magazines reject. Until we are on our feet and able to pay for stuff we can at least do this. And never, we hope, will we achieve that last emptiness: sophistication.

But there is still another function, and it seems to me very important. I have been reading a new book of Walter Lippmann's called *Drift and*

Mastery, which has more of the quality known as straight thinking than anything in the political-economic field published for a long time. Mr. Lippmann says this in his preface:

> The issues that we face are very different from those of the last century and a half. The difference, I think, might be summed up roughly this way: those who went before inherited a conservatism and overthrew it; we inherit freedom, and have to use it. The sanctity of property, the patriarchal family, hereditary caste, the dogma of sin, obedience to authority,—the rock of ages, in brief, has been blasted for us. Those who are young today are born into a world in which the foundations of the older order survive only as habits or by default. So Americans can carry through their purposes when they have them. If the standpatter is still powerful amongst us it is because we have not learned to use our power, and direct it to fruitful ends. The American conservative, it seems to me, fills the vacuum where democratic purpose should be.
>
> So far as we are concerned, then, the case is made out against absolutism, commercial oligarchy, and unquestioned creeds. *The Rebel program is stated.* Scientific invention and blind social currents have made the old authority impossible in fact, the artillery fire of the iconoclasts has shattered its prestige. We inherit a rebel tradition. The dominant forces in our world are not the sacredness of property nor the intellectual leadership of the priest; they are not the divinity of the constitution, the glory of the industrial push, Victorian sentiment, New England respectability, the Republican party, or John D. Rockefeller. . . . In the emerging morality the husband is not regarded as the proprietor of his wife, nor the parents as autocrats over the children. . . . There is a wide agreement among thinking people that the body is not a filthy thing, and that to implant in a child the sense of sin is a poor preparation for a temperate life.
>
> The battle for us, in short, does not lie against crusted prejudice, but against the chaos of a new freedom.

That is very good reasoning, if you grant the premise—which I do not. I think the old authority is just as apparent as ever; its methods and nature have merely changed. Mr. Lippmann lives among the small minority —the people who have ideas. They represent about one tenth of the population. Of the rest, five tenths have no ideas and the other four tenths have something they call ideas: the rock of ages. It is still there. The new authority is quite as strong as the old, and more insidious because it is more subtle. Young people used to be disinherited when they disagreed with their parents; now they are argued with. The former method left their minds clear; the latter befogs them—and they disinherit themselves. That is the difference. One worked from without in; the other works from within out. Of course it's much better this way. But this is not the most important problem—this of the old rock of ages. The horrible joke of modern life is that *we have been presented with a new rock of ages!*

The rebel program is stated—exactly. More than that, it is in action. The difference between the new issues and the old, to Mr. Lippmann, is that we have now learned what we must do; to me, it is that we must learn to do something else. The battle lies not against the chaos of a new freedom, but against the dangers of a new authority.

Before I define, let me illustrate. About two months ago I spent four days in one of our second-large cities—a place of about two hundred thousand people. If I could only describe those four days and their stimulation—to fresh rebellion! The people I saw belonged to the supposedly enlightened inner circles—the representative upper middle class: the ones that still loom very large in comparison to the thinking minority from whom Mr. Lippmann draws his conclusions. Well, I had not forgotten how ignorant people can be, but I had forgotten how cruel they can be. I had not expected their knowledge to have increased, but their hypocrisy to have lessened. I had not looked for vision but at least for a beginning of sight; not for Truth, but perhaps for a willingness to stop lying. And I found scarcely a glimmer of these things. It was ghastly! But the strange part was this: all the time I found I was thinking not of the great faults of their opinions but of the great barrenness of their lives. Over and over the thought kept running through my head: There is no poetry of living in this place!

This brings me to my point. The new rock of ages is that wholly false perspective which assumes that *what one thinks is more important than what one feels*. It has been set up, quite unconsciously, by the very people who have trying to blast the old one. It is that perspective which the new generation must fight not only with the old, but in its own ranks! Here is the interest of the new battle! Our next renaissance will be concerned with changing that perspective; the genius of the future must be directed toward that end. And that is why I think it is not enough to say that there will come a time when men will think of nothing but education. There will come a time when men will think of nothing but education in imagination! And since there is no such thing as *education* in imagination, but only *procreation* of it,—well, the time will come when men will think of nothing but art. The crimes of ignorance are not comparable to the crimes of philistinism: there is no philosophy that will ever reach beyond that of the personality or of the artist.

The dominant forces in the new rock of ages are not of course the intellectual leadership of the priest, the divinity of the constitution, Victorian sentiment, or the Republican Party, but the intellectual leadership of cleverness, the divinity of cults, no sentiment, and the Practical Plan. They are endorsed by the most promising element in modern life: the young intellectuals who are working valiantly to create here what Europe has given to the arts and sciences,—and working in the wrong direction. Our inferiorities to the other civilizations they attribute to our puritanism, our speed, our economic evils. Oh, I get so sick of their failure to reach to the real cause! It is so silly to keep on insisting that we need poets like the French or philosophers like the Germans or musicians like the Russians, etc., etc., if we don't begin soon to understand why we haven't got them. We haven't

got them because, in this curious country, we haven't got people who feel.—Think of an Irish peasant walking under the stars. . . .

I grant you that it also becomes silly to talk eternally of "feeling" without qualifying or defining. It is like taking refuge behind that vaguest phrase in the language—"life itself." But by "feeling" I mean simply that flight of wings which makes walking unnecessary; that dazzling tight-rope performance which takes you safely over the chasm of Experience but leaves you as bruised as though you had fallen to its depths. Feeling is that quality of spirit which will save any artist from the philosophical redundancies of a *De Profundis*. The torturing need of expressing something that far outstretches one's capacity for expression is the foundation of art. That's why we have so little of it in this country. There may be some Americans in whom the perspective has retained its proper balance. I happen to know of one.

It is for some such need as this that THE LITTLE REVIEW exists: to create some attitude which so far is absolutely alien to the American tradition. I have been going to the lectures of John Cowper Powys, which are spoken of in other places in this issue, and that appreciative man gave me an interesting idea the other day. I should like to see him as editor of a literary magazine whose policy was to cut off the subscription list everybody who speculated about his pose or his insincerity and failed to miss the great beauty of his words. Now Mr. Powys is as unstable as water: that is his value. He feels entirely too much ever to be fully sane. His hypothetical magazine would gather an audience that could fight successfully the great American crime which may be described briefly as *missing the point*. Thus we might establish a reign of imagination which would make stupid things as impossible as cruel things, which would consider a failure to catch some new beauty or a "moral lynching of great and independent spirits" as greater crimes than murdering a man in a dark corner.

On this basis we shall continue. If we must be sensible at least we shall make it, in Shaw's phrase, an ecstasy of common sense. And out of all this chaos shall we produce our dancing star.

The supreme vice is shallowness. Whatever is realized is right.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Before the scientific spirit can reach its full bloom, it will have to acquire an honest sense of the rôle that fantasy plays in all its work. This is especially true of the social sciences. We are just beginning to realize the importance in economics of the economist's utopia. We are learning the determining influence of the thinker's dream.—*Walter Lippmann.*

Poems

Amy Lowell

Bright Sunlight

The wind has blown a corner of your shawl
Into the fountain,
Where it floats and drifts
Among the lily-pads
Like a tissue of sapphires.
But you do not heed it,
Your fingers pick at the lichens
On the stone edge of the basin,
And your eyes follow the tall clouds
As they sail over the ilex trees.

Ely Cathedral

Anaemic women, stupidly dressed and shod
In squeaky shoes, thump down the nave to laud an expurgated God.
Bunches of lights reflect upon the pavement where
The twenty benches stop, and through the close, smelled-over air
Gaunt arches push up their whited cones,
And cover the sparse worshipers with dead men's stones.
Behind his shambling choristers, with flattened feet
And red-flapped hood, the Bishop walks, complete
In old, frayed ceremonial. The organ wheezes
A moldy psalm-tune, and a verger sneezes.

But the great Cathedral spears into the sky
Shouting for joy.

What is the red-flapped Bishop praying for, by the bye?

Heaven's Jester

or

The Message of a White Rose

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

"It is dawn! Men and women are in the city of sleep. Waken, thou strange child of many dreams, and hear my message. A woman gave me to thee, a woman thou lovest, whose fragrance for thee is as delicate as mine, whose whiteness is thy strength and hope. But hark! the gods are pitiless. Thy name is entered in the call-book of heaven by a woman thou lovest also. In gentle jest she wrote the scrawl when thy soul passed into Paradise with hers for one brief hour. She entered those gates in the sweet sleep of Death and thou, by force of her love for thee, in the sleep of life. "Heaven's Jester" was inscribed in the registers of Paradise and heaven's jester thou must remain. Thy soul, after her passing from Earth, had barely gained thy body again before the cap and bells were donned by thee. Thy jests for men were written down. The jingle of thy bells drew laughter and tears. God found he had need of the fool the woman had signed to him. Hush! the jester of heavenly courts must not lower his head or hide his face. Tears ill become the piebald suit and trappings of mirth. Thou crazy clown! Didst think the woman who gave me to thee needed thy heart? Hear the message the white rose by thy bed gives to thee. She also needs thy cap and bells. It is not for thee to choose thy way of love. God's jester is neither man nor woman nor child, but a singer of joys and woes to ease men's souls and dry the eyes of women. Play thy part, then, and laugh thy laugh. Men win her lips, women crave her help, the world takes her service, and thou her smiles. Wouldst thou have more, thou poet lover in the guise of a fool?

Then throw thy cloak down for a lover to kneel on if Fate shows thee his face. Drown the world's chatter with thy bells while lips kiss. In his absence make songs and sing them to ease the travail of love in her body. If no lover comes, then hearten and hasten even thine own enemy into her service, if so be she gets strength and comfort from the strange enterprise. Then make thine own soul white as the rose she has given thee. On with thy cap and bells! Grow nimble and dance. Dance and sing in thy jester's way, for the homesickness of the heaven thou hast seen will teach thee strange melodies. When death claims thee, and the cap and bells are laid aside, God's Jester shall sleep with a white rose on his breast.

"Dead," they will say, but no! At last thou shalt hear the eternal song of the souls of women and be satisfied!

HEAVEN'S JESTER TO THE BODY OF HIS LADY

Heaven's Jester said unto himself, "I have no need of my lady's body, her soul suffices. In the passionate pressure of lips the Fool has known his God and the man has found the woman. Let that suffice!"

In the dawn the white rose spoke once more to the jester. "Thou hast lied. Thy lady's unknown body is untried music to thee. Thy hands would touch the strings, thy ear catch the vibrations her soul modulates to sounds of sighs and sobs at the call of love. Look at my whiteness! Think of thy unrest! The secrets of thy lady's body are not learnt through the strong desires common to the herd of men or the fainting dreams of impassioned women. Fool! inscribed as thou art in the heavenly registers by a woman as God's Fool, thou must learn the mystic's lore about the body of thy Love. Thy desire is towards thy lady, and her will, not thine, is thy law. Hearken then! It were the work of an instant to close thy strong hands round her throat and bruise her into forgetfulness that love is pain. To force her mouth, so much desired, into an open well for slaking thine own thirst is love's delicious robbery. To hurtle to her breast, as if to rob and forestall the child who may one day drink there, is to have found a shrine for prayer and peace. Yes! even to rest in the hallowed forests of her body ere thou storm the citadel where thy weapon shall break into the silent house of life, is easy and has always been the way of men with woman. Woman the abandoned, man the triumphant, woman the flower, man the gatherer, woman the luscious wine and man the thirsty drinker. Thy old-world needs desire thy lady in the way of men, though prayer before and after would grace thy feasting. Listen to the secret the white rose whispers to thee. It does not suffice that thou dost need thy lady or even that thy lady needs thee. Thou must prepare thyself for her even if she has no need of thee. The gateways of thy body must be clean, pure as snow and free from taint. Thy thoughts must shine through thine eyes like stars, thy passions burn with fires at white heat, without smoke or noise. Heaven's jester may not approach the Holy of Holies till Desire is as white flame. The sacrament of thy Lady's Body is precious bread and wine, to be partaken of at her desire, not thine, and only in Heaven's good time. It is not for thee to choose. Thy part is to watch and pray and laugh and sing, and maybe lead another in to the feast thou hast prepared. Thou must bring to thy lady's white feet frankincense and myrrh, the spoils of the sorrows thou hast borne for the tired travellers on thy journey. Precious stones, too, thou must gather for her neck, from the shores of thy past desolations. Pearls thou must also offer, burnished out of the memories of thy wayward desires which knew not her chastity or her smiles. For her breasts thou must bring shields forged from thy gluttonies and petty aims. For her arms crystals wrought out of thy dreams. For her girdle rubies made from all thy heart's desire. For her eyes? Ah! perhaps thy kiss, delicate and

passionate as is the way of seas and clouds when the earth sleeps. For her forehead thou mayest weave a crown of myrtle, for friendship, as thy Love is thy Friend and is steadfast. For her ears I will tell thee the dreams of my sister, almost black with the redness the sun has poured into her heart. For her hair, only a wreath of "love in the mist," for in that little flower is the wonder of the Great Heart thou art learning to understand. For her lips, only thy hopes made chaste and thy fears made passionate, if God wills.

Should thy Love waken with thy kisses on her closed eyes and turn towards thee with wonder and joy at the things thou hast learned and the gifts thou hast given to her, then have a care! Women are not drunk with wine but with pity, and pity is no use to Heaven's Jester. There are signs, though, which even thou canst understand, and when Love is born, the Fool is wise. If by chance, for there is no hope in this message of the dawn, there is a resurrection day for thee, if by chance or God's pure will, she turns to thee as God allows one spirit to turn to another spirit, when Love has prepared the altar, then clash thy cymbals, blow thy trumpet, shout till the sleepy world rejoices, shake thy bells and fling thy Jester's cap and cloak aside, for to eat the sacramental bread and drink the wine of thy love's pure body thou wilt not need raiment, and as thou wert born and as thou wilt die thou wilt enter into thy Holy of Holies. And if thou die of joy, thou criest:

What is Death?
Only Love freed.

THE FOOL TO THE SOUL OF HIS LADY

The Jester said to himself, "If the body of my lady is so fair a tabernacle for her soul, how can I, a Fool, understand the ways of her spirit? My lute and pipes can only render the voices of the wind, the sea, the trees and the cries of beasts in joy and pain. My bells are a Jester's toys for assuaging the griefs of the children of men. The travailings of my lady's spirit, like the snow on the mountains, are out of reach of a fool's understanding. For one brief hour I heard a faint whisper in the halls of peace when my name was signed in the heavenly registers, but, except in my heart, I carried no trophy to earth by which I could tell men of the music I heard.

This is the birthday of my Lady, the festival which calls for prayer and joy. Prayer, because the paths of earth are hard for the feet of her whose tread awakens a longing for wings in the Fool standing near. Joy, because her eyes are mirrors of a time to come when love and peace will renew earth into heaven, and men and women will become as wise as eagles and children. Through her body, I love the soul of my lady, and through her soul I love her body. Neither her soul nor her body may help and comfort the Jester even though God leads and helps him by both grace

and mercy. Though his heart be sore and his body sick unto death and there seems none to comfort him, he can still sing songs for men and pipe melodies for women of the wonders revealed to him."

The White Rose, dying by the Jester's bed, spoke once more to the Fool.

