

# The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the  
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

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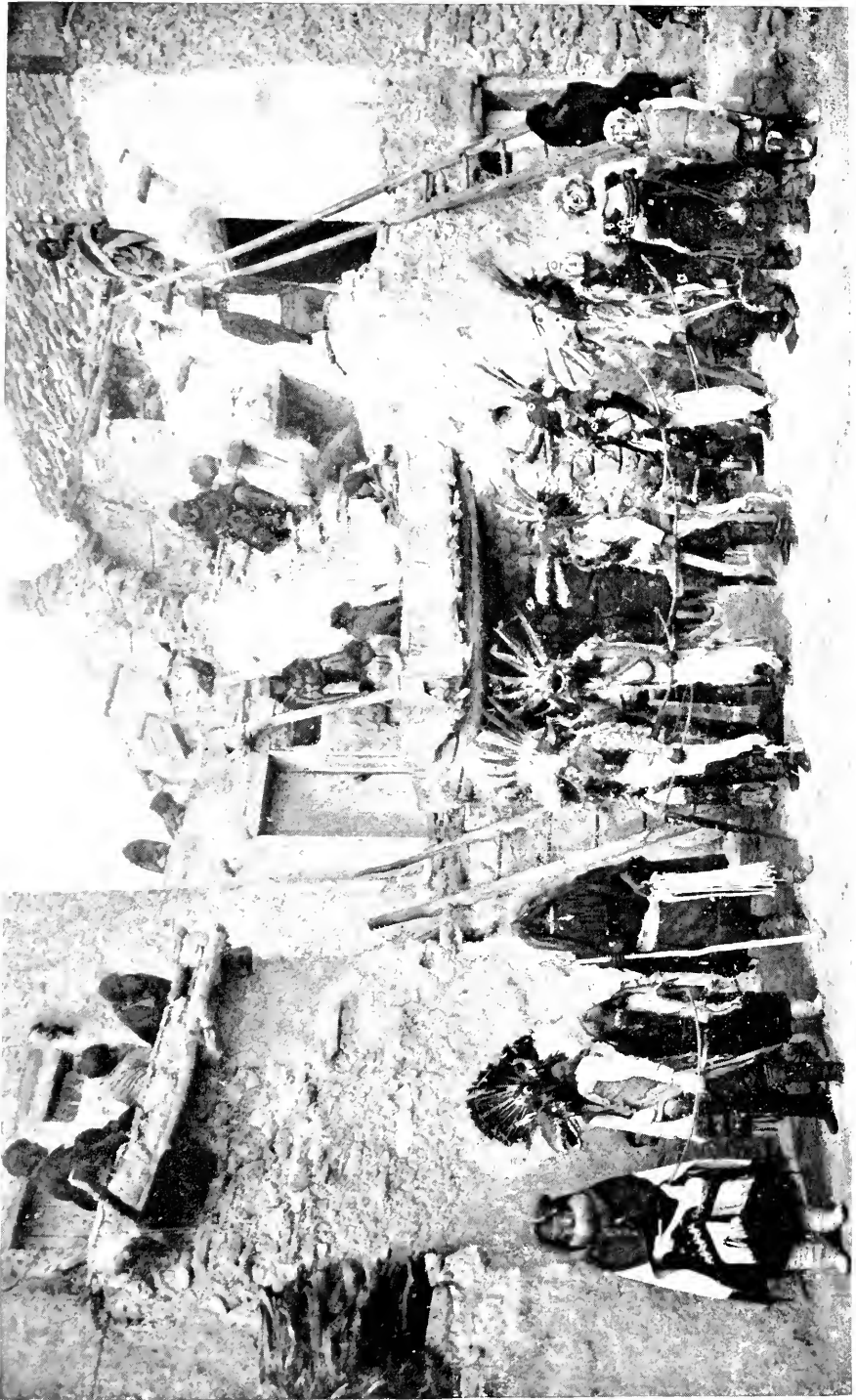
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**LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.**

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NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

*Frontispiece to the Open Court*

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## A POST-KANTIAN ANTINOMY

BY ERNEST T. PAINE

LIKE most titles, the subject "A Post-Kantian Antinomy" is a misnomer. If any philosophical problem was both Kantian and pre-Kantian, the question between mechanism and teleology might be so designated. But for some reason best known to himself Kant did not explicitly include this well-dried bone of contention among the dialectical fossils which adorn the pages of the "Critique of Pure Reason". . . . The universe had (and had not) a beginning in time; everything (and nothing) is simple; there must (and there cannot) be freedom; there is (and there is not) a necessary Being on whom the world depends. Certainly these disputes involve the question of purposiveness. But it remained for Charles Darwin to supply conditions under which the dry bone should return to life and reassume its antinomian form,—the same shape, but grown massive and portentous. In our day there must come to every thoughtful person at least some moments when chase, or even capture, by dinosaur, mammoth, or ichthyosaurus, would be welcome in preference to the agony of slow torture by a cosmological monster that is not only prehistoric but two-headed.

For the present discussion there is little need of assembling reasons *pro* and *contra* in the formal Kantian manner so as to see how neatly they annul each other. It is quite possible, of course, to assume an affectation of skepticism and go about looking for antinomies, like Lucian's philosopher with the scales. "And what are the scales for, my fine fellow?" said the prospective buyer to this promising slave. "Oh, I put arguments in them" was the reply: "and when I get the arguments evenly balanced, so that they differ by not so much as a feather's weight, then I don't know which side is more convincing." When it comes to teleology, however, skepti-

cism would often seem to be no matter of mere affectation. There are times when without any pretensions to the subtlety of sophist or jesuit we would as soon take one side as the other in the debate. Purpose must, and purpose cannot be, the guiding principle of the universe.

The contradiction is sufficiently disturbing; yet after all why meddle with it? How fatuous, indeed, to repeat the time-worn arguments and illustrations! But these are, many of them, just the difficulties that have never been adequately dealt with. I wander out in the fields in the autumn and come home covered with those peryverse, adhesive, two-tined seed-carriers commonly known as stick-tights. Stick is what they will do, defying any implement of removal. A fine-toothed comb will be as useless as a garden-rake. It will take longer to pick them off than it will to write this paper. Well, we sometimes feel like saying, only an idiot could fail to see purposiveness in such adaptations. Good for William Jennings Bryan! He had the courage to utter what we all really thought. Let us no longer be satisfied with glittering evolutionary generalizations. We wish to know in detail how such things can be explained apart from intention and design. If a plant depends on stick-tights for dissemination of its seed, its success in the struggle for life presupposes *real* double-pointed tacks from the outset. But this way lies complete surrender. We must haul down the biological flag. Back to Paley and the only authentic palaeontology (or of course one should say anatomy). We will even solicit a humble place at the next Lord Mayor's dinner in order to make public recantation of our heresy regarding the human epiglottis; although, we confess, the teleological account of that particular organ did use to stick in our throats. "Consider how many Lord Mayor's banquets have occurred during the last hundred years." (Is that how the passage runs?) "What deglutition! What manducation! And not one Alderman choked in a century!"

All *must* have been planned in advance! That is one feeling which the whole output of evolutionary writing, supported by no end of more or less good-humored raillery, will not always quite dispel. But there are other moods, equally recurrent, when the outrageous corollaries of our erstwhile cheap anthropomorphism bring us to confusion. Miami, then, has been undergoing punishment lately. And the Black Plague was a benign heavenly visitation. And the Great War was a far-off divine event. And this is the best of all

possible worlds. And "spite of pride, in erring reason's spite, one thing is clear: whatever is, is right." Surely Alec Pope had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote those lines; or else he richly deserves to have told about him the story of what recently happened in my library. Our unlettered domestic, cleaning the bookshelves, was observed to take down a copy of the "Essay on Man" and look at the title. "Hm", she remarked, "Pop's Easy Man", and nonchalantly replacing the volume went on with her dusting. Beyond doubt Juanita was right. If Berkeley justly complained of the way in which people sometimes sit down in a forlorn skepticism, we may be pardoned for suggesting that it is quite as reprehensible to sit down in an abandonment of optimism. The case is by no means as simple as the easy Essay represented it to be.

What is to be done in this predicament? Numerous avenues of escape have been suggested, but frankly the aim of this paper is to comment on the misleading character of some of these. To begin with, there is Samuel Butler, who first attracted our attention as capable of saying something worth while, by that memorable, if somewhat cynical, remark in the "Way of All Flesh" about political and religious fundamentalism. He characterized certain people as desiring higher prices and cheaper wages; but otherwise, he said, they were most contented when things were changing least. "Tolerators, if not lovers, of all that was familiar, haters of all that was unfamiliar, they would have been equally horrified at hearing the Christian religion doubted and at seeing it practised." We presently discovered that although Butler, as hinted by this passage, was himself an ardent believer in change, that is in evolution, he was a most acute critic of the more doubtful aspects of Darwinism; and so far our sympathies were with him. But whether anything can be made of his doctrine of unconscious purposiveness is another question. The doctrine seems plausible at first, possibly because coupled with such a successful attack on the natural selection theory. Butler indeed plays havoc with Darwin's fortuitous variations; yet he seems not to have perceived that the argument against Darwin is capable of being turned back against his own view. If the variations are fortuitous and minute, where, truly, is natural selection to obtain a foothold? But if the variations are unconsciously purposive, as Butler maintained, what is to keep them in line long enough for significant modifications to be effected? We should note that Butler believed as strongly as Darwin in the gradual

accumulation of slight variations. For example there is his illustration of the web-footed bird.

"Thus," he says, "a bird whose toes were not webbed, but which had under force of circumstances little by little in the course of many generations learned to swim, . . . such a bird did not probably conceive the idea of swimming on water and set itself to get webbed feet. The bird found itself in some small difficulty, out of which it either saw, or at any rate found that it could extricate itself by striking out vigorously with its feet and extending its toes as far as ever it could; it thus began to learn the art of swimming and conceived the idea of swimming synchronously, or nearly so; or perhaps wishing to get over a yard or two of deep water, and trying to do so without being at the trouble of rising to fly, it would splash and struggle its way over the water, and thus practically swim, though without much perception of what it had been doing. Finding that no harm had come to it, the bird would do the same again and again; it would thus presently lose fear, and would be able to act more calmly; then it would begin to find out that it could swim a little, and if its food lay much in the water so that it would be of great advantage to it to be able to alight and rest without being forced to return to land, it would begin to make a practice of swimming. It would now discover that it could swim the more easily according as its feet presented a more extended surface to the water; it would therefore keep its toes extended whenever it swam, and as far as in it lay, would make the most of whatever skin was already at the base of its toes. After very many generations it would become web-footed, if doing as above described should have been found continuously convenient, so that the bird should have continuously used the skin about its toes as much as possible in this direction."