"Cast self pity out of thine heart. Learn to live as I have learned to die, and then learn to die as I have learned to live. For thee absence seems death, but trace the meaning of the soul of the woman thou lovest. Her soul is also absent from the Oversoul as her body is absent from a Lover. Only through absence can the Oversoul draw its own to itself, and only through loneliness can the Great Lover and the Lesser Lover understand one another. Words confuse and touch enslaves. Souls speak clearly in the silence. In absence a note becomes a chord, and in silence the chord becomes a symphony. The discord dissolves into harmony, and the darkness into dawn. The absence of Death is not different from that of Life, for Death is Life, and Life the discord making Death's music. The soul of thy Lady will find thine by the aid of both Life and Death, for it is not God's Fool who hath declared that there is no Love nor a Creater thereof. Thou art learning that all is Love. In thy prayers today for thy Lady's peace incline thy spirit towards hers as both approach the maternal source of the Universe. It is the Mother-Spirit of the world who has hidden thy love from thy sight, and taken thine head from the touch of her hands and torn thy lips from her kisses. Is it not always so that the mothers of the smaller world wean their children into growth and knowledge? Thou art still hers even if her body is out of sight and touch, for pure love is the simple miracle of thine heritage as a son of man and of God. Nothing can take from me what the sun made of me through his shining. Even as I die the fragrance remains. Nothing can rob thee of the hours when all things seem possible because of thy hopes and her vows. Love is pain but over-love is peace. Turn thy tears into help and pity for those who weep without thy hope and for those who dwell in dungeons and are not yet registered in heaven as wise or foolish. Let thy longings for one break into prayer for the weal of the world. Thou wert not sent here only for thy pleasure or thy peace, nor was the body of thy Lady sent for thy delight, or her soul for thy strength alone. Pain is ordained for the bringers of good tidings and love leant for the redemption of the many through the loneliness of the one. Accept thy lot and thy vision shall make thee free. Resist thy fate and thy Love's soul and thine shall sleep embedded in flesh and with no power to grow wings. On thy knees then and pray for strength and courage with thy cap and bells in readiness by thy side, and joy within thy heart. As I die thou must live."

The Jester took the rose in his hands, and, as its petals fell, a Fool's prayer broke the silence.

"Maker of men," he cried, "pour into a fool's heart the understanding of life's joy and pain. Make my spirit at one with the great order. Let me understand what is required of me and in understanding be at peace." As he prayed, the Jester slept, for a great weariness was on him from much dancing. In his dream, a little child ran towards him. He opened his Jester's cloak, and the little one held the sleeves in her tiny hands.

"Give all that thou hast and all that thou art even to one so small as I," cried the child and ran from his sight.

The Jester was awakened by the opening and clanging of a door. He went out into the courtyard. A beggar, unshaved, and swollen with dropsy, stood before him. He had evil eyes and a mouth twisted by pain. He looked at the Jester and laughed.

"Give me thy cap and bells," he said, "I have need of them."

The Jester took money from his pouch.

"Take all this instead," he cried.

The old man laughed.

"Any lord or lady can throw me that," he said, "if only to keep me from defiling them by my presence. Gold costs less to give than to gather. It is dross and could only help my body to live and suffer. Thy cap and bells would succour my spirit so that I could forget my body. With the jingle of them I could smile at the curses of the healthy or the jibes of the well-washed. Give them to me. Thou art well and happy and hast no need of help."

The Jester bowed his head and gave up his cap and bells, but with sorrow and pain in his heart. The beggar ran away shaking the bells and dancing with glee, the Jester's cap all awry on his swollen head. A sweet melting tenderness and faintness took hold of the Jester and an ecstasy swayed him so that he nearly fell.

"It is the soul of my Lady speaking to mine," he whispered. "What matter the cap and bells? Let them go."

The woman he loved stood by him and her voice was like a lute on the air as she grasped the Jester's shoulders.

"Give all thy music to me," she whispered, "I am in sore travail because of things a Fool cannot understand. Thy music ravishes me and makes me know that love is a consuming fire in which one burns gladly. Thy wild notes make desire in me a quenchless thirst which no drinking can assuage. Thy soft piping fills my veins with a pain which is like joy and with a joy which is like pain. Give me all, keep nothing back. I would see as thou seest, hear as thou hearest, dream as thou dreamest, so that I can play as thou, but I must tune thy pipes to the voice of my heart."

The Jester drew his hood over his head and went to his cell. His Lady had no doubt as to what he would bring back to her, for she had learnt from him that love gives all things without question or regret. The Jester quite simply collected all the instruments he had made during the long

years of his youth and his manhood. They were precious to him, for he had not been able to buy as others because of his poverty. He had gone even to the offal of the slaughter-houses, and to the dank banks of the ponds, and the waste places in hills and valleys for the things which gave his instruments such power over men with the strange cries he evoked. The Jester's sadness had been greater than even his poverty, but the music had never failed to comfort and strengthen him. Voices from the over-world and under-world spoke to him, and the strange secrets he translated into sound. The Jester's heart was glad at last. His Lady had need of him and of what he had made. His music was hers as his heart was hers. He laid all his precious instruments at her feet and looked in her eyes. There were smiles for him there. She bent as he knelt and took his head, as of old, between her long cool hands, and kissed his brow.

"Happy, happy Fool," she cried, "thus to be able to give all. I will break hearts with the sweetness of these strings, I will bind others to me and know it is thy gift. Happy Fool! Goodbye!"

"May God comfort thee and me," said the Jester, as he turned toward his cell.

THE JESTER SLEEPS

"The Jester is dead." The words were said gravely, and the Lady who heard them looked keenly in an old man's face.

"Dead," she cried.

"Yes! Found dead this morning. We could not find his cap and bells nor the instruments he loved more than all other things. There seems no more music in the world now, for we all grew happy through his music and the sun."

"Dead!" she whispered. "May I . . ."

She hesitated. "Yes, come."

The old man led the way.

"He is there. We found nothing by him but the leaves of a dead white rose and the wind from his window blew them on to his breast."

"He smiles," said the Lady.

There was silence in the cell except for the fierce howling of an April wind and the tiny fluttering of the leaves on the breast of the Jester.

The Lady turned towards the door.

"His instruments are at the gate," she said, impatiently. "Why did he die, I wonder? The reeds are no use to me. I cannot play upon them . . . not a sound will come."

Green Symphony

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

I

The glittering leaves of the rhododendrons
Balance and vibrate in the cool air;
While in the sky above them
White clouds chase each other.

Like scampering rabbits,
Flashes of sunlight sweep the lawn;
They fling in passing
Patterns of shadow,
Golden and green.

With long cascades of laughter,
The mating birds dart and swoop to the turf:
'Mid their mad trillings
Glints the gay sun behind the trees.

Down there are deep blue lakes:
Orange blossom droops in the water.

In the tower of the winds,
All the bells are set adrift:
Jingling
For the dawn.

Thin fluttering streamers
Of breeze lash through the swaying boughs,
Palely expectant
The earth receives the slanting rain.

I am a glittering raindrop
Hugged close by the cool rhododendron.
I am a daisy starring
The exquisite curves of the close-cropped turf.

The glittering leaves of the rhododendron
Are shaken like blue green blades of glass,
Flickering, cracking, falling:
Splintering in a million fragments.

The wind runs laughing up the slope
Stripping off handfuls of wet green leaves,
To fling in peoples' faces.
Wallowing on the daisy-powdered turf,
Clutching at the sunlight,
Cavorting in the shadow.

Like baroque pearls,
Like cloudy emeralds,
The clouds and the trees clash together;
Whirling and swirling,
In the tumult
Of the spring,
And the wind.

II

The trees splash the sky with their fingers,
A restless green rout of stars.

With whirling movement
They swing their boughs
About their stems:
Planes on planes of light and shadow
Pass among them,
Opening fanlike to fall.

The trees are like a sea;
Tossing;
Trembling,
Roaring,
Wallowing,
Darting their long green flickering fronds up at the sky,
Subsiding,
Spotted with white blossom-spray.

The trees are roofs:
Hallow caverns of cool blue shadow,
Solemn arches
In the afternoons.
The whole vast horizon
In terrace beyond terrace,
Pinnacle above pinnacle,
Lifts to the sky
Serrated ranks of green on green.

They caress the roofs with their fingers,
They sprawl about the river to look into it;
Up the hill they come
Gesticulating challenge:
They cower together
In dark valleys;
They yearn out over the fields.

Enamelled domes
Tumble upon the grass,
Crashing in ruin
Quiet at last.

The trees lash the sky with their leaves,
Uneasily shaking their dark green manes.

III

Far let the voices of the mad wild birds be calling me,
I will abide in this forest of pines.

When the wind blows
Battling through the forest,
I hear it distantly,
Like the crash of a perpetual sea.

When the rain falls,
I watch silver spears slanting downwards
From pale river-pools of sky,
Enclosed in dark fronds.

When the sun shines,
I weave together distant branches till they enclose mighty circles,
I sway to the movement of hooded summits,
I swim leisurely in deep blue seas of air.

I hug the smooth bark of stately red pillars
And with cones carefully scattered
I mark the progression of dark dial-shadows
Flung diagonally downwards through the afternoon.

This turf is not like turf:
It is a smooth dry carpet of velvet,
Embroidered with brown patterns of needles and cones.
These trees are not like trees:
They are innumerable feathery pagoda-umbrellas,
Stiffly ungracious to the wind,
Teetering on red-lacquered stems.

In the evening I listen to the winds' lisping,
While the conflagrations of the sunset flicker and clash behind me,
Flamboyant crenelations of glory amid the charred ebony boles.

In the night the fiery nightingales
Shall clash and trill through the silence:
Like the voices of mermaids crying
From the sea.

Long ago has the moon whelmed this uncompleted temple.
Stars swim like gold fish far above the black arches.

Far let the timid feet of dawn fly to catch me:
I will abide in this forest of pines:
For I have unveiled naked beauty,
And the things that she whispered to me in the darkness,
Are buried deep in my heart.

Now let the black tops of the pine-trees break like a spent wave,
Against the grey sky:
These are tombs and memorials and temples and altars sunkindled for me.

The Case of French Poetry

RICHARD ALDINGTON

It is with a feeling of regret and astonishment that I find nearly all my English confrères so opposed to the spirit of French culture, so mistaken in their views, and so curiously ignorant of the real facts of the development of modern French literature.

I am led to this reflection by reading Mr. Shanks's excellent article in your December number. It is a most ungracious task to criticise a man who is about to hazard his life in the service of his country; and I honor Mr. Shanks more than I can express. But if I felt as Mr. Shanks does on the subject of French and German poetry I would not fight at all or I would fight for Germany! To a poet poetry must be the great business of life and, speaking for myself, I would emphatically support the Germans if I thought they were better poets than the French and English! (You will take that rhetorical statement for what it is worth.)

Intellectually about fifty per cent of English people are Germanized without knowing it. I should say the percentage is even higher in America. I believe that no study is considered so frivolous or so suspect in both countries as the study of French art and poetry. And yet—Russia and one or two Anglo-Saxons put aside—the history of the art of the last fifty years is the history of French art. You who have given Whistler to the world do not need me to tell you what French art is. The American painting at a recent Exhibition here was of so high a quality that I felt my respect for the intellectual progress of America greatly increased. I admit freely and regretfully that it was immeasurely better than English painting. That is because most Americans study painting in Paris.

Why don't they sometimes give a look at the poetry of France, for in no country is poetry so cultivated, so well understood, and so honored? Mr. Shanks apparently knows something of German poetry and nothing of French. Of Liliencron I know nothing. But I do know something of Hauptmann, Dehmel, and Stefan Georg. (I have no doubt Mr. Shanks dislikes Georg because the latter got his training in France.) Well, I will cheerfully wager that any more or less fair-minded person would find three equally good poets in France to every one that can be mentioned in Germany.

"Kahn, Régnier, and the other Symbolistes"! What an odd statement! Régnier is a Parnassian and Kahn a nobody. I am not going to write a history of modern French poetry, nor speculate as to the effect of 1870 or the probable effect of 1914 on poetry, especially French poetry. I just want to give some names, and if anyone,—if Mr. Shanks,—can give me half as many German poets of the same calibre, charm, and general technical accomplishment I shall be delighted.

Let us grant that Rimbaud, Verlaine, and the elder Parnassians were products of the period of before 1870. Well, since that disastrous war

France has produced the following—I will not say great—delightful and readable poets: Samain, Francis Jammes, Henri de Régnier, Jean Moréas, Paul Fort, Laurent Tailhade, Jules Romains, Remy de Gourmont, Charles Vildrac, Laforgue, Louys (translations), Mallarmé (pre-1870?) and younger men like Guy-Charles Cros, Apollinaire, Castiaux, André Spire, Carco, Divoire, Jouve, Luc Durtain, and dozens more. I do not mention the Belgians Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Elskamp, and Rodenbach, nor the two Franco-Americans Vielé Griffin, and Merrill—though they also have considerable reputations. (Did you ever hear of an American who wanted to write German?)

I have quoted off-hand twenty-six names from a period of about forty years. And you must remember that there are scores and scores of names only a little less known, and scores and scores beyond that which I may have missed in my reading.

But I think those few names prove beyond all doubt—and I would like people to read them and contrast them with German poets—that French poetry is the foremost in our age for fertility, originality, and general poetic charm.

It is not hatred of Germany but love of poetry which has called this letter from me. I believe in France in the French tradition. And if there is one thing which can reconcile me to this war it is the fact that England has ranged herself beside France and Belgium, beside the cosmopolite, graceful, humanizing, influences of France and French civilization against the nationalist, narrow, and dehumanizing influences of Berlin. I believe all Englishmen regret that they oppose the gay, cultivated, cosmopolite Austrians; it is a misfortune. But of the great issue between the nations—the great intellectual issue—there can be no doubt. And Mr. Shanks, when he praises (unjustly I firmly believe) the poets of Germany and disparages (equally unjustly) the poets of France, is intellectually on the side of the enemy he is so courageously opposing with physical force. I believe in the kindliness of Germans; I know them to be excellent fathers and most generous friends; I know them to be brave soldiers and sailors; I know they are good chemists, reasonably good doctors, and very boring professors. At the name of Heine all men should doff their hats, but that modern Germany (Germany since 1870) has produced one-fiftieth of the poetry that France has produced—in quality as well as quantity—that it has added anything to the purely creative side of the arts, I utterly deny.

I know that there is Nietzsche. . . . Perhaps I will write you another letter on Nietzsche, if I may.

I feel that this protest will be put down to "war-fever." I must refer you to my pre-war articles in English periodicals, and to the testimony of my friends—some of whom are now in America—that such has always been my attitude. It has always been a deep regret of mine that both American and English literature, criticism and periodicals were so undermined with German influences that all gentleness, all intentional good will, all that we mean by the "Latin tradition" was anathema, and utterly despised!

The Last Woman

GEORGE SOULE

(The second of a series of three Dramatic Extravaganzas to be called "Plays for Irascibles.")

CHARACTERS:

THE SAGE OF THE GREEN EARS
THE SAGE OF THE PURPLE HAIR
THE SAGE OF THE BLUE FACE
THE SAGE OF THE YELLOW HAT
THE SAGE OF THE RED SWORD
THE SAGE OF THE WHITE HEART
THE WOMAN

} FUTURIST SAGES

SCENE:

The Council Room of the Futurist Sages, decorated in brilliant colors to suggest a battle of the minds at some far future date. The Sages are seated about the walls in a parabolic curve. They are costumed with appropriate inappropriateness. Green ears is in present day evening dress; Purple hair in fiery green robes; Blue face in a pink business suit; Yellow hat in a conventional futurist costume of mingled colors; Red sword in a black monk's gown, with a sword in his rope girdle; White heart, who is young, in football armor.

BLUE FACE. Shall we give the woman a chance to defend herself?

GREEN EARS. Why should we? If her defense is good, we shall be prejudiced against her. And as we admit the rule of prejudice, the defense will lose its judicial character.

RED SWORD. Judicial? Who wants to be judicial? I abolished that word last year.

GREEN EARS. That's just the point. We hate the judicial; therefore if the defense loses its judicial character we may be forced to decide both ways at the same time. ACQUIT on the ground of illogical defense; CONVICT on the grounds of prejudice against good defense.

PURPLE HAIR. Red sword has abolished judicial. Well, we have also abolished the past; we have abolished all abolishments!

YELLOW HAT. Above all, we must guard against precedent. Let us look up all previous trials, and take care to do the opposite.

WHITE HEART. But again, that would entangle us in the past. I want to see the woman!

RED SWORD. He wants to see the woman! He is a reactionary!

PURPLE HAIR. Do not argue, brothers. For if we argue, we shall either settle the case by logic, which we repudiate, or by violence, so that we shall kill each other before we have a chance to decide about the woman.

RED SWORD. Time server! I shall kill you all, and decide for myself.

BLUE FACE. Red cabbages, redness of blue cabbages, when breakfast is no cabbage in a potato. Cocoa crinkles!

YELLOW HAT. He is right, brothers.

ALL. He is right.

BLUE FACE. We, who have exalted ourselves above all modes of thought, we who have cast aside all images and unfettered ourselves from all language and all sequence, we who have repudiated humanity; we have a right to fight a lower order with its own weapons. Caprice is our god; let us then have a caprice to judge this woman with logic and judicial procedure. Have you all this caprice?

ALL. We have.

RED SWORD. I object: This is democracy.

GREEN EARS. We accept your objection, and act in opposition to it.

BLUE FACE. Then let the woman be brought in.

(White Heart goes out right and brings in the woman. She is tall, of beautiful face and figure, in a simple white Greek tunic. In her hair is a gold fillet. She is led to the center, where she is left standing, as White Heart resumes his seat.)

BLUE FACE. Deliver the charge, Red sword!

RED SWORD *(standing)*. You are charged, first, with being a woman. And as a woman you are the living incarnation of the past. You represent conservatism and the anti-military virtues; you clog the wheels of progress; you sap men's energies and misdirect them from the triumphs of achievement to the service of material things—or immaterial things. Your effeminate beauty poisons art and furnishes countless photographic realists with the means of selling paintings. The love of you has vitiated poetry and music. Masquerading in the garments of caprice, you have deceived man into accepting the traditional. As Futurists we detest you. This is the first charge! *(A pause.)*

THE WOMAN. You accuse me of being a woman. It is a grave charge. But first, in order that I may have a chance to disprove it, I suggest that you tell me what a woman is.

GREEN EARS. A woman is that whose place is in the home.

PURPLE HAIR. A woman is that which is ruled by instinct.

BLUE FACE. A woman is that which is beautiful.

YELLOW HAT. A woman is that which men call a mystery.

WHITE HEART *(rapturously)*. A woman is that which men love.

RED SWORD *(vehemently)*. A woman is that which men hate.

THE WOMAN. These are your definitions?

BLUE FACE. They are.

THE WOMAN. Then in order to prove that I am a woman your must prove that they describe me. And you must prove that there is nothing else in me.

RED SWORD. We must prove nothing. We act.

THE WOMAN. Then why do you talk?

RED SWORD *(heatedly)*. I deny that you are beautiful. And if you are beautiful, I deny beauty.

YELLOW HAT. Is it not our caprice to be judicial? Come, Red Sword, do not descend to flattery!

PURPLE HAIR. All our definitions have been proved a million times. They are unprovable.

THE WOMAN. I admit them. What then? I will leave the home, I will learn logic, I will cut off my nose, I will tell you my mystery, and I will let your love and your hate kill each other. And I shall still be here.

WHITE HEART. Then you will not be a woman, you will be a feminist!

THE WOMAN. But I shall be I instead of what you think I am.

RED SWORD. You can not be you unless you are what we think you are.

BLUE FACE. Brothers, can we kill the woman and spare the feminist?

WHITE HEART. If you kill the woman you will make the feminist.

YELLOW HAT. No; the feminist is more female than the woman. The feminist would inflict domesticity on the world. She wants all men for her husband. She wants to tie pink ribbons on siege guns and abolish the mountains to make room for the nursery. If we let the feminist live, man can no longer find a place in which to be alone with his adventure. If we let the feminist live we shall make the woman a giant. If we kill the woman we shall kill them both at the same time.

GREEN EARS. Show us the feminist without the woman.

THE WOMAN. I will do so if you will cease to be men.

BLUE FACE. We have ceased to be men. We are supermen.

THE WOMAN. Then you see the subwoman.

RED SWORD *(fiercely)*. We must kill what we see.

THE WOMAN. But have I not shown you that I am something besides a woman?

RED SWORD. You might show us that you are everything, and still I would hate you. Hate is not hate unless it exists for its own sake.

THE WOMAN. At last you have spoken the truth. I am everything. And you hate me because you hate me.

BLUE FACE. Gentle pickles in a vacillating pink mound. Inkwell is not ink. Ink is not inkwell. Flying postman leathers purple letters.

THE WOMAN. But I have reserved my best defence to the last. I am a descendant of Gertrude Stein!

RED SWORD. Descendant! What heresy! Gertrude Stein had no descendants. She has ascendants!

YELLOW HAT. Deliver the rest of the charge.

RED SWORD. Be it known unto you that we are the sole surviving members of the human race. By a process of selection we have killed all except the best stock. You alone remain of the female sex. We charge you not only in your capacity as woman, but in your capacity as mother. In order to prove your right to live, you must justify mankind. We accuse you of being the perpetuator of human beings! Defend yourself!

THE WOMAN. You are the sole surviving males?

YELLOW HAT. We are.

THE WOMAN. Then you may let me live. I shall not perpetuate the race.

WHITE HEART. Do not despair; *I* will marry you!

GREEN EARS. Where are your manners? Has not Shaw taught us that women do the wooing?

BLUE FACE. What have we to do with Shaw? Let us be serious about frivolous matters.

RED SWORD. She is not to be trusted. It is necessary for her to defend the race. Speak, woman!

THE WOMAN. Now indeed you have given me a heavy burden. What could be brought forward as a defence for humanity? Why should anything exist?

YELLOW HAT. Why, indeed? That is for you to show. For aeons life has perpetuated itself through a mere animal instinct. Yet through all that time consciousness has been growing; will has at last come into the ascendancy. Now for the first time man's ego is really on the throne. For the first time man, with power to extinguish himself, can demand an adequate reason for his existence. And man is ready to hear the secret of the sphinx. We have come to you, madam, as the last and most perfect woman, as the final manifestation of the eternal mystery, to force you on pain of death to divulge yourself.

THE WOMAN. But I thought mankind existed for the purpose of creating the superman.

PURPLE HAIR. He did; but now he has created the superman. We are the embodiment of the purpose. What next?

BLUE FACE. As futurists we refuse to accept the old answer. If our existence merely pushes the problem forward a few generations, it is futile. If, on the other hand, we are the crowning goal of man's endeavor, there is no need to create further.

THE WOMAN. You are superchildren using superlogic. How can a reason come out of one who is ruled by instinct? How can a conservative satisfy a futurist? But I will answer you, and my answer is this: I am a female so that you may be males. I am a holder of traditions so that you may smash them. And I perpetuate the race so that you may ask the reason.

RED SWORD. Come, come, this will not do. We are above the fogs of mysticism. We are talking of final things, and we must have a definite answer.

THE WOMAN. Then make a definite accusation.

PURPLE HAIR. We hold the human race guilty until it is proved innocent. We assume the position of an all-wise intelligence, as aloof from the earth as the farthest star. And we see a race of ant-things crawling on two legs and going through all sorts of meaningless antics. Why is one ant exalted? Because he has led an army which has killed a million other ants. Because he has discovered how to make ants live a few seconds longer. Because he has written a rhyme with ant-words or put a few senseless daubs on ant-canvas. And when the ant asked himself what his purpose was, he answered first, "To exist." And his second answer was like the first: "To create something more like myself than I am." There is no validity in these which a superior intelligence can recognize. What is the third answer?

RED SWORD. Woman, defend yourself!

WHITE HEART. Stop! I love the woman and I demand her *(He jumps from his seat and embraces her).*

THE WOMAN. Here, O supermen, is your answer! Man exists for that which cannot be spoken, for that which cannot be thought. He exists for his mystery, for that which he loves, for that which he hates. Man exists for me!

GREEN EARS. And if he denies you?

THE WOMAN. You cannot have your future without your past.

RED SWORD. You see, I was right; we shouldn't have listened to her. She is her own argument; and she has to bring in the past. Away with her!

YELLOW HAT. Away with her; we exist for ourselves!

BLUE FACE. Remarkable apples, apple black, apple pink, blossom apples in squirming shrieks. Skyrockets deserve apples. Bang!

RED SWORD. Stop using that antique language! I'm sick of it. It's too obvious.

PURPLE HAIR. Yes, we have proved that we can be more obscure in good English.

RED SWORD. And now, brothers, the sentence! The execution!

ALL. The sentence, the sentence!

RED SWORD. Stand aside, White heart, or I will kill you both at the same time!

WHITE HEART. I shall die with her!

RED SWORD. You are not yet superman. We shall execute the last man and the last woman together. *(To the woman)* Have you any last words? It is traditional to have last words.

THE WOMAN. I will match my silence against your silence, my eternity against your eternity!

RED SWORD. Come with me! *(He leads them out, right. There is an oppressive silence. In a moment he returns, wiping his sword on his gown. He takes his seat without a word. The light begins to fail, and the room grows rapidly darker until the last few sentences are spoken in an enveloping blackness.)*

GREEN EARS. Man has produced the superman, and the superman has put an end to mankind.

BLUE FACE. Brothers, we stand on an icy mountain peak in the twilight of time.

YELLOW HAT. We experience a breathless emotion which no one has had before, which there will be no more to have.

PURPLE HAIR. No longer do we feel the drag of the past; no longer do we feel the lure of the future.

RED SWORD. We are the future. We are the goal of consciousness.

BLUE FACE. For this moment has mankind dragged out a million weary years.

GREEN EARS. For this moment have been the countless joys of love, the countless pangs of death.

YELLOW HAT. The thing-in-itself for which philosophers have sought —that is here.

PURPLE HAIR. We have broken the spell of cause and consequence.

RED SWORD. Will has won its first and its last victory over fate.

GREEN EARS. The stupid serpent of wisdom swallowing its own tail has grown great and finished the task.

BLUE FACE. Grubbing logic has looked into the mirror and discovered itself to be gigantic caprice.

YELLOW HAT. Infinity has turned inside-out and become nothingness.

PURPLE HAIR. The great contradiction has annihilated itself.

RED SWORD. Let us keep silence before the solution of the ancient riddle.

(A long, dark silence. Slow curtain.)

There is something transitory in the moods evoked by rhyme. For rhyme shimmers on the surface of language like sunlight on the surface of a shallow stream; it conducts the mind as in a circle; its sphere is a world of harmonious delights. Rhyme is to the mind what sentimentality is to art.—*Francis Grierson.*

The Liberties of the People

WILLIAM L. CHENERY

LORD VALIANT. The exercise of such tyranny over the minds of men has been productive, in a great degree, of the miseries that have fallen upon mankind. We have been happy in England since every man has been at liberty to speak his mind.

MEDROSO. And we are very quiet at Lisbon, where nobody is permitted to say anything.

LORD VALIANT. You are quiet but you are not happy. Your tranquility is that of galley slaves who tug the oar, and keep time in silence. * * *

MEDROSO. But what if I find myself quite at ease in galleys?

LORD VALIANT. Nay, in that case, you deserve to continue there.

—*Voltaire.*

SUNDAY afternoon, January 17, Chicago was given a vivid picture of the liberties allowed the people. On that occasion the freedom of assemblage and the right of free speech were ruthlessly and brutally denied a great host of people because forsooth they were poor and unemployed.

Men and women whose crime was that they could not find work had assembled at Hull House. After the meeting, it was suggested that a parade would impress their needs upon the city. Immediately they were attacked by the police, some of whom had been disguised in the tatters of unemployed men and scattered into the crowd. Young girls were beaten, women were knocked down, men were assaulted, and all in the name of law.

The assistant chief of police, Herman F. Schuettler, directed the official lawlessness. This exponent of anarchy detailed fifty mounted police to charge the assemblage of hungry men and women. And here is the explanation given by Schuettler:

"We expected something like this to happen. We had refused these people a permit and they took it upon themselves to violate the law. I have no fault to find with the conduct of the policemen. Of course they may have been a bit rough but I am sure they acted within their rights. They were obeying orders."

And then, poltroon fashion, the anarchistic police attempted to conceal their stupid crimes and cruelties by stressing the fact that Mrs. Lucy Parsons, one of the philosophical anarchists of Chicago, was a speaker at the Hull House meeting! Could bureaurocracy go further?

The episode is important because it is typical of what is going on all over the United States. It is a by-product of our undigested industrial order and also a promise of what the future has in store for us; it is the prophecy of a future feudalism which is rising like a flood and which will sweep us into impotency if we are not wise enough and strong enough to plan a sound reconstruction. From San Diego to Portland, from Los

Angeles to New York, the fight is raging. In places the people have definitely lost all the rights and privileges of a supposed democracy. In Lead, S. D., in the Colorado coal fields, in parts of Montana, in parts of the Michigan copper country, in West Virginia, in Pennsylvania, and in Massachusetts, whole sections of the population have been degraded by forces too strong for them to a condition of servility. A servile people is not a threat of the future; it is a comment upon the present. And among the servile peoples, the liberties have perished. The question which now remains is only: "Is the remnant strong enough or disciplined sufficiently to regain the fundamentals of freedom which slipped away while we slept?"

It is not only the poor unemployed who have been battered about and made to cringe. Preachers and professors have also felt the stultifying constraint exercised by tired business men in moods of irritation. Howard Crosby Warren gave an appallingly lengthy list of professors who have been discharged from universities all over the land within the last two or three years because they exercised the most commonplace latitude in the choice of their sentiments and their pronouncements. A Florida professor had to forego his position because he doubted the finality of the wisdom of the ante-bellum teachers in the South. A professor at Marietta College, Ohio, was forced to resign because his political opinions were displeasing to his masters. A professor at Wesleyan was driven out on account of his opinion concerning the observance of the Sabbath. But why go on? The number is tediously inclusive.

So great has this evil become among teachers that an association of University professors was organized in New York in early January. From it college presidents and deans were expressly excluded. The members of the association, actuated no doubt by motives of middle-class respectability, announced that they were not to be considered a trade union; but, for all their dislike of the dignity of labor, they have found it necessary to fight as a body for the retention of the liberties essential to self-respect.

The attack on the Chicago unemployed, who made nothing like so much of a parade as the visitors to a ball park any summer afternoon, nor so much of a street jam as the fashionable attendants at a Mary Garden opera, illustrated the direction in which the attack is being made. The real government of men is industrial, and not political, as every one knows. Consequently the genuine tyrannies, or abuses of government, can be discovered naturally among the incidents of industry.

Dr. Annie Marion MacLean of Adelphi College, Brooklyn, read a living document upon this phase of the question at a conference held by the economic and sociological associations at Princeton during Christmas week. In the course of her investigation, says Paul U. Kellogg in his report of the meetings in *The Survey,* Dr. MacLean had been told by girls how their foremen had warned them against telling what their pay was, of loft building doors locked, of foul air, and what not. The head of an employer's

utopia had told her he would keep out unionism by making examples of the talk leaders. How? By firing them. She told of strikers suppressed by the police for what they said, while strikebreakers inside the factory, hurling insults at them from the windows, went unmolested. "Working women have the right to state the beliefs they hold without forfeit of their livelihood," said she. "They need reassurance that liberty is more than a catch word. The box-maker, the bobbin girl, and the doffer have the right not only to life but to liberty and free speech in a land which is supposed to be the home of freedom."

Professors are denied the right of free speech because colleges and universities are organized on business principles. Scholars and teachers are deprived of the franchise in all vital matters affecting university life. They are clerks. Tired business men are the masters of education, and tired business men have but one great principle: loyalty to the organization. Criticism seems sacrilege. Incidentally, that accounts for the fact that the great inventions in business have been made by outsiders; but that is not my story.

The same tired business men operating through the police take away the essential liberties from trade unionists, from the unemployed, from socialists, and from the I. W. W.'s when the occasion arises. The police acquire the habit of tyranny and then set to work to practice it on their own account. What reason under heaven could have persuaded Herman F. Schuettler to order an attack on hungry men and women, inoffensive, armed only with banners bearing fragments of the Lord's Prayer? Surely a Christian litany is not an incitement to riot. "Give us this day our daily bread"—if this be treason, we may well pray for annihilation at the touch of some vagrant comet.