Now this is all very fine until we come to the *proviso* in the last sentence. After very many generations the bird would become web-footed *if doing as above described should have been found continuously convenient, so that the bird should have continuously used the skin about its toes as much as possible in this direction.*" This indispensable condition, which Butler slips in without attracting much attention to it, we have the right and the obligation to italicize. What assurance is there that countless generations of land birds would have continuously desired to find food or anything else in the water? One exception, we must remember, would have disproved this rule. One timid reactionary, like a fussy hen that would any time grate-



fully starve to death in preference to getting her feet wet, would have *deducked* the earth's surface in advance and forever.

We must not lose ourselves in details, but a further argument of Butler's touching the question calls for notice. Explaining the very gradual manner in which, according to his theory, purpose becomes defined and realized, he says: "It may appear as though I were blowing hot and cold with the same breath, inasmuch as I am insisting that important modifications of structure have been always purposive; and at the same time am denying that the creature modified has had any purpose in the greater part of all those actions which at length have modified both structure and instinct. . . . [But] provided there is a *very little* perception of and prescience concerning the means whereby the *next* desired end may be attained, it matters not how little in advance that end may be of present desires and faculties; it is still reached through purpose, and must be called purposive. . . . If each one of the small steps is purposive the result is purposive, though there was never purpose extended over more than one, two, or perhaps at most three, steps at a time." Now it is the fashion to berate formal logic for never discovering any fallacies except such as have been made to order and put in text books to be rediscovered there by a notably illogical and reluctant younger generation. But how is the foregoing argument of Butler's for a beautiful instance of a fallacy in real life? "If each of the small steps is purposive, the result is purposive." Surely *purposive* is used in two senses here, and the statement is just as misleading as any stock example of composition in the logic manuals; as can be shown by substituting for *purposive* the really appropriate expression in each case. The sentence will then read: "If each of the small steps is intentional, the result may be spoken of as intentional, although as a matter of fact none but the last participant in the series actually intended it." Or more briefly: "If each of the small steps is (consciously) purposive, the result is (unconsciously) purposive, —whatever that may mean. But this is poles asunder from the original proposition.

We are thus brought face to face with the major problem, which may now be considered without any further reference to stick-tights, water-fowl, poultry-yards, or even material fallacies in logic. Is, or is it not, the expression *unconscious purposiveness* a contradiction in terms? Is, or is not, *entelechy* an idol of the market-place, a cant word in philosophy, which we are in some danger of rolling

off our tongues with too pious unction? Is, or is not, *teleology* a term that we should be more careful about employing, unless we deliberately use it in the good old-fashioned connotation which meant something, or, in the current idiom, had teeth in it, by which to get hold of human comprehension? Professor Creighton once wrote: "At the present time one may perhaps say that the fundamental question in philosophy is whether it is possible to employ the category of Teleology or Purposiveness as an explanation of the universe and of our own experience; and, if so, what content is to be given to this conception." After commenting on the inadequacy of caudo-mechanical interpretations, he significantly continued:—"The question then is: Are we justified in advancing to a different form of judgment, to judgments of Teleology or Individuality? If this question be answered in the affirmative, it is above all essential to remember that a change of category is no excuse for indefiniteness. Philosophical analysis and interpretation are necessarily different from those of science, but philosophical procedure must not be less strict than that of the sciences, or its conceptions less carefully defined." The passage just quoted ran without change through the last two editions of the *Logic*, published in 1913 and 1920. James Ward's "Realm of Ends" had been published in 1911; Bosanquet's "Principle of Individuality and Value" in 1912 (the Lectures were in 1911). Hobhouse's "Development and Purpose" appeared in 1913. It might therefore seem as if, in spite of his obvious leanings toward a teleological view, and notwithstanding the noteworthy contributions of Ward, Bosanquet, and Hobhouse in the same direction, Professor Creighton thought, near the very end of his life and work, that the problem of purposiveness was still greatly in need of clarification. With this opinion, if he did hold it, I at least should concur. That is, the post-Kantian antinomy is yet unresolved.

To restate the situation, there is on the one side mechanism, which is no longer satisfactory to anybody, chiefly perhaps for the reason that, as Hobhouse has suggested, the most teleological thing imaginable is a machine, and the more perfect, the more teleological; on the other side there is radical finalism, also an outworn doctrine, largely because it appears to be inconsistent with our moral experience; and between these extremes we find a limbo of rather ill-defined conceptions ranging, say, from Butler's view already mentioned, to Lloyd Morgan's "Emergent Evolution" and General Smuts's "Holism" recently announced. Now Lloyd Morgan and

General Smuts and those who anticipated them (for it is doubtful whether there is much that is new in principle in these lately published volumes) may be on the right track; but that is not to assert that the question of purposiveness is greatly illuminated by the favorite doctrine of these recent writers, namely that a true whole is more than an aggregate and cannot be understood by reference merely to the nature of the units combined in the whole; that the whole determines the parts instead of being determined by them. Surely this is the essential principle of an entelechy, and no one could wish to dissent from it. So far, so good. But we are still in the dark as to how we can apprehend a final cause that does not precede its effect by way of being a plan or idea present either to the consciousness of an organism itself or to the mind of some external agent. Old-fashioned teleology with a vengeance! But should we not perhaps cease calling our theories teleological, unless we are willing to entertain this view?

Purpose, that is, involves awareness of an end. Purposiveness is the most characteristic mark of intelligence. To think at all is to intend. To know is to appreciate the meanings of things, to relate them from the point of view of their significance. To be conscious is to have desires and aims. All this we believe to be good doctrine. We are roused to commendable fervor by the typical utterances of idealism, for example that fine remark of Bosanquet's that "if anything bewilders us in the proceedings of nature, we set it down, as a mere matter of course, to our ignorance." We flatter ourselves that we discover a teleological trend even in T. H. Huxley, as for instance when he says that the amount of order discoverable in the universe is limited only by our ability to perceive it; or again, surprisingly enough, in the Romanes Lecture, where commenting like any dyed-in-the-wool evolutionist on the impermanence of the cosmos, he says: [The world thus] "assumes the aspect not so much of a permanent entity as of a changeful process in which naught endures save the flow of energy and the rational order which pervades it." And Huxley called himself an agnostic. Agnostic nothing! we retort. What more does idealism crave than rational order? For how could rational order be brought to pass by anything else than mind? Or, in Bosanquet's words, how could anything be due to mind that never was a plan before a mind? "It couldn't," a certain still small voice within us keeps declaring. But evolution, if consistent, asserts flatly that it could, and must. Very well, then, let the

two opponents have it out together. But we are not sure that people who are supposed to be fighting for teleology will not look like deserters if they go very far toward compromise with a relentlessly non-teleological foe.

Passages of doubtful complexion occur in books as admirable as those of Hobhouse. For instance there is a page in "Development and Purpose" where the attempt to deduce teleological behavior from sensori-motor responses ends in "just words", or as perhaps one would better say, in the restoration of purposiveness under another name to the position from which it was supposed to have been banished. "*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*" "Drive out purpose with a fork, Still she'll come and ask for work!" Thus, in the present context, we may translate the familiar line.

Hobhouse's paragraph is as follows:

"Without the formation of purpose it is possible that actions should be coordinated in series, so as to produce results of importance to the organism. This brings us to the second method in which sensori-motor response may serve the future. Just as the hereditary structure may determine a reflex response, which performs a function without intelligence or purpose, so it may determine a tension of feeling guiding a train of sensori-motor acts—and indeed of structural and reflex acts along with them—and persisting till a result of importance to the organism is attained. Trains of action so determined are generically instincts. We may conceive that where there is a well-developed instinct, but little or no intelligence, the train of action is determined by a tension, which at any given point is satisfied only by a performance which falls in with the course leading up to the final accomplishment of the result, and by no other. The solitary wasp dragging a spider to its hole does not act altogether mechanically, nor altogether intelligently. But it is not satisfied till it gets the spider into the hole. That result, and no other, relieves the tension. Where intelligence arises within the sphere of instinct, it probably takes short views at the outset and aims at near results, which will relieve the tension and so satisfy. From these it advances step by step till it grasps the end of the instinct, which then becomes suffused with purpose."

Having quoted this passage I will dismiss it, believing its unsatisfactory character to be apparent. It is no explanation of a developing instinct to say that hereditary structure determines it; nor yet of a train of acts to say that it is governed by a "tension".

“Hereditary structure” and “tension” as here employed are plain *idola fori*; and besides that, the paragraph is full of teleological concepts in spite of the non-purposive presuppositions with which it begins.

There is one more passage in Hobhouse to which I may call attention as further revealing the difficulties that lie in wait for believers in teleology who assent too readily and completely to some of the conclusions of modern science. In the second chapter of “Development and Purpose” Hobhouse falls in line with those voluntarists, from Schopenhauer down, who have desired to extend the concept of mind so as to make it include much more than what is clearly conscious. “The facts of consciousness”, Hobhouse says, “reveal upon examination the working of causes strictly continuous with those that appear within the field of consciousness itself, but yet extending outside that field. There appears in short to be something that operates unconsciously, but yet in a manner closely comparable and even in essence identical with many of the operations familiar to us as operations of consciousness. Moreover by these operations, proceeding as it were in the background, the attitude of consciousness is in a large measure determined. Conscious and unconscious operations then may be legitimately grouped together, and without prejudgment as to their ultimate nature the sum of them may be called Mind. Mind then appears as that which has consciousness in its foreground, while in the background it is the theatre of energies, of interactions, of stresses and strains, the play of which goes to determine the character of the scene by which the said foreground is filled. To understand this relation, not in its metaphysical essence, but in its empirical detail, is highly important for our purpose.”

Now I would say at present that the empirical detail is all right. At least it would appear that we must concede this point, however reluctantly, because the empirical description seems to be valid; and, besides, there is the testimony of Freud, Jung, and the rest; even of William James, who solemnly declared (and he was not often solemn) that the most important psychological discovery in a quarter century was the subconscious life of human beings. But the ‘metaphysical essence’ is cause for genuine alarm. What follows from the remark that by operations proceeding in the background the attitude of consciousness is in large measure determined? The question answers itself; for how can anyone retain a shadow of con-

fidence in purpose as a metaphysical principle, after yielding predominance in the mental-spiritual-conscious realm to mere physical and unconscious factors?