But the police are pawns in the great game of the modern world, the game of hide and seek for sovereignty. Blind and stupid, they do the occasional desires of their masters and then, filled by a lust for repression, go on to satiate their unwholesome appetites.

Hitherto I have assumed that the somewhat constitutional guaranties of free speech and free assemblage—the two go hand in hand—were actual rights. Theodore Schroeder, leader among the libertarians, has been prominent long among the small group which has ceaselessly stressed our fading freedom. Schroeder has an article in *The Forum* in which he makes a witty attack upon Comstockery and upon the censorship which has grown up in the Post Office Department—a censorship prudish and powerful enough to exclude the Chicago Vice Report from the mails. This censorship of the imagined obscene is puerile and petty in sufficiency for any appetite, but it is useless to discuss it here. The reaction is always more potent than the action where obscenity is charged, as witness our own September Morn. Schroeder, albeit, announces his freedom of speech to be "a natural and a constitutional right."

Society, so far as I know, recognizes no natural rights and modern philosophy seems to sanction none. As for constitutional rights, every constitution, unless it be dead, is subject to amendment. The real foundation for the liberties of speech and assemblage is discovered in the social need for them. Without freedom the common weal withers and perishes. That, then, is the basis and incidentally it affords a rod by which any attempt at censorship, by the police, by factory foremen, by the post office, by university trustees, and even by a sluggish popular taste, may be measured.

If the powers of Olympus would lend to men some creature of infinite wisdom and taste, some creature versed in the weary evolutions of the past, and pregnant with the unformulated tendencies of the future through which an increasing happiness may be attained by men, then well might that creature assume a censorship of human thought and speech. But salvation cannot be won so lightly, for the seed of happiness is with men. No one lives, or has lived, with the power to say what idea was valuable to the world and what idea was baneful. The human substitutes which have been commissioned during the absence of this all-wise and all-prophetic authority have been uniformly dull, limited, and poisonous to the best hopes of the future.

Since, then, we may not have a wise authority, why not frankly face the situation? We blame the police, and justly, for their cruelties; yet upon them American society has imposed an impossible task. We have demanded free speech and free assemblage by our fundamental law, and privately we have told the police not to obey the constitution. Who's at fault? New York knows. Last winter at Madison Square Garden the same sort of folly was enacted as that which disgraced Chicago on Sunday, January 17. Then Arthur Woods, police commissioner, saw a great light. He made an experiment in freedom. It worked hugely to his credit and, parenthetically, to the descredit of some of those most noisy in demanding the right. The emptiness of many of the speakers was exhibited and that was all. The existing order was unruffled.

As a result of his enlightenment Commissioner Woods made a request at the conference on the old freedoms held at Princeton: "Policemen are entitled to definite orders," said the commissioner. "People in this country have the constitutional right to freedom of assemblage and freedom of speech. The police have not only the responsibility to permit it—but to protect them in its exercise, and the police should be so instructed."

The police should be so instructed; the welfare of the race demands it. But they won't get instructions until powerful organized groups of citizens find expression. Upon this organization rests the future.

A Hymn to Nature

(This fragment, a "Hymn to Nature," unknown to us in the published works of Goethe, was found in a little bookshop in Berlin, and translated into English by a strong man and a strong woman whose lives and whose creations have served the ideals of all humanity in a way that will gain deeper and deeper appreciation.)

Nature!

We are encompassed and enveloped by her, powerless to emerge and powerless to penetrate deeper.

Unbidden and unwarmed she takes us up in the round of her Dance and sweeps along with us, until exhausted we fall from her Arms.

She creates ever new Forms; what is, was never before; what was, comes never again—everything is New and yet ever the Old.

We live in the midst of her and are Strangers to her.

She speaks incessantly with us and never betrays her Secret to us.

We have unceasing Effect upon her and yet have no Power over her.

She appears to have committed everything to Individuality and is indifferent to the Individual.

She builds ever and ever destroys and her Workshop is inaccessible.

She is the very Children—and the Mother—where is she?

* * * * * *

She is the only Artist.

With the simplest Materials she arrives at the most sublime Contrasts.

Without Appearance of Effort she attains utmost Perfection—the most exact Precision veiled always in exquisite Delicacy.

Each of her Works has its own individual Being—each of her Phenomena the most isolated Conception, yet all is Unity.

She plays a Drama.

Whether or no she sees it herself we do not know and yet she plays it for us who stand in the Corner.

There is an eternal Life, Growth and Motion in her and yet she does not advance.

She changes ever, no Moment is stationary with her.

She has no Conception of Rest and has fixed her Curse upon Inaction.

She is Firm.

Her Step is measured, her Exceptions rare, her Laws immutable.

She has reflected and meditated perpetually; not however as Man but as Nature.

She has reserved for herself a specific all-embracing Thought which none may learn from her.

* * * * * *

Mankind is all in her and she in all.

With all she indulges in a friendly Game and rejoices the more one wins from her.

She practices it with many, so occultly that she plays it to the End before they are aware of it.

And most unnatural is Nature.

Whoever does not see her on every side, nowhere sees her rightly.

She loves herself and ever draws to herself Eyes and Hearts without number.

She has set herself apart in order to enjoy herself.

Ever she lets new Admirers arise, insatiable, to open her Heart to them.

In Illusion she delights.

Whoever destroys this in himself and others, him she punishes like the most severe Tyrant.

Whoever follows her confidently—him she presses as a child to her Breast.

Her Children are Countless.

To none is she everywhere niggardly but she has Favorites upon whom she lavishes much and to whom she sacrifices much.

Upon Greatness she has fixed her Protection.

She pours forth her Creations out of Nothingness and tells them not whence they came nor whither they go; they are only to go; the Road she knows.

She has few Motive Impulses—never worn out, always effective, always manifold.

Her Drama is ever New because she ever creates new Spectators.

Life is her most beautiful Invention and Death her Ruse that she may have much life.

She envelops Mankind in Obscurity and spurs him ever toward the Light.

She makes him dependent upon the Earth, inert and heavy; and ever shakes him off again.

She gives Needs because she loves Action.

It is marvelous how she attains all this Movement with so little.

Every Need is a blessing, quickly satisfied, as quickly awakened again.

If she gives another Need—then it is a new source of Desire; but soon she come to Equipoise.

She starts every Moment upon the longest Race and every Moment is at the Goal.

She is Futility itself: but not for us for whom she has made herself of the greatest importance.

She lets every Child correct her, every Simpleton pronounce Judgment upon her; she lets thousands pass callous over her seeing nothing and her Joy is in all and she finds in all her Profit.

We obey her Laws even when we most resist them, we work with her even when we wish to work against her.

She turns everything she gives into a Blessing; for she makes it first—indispensable.

She delays that we may long for her, she hastens on that we may not be sated with her.

She has no Speech nor Language; but she creates Tongues and Hearts through which she feels and speaks.

Her Crown is Love.

Only through Love can we approach her.

She creates Gulfs between all Beings and all wish to intertwine.

She has isolated all that she may draw all together.

With a few Draughts from the Beaker of Love she compensates a Life full of Toil.

She is Everything.

She rewards herself and punishes herself, rejoices and torments herself.

She is harsh and gentle, lovely and terrible, powerless and omnipotent.

Everything is ever present in her.

Past and Future she knows not—The Present is her Eternity.

She is generous.

I glorify her with all her Works.

She is wise and calm.

One drags no Explanation from her by Force, wrests no gift from her which she does not freely give.

She is cunning but for a good purpose and it is best not to observe her Craft.

She is complete and yet ever uncomplete; so as she goes on she can ever go on.

To Everyone she appears in special Form.

She conceals herself behind a thousand Names and Terms and yet always is the same.

She has placed me here; she will lead me hence;—

I confide myself to her.

She may do with me what she will: she will not despise her Work.

I speak not of her. No, what is true and what is false; She herself has spoken all;

All the Fault is hers; hers is all the Glory.

My Friend, the Incurable

IV.

Pro domo mea: on the vice of simplicity. John Cowper Powys—a revelation

ONE of my critics sent me a New Year's wish and admonition: "You are hectic. Why not see things as they are? You must learn to be simple."

This is another attempt on the part of my good-wishers to cure me, in defiance of my resolute declaration that I cannot and do not want to be cured. Furthermore, I am in the position of a normal lunatic who considers the whole world, except himself, insane; not only do I refuse to learn the art of being simple, but I regard simplicity as a vice, a defect, a misery.

What is simplicity? I cannot define things; definitions are absurd, limiting, simplifying. In this case perhaps I ought to adopt the method of the school-boy who defined salt as "what makes potatoes nasty when not applied to." It is an English joke which I have tried with discouraging results on the American sense of humor; it suits my purpose nevertheless. How would this do: "Simplicity is that which makes life dull when applied to?" No; decidedly, I cannot think in Procrustean formulas.

Nothing is simple. What nonsense it is to synonymize this word with "natural," as if nature were not most complex and complicated! Neither is the primitive savage simple, for he conceives things not "as they are,'' but through a veil of awe and mystery. Nor is the child simple, Messrs. and Mesdames Pedagogues; you may instruct it scientifically, tell it "plain truths" and facts, but the not-yet-educated young mind will distrust you and will continue to live in its illusionary, fantastic world. Not even beasts may be accused of that vice: recall Maeterlinck's subtle dogs and horses.

Nothing is simple, although civilization has attempted to simplify a good deal. We have come to live in accordance with established standards, customs, regulations; inertia and routine have replaced impulse and initiative. Science has endeavored to explain away man's dreams, to do away with religion, soul, imagination, to prove away our mysteries and wonders. Known stuff. Thus has come to be the matter-of-fact multitude, the simple, the all-knowing, those who act and think and feel "as everybody else does," as they are taught and trained by the ingenious apparatus of scientific, moral, and social classifications, definitions, simplifications, in a word—the civilized man.

Yet side by side with civilization, machinization, automatonization, there is another powerful force moving the world: culture. Culture *versus* civilization, this is how I gauge the issue. Do not ask me to define these words: let Professor Herrick do it. We are all civilized, of course; especially the

Germans: witness their recent astounding achievements. Now try to apply the term "culture" to the activities of those *Kulturtraeger* in Belgium and before Rheims—Q. E. D. Michael Bakounin "tried" it in 1848, when he suggested to his fellow-revolutionists in Dresden that they place on the besieged walls Raphael's Madonna in order to avert the canon of the cultured Prussians; luckily the Saxons knew better their cousins, "the blond beasts." Pardon this paroxysm of my old disease, Prussophobia. Bakounin, you see, belonged to the few, to the non-simple, to those who had an insight beyond the apparent, the fact, to the hectic, to the abnormal, if you please; "abnormal" is the label given to such individualities by the many, the civilized.

I am not so vulgar as to affect megalomania, when asserting that I am cultured: this is an *apologia,* a confession of my sins before my critic, the advocate of simplicity. When facing a sunset, I do not simply see a display of colors, nor do I think of the simple explanation of this phenomenon as offered by science, but I live through a world of associations, recollections of diverse impressions and reactions imprinted on my mind by Boecklin, Mallarmé, Debussy—by all the gods that make up the religion of modern man. Life external, simple facts, are to me an artless raw libretto, which, naturally, cannot in itself satisfy one who has come into this world with the intention of enjoying grandiose opera. I call it culture, this faculty of seeing things *creatively,* not in monotones, not through window-panes, but through multiplying lenses which collect the rays of all suns and concentrate them on the focus. Now, pray, is there any hope for me "to learn how to be simple?"

Life is composed of hundreds of grey days interspersed with a few scintillating moments, the few moments justifying our otherwise superfluous existence. In this respect I am not a Croesus, but the half dozen or so of meteoric flashes that have pierced through the ordinariness of my life I treasure grudgingly, and would not exchange them for years of continuous well-being. Congratulate me: I have become enriched now with another moment of rare beatitude, of indelible radiance. I was present at the transubstantiation of Oscar Wilde, performed by John Cowper Powys.

Was it a lecture? "Most certainly," would advise me my simple friend. What a dwarfish misnomer for the solemn rite that took place in the dark temple, the "catacomb" of the Little Theatre! I close my eyes, and see once more the galvanized demi-god vibrating in the green light, invoking the Uranian Oscar. We, the worshipers, sit entranced, hypnotized, demundanized, bewitched; the sorcerer makes us feel the presence in flesh and spirit of the Assyrian half-god, half-beast, who had the moral courage of living his life actively, to the full; we follow bewildered the quaint meteor of Wilde's genius illuminating the world for a moment, dropping down into a hideous pit, reflaming in the pale glimmer of discovered sorrow; we finally hear the sonorous requiem to Oscar's break-down from the shock of having

discovered a heart in himself. The lights are on, the sorcerer is gone, but we remain under the spell of the hovering spirit.

To quote Powys is as impossible as to *tell* a symphony. It is the How and the What and the stage background that combine in creating the inexpressible charm of that experience. As to Oscar Wilde—well, what does it matter whether we agree with Mr. Powys's interpretation or not? Wilde was my idol for a long time; I chanted dithyrambs to him and worshiped him fanatically. Later, in the perpetual process of dethroning gods, I observed the halo of the Prince of Paradoxes becoming paler in my eyes. Mr. Powys rekindled in my heart the sacred flame, for a moment at least, and gave me the rare sensation of reliving an old love.

À propos of simplicity: Wilde proclaimed artificiality as the great virtue, and certainly lived up to his theory. Compare his short but italicized life with the last weary years of Tolstoy that were an attempt for "simple life." Need I tell you which I prefer?

Muck and Music

Alfred A. Knopf

(We disagree with Mr. Knopf in too many respects not to be eager to print his interesting article.)

DR. Karl Muck resumed charge of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the fall of 1912. Looking over the twenty-two programs which he has given since then one is forced to admit that his tastes are, to say the least, peculiar. There have been frequent performances of Beethoven and Brahms and occasional classical programs. These, perhaps, serve to keep his feet on solid earth, but at other times he soars into the realm of incomprehensible novelty and one can tell in advance where he will land just about as easily as if he were a German Zeppelin headed for Paris. One thing only seems certain—he cannot resist the virtuoso that is in him; he gluts us with what can only be called virtuosity for its own sake. If he offers a novelty (and when Brahms and Beethoven are taken care of he chooses, for the most part, to offer little else) it is sure to be some outrageously difficult affair—difficult both to play and to listen to. One cannot reasonably object to music merely because it is difficult to understand. The test is whether there is sufficient real beauty in it to repay careful and painstaking attention. And my point is simply that many of us feel that the beauty in Sibelius, Holbrooke, Reger, Lendvai, Mraczek, Loeffler, Mahler, Schmitt and others is disproportionately small.

The reasons for the New Yorker's peculiar bitterness against Dr. Muck are not difficult to discover. He makes only ten appearances each season:

the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony each gives many more concerts. From our point of view, would it not be better if we relied on Stransky and Damrosch (the merits of the one and the fripperies of the other are too apparent to call for comment here) for our first hearings of novelties? Then, if a particular composition seemed to warrant it, the Boston Orchestra could play it for us in its usual masterly manner. Just so long as New York worships the men from Boston in the mad feminine way it does, just that long will it resent Dr. Muck's playing what it doesn't want to hear. It was Theodore Thomas, I think, who, discovering that people cared very little for Wagner's music, played it until they changed their minds. That is all very well when you have a Wagner, but I wonder just how heartily Dr. Muck admires the music he has recently served up to his New York audiences.

To begin with there was Sibelius's Fourth Symphony. Now Sibelius is one of the great living composers. He is a genuine musician—by which I mean that you do not suffer all the agonies of stage fright when you hear a composition of his for the first time. He knows the business of his craft and you usually feel safe in his hands, thanks to three Symphonies and Finlandia. But how rudely this fourth symphony shakes your confidence! Call it musicianly: show how consistently-planned and executed it is: you won't like it any the more. To be sure, Sibelius is a Finn and an intensely feeling one. He gives expression to the emotions of that curiously unhappy race. But music to appeal must be more universal than this angry symphony of ugly moods. You can't explain it on cubist grounds—unless the Finns also call it disagreeable. But one ventures the guess that they, perchance, find it richly agreeable, in which case its performance should, by International law (or what is left of it) be confined to Finland.

Then there was *Schlemihl*—a symphonic biography by one Emil Nikolaus von Rezñicek. This was the pièce de resistance at the evening concert. It is scored for one piccolo, three flutes, three oboes, English horn, three clarinets, bass clarinet, three bassoons, double bassoon, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, contra bass tuba, two trumpets off the stage, kettle drums, snare drums, bass drum and tambourine, Glockenspiel, Cuckoo, Xylophone, cymbals, triangle, tam-tam, two harps, celesta, organ, sixteen first violins, sixteen second violins, twelve violas, ten violincellos, eight double basses, and a tenor voice. This huge orchestra, plus the detailed analysis of his work furnished by the composer, explains *Schlemihl*. It is an attempt to out-Richard Richard Strauss, and, like almost all such attempts, it fails. Rezñicek recounts the life and fate of a modern man pursued by misfortune who goes to destruction in the conflict between his ideal and his material existence. A compound essentially of *Tod und Verkläring, Tyll Eulenspiegel* and *Ein Heldenleben,* but at no time reaching the heights attained by Strauss in all three of these tone poems. Imitators somehow almost always fall down in two ways—they devote far too little attention to what

they want to say and far too much to their manner of saying it. And as an not unnatural result of this, they forget, or appear to forget at any rate, that melody is the prime essential in great music. Wagner had melodic genius, as we all realize today, and that Strauss has it is no longer open to very serious questioning. Rezñicek hasn't. His music is all rather good, but none of it good enough to grip you as the finest music does. It has no great moments but only moments of very great sound. The house fairly quaked at some of the fortissimos. And yet *Schlemihl* would be pleasant enough were it not so pretentiously bombastic and did it not last twice too long. But the mere existence of *Ein Heldenleben, Tyll Eulenspiegel* and *Tod und Verkläring* deprives *Schlëmihl* of any greater claim than that.

After these two pieces Scheinpflug's *Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare* proved quite simple and enjoyable. It is a musicianly piece of work lacking neither in melodic invention nor in skilful orchestration. The Allegretto Graziosa, in which an old English tune from the Fitz William Virginal Book is introduced, is wholly delightful. And having said that much, one really has said all. The overture can have no possible chance of immortality; it is not great music, it is not intensely interesting or unusually delectable: one feels rather that such compositions as this are the by-products of the daily practice of the art of music by men of no little talent but very little genius. As such, they demand an occasional hearing —today Scheinpflug has the stage: tomorrow someone else—what matter who, since none are really masters.

An occasional performance of Strauss's early Symphonic Suite, *Aus Italien,* is probably quite justifiable because of his imposing importance among the composers of today. When a musician attains greatness almost everything he ever wrote becomes of interest to his disciples. *Aus Italien* calls for little comment. First performed in 1887, it is difficult today to realize the great uproar and rage it evoked. Now it seems quite tame. It was indeed Strauss's "first step towards independence," and it is interesting as the connecting link between his very early work and *Don Juan* and its successors. Its first movement "On The Campagna" is probably the most successful, reaching as it does gravely grey and tragic heights. A sense of oppressiveness fairly overwhelms the listener and there are chords that are exquisite. "Amid Rome's Ruins" is not nearly so sustained and well-knit. The opening of the third movement, "On the Shore of Sorrento," depicts with wonderful effectiveness the brilliance of an Italian sea under a dazzling sun—a brilliance that no one who has seen it is likely ever to forget. Strauss, for all his reputed blare and noise, handles his orchestra pianissimo in a manner immeasurably more impressive than anyone else of his time. (The opening bars of *Tod und Verklärung* and the love scene in *Don Juan* immediately come to mind). And you can measure a generation's progress in orchestration by the unruffled placidity with which people

nowadays listen to the at-one-time "brilliant, tumultuous, audacious, unusual, and bold" finale—"Neapolitan Folk-Life."

Even the casual concert-goer must notice the amazing duplications that are being offered this season. For two or three seasons a particular composition is neglected; then suddenly it is played five times in half as many weeks. Stransky plays *Don Juan;* a week later Muck, as it were, shows us how it ought to be played. The Symphony Society plays Brahms's Second Symphony and shortly thereafter Muck administers his reproach to Damrosch. Is there any reason why conductors shouldn't meet occasionally and plan to avoid such ways? Muck appears the chief offender. His program stated that he was playing Ropartz's Fourth Symphony for the first time in New York, but Stransky had played it only eight days earlier. When will we hear it again?

For this Symphony deserves another hearing. The only work by a Frenchman that Dr. Muck has offered this season, it is far more satisfying than any of his other novelties. The restless swing of the opening theme grips you at once—and your curiosity is piqued as the violins sing against the "Kernel" in the horns. The Adagio is not so successful—the theme sung by the English horn is not sufficiently melodious. You need only compare it with the heart-breaking Largo of Dvorak's *Aus Der Neuen Welt.* But there are the most engaging rhythms—many of them typically Scotch in their snap. In fact did Ropartz's gift for melody (it is far from negligible) approach his rhythmic talent, he might produce really great music. As it is, this Fourth Symphony interests and gratifies. But it is too long. Its three movements are played without a pause and one's attention flags at times. It seems likely that this is inevitable in absolute music: only a program can really hold one's attention for almost forty minutes. Strauss does it in *Ein Heldenleben;* but *Don Juan, Tyll Eulenspiegel* and *Tod und Verklärung* last only about twenty minutes each, despite the fascinating explanations that the program notes always give of their musical contents. Ropartz's Fourth Symphony would be much better if played with pauses, and the sections are so clearly indicated that this could be done without great difficulty. But, on the whole, a hearing of his work makes one wish for more French music, with its charming, clear-cut rhythms so typical of the Gaul. (To my mind Ropartz's indebtedness to César Franck is a matter of comparative unimportance. Disciple or not, he has brought to his task of writing music freshness and charm, a fund of melody and a quite adequate technique).

After listening to these five compositions, what effect would Beethoven's *Egmont* Overture naturally have? Relief,—pure unalloyed relief. And it confirms one in the feeling that relief is ever going to be one of the prime functions thrust by the musicians of today upon the greatest master of them all. Invariably he brings us back to earth, and as we sit listening to him in smug contentment, we can say over, without fear of contradiction: "This after all is music."

While Hearing a Little Song

(*Solvieg's Lied*)

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

A song flew lazily
Over my upturned head.
It dropped and I could see
The ivoried limbs, the spread
Of swaying, dream-colored wings,
And barely sense the drift
Of slender, cloud-voiced rings
Of notes which seemed to lift
The oval of my soul
Up to their lingering death . . .
A purplish pallor stole
Down to my leaden breath,—
It was my melted soul
And the soft death of the throng
Of notes from the slim song.

A Hard Bed

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

WARFARE against suffering, this is man's most natural fight. Suffering is an attack upon man, upon his will to live. On this account, he has a right to protect himself from suffering, to hold suffering far from him.

But the struggle seems futile. The host of sufferings seems illimitable. For each old suffering which we thought we had vanquished, ten new ones come of which we had never dreamt. Indeed, the capacity to suffer grows with the growth of man. The feeling of pain grows as the senses become sharper and finer. The higher a man's development, the stronger becomes his ability to feel life's pains. Even if we could exchange all the sufferings of life for pure joy and bliss, this latter life would be suffering still, a surfeit and a search, and I doubt not we would long for an hour of some old anguish again that would redeem us from a pleasure now grown oppressive and intolerable.

Shall we, then, hate life? Shall we say that it were better not to be than to be? We might, did we not find strength and comfort in and with every suffering,—did we not allow every item or event of experience the democratic right to a trial by a jury of its peers and to our trust that it is worth while until it shall prove that it is not,—did we not experience that up from the abyss of every suffering, painful as it seems, a path leads to a summit where all sufferings are only shadows of a blinding flood and fullness of light; that all articulate and fit into the eternal process of an upward-striving life.

There is no question but that this is the workable view of life to present to the heart of man, draining, as one must, pain's bitter cup for one's self. But the sufferings one feels for others, sufferings in which one's love, expressed in sympathy and pity, is complicated—this is another matter, here one may fall into mischievous aberation. There can be no doubt that the pain of our pity for others may be more painful than the pain of our own lives. In the throes of such pity, the woes of our own lives may seem small indeed, and finally fade away. To behold a human being that is deeply dear to us suffer is worse than it would be to suffer in his place. And if the man of moral elevation of soul feels equal in the end to all that brings pain to his own life, all the more defenseless does he feel with regard to the great all-prevailing misery which, in pity, celebrates its triumphal entry into his heart. Love is our noblest human power, and it is love that lets us feel such misery, it is love whose wealth of recognition and experience renders it possible for us to descry sorrow's abysses, to anticipate them even in advance of the poor sufferer himself.

Now, may love be good, and pity bad? What a problem is here! May we war a two-fold warfare, one against suffering and one against pity? Ought we? War upon pity—would not that be in contradiction to all that our own generation especially calls good and great? Our generation has done its best to develop in the human heart an ever-enlarging capacity for pity—what would it say to a warrior who pitilessly took up arms against pity?

Friedrich Nietzsche was such a warrior, single-handed and alone! And the venomous verbal onslaught upon Nietzsche by those who did not understand him was equalled only by those who did. At first Nietzsche's own success consisted in supplying his opponents with new weapons against himself. Of all the words which have been used as bludgeons to break the head of this most resolute rebel against our previous moral view of life, Nietzsche's piercing words concerning pity and the pitiful have most occupied the attention of his enemies. This may not deter us from looking unabashed the great question squarely in the face. In the end, is pity something to be overcome, a disease of the old culture? Does the path of the new culture lead men out and beyond and above pity? This is no longer a Nietzsche question merely. This is a question of the moral life

of our time. Perhaps this is the last weightiest question which our time can put to men of dignity and depth of thought.

However, it is only fair to say at the outset that no one has any right to fly into a rage at Nietzsche in particular for summoning men to arms against pity, since, if rage is in order at all, the conventional practices of our previous life furnished therefor occasion enough. Aye, there is an old wide-spread fashion of averting the strain of pity which is so mean and cool that almost anybody could fly into a frenzy over it—the fashion, not of triumphing over pity, but of cowardly flight from pity. Consider the whole conception of life of the so-called favorites of fortune. To what lengths do they go that they may be spared the sight of misfortune, that they may not be agitated by a touch of pity! How they avoid, if at all possible, every place that would remind them that there are want and misery, hunger and sorrow, in the world—as the Parisians did, until Zola, the most calumniated author of the nineteenth century, dragged these things, with their ensuing vices, out into the light of day and made the French people look at them! How furious they are, as the French were at great Zola, at anybody who dares to open their eyes to the sad and harrowing realities of life! Nay, they have invented a special art and religion that shall succeed in sparing them pity; the former to conjure up a make-believe world in which life shall be all sunshine and gladness; the latter to advocate the doctrine that all pain is punishment from God, and that, since God must be just, He will properly parcel out and administer pain and suffering. We do not need to bestir ourselves in behalf of sufferers; that would be a wrong against God; a doubt of the Everlasting Justice; hence all may not feel pity for the wicked man upon whom God visits His wrath and punishment! Thus the "good people" and the just harden their hearts. They have stones which they heave at the poor sinner—especially at a "sinful woman"—but no mercy, no pity, for those who are not as they are, and do not think and feel and act as they do. They grow chesty: "Yes, if others were as good as we are, then it would be as well with them as it is with us!" With such pride they choke all feeling of kinship and connection with others. Where pride grows, no pity can thrive. And at last pity itself becomes a kind of pride, a sorry self-reflection as in a mirror. The most subtle and dangerous way for men to free themselves from the pain of pity, when they cannot stave it off completely, is to make it a thing of pride and praise: "I thank Thee, God, that I am not like the hard-hearted!" Then they revel and riot in their pity, then they rejoice that they are so good-hearted, so tender-hearted, because they can see no suffering without being touched and melted to tears. And the pitiful call this their morality and their virtue. They make a "delicacy" of their pity to set before themselves at the table of life when all of life's other gratifications and indulgences begin to grow stale and tasteless. The tears of emotion that gush generously forth at the spectacle of suffering humanity—even of frail and

faulty humanity—taste so good! Many is the time they have felt the weary weight of this unintelligible world on listening to a sad story or seeing a play, and screwed up melancholy and doleful countenances—maybe pity can be put among the things that can make life, always requiring to be braced up a bit, a trifle more interesting. And so pity is at last honored with a place among the articles of luxury with which they enrich and adorn their lives—their lives, always surprising them with some fresh sign of poverty and patches!

But if all guilt be revenged upon earth, punishment of this misuse of pity may not be stayed. It is doubly punished and revenged—upon him who practices it and upon him upon whom it is practiced. Or do we not know that the pharisees of pity become ever more feeble and sentimental men, losing all power and energy of will through pure emotionality? Or do we not know that most crafty business speculation, speculation in pity, in which sufferers magnify their least pains, expert in making an impression with their "cases" in order to arouse the interest of the pitiful, an interest which need not always be relieved by the clink of coin, but which makes ready its punishment much more frequently with idle hours spent in dreaming and weeping, with the unprofitable breathing-out of pathos and reproach? Often enough the enthusiasts of the kind and tender heart do not know what they do, but they rob men of the marrow of life, they emasculate and coddle the soul; and the emotional debauchery in which they live, requires ever stronger stimulus which ever operates more enervatingly still.

Contemplating these devastations wrought everywhere in life by love's softness, one begins to cherish some respect for a Nietzsche who preached to men "a hard bed," love's hardness. To be sure, if one is to understand this preaching, one must keep in mind what the preacher says: "My brethren, give heed unto each hour, in which your spirit wisheth to speak in parables: there is the origin of your virtue." Nietzsche speaks in parables. For instance, his words on war and warriors—a good war hallowing every cause—these, too, are parables. And hardness, bravery, praised by him as the strength and consecration of life, truly this is not the barbarity of prize-fighting or the brutality of lynching; this is the high mind fearlessly going its own way, stampeded by no danger into thinking and acting and being other than what it holds to be right. Danger is but the acid test which such a mind applies to the ingredients of its life. To such a mind, hardness is the characteristic of the gem, of the diamond, which thus guarantees its genuineness, its sparkling worth. Zarathustra-Nietzsche loves everything which steels the will and augments life's force. Therefore he loves his foe, for, thanks to his foe, he never comes to a standstill and stagnates. Therefore his true friend is the one who has become his best foe, who makes him sweat, who summons him to risk hot war with him, to break a lance with him in an intellectual passage at arms in which the soul struggles for its own yea and nay.

So, similarly, this Zarathustra-Nietzsche hates pity. Why? Not because he is a brute. "Kind unto the sick is Zarathustra. . . . Would that they were convalescent and conquering and creating a higher body for themselves!" Not because, as we have seen, so much of pity is for self's sake and not for the sake of service, though this is an essential part of the answer. Then why? Because it works an embarrassment for man, because it knows no shame, no reverence, in the presence of the giant forces which, for every brave soul, is concealed in great and deep pain. Therefore he combats pity because it is a passion and not an action, and yet life is not for passionists but for pragmatists. "All great love is lifted above all its pity, for it seeketh to create what it loveth. . . . But all creators are hard." "If thou hast a suffering friend, be a couch for his suffering, but a hard bed, as it were, a field-bed; thus thou wilt be of most use for him."

Hearken ye, O Reader, to another Transvaluer of values Whose Person Nietzsche "the Crucified," excoriated at ill-starred moments, but did so on the basis of that very "high mind" for which He, rejecting pity, went to His Crucifixion! "And Jesus, Pilate handed over to their will. As they led him off he was followed by a large multitude of the people and also of women who beat their breasts and lamented him; but Jesus turned to them and said, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me!' "

Now, as it seems to me, this Nietzsche preaching is not so far removed from that other preaching which we are otherwise wont to call a gospel, a good, a glad message! For this glad message was not a lamentation, but a hymn of heroism and of victory, a call to creation! And I take the liberty to repeat that the Preacher of this glad message forbade pity for himself even in his dark and desolate hour—do you think what that hour was?—when he appealed to weak and wailing and weeping womanly souls, Weep not for me, weep for yourselves! And He Who Himself wills no pity, Who bears in Himself a greatness which is elevated above all pity, would he have willed to have men so weak and pitiful as we often enough today imagine the Ideal of a Christ-man to be?