But someone will now say,—“What has become of the post-Kantian antinomy? One side was to be as good as the other in this debate, and here you are talking idealism and not giving the adversary half a chance. Why not spell ‘adversary’ with a capital A in the time-honored manner of religion, since by appealing to prejudice and misinformation you are making a veritable devil out of mechanism, though if opportunity were afforded mechanism could present a very good case.” The fact is, I admit the justice of these strictures. Idealism does appeal to me. I was brought up that way; and then, to use William James’s expression, it is a more illustrious theory. But mechanism, also, I often admire, particularly at those times, inevitable in everyone’s life, when the evidence seems conclusive that the “universe has no sort of relation to moral ends”. What I dislike, and this is the substance of the present discussion, is the spectacle of idealism making unsolicited and unnecessary overtures to its opponents, by trying to turn consciousness into the unconscious and purposiveness into the non-purposive. Such adventures seem to be neither promising nor legitimate. Furthermore (though this, again, is abandoning a strictly impartial, antinomian standpoint) it would be more appropriate for the overtures to come from the other side.

## THE CONFLICT OF AUTHORITY AND FREEDOM IN ANCIENT CHINESE ETHICS

BY HOMER H. DUBS

THE purpose of this paper is to give an account of the development of Chinese thought on the important problem of authority and freedom in ethics, a problem which is fundamental for any ethical system. It makes a very great difference to ethical theory whether the individual's actions shall be determined by standards of conduct which are imposed upon him from without, or whether he shall be free to work out those standards of conduct for himself. On this problem ancient and medieval Chinese thought ended in accepting the principle of authority by adopting the Confucian philosophy. While today we rebel against external authority in moral matters, yet we must remember that the ancient and medieval world universally adopted a different attitude. In the legalism of the Pharisees, the law codes of the Brahmans, the authoritarianism of the Christian Catholic church, and the philosopher-ruler of Plato's ideal republic, who was to be the absolute authority for the mass of the people, reflective thought everywhere decided in favor of authority. Consequently we are not surprised that it was also victorious in China; rather we should be surprised to find that so much opposition was given to its sway.

The situation in China was similar to that in ancient Greece—a gradual growth in wealth and commerce; a group of city-states situated in a homogeneous territory—this time inland instead of on a sea-coast; growing intercourse between them, the growth of a literature and of literary centers. There were a number of differences; the most important of these was the remarkable historical sense of the people. In the eyes of the people of the time of Confucius, China was already an ancient country with authentic records going back for at least half a millenium, and traditions going back more than a

millenium more. Hence we find in ancient China a historic sense that links her thought more with that of our own time than with the timeless universals of Greece. At the same time we find a strengthening of the authority of the past through its very antiquity. A second difference lay in the possession by China of an Emperor who was theoretically the center of the political organism. While his power was shadowy in the golden age of philosophy, so that there was no central authority to check speculation, yet the possession of the imperial tradition meant much for the development of the ideal of a political system (and hence of an ethical doctrine) in which there was an Emperor, a Sage-King to wield the authority of the state—a much more convenient figure to head up an authoritarian doctrine than Plato's philosopher-rulers in an aristocratic "Republic." Thirdly, there was no slave class in China. The Chinese were a homogeneous people not much given to fighting; while there are traditions of a coming from the West (unconfirmed by any reliable evidence) it was by a process of peaceful penetration rather than by conquest that they gained their place in the sun. They were peaceful agriculturalists rather than warlike herdsmen. Hence we find in China a larger amount of genuine democracy and of community of interest between the governors and governed than elsewhere.

The ancient Chinese social system was organized around the family and clan. This family was the typical patriarchal family. the father or grandfather possessed the *patria potestas*, and his children, grandchildren, and other relatives, together with their wives and children, lived in one household. Their gods were chiefly the spirits of the honored ancestors, who still cared for their descendants, and whose worship and care bound the family into a greater unity. In such a relatively static agricultural environment, it was natural that the experience of age should receive honor and authority. Hence the greatest happiness that could come to anyone was to live to a good old age until the headship of the family descended upon him, and the whole clan should honor and serve him. Even today, "Long Life" is one of the three greatest happinesses. Thus there came to be clear distinctions between older and younger, so that different words were used for the terms, "older brother" and "younger brother", "older sister" and "younger sister," "uncle who is older than my father" and "uncle who is younger than my father," "older brother's wife" and "younger brother's wife", to a great de-



gree of refinement. When reflective thought came to be applied to this situation, two especial virtues were applied to these relations, "filial piety", and "Reverence for the elder". In addition there was the virtue of *Li*, later to become one of the two most important moral concepts, translated "propriety", "ceremony", or "the rules of proper conduct", which included all the various observances, customary, religious, and courtly, as well as the observances of politeness, and logically included the two previously mentioned virtues. This concept of *Li* became the apotheosis of traditional morality, and carried with it all the values of the traditional scheme of things.

Confucius may well be called the Socrates of China. Living about three-quarters of a century before that thinker, like him, he busied himself in endeavoring to build up a code of morals to buttress the declining morality of his time. For him, as for Socrates, ethics constituted the sum and substance of philosophy, and he refused to go into other speculations. He was a faithful government official, and so politics was the goal of philosophy.

As a basis for his ethics, Confucius brought forward a principle which was new at that time in Chinese ethical thought, that of *Jen* or "benevolence".<sup>1</sup> The meaning of this term has been disputed, but Confucius himself defined it as "Love your fellowmen."<sup>2</sup> In another passage he declared that "the man of *Jen* is one who desiring to maintain himself sustains others, and desiring to develop himself develops others. To be able from one's self to draw a parallel for the treatment of others—that may be called the rule of *Jen*."<sup>3</sup> In other words, *Jen* is the carrying out of the golden rule. It is the highest of virtues,<sup>4</sup> and is the definition of the Superior Man.<sup>5</sup> But *Jen* is not love in the sense that we use the term. Confucius made very much of the natural and social relationships of prince and minister, father and son, older and younger brother, husband and wife, and in each case there is a superior and inferior,

<sup>1</sup>The chief pieces of literature which we can assuredly date before the time of Confucius are the *Book of Odes* and the *Book of History*. In the *Odes*, *Jen* is used only twice, whereas *Li* is used six times; in the *Book of History*, *Jen* is used five times while *Li* is used nine times. Evidently *Jen* did not become an important ethical concept until the time of Confucius; in the *Analecets* it is used fifty-four times as against forty-one times that *Li* is used.

<sup>2</sup>*Analecets* XII, xxii.

<sup>3</sup>*Analecets* VI, xxviii.

<sup>4</sup>*Analecets* IV, vi, 1.

<sup>5</sup>*An.* IV, v, 2, 3.

so the attitude of the superior should be different from that of the inferior; it is not the love of equals, but the benevolence of the prince or paterfamilias; kindness rather than love.<sup>6</sup>

But he was not consistent in his use of the term. As the highest of virtues, *Jen* came to include the whole of virtue, to be equivalent to virtue itself, and so to include other elements than love; it is defined as respect, magnanimity, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness,<sup>7</sup> and even applied to all, not merely to the superior.

In Confucius' use of this concept, he was getting away from the ethics of authority. *Jen* was a general principle, just as was the Golden Rule; it was not a code of conduct already decided upon for whose use only casuistry was required; it was a principle which each individual would have to apply for himself. We should remember in this connection that in Confucius' Silver Rule, "Do not do to others as you would not have others do unto you", the negative form of statement is due to the peculiar genius of the Chinese language, which prefers a negative to a positive statement, and that when Confucius came to elucidate its meaning by the principle of "reciprocity", he showed that he meant the Golden Rule in its positive form—which is but an expression of the principle of *Jen*, and in Confucius' meaning thereof, had the limitations of *Jen*. Such an attitude of kindness, or even a restricted love, is never a system of enactments to be obeyed, but rather it is a principle, for which new applications are continually occurring; it is a principle of freedom, not of authority, for it breaks thru every bond set for it. In so far, *Jen* is the opposite of *Li*, and it is not surprising that in an age which had been used to an authoritarian code, Confucius was asked again and again to define *Jen*—to state what it meant in concrete situations, so that people could know it just as they knew the code prescribed by *Li*. *Jen* was a principle whose consistent application would have carried Confucius into a break with the old order in favor of the right of the individual to decide matters for himself.

But Confucius did not see whither this new principle was leading him, and he was extremely unwilling to break with the past. He

<sup>6</sup>This is the sense in which it is *invariably* used in the *Book of Odes* and the *Book of History*. In the *Odes* it is used in adulation of the ruler, in the phrase "admirable and kind". In the *Book of History* it is used once of King T'ang, once of the ruler, twice of his ministers, and once of Duke Chou (Medhurst's translation of V, vi, 6 is preferable to that of Legge), each time indicating their attitude to their inferiors.

<sup>7</sup>*An*, XVII, vi.

did not see clearly what was implied in *Jen*, and in defining it, he defined *Jen* by *Li*: "*Jen* is the denial of self and the response to *Li*." . . . Its main features are "if not *Li* do not look, if not *Li* do not listen, if not *Li* do not speak, if not *Li* do not move."<sup>8</sup> Thus Confucius confused his principle of liberty with the traditional principle of authority. Indeed we find him speaking of *Li* almost as often as *Jen*, and when we remember that *Jen* was the new thing, which would be likely to be spoken of more often than the *Li* which was already understood, and when we remember Confucius' own fondness for the proprieties and ceremonies, we realize that he emphasized *Li* just as much as *Jen*, if not more.<sup>9</sup> Hence we are not surprised that in the most influential school of his immediate disciples, that of Tsentze, "filial piety" and "reverence for the elder" were exalted as the greatest virtues, and the Confucian influence returned to an emphasis upon the traditional morality.

The Confucians were preeminently the conservors of the heritage of the past. They edited the literary treasures of the past, preserved and embellished the traditions of the great Sages who were the models of a virtuous life. They were the liberal conservative party, not the radical party. Reform of abuses was their aim, but reform back to the ideals of the past, not towards a better state in the future. For the radical movement we must look to the non-Confucian philosophers of the time.

In the mists surrounding the beginning of Chinese philosophy, Laotze stands out as a solitary, gigantic figure. He and Confucius determined the course of subsequent Chinese thought. Laotze realized that beauty and ugliness, goodness and evil, difficulty and ease, long and short, sound and echo, were mutually involved in each other; that without evil there would be nothing we call good; without ugliness there would be nothing we call beauty. Hence the way to get rid of evil is plain; there is only one method, to get rid of *both* of these opposites, good as well as evil, and return to the simple primitive chaotic state when men knew neither good nor evil, when the people of one valley looked over the hills to a neighboring hamlet and heard their cocks crow, but all their lives never went there; when there was no knowledge and hence no desire. This sort of ethics with its abandonment of the world of action was too im-

<sup>8</sup>*An.* XII, i; see also XII, ii; I, ii; III, iii.