What, now, if the true pitiful love, the true mercy to men, were to *harden* them, to make them free from what meant only suffering to them? It is, to be sure, very much more difficult to make men themselves "hard," so that the burden lying on their backs can not crush them than it is to indulge their weakness and sensitiveness and to leave them as they are. Indulgent parental hearts would a thousand times rather remove all life's burdens from their children than to place burdens upon their children which they might learn to bear. So often our pity plays us a sorry trick—we would rather do something for men than to repress our pity, silence it, and then teach men how they themselves can do what is good and necessary for them. We speak of a ministrant love, meaning a love which knows nothing higher than to provide comforts, avert trials, spare vexations, and everything which could shake a man to his foundations. How much greater

a service of love it would be to lead man to himself, make him strong that he might be equal to what we had thought we must take away from him! Pray, not for easier tasks, lighter burdens, but for more power! This Nietzschean love is not only a greater love, it also requires a greater, more tiresome work, it requires a constant conquest of our pitying weakness, it requires a courageous faith in man and a firm earnest appraisal of his power. And how entirely different a service of friendship do we render a friend if we show a hard love to him, if he break a tooth on us, as Nietzsche says, because we do not flatter and fit him, but compel him, out of love compel him, to assert himself against us, and to withstand our defense of our rights against him! Foolish men seek their friends among the *Jasagern,* most preferably, among those who are of their own opinion in everything. They then call this an ideal friendship: two souls and one thought, two hearts and one beat! But in such a friendship, their best, their own soul, their sense of truth, and their courage for the truth, soon rusts. To spare a friend the disillusion which he would suffer if he felt an antagonism, an opposition, in the friendship, they have pity on him, they learn to keep silent, and silence soon becomes a lie. Since they dare not cause the friend the grief of discovering to him these lies, they lie more, lie life-long,—all out of pity, out of their weak tender love. How much nobler and greater that friendship whose ideal Nietzsche sketches for us, in which we are gripped from the outset in a friend's contradiction and hostility! We seek and love in him precisely what is not attuned to us, but is his own, and must forever remain his very own. Such hard love which gives the friend a "camp-bed" and not one as "soft as downy pillows are" and requires the like in return is the proudest manliest friendship, is alone what brings our sluggish and pampered natures forward, and makes us stronger, freer, richer in understanding and experience. Every genuine love should be a spur, freedom, to us, not an easy berth and a trammel in life.

We cannot, we ought not, refrain from pity in life. We cannot, we ought not, stave it artificially from us. Pity belongs to man as man. It comes stealing upon him, and ought so to come. But when it has come, he ought not to be enmeshed in it. Still less ought he to let it grow rank. He should ennoble it, overcome it, with strong will and energetic deed. For pity is yet *suffering* and all suffering summons men to conflict, to defense. The sign that such overcoming has succeeded is that *rejoicing-together* has been born of *suffering-together*—is that the conflict has issued in a victory in which hard militant love triumphs over every weakness, and is grateful to the hardness which has given it such a victory!

In his brilliant book on Nietzsche, "Who Is to Be Master of the World," Ludovici writes powerfully as follows: "What the units of a herd most earnestly seek and find, is smug ease, not necessarily mastership. For mastership entails responsibility, insight, nerve, courage and *hardness* towards

one's self, that control of one's self which all good commanders must have, and which is the very antithesis of the gregarious man's attitude towards himself. . . . Hardness?—He knows nothing of the hardness that can command his heart, his mouth, before it attends to the command of others; he knows nothing of the hardness that can dispel the doubts of a whole continent, that can lead the rabble and the ruck to deeds of anomalous nobility, or that can impose silence upon the overweening importunities of an assembled nation. He knows *this* hardness, that he could coldly watch the enemy of his private and insignificant little interests, burnt at the stake; he knows *this* hardness, that he would let a great national plan miscarry for the sake of a mess of pottage;—the gregarious man and future socialist has this so-called hardness; but so have all those who burn with resentment,—so have all parasites and silent worm-gnawers at the frame-work of great architecture."

But not Nietzsche's interpreter, but Nietzsche himself, shall have the last word: "Praises are what maketh hard!—I do not praise the land where butter and honey—flow! To learn to look away from one's self is necessary in order to see many things: this hardener is needed by every mountain climber."

Also Sprach Aristoteles—Zarathustra!

George Middleton's One-Act Plays

CLAYTON HAMILTON

The one-act play is an art-form that is worthy of careful cultivation. It shows the same relation to the full-length drama as the short-story shows to the novel. It makes a virtue of economy of means. It aims to produce a single dramatic effect with the greatest economy of means that is consistent with the utmost emphasis. A one-act play, in exhibiting the present, should imply the past and intimate the future. The author has no leisure for laborious exposition; but his mere projection of a single situation should sum up in itself the accumulated results of many antecedent causes. The one-act play, at its best, can no more serve as a single act of a longer drama than the short-story can serve as a single chapter of a novel. The form is complete, concise, and self-sustaining; and it requires an extraordinary focus of imagination.

No other American dramatist has so carefully cultivated this special type of drama as George Middleton. His recently-published volume of one-act plays, entitled *Possession,* was preceded by two other volumes, called *Embers* and *Tradition.* Each of these books contains half a dozen plays. From the fact that Mr. Middleton has chosen to publish these eighteen one-act plays in advance of their production, it is not to be inferred that he is a believer in the closet-drama. A closet-drama may be defined as a play that, being unfit for production in the theatre, is fit only to be locked up in a closet. Mr. Middleton is not a literary amateur, but a professional and practical playwright. He has produced more than half a dozen full-length plays in the commercial theatre; and such artists as Julia Marlowe, Margaret Anglin, George Fawcett, and the late E. M. Holland have appeared in dramas of his composition. All of Mr. Middleton's one-act plays are written for the stage; and—to quote from his own preface to *Possession*—he conceives "the value of play publication not as a substitute for production but as an alternative for those whose dramas may offer little attraction to the manager because of theme or treatment."

At present there is, unfortunately, scarcely any market in the American theatre for one-act plays that take life seriously. It is against our custom to provide a full-length drama with a curtain-raiser or an after-piece; and the field for one-act plays in vaudeville is restricted to slap-stick comedies and yelling melodramas. It is for this reason that Mr. Middleton has been required to choose publication as an alternative for production, in the case of these diminutive dramas. The trouble is not at all that his pieces are unsuited to the stage: they are admirable in technique, and—like all good plays—they would be more interesting in the theatre than in the library. The trouble is only that—for wholly artificial and accidental reasons—the commercial theatre in America at present is inhospitable to the one-act play.

Mr. Middleton's one-act plays reveal a wide range of subject-matter and a corresponding versatility of treatment. No one of them is similar to any of the others. Yet, pervading this variety of subject and of mood, there is discernible an underlying unity. Each of them deals essentially with woman—and with modern woman in relation to our modern social system. Woman is, at present, a transitional creature, evolving from the thing that man considered her to be in the far-away period of wax flowers and horse-hair furniture to the being that she considers herself about to become in the unachieved, potential future; and Mr. Middleton has caught her in this period of transition, and has depicted her, under many different lights, colored with her virtues and discolored with her faults.

Many of the most poignant and dramatic problems of present-day society arise from the fact that the evolution of woman is proceeding more rapidly than the evolution of her environment. While individuals advance, traditions linger. Mr. Middleton's favorite subject seems to be a conflict between an advanced woman and a lingering tradition. The author is him-

self a radical, and his sympathy is forever on the side of the revolutionary individual; but his technical treatment is so fair to both sides of the contention that it remains possible for conservative readers to rank themselves against the individual on the side of the lingering tradition. Scarcely any of Mr. Middleton's women would be pleasant to have around the house. Since most of them are discontented with the conditions of their lives, they naturally make the worst of these conditions instead of making the best of them. Hell hath no fury like a woman in revolt; and many readers may dislike Mr. Middleton's heroines more heartily than he seems to like them himself. But to be able to dislike a character is a proof that that character is real, and must be considered as a tribute to the author's art. The heroine of *The Unborn,* in Mr. Middleton's latest volume, refuses to have children because motherhood might interfere with "her work,"—the work, in this case, being merely a habit of attending to minor matters in her husband's photographic studio; but the intensity of impatience with which the reader listens to her twaddle is an indication that this character is really representative of a silly type of creature that is not infrequently encountered in actual life. Again, in the play called *Possession,* a woman who has been divorced for adultery attempts to kidnap her little daughter from the house of her former husband, to whose custody the child had, of course, been awarded by the courts. Her adultery was inexcusable, because it had been occasioned not by an irresistible and overwhelming love but merely by a superfluity of leisure; and her attempt to kidnap the child was treacherous and ignominious. She excuses herself, however, by telling her husband that the process of child-birth had been painful, and that, therefore, despite the judgment of the courts, their little daughter belonged more to her than to him. The reader is, of course, annoyed by all this nonsense; but this annoyance, once again, must be regarded as a tribute to the reality of the author's characterization. No heroine who was not a living human being could make the auditor so ardently desire to climb upon the stage and talk back to her.

Fortunately, it is not at all necessary to like Mr. Middleton's women in order to like his plays. One may admire Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* without wishing to be married to the heroine; and the pleasant thing about Mr. Middleton's women is that, while the reader is permitted to observe and study them, he is also allowed to realize with hearty thankfulness that he will never have to live with any of them. The world in which his women move is a world of discontent. This discontent is truly representative of the present transitional period in the evolution of society; but it is not representative of that perennial reality of life that remains oblivious of periods and dates. At all times, the really womanly woman has been a lover of her life and has not found it difficult to feel at home at home.

New York Letter

George Soule

IT would be difficult to imagine a more fantastic occasion than a debate in New York on the justice of the cause of the Allies vs. that of Germany between Cecil Chesterton and George Sylvester Viereck. The gods permitted it to happen last week, much to the chagrin of the Allies, for the hyphenated Germans took good care to fill the hall and hiss every offensive statement. Mr. Chesterton, an honest fighter and a clever polemicist, who has leapt through every phase of radicalism into the enfolding charity of the Catholic Church, deserves to be known for his journalistic achievements and his exposure of graft in high places almost as much as for his brother Gilbert. Mr. Viereck, a sublime egotist, has come into sudden favor with his countrymen by editing *Der Vaterland,* although before that he had taken every known means to secure notoriety for a naturally obscure individual. He began as a poet of strange verse, both in German and English. When it became apparent that it wasn't going to sell, he issued a last volume which he called his "swan song," with the announcement that as this commercial age was unappreciative of his poetry he would write no more, and anyone who wanted a last chance to value him at it must buy this book. For himself, he was going to get in line with the genius of the century and become a Big Business Man, for he must make himself felt. He announced in a stentorian wail his admiration for Theodore Roosevelt, and was much chagrined when that celebrity would not let him trail along on the skirts of his ample publicity. Later on, when Alfred Noyes began to sell in large quantities, Mr. Viereck resumed his dictatorship of poetry, and by scurrilous attacks attempted to draw Mr. Noyes's fire—and newspaper space. Now German Patriotism has lifted him to the headlines.

If Poetic Justice was present at the debate, she probably did not receive much enlightenment on the questions which are now vexing her in Europe. To quote any of the substance of the debate would be an insult to her intelligence.

A more serious event was Richard Bennet's recent production of Brieux's *Maternity.* Considering the deadly earnestness with which author and cast struggled to inculcate lessons, the apathy of the public in respect to moral instruction was pathetic. On the night of my visit there was exactly one normal "theatre-goer" in the house. There was a sprinkling of people who had long admitted what Brieux has to say, and went from "high-brow" reasons. There was a young society matron who had escaped from her husband for the evening and is taking an amateurish interest in social questions. There were numerous persons who are always on the lookout for a chance to cackle at what they consider broad humor. These

blonde ladies furnished an interesting refutation of one of Brieux's theories. In one scene various women tell their troubles, emphasizing the fact that all women are united in their sorrows and understand them, whereas men do not. Immediately after this the drunken husband returns and disgusts and outrages the wife. There were many laughs in the audience to greet him—but not one from a man. Even the blonde ladies' fat escorts tried to quiet them while the rest of us were hissing.

Granville Barker opens this week with *Androcles and the Lion* and some of the other recent London productions. A number of the backers of the old "New Theatre" are guaranteeing his expenses, a fact which is a historical corroboration for Mr. Barker's wit. When he was brought over as the chosen manager for that institution, he objected to the immense size of the house. "But the alterations you suggest would cost us a million dollars," he was told. "If you don't make them, it will cost you three million," he replied, and sailed back to London. His popularity with the New Theatre guarantors has been steadily increasing from that day to this.

There is even a rumor that if the present experiment succeeds, the New Theatre project will be resumed. This whisper aroused an answering howl from the American managers and actors. Why should good American money be spent in encouraging English talent, especially in such a disastrous season? they wailed. The answer was, in effect, the one that should be made to the whole "made in America" propaganda. What has American production done that it should be encouraged? When "made in America" comes to have any relation to honesty and intelligence, it will be time enough to invoke "patriotism" in its favor. In the meantime, the more disastrous foreign competition can be to our present shoddy products, the better.

This ironic year has produced few more strange reversals than the one which has brought Mr. McClure to the status of an employee of Mr. Munsey. When a man has apparently won his life campaign and written so engagingly of it as has Mr. McClure in his Autobiography, we begin to regard him as beyond the touch of the fates. Perhaps the present eventuality should be taken, however, merely as another proof that in our present arrangement of things it is less profitable to have a touch of genius than to become the owner of trust companies. At any rate *McClure's Magazine* has apparently not profited much in recent years by Mr. McClure's separation from its editorial policy.

There is one real consolation in a season which has brought such material devastation to commercial managers and magazines. When conventionally-planned "successes" don't succeed, success comes to have less meaning. People who are after money in the promotion of artistic products are in their desperation more ready to try less "safe" ways of getting it, while the others have a decidedly better chance of gaining a respectful public attention.

Music

KREISLER AND SHATTUCK

In certain realms, words are opaque and stupid things. In others—oh, comforting thought!—they seem to become transparent and almost intelligent. Following this out consistently, it becomes easy to write a page about Arthur Shattuck, pianist, and very difficult to say anything at all about Fritz Kreisler, violinist.

Arthur Shattuck was a disappointment. His faults, in a lesser man, would have been considered the sign of mere mediocrity; but in himself, they are obtrusive and disagreeable. An exasperating contrast existed between what may be called his style, with its rhythmic sureness and its admirable perspectives, and his great lack of tonal beauty. He cracks out hard tones. Any particular phrase of Mr. Boyle's concerto for piano with orchestra, when passed on from the orchestra to the solo instrument, lost its lyric curve and became flat and lifeless under Mr. Shattuck's long, aggressive hands. When another pianist, Ernest Hutcheson, played the same work with the composer conducting the New York Philharmonic, a certain phenomenon was lacking which appeared when Frederick Stock conducted the work with the Chicago Symphony. This phenomenon (let it be whispered) was a strange prominence of the brass choir of the orchestra in certain portions of the work which led one to believe that Mr. Stock was, perhaps, more interested in the orchestral accompaniment than in the performance of the soloist. If this were as true as it appeared, it is on a par with another startling fact:—that the public is really learning something about tone-values and the possible beauties of piano music. What else could account for the numerous confessions caught in snatches in the corridors and stairways, the composite of which was, "He left me cold"? . . . Arthur Shattuck is a millionaire.

A compassionate attitude toward Chicago was considerably relieved by the sight of the Auditorium-full which paid to hear Kreisler. Think of so many people being moved by such good taste! And, what was better still, they all behaved well. Kreisler deserved their tribute of attentive silence. Such violin playing hasn't been heard in Chicago since the same artist was here last season. There is no describing Kreisler's tone; a magic circle of stillness encloses it, which words have not learned to cross. In the memory it is a living beauty, penetrant and bewitching. Praise and appreciation are miserable things in the presence of this man's music. Fritz Kreisler is a genius.

HERMAN SCHUCHERT.

Book Discussion

Ellen Key's Steady Vision

The Younger Generation, by Ellen Key. [*G. P. Putnam's, New York.*]

In the present amusing reign of boisterous propagandic voices, it is good to find a thinker who describes the exciting truth in simple terms. The many are able to catch glimpses of the truth; between glimpses, they shout and wave their inefficient arms for the enlightenment of their brothers, and for their own joy. The few see the truth steadily and, because they see steadily, become so passionately enthusiastic that they are driven to express themselves in quiet, mighty phrases. Such phrases imprint vital ideas upon the mind of the seeker, while pitiable confusion alone results from the shouts and wavings. In *The Younger Generation,* Ellen Key tells simply and surely her conclusions about vital things.

Conservative judgment is at once a splendid balance and a terrific barrier in the world of ideas. Intense enthusiasm, when it displays itself, often combines blindness with sight. It has always seemed to be asking too much to expect in one person a finely balanced enthusiam in which the conservative element does not hamper the divine qualities of youth—courage, impetuosity, and an ever-fresh perception. Not to be extravagant, but to characterize her fairly, one may say that this Swedish woman writes as if she possessed the virtues commonly attributed to both age and youth. She is vigorous, free-hearted, and calm—enthusiastic, fiery, and sane—a champion of revolution when and wherever it breaks the path for evolution.

Reaching deftly into anarchism, christianity, feminism, individualism, socialism, and other good glimpses of the truth, she secures the elements for a strangely consistent wisdom.

> Parents of the new generation will feel it to be a blasphemy against life—another name for God—that the beings their love has called into existence, the beings who bear the heritage of all past generations and the potentialities of all those to come, should be prematurely torn from the chain of development. Every such link that is wrenched away from unborn experiences, from unfinished work, was a beginning which might have had the most far-reaching effects within the race. . . . It is not death that the men of the new age are afraid of, but only premature and meaningless death.

"Women ought not to be content until governments have been deprived of the power of plunging nations into war."—Ellen Key doesn't ask the ladies to fidget and whimper at afternoon teas, nor to operate upon male-kind with their verbal lancets, nor to adopt circuitous resolutions about affairs of which they know nothing; but her suggestion, here as elsewhere, is simple and practical—so very simple that the ladies will smile down upon it as

something delightfully girlish and unsophisticated. It is safe to speculate that not one of the smilers could, in her comfortable condecension, live up to this humble and powerful procedure:—"Women can always and everywhere ennoble the feelings, refine an idea of justice, and sharpen the judgment of those who come under their influence. The indirect result of this influence will then be that war will become more and more insufferable to the feelings, repugnant to the sense of justice, and absurd to the intelligence. When thus the eyes of the best among the nation are opened to the true nature of war, they will be finally opened also to the way to real, not armed, peace." And as it is the secret and boasted and forgotten desire of every woman to influence a man, or men, these profoundly plain suggestions would seem to be sown in a fertile field. There is hope in this. Then she says, on another page: "To win over men's brains to the idea of solidarity, that is the surest way of working for peace." And this, being a more complex remark, will probably upset everything gained by the clarity of the preceding quotations; but it is given here to repay the time otherwise wasted by the many for whom simplicity has lost its god-like charm. Solidarity is a great idea, partly because it is something to be shouted about. But the first element in solidarity, human kindness, has never seemed "strong" to a shouting age.

One of the firm demands which Ellen Key makes in her future "Charter for Children" is "the right of all children to disinheritance; in other words, their being placed in the beneficent necessity of making full use of their completely developed powers." After reminding us of the strenuous manners of a past age in which the children of any conquered city were dashed hideously against the walls, she claims that "the judgment upon our time will be more severe. For the people of antiquity knew not what they did, when they caused the blood of children to flow like water. But our age allows millions of children to be worn out, starved, maltreated, neglected, to be tortured in school, and to become degenerate and criminal; and yet it knows the consequences, to the race and to the community, that all this involves. And why? Because we are not yet willing to reckon in life-values instead of in gold-values."

What a frantic rage must there be in the souls of the truly social-minded when this terrific indictment is pronounced in their hearing! But the appaling nightmare will go on until the frantic element is overcome, and the rage is focused to a point of white heat—an intense simplicity.

HERMAN SCHUCHERT.

Two Conrad Reviews

Joseph Conrad: A Study, Richard Curle. [*Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.*]

"The business of criticism," says Mr. Curle, "is to surmount this *impasse* between conviction and the power to convince." Judged by this test, his study of Joseph Conrad is undoubtedly successful: it is hard indeed to imagine any reader reaching the end of it without believing that Conrad is a very great writer. A careful reading of the numerous and often lengthy quotations from Conrad's books should alone convince the persons Mr. Curle is most anxious to convert—those who know nothing about them.

But *Joseph Conrad* has two obvious faults. In the first place, Mr. Curle is quite too modest—almost haltingly so. His pages abound in such phrases as "I dare say", "I cannot help", "I think", and the like. That's all very honest, but Americans prefer the more lordly manner. One feels really, that while the critic may speak in such fashion to himself, he should give us only his conclusions—and no apologies for them to boot. In the second place, Mr. Curle seems to think that he is very brave in putting forth this book, that the critics haven't appreciated Conrad at all, and that since *he* does there must be a real quarrel between him and them. Now as a matter of fact this is not so. Probably no living writer has had a fraction of the hearty recognition from the best critics that Conrad has. True, he has (until six months ago) woefully lacked anything like popularity and the material rewards it brings—but very few of those whose opinion carries weight will hesitate to agree with most of the fine things that Mr. Curle says about the author of *Chance*. Mr. Curle's attitude simply arouses unfriendly antagonism on the part of his readers who know and love their Conrad.

So much for its faults. They are not of serious importance and should not obscure the really splendid qualities of Mr. Curle's book. It abounds in acutely perceptive remarks—often extremely well put. In the course of seven chapters on Conrad's Psychology, Men, Women, Irony and Sardonic Humour, Prose and the Artist, he piles up an overwhelming evidence of the man's greatness. Is there a man alive, has any English novelist ever lived about whom one could wax so easily, so madly enthusiastic? True, to some Conrad does not appeal. They have never caught the glorious glamour of his pages—the solemn grandeur of his magnificent prose. Probably the surest way to win converts would be to compile a small book of extracts from his works, carefully graded according to their difficulty.

When I was still at college I was curious about Conrad. A well-meaning bookseller sold me *Lord Jim*. I tried to read it, but fifty pages was as far as I could go. I tried again, but with even less success. Then one

day at Interlaken I found a Tauchnitz copy of *A Set of Six*. Before I had quite finished the last story I lost the book—changing trains. But Conrad has never since seemed obscure to me. A beginner in French would never try to appreciate the shimmering pages of Flaubert; nor would even the Yankee farm-hand feed his baby pie. More than any living writer has Conrad needed some one to *present* him to the public. This his American publishers have tried of late to do. Mr. Curle's book will add to their success in so far as they manage to persuade people to read it. Except for those who have begun with *Lord Jim, Nostromo,* or *Chance,* I have never found anyone, who, having read one book by Conrad, was content to stop there. Mr. Curle thinks *Nostromo* Conrad's greatest work. It is now, with Europe in the throes of a bloody conflict, that one realizes more and more how Conrad's men and women, far removed from the problems of a Wells, a Chesterton, or a Shaw—problems which *appear* suddenly to be of very little importance after all—bulk great and ever greater. There they loom—like Rodin's *Balzac* against the glowering sky.

ALFRED KNOPF.

A Set of Six, by Joseph Conrad. [Doubleday, Page and Company, New York.]

In this first American edition of his *Set of Six,* Conrad is revealed as an artist *par excellence*. You find no subjective emotionalism on the part of the author in any of his six tales, in spite of their subtitles—*Romantic, Indignant, Pathetic,* and the like. You see in him the wistful observer of characters and situations, which he presents with impassionate objectivity, with the impartiality of a painter who lovingly draws his object, whether it is ugly or beautiful, whether it is a villain or a saint. Conrad possesses a wonderful skill in setting up a background, which, at times, appears of more importance than the plot. He makes you feel equally at home in the atmosphere of Napoleonic France and of France of the Restoration, of revolutionary Peru and of a Neapolitan amusement garden. You enjoy the tales greatly, you admire the clever craftmanship of the story-teller, but you close the book with an empty feeling, as if you had listened to brilliant anecdotes in a bachelors' club. K.

Amy Lowell's Poetry

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, by Amy Lowell. [*The Macmillan Company, New York.*]

In one of his letters, Byron says: "To withdraw myself from myself has ever been my sole, my entire, my sincere motive in scribbling at all." Such a confession seems strange coming from a poet, and it is a confession of quite a different character which is written on every page of Miss Lowell's book of poems. There one finds in every line the expression of a personality which tries to realize itself and succeeds in doing so. The unity as well as the interest of the book is in this very development of a strong personality, of which a new and original aspect is revealed in every poem.

What charms us at once in this personality, and renders the reading of the book a constant enchantment, is a most wonderful imagination—an imagination at the same time creative and representative, rich, varied, overflowing with images and themes. All that life and nature offer is the domain of this imagination; it wakes up at the most unexpected moment and seizes the unseen detail, giving us an idea of the wonderful wanderings through which it must take the person fortunate enough to possess it. Now it is a temple; now a church; now a beggar; a blue scarf; the distant notes of a flute; or the nocturnal noises of a London street, which starts it on its way. At other times we find the imagination at play with itself, so to speak, creating out of nothing a historical or legendary atmosphere, or opening a philosophical vista, as in *The Great Adventure of Max Breuck, The Basket,* or the poem from which the book takes its name. Each one of these poems (and several others also) has its own special atmosphere, precise in its complexity and different from all the others.

In the style itself, in the development of the subjects, one finds the same quality. It seems as if the pen were too slow to note the multiple images which offer themselves to the mind of the poet. They accumulate themselves, sometimes, in a manner not unlike that of Victor Hugo, forming long periods in which the idea is turned in all possible ways, presented from all angles and in every natural or artificial light.

It is not only the richness of the images, but their quality, which reveals the power of Miss Lowell's imagination. We all experience at every minute of our lives an infinity of sensations of which we are more or less conscious. It might almost be said that we are poets in exactly the measure that we realize and enjoy our sensations. The real poet not only registers his sensations, but is able to awaken in the mind of his readers the sudden recollection of those visual or auditive impressions which have never before reached his consciousness. This is what often delights us in *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed.* It gratifies us to feel that we are able to understand these

subtle comparisons, these curious and unexpected alliances of words, such as those in the first poem of the book, where, to define certain shades of porcelains the poet speaks

> Of lustres with so evanescent a sheen
> Their colours are felt, but never seen.

Also in the first poem entitled *Miscast,* where she speaks of her mind as

> So keen, that it nicks off the floating fringes of passers-by,
> So sharp, that the air would turn its edge
> Were it to be twisted in flight.

To help her imagination, Miss Lowell possesses a faculty which belongs only to the happy few: the gift of words. The astonishing description of arms and vases in the first poem is but one example, if one of the best, of this rare gift.

It is necessary also, in order to study thoroughly this interesting and complex personality, to mention the great dramatic quality of some of the long poems in the book. From that point of view, *The Great Adventure of Max Breuck* seems to me the most interesting. And there is much to be said of the sincerity and depth of sentiment in such poems as *A Gift, Stupidity, Patience, Absence.* All these short poems have something unique about them and constitute one of the greatest charms, and an important part of the value, of the book. It is almost incredible that a little poem like *Obligation,* for example, should contain such a world of thought and restrained sentiment in its ten short lines. I have chosen this poem as the type of this genre, because it characterizes perhaps better than any other this very special trait of Miss Lowell's talent:

> Hold your apron wide
> That I may pour my gifts into it,
> So that scarcely shall your two arms hinder them
> From falling to the ground.
>
> I would pour them upon you
> And cover you,
> For greatly do I feel this need
> Of giving you something,
> Even these poor things.
>
> Dearest of my heart.

There is, in these few lines, a simplicity so naive, a sincerity so complete, and at the same time such an intensity of feeling, that we almost feel while reading it as if we were composing it ourselves. And everybody knows that this is the mark of genius. It is rare to attain such perfection in thought and in form as we find in these short poems, which stand on their stems, straight and pure, like wild flowers opening their hearts to the sun.

I should like, in conclusion, to speak of the very new and effective

attempts of the author in the free use of all possible rhythms. The preface presents the author's point of view, but I may add that she has been especially skilful in the adaptation of the rhythms to the subjects, a thing which requires great poetic tact and musical sense. To study this side of the book would carry us too far, for to do it properly a long article written especially on the subject would be necessary.

To those who love poetry, and who are at the same time interested in the progress of new schools, this book must be of the greatest value.

MAGDELAINE CARRET.

The Man and the Artist

Achievement, by E. Temple Thurston. [*D. Appleton and Company, New York.*]

"Every man knows himself; but there are few women with all their experience of men who act as if they knew anything about them." "For it is only in moments that men are dispassionate about women, while half their lives through women are being dispassionate about men." Why is it that such glistening generalities prove invariably attractive to the "general reader"? Perhaps the poor maligned g. r. fancies he is getting "tips" on the values of his neighbors' lives, or interminable "good leads" as to his own adventures. Perhaps the fatuous distinctions merely tickle the sex-vanity. Undoubtedly the same word-wisdom, offered in regard to mankind and without the alluring distinction between man and woman, would secure but half the attention. This attention seems no whit slackened if the generalities are manifestly unfair by reason of their fealty to traditionalism, as Mr. Thurston's statements of this ilk are apt to be.

The foregoing generality is not unfair to Mr. Thurston, since this attractive bait is offered without stint in his latest novel *Achievement*. In fact, the theme of the book is that ancient perennial among popular themes: the conflict between a man and his loves; in this case finding its redemption from the usual in that the protagonist is the man's work rather than the man.

Yet, in spite of these sops to Cerberus, the book does not hold. It is but another of the multiplying outputs of today which are interesting to the critic alone, and to him only as a study in the pathology of the creative instinct. The lay-reader will find himself nodding over the crucial scenes or will lose his place time and again, if he persist in reading to the end. If a sense of justice will not permit him to judge the whole by a part, his persistence is tribute only to the undeniable sincerity of aim felt throughout the work. A stronger tribute, of course, is the mere length of this review; the fact, that is, that whatever of critic be in the reading mind is drawn to reiterate questions and puzzle over their answer, as to the reason for the

falling short of this novel from the better standards, manifestly striven after.

The reader who does concern himself, then, with *Achievement* will be puzzled, perhaps irritated, by the insistent question: "But what is the matter?" There is a certain mastery of words; there is honesty and sensitiveness of treatment, to a degree beyond the usual; moreover, side by side with the theme proper, is carried a sympathetic and reverent revelation of the mind of a creative artist, in this case, a painter; a study alone sufficient to redeem the work from the stigma of triteness. These qualities should carry any novel into favor at least; might be expected to overshadow the noticeable unevenness of work, astonishing in an author of E. Temple Thurston's apprenticeship. But the book fails to convince. The only lasting impression it leaves is the question, "Why inadequate?"

Perhaps the answer lies in the inadequacy of the theme itself. This may be voiced, in both its major and minor keys, through Mr. Thurston's own words, "For as it is the tragedy of women when the romance of love is gone from them, so it is the tragedy of men, when their work is done." Had the author juggled the words of that sentence a bit—had it read so: "The realization that the romance of love has gone out from one's life is no more a tragedy than the instant when one knows that his work is done"; could the author have conceived this theme, the subject of achievement would have compelled a more worthy treatment. Had he been able to think of women and men as alike potent, whether creators or lovers, then his picture of the creator in Richard Furlong fertilized by the lover in him might have been adequate.