<sup>9</sup>For a fuller discussion of this and other points, cf. "Hsüntze, the Moulder of Ancient Confucianism" by H. H. Dubs, ch. VII and VIII.

practical to appeal widely to the preeminently practical Chinese; but it represented a new thing in ethics—an ethical principle depending on but *one* principle, logically deduced, a characteristic which was to have great results in the subsequent development of Chinese ethics.

Micius or Mo Ti was a younger contemporary and fellow-countryman of Confucius. A hard-working government official, like Confucius, his sympathies were not confined to the ruling class and to their rule of the people, as were those of Confucius, but instead his sympathies were with the people and their own problems, and so he reached a democratic rather than an aristocratic ethics. It is possible that he was originally a disciple of Confucius, but with a young man's zeal, he was impatient of Confucius' insistence upon and preoccupation with ceremonies; instead he was drawn to this new principle of *Jen*, and he took it, universalized, and democratized it into his famous principle of "Universal Love". Then he was compelled to do what Confucius had refused to do, to break with the past, and so he advocated the setting up of a new order free from the weight of tradition. He now had to meet the tremendous opposition of the conservatism of society, and he found himself depending upon the persuasiveness of his ideal and the cogency of his arguments to impress his contemporaries. So he did what Laotze had done, he deduced his principles of ethics from one principle, which he found in "what is beneficial". His was a utilitarianism with Universal Love as its chief principle. Likewise he developed a set of canons of proof. So it is no wonder that this unified system, with everything proceeding from one self-evident principle, should have proved extremely persuasive, and that Micianism came to be a very dangerous rival of Confucianism, and to contest formidably with it for the supremacy.

But Micius was unfortunate in not having any successors as great as he. The most brilliant of his followers developed his teaching in the direction of metaphysical and epistemological speculations, rather than in ethics, and these Neo-Micians degenerated into propounders of logical puzzles, like those of Zeno and the Greek sophists, instead of becoming the ethical and religious rejuvenators of the Chinese world. While Micianism challenged Confucianism for some centuries, it eventually died a natural death, aided by the constant stabs given it by the Confucians.

The pessimism and relativism of Laotze found expression in the

individualist Yangtze. To him no universals could have any real existence, only the individual was important; consequently there could be no ethical standard except that of the individual's own satisfaction. He attacked all the worthies of old and praised those who sought their individual enjoyment rather than the good of society. As Mencius said of him, he would not sacrifice a hair to save the world. He represented the extreme reaction to the burying of the individual in the family and social organization by those Confucians who emphasized filial piety and family solidarity. Yangtze had little permanent influence; the solidarity of the Chinese family prevented his teachings from becoming influential.

If Confucius was the Socrates of China, then Mencius was its Plato, with whom he was a contemporary for the last quarter century of Plato's life. Like him, he developed and oriented his Master's teachings, although he had not the metaphysical and logical interests that characterized Plato. For the Confucians, as for Confucius, ethics and politics constituted the whole of philosophy, and anything else was unnecessary or possibly harmful. Mencius felt the persuasiveness of a philosophy that was developed from one principle, such as that of Mencius. In common with all the other philosophers of his day, he felt that anything natural was good, and so he tried to find a basis in human nature, which was naturally good, for the Confucian ethics. Since human nature is good, the full expression of the natural feelings of man would give the whole of ethics.

"The feeling of commiseration is essential to man; the feeling of shame and dislike is essential to man; the feeling of modesty and complaisance is essential to man; and the feeling of approving and disapproving is essential to man. The feeling of commiseration is the principle of *Jen*. The feeling of shame and dislike is the principle of *Yi* (justice, *δικαιοσύνη*, giving each his due). The feeling of modesty and complaisance is the principle of *Li*. The feeling of approving and disapproving is the principle of wisdom. Men have these four principles just as they have their four limbs. . . . Let them have their complete development, and they will suffice to provide for all within the country."<sup>10</sup>

The principle of deducing ethics from the full expression of essential human feelings, if logically carried out, would have taken Mencius completely out of the orthodox Confucian stream of

<sup>10</sup>*Mencius* II, I, vi. 4-7.

thought, just as Micius was carried out by his principle and broke with the past. For this principle of developing every man's innate endowment would have done away with all external authority. If every man can reach the truth simply by developing what is within him, then what is the need for Sages and the standards they worked out; what is the need even for the teachings of Confucius, who by this time had already been made one of the Sages; indeed, what is the need of any authority at all? Each man need rely only upon himself. Had Mencius been a little bolder and less inclined to follow the path already marked out, he might have seen these implications of his teaching, and have broken through the crust of Confucianism, just as did Micius. But the crust was too strong for him. He drew back, and emphasized *Li* just as did the other Confucians; though in his teaching this principle does not assume the importance it assumed in that of others. In one saying he subordinated everything else to *Li*,<sup>11</sup> he gave his mother an especially splendid funeral; he induced the prince of Lu to make an innovation by mourning three years for the death of his father; and he even taught that the care of parents is not as important as their obsequies, thus stressing the various elements of *Li*. He could not have deduced these observances from the feeling of modesty and complaisance; like the other Confucians, he simply took over the traditional observances.

Chuangtze, the Heraclitus of China, was the only one of these philosophers who broke from the universal application of philosophy to practical affairs and did not propound a political theory. For him change was fundamental, and everything was relative. A keen critic, he saw the flaws in the other philosophies, and criticised them unmercifully. Against the Micians he showed that not the right, but the plausible, is the most persuasive; against the Confucians he urged that all change is by natural law, so why seek to reform anything? He picked flaws in the ancient Sages, flouted their imperfections, and criticised the impeccable Confucius himself. His especial detestation was the Confucian ceremonies and *Li*. Against their elaborate burial ceremonies he urged that "real mourning grieves in silence", and that "our emotions are dependent upon the original purity within, and it matters not what ceremonies are employed". "Ceremonial is the invention of man." But his positive teaching was fatalism and ethical relativism; the best that anyone

<sup>11</sup>*Mencius* IV, 1, xxvii.

could do was to be content with his lot and undisturbed at life or death.

Confucianism was in a dangerous situation. It realized the values that were enshrined in the heritage of the past, and its own importance as to the conservor of that heritage, but with such violent and trenchant attacks from without, and with its own leaders equivocating as to fundamental principles, it seemed as if Confucianism must be overcome. In this situation, it produced a third great leader, who came to the rescue.

Just as Aristotle organized the Platonic philosophy into the first philosophic system, so Hsüntze, the younger contemporary of Mencius, developed Confucianism into a consistent and logical philosophy. A true follower of Confucius, a keen critic, and an extremely logical thinker, he gave to Confucianism its final shape as the conservative and authoritarian philosophy of China. Like the other Confucians, he had no special interest in metaphysics, yet he found himself drawn into it more than they. Recognized as the leader of Confucianism in his lifetime, he made it his business to refute and attack other unorthodox philosophies, and to fix the Confucian canon and teaching.

Hsüntze saw clearly how Mencius' principle that ethics is the development of innate human feelings would lead away from Confucius' own principles; and he came to clearness as to just what was the position of Confucianism. He saw that it stood for authority, in contrast to the individualism represented by the unorthodox teachings. Nevertheless he was able to give *Jen* a real place in an authoritarian system. While in political theory he followed Mencius in almost all points, yet in the basis of his ethics, he saw that Mencius had been untrue to the spirit of Confucianism. Consequently he criticised and opposed Mencius' doctrine of human nature.

Mencius had deduced his theory from the assumption that human nature was good; Hsüntze declared that human nature is evil, and found no difficulty, in that troubled time, in adducing empirical evidence to that effect. The theory that human nature is evil may not be flattering to men's vanity, but it furnishes an impregnable foundation for any doctrine of authority. The Catholic theologians found this to be the case, when, by denouncing human nature as depraved and sinful, they were able to show that the sinner cannot even know the truth without the mediation of an authoritative body

of truth in the hands of an authoritative institution. Hsüntze did not go so far as they did. He did not hold that man's nature is utterly depraved; he believed in no fall of mankind. He merely held that human nature, left to itself, inevitably tends to evil; hence the Confucian *Tao* or Way is absolutely necessary to develop human nature, and to train it to goodness. This is his famous doctrine that human nature is evil.

On this basis, an authoritatively given code of ethics is clearly seen to be necessary, and it was undoubtedly the need of establishing an unshakable foundation for the Confucian authoritarian ethic that led Hsüntze into postulating the evil tendency of original human nature, since we find no such theory anywhere else in the thought of the time. Consequently we find Hsüntze making *Li* his chief virtue, developing it and rationalizing it as never before. Part of his writings were incorporated into the *Book of Rites*, together with the larger collection, the *Ritual of the Senior Tai*, and Sze-ma Ch'ien's *Historical Record* quoted him extensively.

There was still the problem as to where his authoritarian code came from. Hsüntze believed in no God or spiritual Heaven; he could have no revelation. But the answer to this problem was plain to him: it was the Sages, the Sage-Kings, the culture heroes who had developed the Chinese civilization, who had promulgated this code. And how had they come by it? Through the cultivation of their own original natures. They were no different from the rest of humanity in original nature; but they were able to overcome their limitations by training and make themselves perfectly good. Similarly everyone else has the possibility of training himself to a state of Sagehood by following their example. Here Hsüntze found a place for Confucius' principle of *Jen*—it is the characteristic of the Sage; when the Sage has developed himself, he can do the right without effort; he can discern the right without being blinded by false teachings or evil desires. He follows his desires and gives rein to his passions, yet does right. Thus freedom and authority are reconciled in the person of the Sage.

Such was the form that Confucianism finally took, and the fact that authoritarianism triumphed in Confucianism is clearly shown by subsequent events. The Mician teaching died out. The philosophies of Laotze and Chuangtze degenerated into the magical and superstitious Taoism which merely perpetuated the original Chinese animism, which the religious agnosticism of Confucius and the skept-



ticism of Hsüntze had divorced from Confucianism. Confucianism became the orthodox philosophy of China, and in so doing, it developed a canon and an orthodox formulation. In this process it necessarily became authoritarian. But in the consequent decay of philosophical originality, Hsüntze's unflattering doctrine of human nature brought him into disfavor. In the Han revival of learning, Tung Chung-shu, the greatest of Confucians, lauded Hsüntze; and in the T'ang period, Han Yü, the greatest of Chinese literateurs, ranked Hsüntze as second only to Mencius. It was not until the Sung period that Hsüntze was definitely condemned as unsound by Chu Hsi, the Confucian Thomas Aquinas. To Chu Hsi, nature was Nature, not merely human nature, but the Nature of the universe, and to say that nature is evil meant that the Universe is evil. Hence Hsüntze must be wrong and unsound. But the conception of Confucianism as authority, which Hsüntze had so clearly preached, had become fixed in the Confucian tradition, and Chu Hsi himself accepted it—it became the center of his dogmatism, and subsequent generations have been compelled to conform to his interpretation of Confucianism. Chu Hsi kept Hsüntze's doctrine that man's nature is evil in a different form: he said instead that "the human heart is rarely pure. It is often in error: when it is cultivated, it is pure; when it is allowed to go its own way, it falls into error". Hence it must be closed against error and false teachings. Although Chu Hsi stressed Mencius, yet in the theoretical foundation of his ethics, he is a follower of Hsüntze. It was Wang Yang-ming, with his emphasis upon the heart, who was the true follower of the Mencian teachings that virtue is the development of the individual's capacities. But Wang Yang-ming was practically condemned as a heretic.

So authority conquered in ancient China as it did everywhere else in the ancient world, although not without meeting strenuous opposition. Now that Western influences have broken up the Confucian medievalism, the Chinese are turning back to their glorious period of ancient philosophy and revaluing its thought. As the battle of freedom and authority is refought, may we not expect a different result than before?

## THE TECHNIQUE OF INDIAN COMPOSITION

BY DR. GEORGE H. DAUGHERTY, JR.

QUOTATIONS in preceding articles have illustrated nearly the whole range and variety of Indian literary production. It remains to classify these systematically according to *form*. In this endeavor, we are, of course, hampered by the necessity of using translations which do not reproduce accurately the style of the original. Nevertheless, in literal translations and accurate paraphrases are clearly discernable many such literary devices as repetition, contrast and balance, figures of speech. As the reader has unquestionably noted for himself there are also unquestionable evidences of creative imagination and sensitiveness to beauty.

Following the plan of previous articles, it is perhaps best to mention first the style of the prose oratory before undertaking the more complicated problem of the various poetic devices. The harangues and speeches already quoted probably illustrate the range of oratorical technique if not of subject matter. In many tribes, such as the Cree, there were official orators. "Among the Aztecs the very word for chief *tlaotani* literally means 'orator'." In one Chilean tribe the chiefs were chosen for oratorical skill.<sup>1</sup> Since in all tribes the man whose voice was "loud in the council" held a place of honor, it is only natural that notable speakers were produced. There is power and literary merit even in the scattered fragments of Indian oratory which remain to us. The style of these pieces is, furthermore, quite different from the abbreviated terms which the red men at other times expressed their thoughts. The following assertion is amply borne out by the formal harangues of the Iroquois Councils and the addresses to Sir William Johnson, and also by the speeches of Logan and Pine Leaf.

<sup>1</sup>Brinton, *Aboriginal American Authors*, Philadelphia, 1883. pp. 43-44.

"In most of the languages the oratorical was markedly different from the familiar or colloquial style. The former was given to antithesis, elaborate figures, unusual metaphors . . ." Students of the philology of the Indian languages also assert that the oratorical style was also distinguished by more sonorous and lengthened expressions. Thus among the Choctaw the word *akakano* was used in speeches for *ak*, *okakocha* for *ok*, etc.<sup>2</sup> The devices of antithesis and metaphor mentioned above are also strikingly evident in the poetry and will therefore be discussed later.

Among the religious ceremonials, chants, and formulas, and indeed, all Indian compositions, perhaps the most noticeable technical device is excessive repetition. The Indians evidently were determined that their deities should not fail to heed their requests through failure to hear them. They even outdid the prophets of Baal, by crying unto their god (or gods) not only all day, but for many days and nights together—in most cases, no doubt, with the same negative results.<sup>3</sup> In quoting previous selections I have tried to avoid the tediousness by making numerous excisions. The real flavor of an Indian prayer is seen in the following:

"In beauty (happiness) may I dwell.  
 In beauty may I walk.  
 In beauty may my male kindred dwell.  
 In beauty may my female kindred dwell.  
 In beauty may it rain on my young men.  
 In beauty may it rain on my young women.  
 In beauty may it rain on my chiefs.  
 In beauty may it rain on us.  
 In beauty may our corn grow.  
 In the trail of pollen may it rain.  
 In beauty before us, may it rain.  
 In beauty behind us, may it rain.  
 In beauty below us, may it rain.  
 In beauty above us, may it rain.  
 In beauty all around us, may it rain.  
 In beauty may I walk.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 44, with quotation of Rev. Cyrus Bejington, *Grammar of the Choctaw Language*, Philadelphia, 1870, p. 20.

<sup>3</sup>See *Bible*, I *Kings*, 20-40. The ceremonial practice of scarification mentioned in the biblical account was closely analogous to the same thing among American aborigines.

Goods, may I acquire.  
 Jewels, may I acquire.  
 Horses, may I acquire.  
 Sheep, may I acquire.  
 Beeves, may I acquire.  
 In old age,  
 The beautiful trail,  
 May I walk."<sup>4</sup>

Unquestionably one of the most cogent reasons for this excessive repetition was that of practical effectiveness. The Indian wished to be sure that nothing was omitted from his prayer, and that in the course of a given ceremonial he had not forgotten any spirit or power or charm. Any slight omission might bring down on his luckless head the wrath of the incensed deity.<sup>5</sup> Therefore are the chants so monotonously similar and so numerous.

It also seems to be true that repetition satisfies some sort of an emotional craving among any primitive people. Even in so highly developed a literary work as *Beowulf* (as compared to the chants of the primitive Americans) the excessive repetition is a most noticeable feature. It is also a characteristic of children in their games to repeat rigamaroles either with meaning or without, over and over again, often to the annoyance of adults who do not sympathize with the cravings of primitive natures.

This quality of repetition is not alone characteristic of religious or magical compositions. It is found in practically every type of Indian utterance. Where the song was too short to permit repetition within it, the singer, or singers, gave it again and again until their breath failed. One can imagine the circle of warriors passing the peace pipe and solemnly chanting by the hour this song of peace: "My pipstem."<sup>6</sup>

This sort of repetition, *i. e.* without variation, also occurs within longer songs or chants, usually at intervals as a sort of refrain, or more often as a device to secure emphasis. The recurring "*ecka!*" in the Omaha chants to the wolf and crow is an illustration of this, and the phrase from the Osage Rites, "Verily, at that time and place,

<sup>4</sup>Mathews, "The Night Chant", pp. 111-112.

<sup>5</sup>A faint survival of the same idea is seen in the European legend about the bad fairy godmother or spirit who was not invited to the christening, and who thereafter wreaked vengeance on the child.

<sup>6</sup>Densmore, "Chippewa Music", II, p. 128.

it has been said, in this house", is another instance of the same thing. This refrain means that the ritual which follows is authentic, having been formulated by true medicine men of the Osage tribe in their lodges.

A more common kind of repetition, perhaps, includes variation. The Indian loved to surround his ideas with many words on all sides so that they could not possibly escape. Having adopted a certain form of expression, he repeated it, inserting each time a variant of the original idea. Each variant idea thus received the full benefit of the emphasis from the recurring form. This is true of the prayer (quoted above) asking for happiness and prosperity for the singer and all those connected with him. In a larger sense it is also true of the Osage chant of the Puma, the Red Boulder, the Black Bear, the Morning Star, *et al.* In this latter case the words of each verse are slightly altered, but the general terms used in speaking of each of these deities are approximately the same.

Behold the great red boulder that sitteth upon the earth.

Verily, I am a person who draws to himself the power of the  
great red boulder.

Behold the great red boulder that sitteth upon the earth.

Even the great gods themselves

Stumble over me as I sit immovable as the great red boulder."

. . . . .

" . . Behold the Black Bear, that is without blemish, that lieth  
upon the earth.

Verily, I am a person who has made of the Black Bear his body.

. . . . .

Behold the great black boulder that sitteth upon the earth.

Verily, I am a person that sitteth close to the great black boulder."<sup>7</sup>

Repetition with and without variation is also found in the shorter songs.

#### SONG OF APPEAL TO THE BEAR

"father  
send a voice  
father  
send a voice  
a hard task  
I am having

<sup>7</sup>La Flesche, "Osage Rites". p. 108.

father  
 send a voice  
 a hard task  
 I am having."<sup>8</sup>

"I SING FOR THE ANIMALS"

"out of the earth  
 I sing for them  
 a Horse nation  
 I sing for them  
 out of the earth  
 I sing for them  
 the animals  
 I sing for them."<sup>9</sup>

By means of both these kinds of repetition is produced an effect of balance, undoubtedly a consciously achieved one. All the selections quoted in the present chapter are quite symmetrical. Through the introduction of variations an equally deliberate contrast is obtained.

"Yellow butterflies  
 Over the blossoming virgin corn,  
 With the pollen-painted faces  
 Chase one another in brilliant throng.

Blue butterflies,  
 Over the blossoming virgin beans,  
 With pollen-painted faces  
 Chase one another in brilliant streams.

Over the blossoming corn  
 Over the virgin corn  
 Wild bees hum:

Over the blossoming beans,  
 Over the virgin beans  
 Wild bees hum.

Over your field of growing corn  
 All day shall hang the thunder cloud;  
 Over your field of growing corn  
 All day shall come the rushing rain."<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup>Densmore. "Teton Sioux Music", p. 263.

<sup>9</sup>Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music", p. 215.

<sup>10</sup>Natalie Curtis, *The Indians' Book*, pp. 484-5.

In this selection the corn field with fluttering swarms of butterflies and bees hovering over it in the bright sunshine is contrasted with the same during a rain storm. There is also contrast between the yellow and the blue butterflies, and between the thundercloud and the rain. In this song, too, is evident an idea of progression (*i. e.* from fair weather to rain, from the clouds that precede the storm to the storm itself). Perhaps a more notable example of these same rhetorical tricks is seen in the chant to the wolf and crow, in which the plain with its herd of grazing buffalo is contrasted with the same after the hunt is over and the animals are lying dead, while the flocks of crows settle down to their feast.