The greatest need of today is a pronoun of the common gender. It is beginning to be recognized that the generation now growing up to face the ultimate issues of living is one which will declare that spiritual experience is basically an unsexed phenomenon. Woman of today has been heard to declare that whatever charge can be made about man's potentialities, even his propensities, can be charged alike to the woman. This is no meaningless attitude. Neither is it naive nor amusingly unscientific, when the young girl of the future lifts her voice and sings out, "Before she is woman or he is a man, man and woman are alike persons." In this theorem, difficult to word, lies the fertile germ of suffrage, feminism, suffragettism, militantism, and all the other lifted voices of woman.

No one of the women of Mr. Thurston's portrayal is of value to herself or to the lives about her, except as a woman, a slave or queen of man, his toy or his inspiration, life's parasite. The author would answer that he is not attempting a study of woman, but of an artist achieving by means of woman. None the less, if all the women who influence his artist were drawn in as hunchbacks, we would resent the distorted picture, the hypothesis that woman is essentially hunchbacked. Thus, since all the women in *Achievement* are traditionally paralyzed women, we resent the generic theme of

art under influence of womanhood. In order to receive serious audience today, any portrayal of woman, indirectly or directly, must recognize that there are genuine women as there are men, who live in terms of selfhood rather than in terms of sex.

The denouement is the usual stock company curtain. However, if so many pistol shots per volume is a stipulation in the novelist's contract, it must be conceded him that his telling of the murder is admirably simple. A more admirable simplicity is attained in the trenchant description of the murderer's psychology after the deed. The author is to be congratulated for missing that "opportunity" for analysis, of which the usual fiction writer spins chapter after chapter, morbid, a snare to catch cheap horror and pity, a spider-web for flies.

That the scene of the last two pages should have been written once is regrettable. That these pages were not cut out hastily as soon as written is unforgivable in an author who desires so profoundly to be in sympathy with the artist who has achieved. R.

Ethel Sidgwick's Books

[*Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.*]

I cannot let another issue of The Little Review go to press without some mention of Ethel Sidgwick. Last year, with a sense of worship, I read *Succession,* the second volume of a trilogy devoted to the story of a boy-wonder violinist. To find such subtlety, such radiance, such art—to find such music!—in a piece of fiction was an unforgetable experience. Music has never been so richly treated in fiction—except in *Jean Christophe,* which of course is the master work of the last years. I felt that I had never comprehended any character so fully as I did little Antoine, and I still feel that way. This year on Christmas day, as a sort of special celebration, I read the first volume, *Promise.* It is just as interesting, though there is not such a brilliant concentration of art in it. But isn't there some way to make these books known? They will never be popular; but it is tragic to think of their not getting to the people who would value them. Their publishers would far rather advertise their cheap fiction than to try to force Ethel Sidgwick on a nation that does not demand good work of novelists.

Oxford and Genius

Sinister Street, by Compton Mackenzie. [D. Appleton and Company, New York.]

E. Temple Thurston attracted attention here before Compton Mackenzie did, but the latter is as far ahead of him now as is Gilbert Canaan, whose *Peter Homunculus* came out about the time of Thurston's *City of Beautiful Nonsense.* These three young Englishmen know how to write English prose; Mackenzie and Canaan know how to tell big stories. *Sinister Street* is much too important a book to be reviewed in less than three or four pages at least. The first part of it tells of the modern man at Oxford—"a more complete account of the mind of a young man of our day than has been written previously in English, an account which presents some of the things that Thackeray meant when he complained that his public would not permit him to tell all he wished about Pendennis, and a good many more besides," as Lucien Cary has said. It is so extremely well done that the second part of the volume—the hero's reactions to life after Oxford—comes with a sense of forced writing. Perhaps the war had something to do with it. We shall try to review this book more at length later.

"Without Machiavelian Subtlety"

The War and Culture, by John Cowper Powys. [G. Arnold Shaw, New York.]

Among all the patriotic rubbish that has been heaped upon the book market since the outbreak of the European war, Mr. Powys's pamphlet presents at least not dull reading. The brilliant lecturer unmasques the underlying motives of German statesmen who have accepted Machiavelian principles, "without acquiring Machiavelian subtlety." He successfully attacks Münsterberg and other apologists for the Fatherland, who endeavor to present their country in the image of an innocent lamb dragged into the bloody struggle by greedy barbarians. Mr. Powyss' mission is a negative one, and there it ends. He falls flat as soon as he attempts to idealize and to glorify the Allies. His speculation that the present war as a struggle of ideas, of individualism versus state, of soul versus machine, is far fetched.

The Reader Critic

Mr. Powys on Dostoevsky

(A reader sends us these jottings from one of Mr. Powys's lectures.)

Shudders of life. . . .

I have only one thing to do—to bring you into a strange mass of palpable darkness with something moving in it. Dostoevsky is really a great mass, a volume, not a cloud nor a pillar of fire nor a puff of smoke, but a vast, formless, shapeless mass of darkness, palpable and drawing you towards itself.

Reading him is dangerous because of the inherent sense of fear likely to be accentuated in those who are a little mad and whose madness takes on the form of fear. We go on a visit to a mad house, to hospitals with Dostoevsky. But with him this whole world suddenly changes into a mad house. It is all haunting mad houses and hospitals filled with us maniacs of the particular fear we are subject to.

(Life is all a running away—a distraction. We are running away when we are talking, when we are making love—then more than ever, perhaps.)

In Dostoevsky we suddenly realize that these Russians are ourselves. If the religion, mysticism, liberalism, despotism they possess were only Russian there are excellent books written by travellers in Russia for us to read. But Dostoevsky is different. If I could but mesmerize you . . . It is like reading the gospels in childhood, being overrun and overthrown by fate and then after one has lived meeting the words of the childhood situations and making associations.

I do not think of him as an artist, though he is a great one. You do not *think* of him . . . In ordinary life we suppress half the things and more we might say. Vanity and fear are the ultimate things. In Dostoevsky the people tug and scrape at one anothers' vain nerves with adder's poison. He gives one the sensation of discovering one's self and betraying one's self. He reveals as friends talking and discussing in the small hours of the morning reveal themselves to one another. The talk may be a describing of the animal functions of the human body. But in reality it is the psychic tingling, electric vibrations which the physiological structure exerts upon mind! Mind! Mind! Dostoevsky is interested in what people actually feel. He is more with people who have written diaries than with so-called realistic novelists. One gets from him a sense of perversion of human imagination . . . He is the most important of novelists; full of ripples and vibrations of imagination. Everybody has imagination. The things we do are nothing. Imagination is the only thing over which Will has no power.

Nietzsche says that he got all his contemporary philosophy from Dostoevsky. He got from him even his idea of the inner circle of aristocratic souls who really rule the world, are themselves unhappy, and take with others to places which they (these others) cannot enter. Dostoevsky thinks that the secret of the world is in abandonment, perversion; Nietzsche in hardness, stiffness, the gay, the strong, the beautiful, aristocratic, dominant . . . Nietzsche with all his reality does not describe life as it is. Zarathustra is a dream—impossible perhaps. But Dostoevsky does describe life. Nietzsche's man is absolutely alone—has his own hell. Dostoevsky's has that too, but in a different way. He gives the feeling of a third person where two are alone. Do not think that Dostoevsky is a mystic. The essential thing is that you have this sense of a third person to which genius appeals. Dostoevsky is a stronger as well as a truer one than even Nietzsche himself.

Nietzsche is as a skater upon the ice, a dancer upon a tight rope who remains a white, balanced figure on the surface. Dostoevsky plunges—into a darkness full of voices. You must get there by a form of perversion. Every one of his characters is incurably hurt. Nietzscheans harden their hearts and live on the surface. All Dostoevsky people are weak. He thinks that only out of weakness will redemption come; abandonment to every emotion. In that he is Dionysian . . . Dostoevsky I cannot put into words. Perversion; Disease; God is Disease; God is Pain; Dostoevsky depicts how Disease gives one illumination. We have an idea that we must be well. Even Nietzsche says that. The Greeks said it ages ago. Dostoevsky says "No; I offer you a new value." He has a lust for fools—understands the mania that people have of making fools of themselves. God is Folly; God is Cruelty—perhaps an epicene God.

Dostoevsky is a celebralist. His specialty is imaginative reactions. All the lusts that have stretched their wailing arms, all the hopes, all the goblins . . . In sex as in everything else people are not what they are doing; they are in that vortex of what they imagine themselves. Dostoevsky understands all that. Those frank-spoken people who think they know sex are puritans on the other side. They have no imagination.

We can overestimate what Dostoevsky has from Russia and not attribute what he is to himself. Other Russians are Russians—Turgeniev, Tolstoy, Andreyev, Chekhov, Gorky—but they are not as big as he is; perhaps they are more of the broader stamp.

. . . Constance Garnett's translations are masterpieces. The French are too artistic to translate Dostoevsky. . . . No one can approach Dostoevsky in creating a saint. Russia as the spiritual bringer-back of the world to Christianity—this runs through his works. He is *the* Christian. His books are full of translations from Scripture. He understands the underlying psychology of the gospels. Nietzsche said that putting the gospels with the art of the Old Testament was a crime in the name of Art. The Old Testament is undoubtedly finer art, but the New is psychology—masterly.

VERS LIBRE AND COMMON SENSE

Clinton Masseck, St. Louis:

Vers Libre has no inconsiderable tradition in English verse, as Mr. Arthur Ficke has recently pointed out in THE LITTLE REVIEW. Its progress in French poetry, particularly among modern writers, is familiar to all students. And if we were inclined to forget or to forgive Whitman (meaning in politer terms to accept him and his followers), the recent verse of the Imagiste group and such writers as Miss Amy Lowell and Mr. Max Bodenheim in our own midst would be likely to force our attention to this interesting form—if I may employ this word in no paradoxical sense.

But *vers libre* is of the moment—new, if you will, in its present appeal. Its modern themes, its unique figures of speech, its wide practice, both in this country and in England, mark it as a new movement, or at least a new recrusence.

Anything new invites attack; anything new in literature perhaps warrants attack. If it can stand the test, by just such a token, it is worth consideration. But there are those to whom the new is always a thing to be attacked—because it is new, because it is inexplicable according to their own canons of emotion and intellect. Francis Jeffrey, with his famous caption on Wordsworth, "This will never do," has his echo, futile and otherwise, in every generation of critics. And so we have Mr. Llewellyn Jones, in the January issue of THE LITTLE REVIEW, sending up his protest against *vers libre* in general and Mr. Bodenheim in particular.

Mr. Jones is markedly distressed. If he were not so much in earnest and so decently—or indecently—polite, so "suedy," so suave, even scholastic in his handling, he might be amusing. He is also distinctly pugnacious and, as most pugnacious people are inclined to be, he is curiously inconsistent.

In fact, it is a little difficult to determine why Mr. Jones cannot accept Bodenheim. (He is guilty of reading Meredith, "popularly supposed to be obscure.") Because our poet writes of "a world of growing sieves, slim squares, powdered souls, cool, colorless struggles, the obstetrical adventures of white throats, and green and yellow dins," and because Mr. Jones, in the smallness of his soul or environment, has never been able to concoct or to conceive of poetry couched in this garb—let us grant the idea behind it—he straightway announces "This will never do." Wordsworth, after being so thoroughly "sieved" by the critics, still lives; the divine essence of romanticism was not killed by Jeffrey and his thunder-pellet phrase. Courage, Mr. Bodenheim!

Yet in a really admirable paragraph of summary as to the function of poetry and the relation of a poet to his audience, Mr. Jones lays down the dictum that "the poet sees the world as we do not see it. Consequently, he can put a new complexion on it for us. The world is pluralistic, and so are we. Intellectually we may be of the twentieth century, but emotionally we may be born out of our due season. Then let the poet of that due season mediate to us the emotional life that we need . . . By his aid alone we may get outside of our own skins and into the very heart of the world."

The last words of this statement are peculiarly significant in this connection. "By his aid alone we may get outside of our skins into the very heart of the world." What is the heart of the world? I do not know it all, emotionally or intellectually, although if I were to trust one of these endowments in order to render judgment upon poetry, I should choose the first. On the other hand, Mr. Jones does not know the entire heart of the world; nor does Mr. Bodenheim. But we may each of us know some little corner of this heart that the other does not or cannot ever know. For some of us poetry remains but the supreme expression of mere external beauty, for others the expression in consummate form of a purely intellectual process; to others poetry is a weapon wherewith to pierce the veil of externality and to expose the hidden but the real reality. The late William James once declared that we were standing on the

verge of new discoveries in feeling and knowledge; that just beyond us lies a world of new adjustments and new experiences. Of course, in this instance, James had reference to our new appreciation and estimate of the value of mysticism in the judgment of certain phases of religious experiences. But the thing holds true even in poetry; the line between the poet and the mystic has yet to be drawn. I, for one, should not want to think myself incapable of enlarging either my soul or my appreciation. If anybody can show me whether in new terms or not a hitherto unsuspected and unknown aspect of beauty, I shall be content to accept that person. I would go further; I should be very thankful that I had obtained a new point of view with which to regulate both my emotions and my intellect.

I, for one, saw and felt and appreciated the appeal of the much-discussed "sieve" poem. To be sure, along with Mr. Jones, I had previously thought of a sieve only in relation to ashes and garden earth—and even of that "little triangular sieve that fits into kitchen sinks." But if some one can come along and convince me that this hitherto vulgar and despised implement has inherent in it the possibilities of metaphysical development, and that a certain person can be likened to a sieve, why, then I have learned a new aspect of beauty.

And hence, it would seem to me that Mr. Bodenheim has fulfilled every single requirement that Mr. Jones has put upon the poet. And the only reason Mr. Jones cannot appreciate these little poems is because, intelectually and emotionally, he is "born out of due season."

After all, "All art is convention." The Alaskan Indian, with his grotesque—to us —totem poles, cannot understand the smooth and plastic strength of much of classic sculpture. The African Negro, with his Campbell-soup-can earrings and his Con-

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necticut-made curtain ring bracelets, cannot appreciate the effect of simple unadornment. Yet in any case the point of view, the impelling instinct that leads toward beauty, is the same for any person, any race, any civilization. Let us be honest and admit this. Let us sincerely seek and discover the philosophy that guides every new movement, whether in fashion or food or poetry.

Yet it seems to me that we are too prone to accept poetry and to judge it from a too utilitarian point of view. We would make it stand the same test that we apply to religion, to household furnaces, and other things that have been long tried. We ask ourselves when some new manifestation of it arises: "Will it do the trick? Will it comfort and warm and sustain us in the way that we have been accustomed to being

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comforted, warmed, and sustained by that which has already been accepted?" Yet if a new form discovers a new idea, if it tears away the covering with rough and clumsy hands in order to show the emotions, a fresh significance or a bold interpretation, we jump back in terror and horror.

So it is with *vers libre* at the present moment. Because it shows us new things, and a new and perhaps at times an awkward manner, critics fed on the diluted centimentality of Longfellow—or even the classic and obscure Meredith—revolt. Eventually they will accept it; they must. Those that are not fools must remember that history repeats itself; that to cite but a recent instance, Manet and Monet and Sisley, in painting, are accepted where forty-five years ago they were characterized as fools and madmen. After time has crystalized the unusual into the conventional, and the crystals are as common and as pretty as only time and much practice can make them, the critic, along with the man in the street, will be content to partake and to appreciate. It will be then too late; what was once unique and rare will be common and banally uninteresting; a new awakening will then take place, and once more the world will witness the same absurd attack of the critics.

In this connection, in our future judgment of *vers libre,* let us recall the wise and simple words of R. A. M. Stevenson: "The test of a new thing is not utility, which may appear at any moment like a shoot with the first favouring breath of spring. The test is the kind and amount of human feeling and intellect put into the work. Could any fool do it? Now, in this matter of depicting truth, there are eyesights of all grades and breadth, of grandeur, of subtlety, and art has more than the delicacy of a tripos examination in tailing out as in a footrace all the talents and capabilities of the competitors."

Go to it, Mr. Bodenheim!

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