In the case of the longer rituals, at least, the nature of the appeal had a great deal to do with the form of the ceremony. Most of them were recited or chanted as an accompaniment to various symbolic acts which are described or hinted at in the text. In the Osage Rite of the Chiefs, the members of all the gentes recited simultaneously those parts of the ritual which explain the meaning of the life symbols (as various plants and animals) of their own gens. While this was going on the candidate who was being initiated made an offering of these life symbols to the various gentes. Thus in a sense the whole ceremony is a sort of dramatic cosmographical recital in which are described the origin and significance of nearly everything in the Indian's universe, and also of tribal history and institutions.

The Hako was a somewhat similar ceremony, but with a more definite idea of supplicating the powers of nature for various benefits, especially in behalf of the children. It consisted largely of a number of songs (rather than recitations) which accompanied religious acts. In one of these the whole party marched over the prairie for a considerable number of miles on a symbolic journey to the abode of Mother Corn (actually to another village). On the way they sang various songs in honor of the buffalo, of the corn, and of various features of the landscape such as the mountains and mesa tops. Naturally these songs were short, since a long continuous ritual would be hard to keep going under such conditions.

“When to prepare us a pathway Mother Corn sped  
Far in her search for the Son, passing this place,  
Lo! She beheld buffalo in herds here.

<sup>11</sup>See La Flesche, Introduction to “Osage Rites”, p. 47 ff.

Now, as we walk in the pathway Mother Corn made,  
 Looking on all that she saw, passing this place,  
 Lo! We behold buffalo and many trails here.

. . . .  
 Mountains loom upon the path we take;  
 Yonder peak now rises sharp and clear;  
 Behold! It stands with its head uplifted,  
 Thither we go, since our way lies there.

. . . .  
 Here is the place where I came, seeking to find the Son;  
 Here have I led you again, here is our journey's end.  
 Thanks we give unto Mother Corn!  
 Here is the place where she came, seeking to find the Son;  
 Here she has led us again, here is our journey's end."<sup>12</sup>

Space does not permit the quotation of more songs from the "Hako", many of which are tedious, but enough has been given to indicate the nature of the ceremony. A part of it, at least, is dramatic in that the people act out a legend of the mythical Mother Corn and her search for her "Son", and sing descriptive songs at various junctures in the proceedings.

The Navaho Night Chant, a ceremony for healing a sick person, is even more elaborate in some of its aspects. It includes an infinite number of maskings and many dances, together with songs and prayers by the medicine men and other participants. The whole ceremony lasts for nine days, and costs the patient two or three hundred dollars.<sup>13</sup> A typical episode and song in this ceremony are the following described by Mathews:

#### SHAKING THE MASKS

"At midnight or wonderfully near that hour for a people who use no time-pieces, the shaman starts the waking song, the refrain of which is *hyidezna* or *hidezna*, which means, he moves, he stirs, and proceeds to 'waken' or shake the masks [which represent the various gods]. As he begins each stanza, putting one hand under and the other over the selected mask, he lifts it two or three inches from the ground, holding it horizontally; when he comes to the refrain he lays the mask down. . . . When the masks are all shaken he begins a song somewhat different from the first in words, but similar in

<sup>12</sup>Fletcher. "The Hako", pp. 302-307.

<sup>13</sup>Mathews, Introduction to "Night Chant", p. 4.



tune, and proceeds to shake all the other properties" [sacred objects and symbolic costumes needed by the dancers in the rituals to follow]:

## WAKING SONG

"He stirs, he stirs, he stirs, he stirs.  
 Among the lands of dawning, he stirs, he stirs;  
 The pollen of the dawning, he stirs, he stirs;  
 Now in old age wandering he stirs, he stirs;  
 Now on the trail of beauty, he stirs, he stirs,  
 He stirs, he stirs, he stirs, he stirs."

Many stanzas succeed this, naming various gods, and the special "property" [*i. e.* costume or adornment] of each one. There follows a monologue prayer by the Shaman, and songs which continue the rest of the night.<sup>14</sup>

These rituals, and in fact all Indian compositions are highly symbolic. The general key to these symbols has already been given in the first of these articles. At the present juncture it will be pertinent to call attention to but one symbolic feature in these compositions: that of sex. It is evident that this concept at least is common to all peoples.

"Of two things which are nearly alike, or otherwise comparable, it is common among the Navahoes [and all other tribes as well] to speak of or to symbolize the one which is the coarser, rougher, stronger, or more violent as the male, and that which is the finer, weaker, or more gentle as the female. Thus: a shower accompanied by thunder and lightning is called *niltsabaka* or he-rain, while a shower without electric displays is called *niltabaad*, or she-rain; the turbulent San Juan River is called *Tobaka*, or Male Water, while the more placid Rio Grande is known as *Tobaad*, or Female Water.<sup>15</sup> All the more important selections which have been cited are examples of symbolism, which, when not self evident, have been explained. To attempt further classification would merely be to duplicate which has been done.

There is, however, a different, and somewhat narrower type of symbolism which is found in the short songs, especially those of the northern tribes. Each of these songs represents an incident, a dream, a special situation, or a mood which the singer wished to

<sup>14</sup>Mathews, "The Night Chant". pp. 110-112.

<sup>15</sup>Mathews, "The Night Chant". p. 6.

recall. Since action was the key note of the Indian's life, nearly all the songs commemorate action. Much of the effect of the song and its meaning was expressed in the actual singing and the dancing which often accompanied it. The Indian was more prone to express his passions and ideas in deeds and motions than in words. For these reasons Indian songs are hard to translate, and even harder to understand when translated. The English is almost never an adequate rendering of the original. "In some of the songs, however, the meaning is fully expressed in words. Yet even such a song cannot be wholly understood without a knowledge of the event which called it into being, the legend with which it is connected, or the ceremony of which it is a part."<sup>16</sup> "These principles must be borne in mind when we apply the canons of criticism to the poetry of the ruder races. It is not composed to be read, or even recited, but to be sung; its aim is often not to analyze thought or to convey information, but to excite emotion."<sup>17</sup> It is in the effort to create the proper background necessary to understand these primitive attempts at self-expression that the present article is written. Another distinguishing feature between primitive and civilized songs is that the former are sung only for the appreciation of the singers. "The Indian makes no concession to his audience . . . : whether the fact be outward or inward, object or emotion, it is presented with a realism that is as unaffected as it is simple and powerful. . . . There is grim sufficiency in this arrow song—

'Scarlet is its head.'"<sup>18</sup>

The following song further exemplifies the difficulties of the translator:

"Warm door in winter."

This is cryptic, unless one knows that the song was composed by a hunter to recall the time when he nearly perished in a snow storm. Just in time he discovered the brightly lit door of a friendly tribesman's tipi.<sup>19</sup> There is a laughable naivete about some of these crudely realistic deities. This one was meant, no doubt, to celebrate a rather ghastly affair.

<sup>16</sup>Natalie Curtis, *The Indians' Book*, pp. xxi ff.

<sup>17</sup>D. G. Brinton, *Aboriginal American Authors*, pp. 46-7.

<sup>18</sup>H. B. Alexander. "The Poetry of the American Indian", *The Nation*, December 13, 1919, Vol. CIX, No. 2841, p. 758.

<sup>19</sup>Burton, *Primitive American Music*, pp. 161 ff.

I wonder  
 If she is humiliated  
 The Sioux woman  
 That I cut off her head."<sup>20</sup>

Other songs, as we have seen, are somewhat more obvious in their symbolism, and exemplify much better poetry. The southwestern tribes, especially, composed the most artistic verses. Natalie Curtis (Mrs. Paul Burlin) has waxed enthusiastic on the subject. Her remarks are worth quoting to indicate some of the aesthetic rewards in this study.

"The Indians' primal conception of life is a poetic figure. The son of our vast continent calls himself the child of the Earth-Mother with her gift of corn, and of the Sun-Father, fertilizer of the earth. The impersonal, life-giving force behind and beyond the parent sun and earth is, in the language of the prairies, the 'Great Mystery'. In Pueblo Indian song, a distant storm with sheet lightning seen afar off on the desert's horizon takes form as Black Cloud Youths, who, at the earth's edge, are practicing with their lightning arrows.

In the ceremonial rain songs, the birds, like the Indians, call the rain with song, and then the swallow, the 'tiding bearer', flies to tell the corn the 'glad news' of coming rain. There are many kinds of rain in Southwestern poetry: the male-rain, strong and sometimes violent; the female rain, soft and gentle; the up-starting rain and the down-pouring rain. The 'walking rain' moving in symbolic gesture and in song through many a ceremonial dance, is a distinct desert image. Where but in that clear air may one see, passing over the wide earth, a shaft of rain falling from a cloud, and literally 'walking' across the desert? The rainbow, pictured in sand-paintings, on head-dress, and in silver necklaces, is often likened to a youth, brilliantly decked and painted, face and body, even as the Indians painted themselves for the ceremonial dance. To those who know the song literature of the desert tribes, New Mexico and Arizona become an enchanted land as filled with mythical personages as was Greece to the ancients."<sup>21</sup>

In these poetic figures there is indisputable evidence of extreme sensitiveness to beauty, and of creative imagination. The following

<sup>20</sup>Densmore, "Chippewa Music", II. p. 120.

<sup>21</sup>Natalie Curtis (Mrs. Paul Burlin), *The Indians' Book*, New York, 1907, p. 467.

song of a blue-bird, short as it is, contains one very happy metaphor (which is, by the way, carried over literally from the Indian words), and shows a most joyous appreciation of the bird-songs at dawn. At the present time it is a question whether any other American poets could get as much poetry out of the same subject.

"Just at daylight *Sialia* calls.

The blue bird has a voice,

He has a voice, his voice melodious,

His voice melodious that flows in gladness

*Sialia* calls, *Sialia* calls."<sup>22</sup>

The magpie is made the subject of a figure even more striking: one almost worthy of Shakespeare.

"The Magpie! The Magpie! Here underneath

In the white of his wings are the footsteps of morning.

It dawns! It dawns!"<sup>23</sup>

A Zuñi corn grinding song contains the concept mentioned by Miss Curtis of the swallow as harbinger of the rain:

"Yonder, yonder see the fair rainbow,

See the rainbow brightly decked and painted!

Now the swallow bringeth glad news to your corn

Singing, 'Hitherward, hitherward, hitherward, rain,

'Hither come!'

Singing, 'Hitherward, hitherward, hitherward, white cloud,

'Hither come!'

Now hear the corn-plants murmur,

'We are growing everywhere!'

Hi, yai! The world, how fair!"<sup>24</sup>

The Navaho story of the sun god shows a capacity for poetic thought and love of the beautiful rivaling that of the ancient Greeks.

"Johano-ai [the sun-father] starts every day from his hogan

<sup>22</sup>Washington Mathews, *Navaho Legends*, Boston, New York, 1897, p. 28.

<sup>23</sup>*Ibid.* The poets of the civilized Mexican tribes were also exceptionally distinguished. "They made use of a pure, brilliant, figurative style, and had developed a large variety of metrical forms."—D. G. Brinton. *Aboriginal American Authors*, p. 51 ff. The study of Mexican culture and poetry, however, must be reserved for a later volume.

<sup>24</sup>Curtis, *The Indians' Book*, p. 431. As proof of the authenticity of this poetry I append the word for word translation of the corn grinding song just quoted. It is to be found in the *Indians' Book*, Appendix, p. 557.

"Rainbow painted, beautiful, your corn swallow talking swallow now hither rain coming now hither white clouds coming it said corn all growing here."

[lodge, or dwelling], in the east, and rides across the skies to his hogan in the west, carrying a shining golden disk, the sun. He has five horses—a horse of turquoise, a horse of white shell, a horse of pearl shell, a horse of red shell, and a horse of coal. When the skies are blue and the weather is fair, Johano-ai is riding his turquoise horse, or his horse of white shell or of pearl; but when the heavens are dark with storm, he has mounted the red horse, or the horse of coal.

Beneath the hoofs of the horses are spread precious hides of all kinds, and beautiful woven blankets, richly decorated, called 'naskan'. In olden times the Navajos used to wear such blankets, and men say they were first found in the home of the sun-god.

Johano-ai pastures his herds on flower-blossoms and gives them to drink of the mingled waters. These are holy waters, waters of all kinds, spring water, snow-water, hail-water, and water from the four quarters of the world. The Navajos use such waters in their rites. When the horse of the sun-god goes, he raises, not dust, but 'pitistchi', glittering grains of mineral such as are used in religious ceremonies; and when he rolls and shakes himself, it is shining pitistchi that flies from him. When he runs, the sacred pollen offered to the sun-god is all about him, like dust, so that he looks like a mist; for the Navajos sometimes say that the mist on the horizon is the pollen that has been offered to the gods.

The Navajo sings of the horses of Johano-ai in order that he, too, may have beautiful horses like those of the sun-god. Standing among his herds, he scatters holy pollen, and sings this song for the blessing and protection of his animals:"

#### SONG OF THE SUN-GOD'S HORSE

"How joyous his neigh!  
 Lo, the turquoise horse of Johano-ai,  
 How joyous his neigh,  
 There on precious hides outspread standeth he;  
 How joyous his neigh,  
 There on tips of fair fresh flowers feedeth he;  
 How joyous his neigh,  
 There he spurneth dust of glittering grains;  
 How joyous his neigh,  
 There in the mist of sacred pollen hidden, all hidden he;  
 How joyous his neigh,

There his offspring may grow and thrive for evermore;  
 How joyous his neigh!"<sup>25</sup>

This song appears the more positive evidence of creative imagination, when it is remembered that the horse was first introduced to the Indians in the 16th century; and that they fabricated the legend after that time. The god of war, or "flint youth", is the subject of another very vivid hymn, which the god himself was supposed to have sung in his war expeditions:

"Lo, the flint youth, he am I,  
 The flint youth.

. . . .  
 Clearest, purest flint the heart  
 Living strong within me—heart of flint;  
 Lo, the flint youth, he am I, z  
 The flint youth.

Now the zig-zag lightnings four  
 From me flash,

Striking and returning,  
 From me flash

Lo, the flint youth, he am I,  
 The flint youth.

There where'er the lightnings strike,  
 Into the ground they hurl the foe—

Ancient folk with evil charms,  
 One upon another dashed to earth;

Lo, the flint youth, he am I,  
 The flint youth.

. . . . ."<sup>26</sup>

Although Indians of all tribes were, apparently, more prone to express relationships and associated ideas in metaphors than in other figurative expressions, yet they could use similies with very good effect. The two following songs indicate the range and scope of their poetic observations.

#### SONG OF THE BLUE-CORN DANCE

"Beautiful, lo, the summer clouds,  
 Beautiful, lo, the summer clouds!  
 Blossoming clouds in the sky,  
 Like unto shimmering flowers,

<sup>25</sup>Curtis, *The Indians' Book*, pp. 361-3.

<sup>26</sup>*Ibid.* pp. 362-4.

Blossoming clouds in the sky,  
 Onward, lo, they come,  
 Hither, hither, bound!"<sup>27</sup>

## LULLABY

"*Puwa* (sleep) *puwa, puwa,*  
 In the trail the beetles  
 On each other's backs are sleeping,  
 So on mine, my baby, thou,  
*Puwa, puwa, puwa.*"<sup>28</sup>

One is also reminded of the realistic statement by the grim and murderous Sioux:

"The wolves have no fear as they travel over the earth.  
 So I like them will go fearlessly, and will not feel strange in  
 any land."<sup>29</sup>

The question of associations of Indian ideas has already been discussed, and has been sufficiently exemplified by quotations cited in the present and preceding articles. In general one may say that the Indians did not associate *forms* so much as they did *qualities*. A man does not *look* like a wolf, but he may have the qualities of ferocity, cunning and courage which the wolf seems, at least, to possess. Therefore, the man says he is like a wolf, and prays to the spirit of the wolf as a deity who can heighten these attributes in the worshipper. A similar though more complicated case of association is reported by Dr. Fewkes in speaking of the Tusayan Indians:

"By simple observation the untutored mind recognizes that rain follows lightening, and what more natural than that it should be looked upon as the effect? He therefore worships lightning because of this power. The course of the lightning in the sky is zig-zag as that of the snake, both kill when they strike. The lightning comes from the sky, the abode of the sun and rain god, and the simple reasoning of the Tusayan Indian supposes some connection between the lightning, snake, and rain. The sustenance of the primitive agriculturist comes from the earth, and if the soil is non-productive, the sun and rain are of no avail. The Tusayan Indian thus recognizes the potency of the earth and symbolically deifies it as the mother." This earth-goddess is called "'Mother of germs,'" "'Old woman,'" "'spider woman,'" "'corn maid,'"

<sup>27</sup>*Ibid*, p. 432.

<sup>28</sup>*Ibid*, p. 480.

<sup>29</sup>Fletcher, *The Omaha Tribe*. B. A. E. Vol. 27. Part I. pp. 417-419.

“‘growth goddess’”. This latter concept is associated with fire; “for in the Indian conception fire itself is a living being, and what is more natural than association of fire and growth?”<sup>30</sup> In this latter series of associations the idea of form enters somewhat (the zig-zag streak of lightning compared with the snake), but the resemblance is not at all exact. The Indian seemed to have a better eye for color similarities, but even here, he did not carry them too far. The resemblance of the colors turquoise, pearl, white, garnet, and jet, to the various shades of color in the sky is more general than exact. In this connection it might be added that the only colors which impressed him at all were the primary ones, red, yellow, blue, green, black, white,<sup>31</sup> and flashes of light or things which reflected them.

“Corn-blossom maidens,  
 Here in the fields,  
 Patches of beans in flower,  
 Fields all abloom,  
 Water shining after rain,  
 Blue clouds looming above.  
 Now behold!  
 Through bright clusters of flowers  
 Yellow butterflies  
 Are chasing at play,  
 And through the blossoming beans  
 Blue butterflies  
 Are chasing at play.”<sup>32</sup>

Before leaving the subject of figures of speech, attention is called to the other lesser devices of personification and exclamation, which occur in nearly every selection. Metonymy is also used, but only occasionally:

“Well  
 I depend upon no one's heart [meaning courage] but my own.  
 So  
 thinking of this  
 I look for horses.”<sup>33</sup>

Frequently the Indian poet secured a charming effect without the

<sup>30</sup>J. W. Fewkes, *The Tusayan Ritual*, pp. 691-2.

<sup>31</sup>I have not discovered reference in any Indian composition to the color brown mentioned by Mooney.

<sup>32</sup>Curtis, *The Indians' Book*, p. 485.

<sup>33</sup>Densmore, “Teton Sioux Music”, p. 413.



use of any poetic device except simple descriptive phrases.

“Hither thunder, rain-thunder here,  
 Hither the rain-thunder will come ;  
 Hither rain, moving-rain—  
 Onward now, over all the fields,  
     Moving-rain.  
 And the wet earth, 'mid the corn,  
 Everywhere, far and near,  
 It will shine—water-shine.”<sup>34</sup>

“Daybreak  
 appears  
 when  
 a horse  
 neighs.”

This song of the daybreak is poetry in its lowest terms, surely. Yet to one who knows anything of life in the open it recalls long rows of tents (or tipis if you like) silent in the gray light of dawn ; the sound of stamping from the picket line where the horses are scarcely visible through the early morning mist ; a long whinny ; streaks of light in the east ; human figures emerging from their sleeping places to begin the arduous activities of the day.

Enough has been said to indicate that there was a great deal of conscious art in the speech, ritual, and song of the American Indian, and that standards of criticism are frequently evident. These were undoubtedly most definite, and most frequently applied in choosing orators, as the excellence of the Iroquois councils testifies. That they were used in composing tribal ceremonials is also certain. In such ceremonies of the Osage Rites, a definite group of men regarded as competent were assigned from generation to generation to add to the ritual. The societies within the tribe also had their official poets. And although the individual composed songs largely for his own delectation, evidence is not lacking that he, too, measured his work according to a standard, even though it was an ill-defined one. Miss Densmore remarks: “In the phonographic recording of about 6000 Indian songs and in contact with a large number of Indian singers the writer has found unmistakable evidence of musical criticism. Certain men are generally acknowledged to be ‘good singers’ and certain songs are said to be ‘good songs’.” This implies that the

<sup>34</sup>Curtis, *“Indians’ Book*, p. 489.

<sup>35</sup>Densmore, *“Teton Sioux Music”*, p. 300.

songs and singers satisfy some standard of evaluation. The Indian may not be able to formulate this standard, but its existence is evidence of an aesthetic impulse."<sup>36</sup> Unfavorable criticism, perhaps, was the inspiration of the unhappy Chippewa who dolefully chanted:

"I am unable to harmonize my voice  
With the voices of my fellow Indians  
Which I hear at a distance."<sup>37</sup>

In concluding this section on the technique of Indian composition, it remains only to comment on the tonality of the songs in relation to their content. Accurate data are not available for all tribes; but Miss Densmore's statement on the Chippewa is probably typical.

"As we are accustomed to connect a minor key with the idea of sadness, it is interesting to inquire whether the same mode of expressing sadness obtains in Chippewa music. First it is observed that, apart from love songs, there are few songs of sorrow. The series of 340 songs contains 142 in minor tonality, of which only 20 (14 per cent) are songs of sadness, comprising practically all songs of this character. Among the 85 Mide [medicine society] songs there are only two of sadness; these are burial songs. Many Mide songs mention sickness, but always with an affirmation that it will be cured by supernatural means. Six of the 88 war songs contain the idea of distress. . . . It will be noted that two of these refer to the grief of the enemy, and in one a condition of distress is relieved by the use of medicine; the three which may be considered songs of unenlightened sadness are the songs of the departure of warriors . . . and the song of the warrior left to die on the battlefield. . . ."<sup>38</sup>

<sup>36</sup>Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music", pp .58-59

<sup>37</sup>Densmore, "Chippewa Music", I, p. 114.

<sup>38</sup>Densmore, "Chippewa Music", II, p. 17.

## OUR COOLER MARTYRDOMS

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

WE generally think of a dictionary as a harmless and necessary volume, deservedly immune from the attacks of any watch and ward society. Yet it has furnished uniforms and ammunition for more public and private tragedies, written and unwritten, than any other book in the world. Like various industrial plants, which we are assured may be subverted over night to military uses, so the dictionary and all its silent cohorts, with the assistance of the press, may be embattled and subverted over night to thrust, wound and slay.

In both cases, the subversions are made under the leadership of destructive emotions. Cruder and more primeval upwellings of hate, greed and anger, use the more material weapons forged for the service of Mars, while the somewhat more evolved forms of those emotions equip their despoiling troops from the marvelous verbal arsenal, known as the dictionary. Nor let us forget that these rhetorically clad regiments, marching in the perfection of fatigue uniform, have powers of endurance, that sometimes make them infinitely more dangerous than any army trained to express hate with more material bullets, shell and gas.

Even before the days when the Press could at any time reinforce with ten million fresh recruits the verbally-clad troops of destruction, every nation had its poets and seers, who discerned how far a word might wing its poisoned arrow, or how deep its deadly sabre thrust might be.

“The boneless tongue, so small and weak  
Can crush and kill”, declared the Greek.

“The tongue destroys a greater horde”

The Turk asserts, “than does the sword”.

“The tongue can speak a word whose speed”,  
Says the Chinese, “outstrips the steed”.

Consider also the findings of biblical James, one of the most logically mellow of all advocates of practical Christianity: "Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing", which is only a shorter and better way of saying that a peaceful industrial plant, like the mouth, can be transformed in less than a night to a deadly arsenal. "My brethren, these things ought not so to be" is the same conclusion of the gentle James, who further designates the ear-marks of wisdom from above, by saying, among other things, that it is gentle, easy to be entreated and full of mercy and good fruits.

If James could say that certain things ought not so to be in his day, when mouths had only a pop-gun power, compared with their present reinforcing power from press and radio, what would he tell us now when only our highest spiritual peaks and table lands have escaped the brackist post-bellum surges of war. The world has admitted without cavil, that our "rising tide of crime" is one of the sequels of war. But it has not as clearly discerned, that, shading off from that more palpable crime wave, has been a military back-wash, whose polluted waters have also touched the pulpit, press and forum.

If there were any method of gathering statistics on this more elusive phase of post-bellum barbarism, it might be found that the victims, maimed, wounded and slain, of the typographical sand-bagger were quite equal in number to those of his fellow-slug, who uses a bullet or dagger. Both are acts of violence.

Our recent heresy trials, alone, have furnished us with painful reminders of Lowell's admonishing lines,

"Fagot and stake were desperately sincere  
*Our cooler martyrdoms are done in type*".

Tested, by genuine Christianity, how humiliating is the sight of a church, or part of it, pursuing an honest fearless heretic, in full chase, like a scarlet-clad master and his pack of hounds, running down a gentle hare!

And here is may be recorded that almost all heretics are gentle, for this simple reason. Their very condemnation rests upon the fact that they interpret Christianity by the warm heart-light of its Founder, rejecting the letter, which is the very yeast of heresy trials. John (of the epistles) himself could not escape the heretic-hunters, were he now with us offering, as he and Paul did, the one great test of Christianity: "*We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren.*" Do the men who hunt heretics love the brethren? I have often wondered.

Again, we need to turn back to the prevision of Lowell, when he asked,

“Shall we treat Him as if He were a child, nor dare trust  
 The Rock of Ages to their chemic test?  
 Doubtless his church will be no hospital  
 For superannuated forms and numping shams  
 No parlor where men issue policies  
 Of Life assurance on the Eternal Mind.  
 Some divine thing, large hearted, brotherly,  
 Not nice in trifles.”

To just such a large-hearted and brotherly Christianity the great body of the church, and the unchurched arc, nevertheless, headed today, as all the movements toward church federation prove, and still more all the world efforts to end war. Yet single instances of heretical and military persecution still leave their foot-prints in our ecclesiastical and political stratum, like the bones and claw-prints of the last survivors of a previous geologic age.

Almost incredible tales, also, one occasionally hears of a few clergymen who have justified the name, “Coward’s Castle”, as applied to a pulpit, whose occupant uses the code of the Anonymous letter-writer by making covert thrusts at individuals, whom he would not dare confront, personally, man to man, with a fair chance for defense and return fire.

It was just such an un-Christian attack, from an unsportsmanlike pulpit, which drove James Whitcomb Riley out of the church forever. Quite other were the instructions laid down in the New Testament: *If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone.*”

Another tale I once heard of a clergyman, timorous at short range, who administered with great gusto from his pulpit, most of his family discipline, even that slated for the wife of his bosom. Speaking James-wise, these things ought not so to be and I would wager, without a tremor, half the free verse of the last decade, that when James held up the mirror of perfection to Mrs. James, he did not go into the synagogue to do it.

An illustration of a clerical good-sport was furnished by the doughty English prelate who—with no anonymous shield before him—bravely sent to his sinful sovereign a Bible, with a certain commandment conspicuously marked for royal consideration.

Passing to the field of politics, we may find scores of examples

of the cooler martyrdoms done in type. Notable victims were Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland and Wilson. The last bore not only the heaviest burdens ever piled upon a presidential back, but was subjected to a typographical barrage of false accusations, which continued even after merciful death had rescued him from merciless men. One particular article on Wilson I recall, which haunted me for weeks after I read it, so cruel was its verbal vivisection by bungling and incompetent hands.

Added to all the more or less authoritative volleys leveled against him, he had to bear the irresponsible mosquito-like buzzings of all the insect-tribe of *genus homo*. Even Emerson, who was no reed before the storm of misrepresentation that blew his way, confessed that "when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it God-like as a trifle of no concernment".

Yet this "unintelligent growling", multiplied and megaphoned by the press, often passes for a consensus, though the original growl that started it may have come from a man whose finite judgments were never submitted to the correcting referendum of a warm heart. Here, I am reminded that Shakespeare left little to be said on the subject of mercy as a proper flavoring for justice.

If, at some public gathering, a man should go up to another man and slap his face, or tweak his nose, the civilized world would be unanimous in its verdict on the outrage. But, strangely enough, if the slapping or tweaking is done with type, which may multiply by its publicity, the wrong done its victim, the offender generally escapes unchallenged, save by the Keeper of the Balance, who may still be trusted to preserve the score.

In the literary world, as in the political, the list of typographical casualties might well make the biblical James shake off his cerements and rise with fresh admonishings for the world. Not only have living authors and their works been typographically drawn and quartered, but the dead—as in Poe's case, disinterred and again and again subjected to traducing conjectures, against whose injustice the victims could make no appeal.

Comparing the records of typographical violence in prose and verse, we find that it has been very seldom that destructive emotions have been able to seduce the poets to lend them their wide-winged pinions. So pre-eminently is the poet the heaven-appointed laureate of love, that the world recoiled at the publication of The

Hymn of Hate. It seemed the same kind of perversion as the transformation into bullets of the great *Kaiserglocke*, originally made to sound the notes of peace. Who, now, would care to remember or recite a hymn dictated by hate, or any other venomous emotion? But the thousands of lays and odes dictated by love—from *Highland Mary* to *In School Days*—how tenderly still they echo in our hearts, and always will, while hearts and printing-presses endure.

So, too, all our most cherished hymns, that knit us into the higher fellowship of heaven found their inspiration in love. Nothing less than sacrilege it seems to proffer the poison of hate in the Holy Grail of poetry.

If we look through German, French, English and American poets we shall find very few of them violating the unwritten law that goes with the poet's gift. Lowell offended this law once or twice, as Longfellow and Whittier could not have done, and one of his victims was a woman, "who is no proper subject for that kind of thing", as a critic once justly observed; for one reason because the judicial dice of the world are always loaded in favor of men. Hence, the verdict of all the best critics on the treatment accorded a well-known actress by one lacking in chivalry. It is a question, also, how far a certain scientist was justified in so fully making the world his final confessional, since the facts he divulged would give poignant and permanent embarrassment to at least three living women and one man.

In all such personal problems, as well as those where the misuse of type may curdle up good feeling between nations, what safer rule could be followed than the one implied in Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentlemen, as "one who never willingly inflicts pain; one who never says by implication or innuendo anything which he would not say openly and directly." England, as Emerson so often was glad to chronicle, has been especially happy in her rich harvests of gentlemen, of the peerless school of Newman, Lewis Carroll, Arnold, Viscounts Bryce, Morley and Grey, and her output is still heavy.

In her latest civil and inter-national uses of the peace-making power, which is one of the by-products of a gentleman, she has proved how much more important than every other qualification in her leaders is that brand of celestial wisdom whose ingredients were so clearly tabulated by biblical James. What else was it, also, save the same kind of super-wisdom, which inspired the noble docu-

ment drawn up by the Oxford professors, who reached out to professional Germany a hand warmly pledged to forgiveness and kindly cooperation for all time to come.'

In the same mellow key of righteousness was Professor Palmer's recent Atlantic article on Forgiveness, and an earlier one by the late William Archer, who warned the world of the fuse-like power of bitter international criticism. *Punch*, with its long-held preference for the warm Indian summer tints of humor, rather than the chilling March wind of wit, is another witness to the mellow quality of English wisdom at its best.

It would not be fair, however, as the Locarno pact proved, to limit to any one nation, the production of men dowered with lubricating wisdom. Sharing Mr. Chamberlain's world glory, which belongs to the international peace-maker are Edward Benes, Luther, Stresemann and that repetendic hero, Briand, whose power to rise from his own ashes makes the old phoenix seem a trivial amateur. America, also, has plenty of men, some of them still undiscovered, who have the same negotiable brand of righteousness, which brought forth the Pact of Locarno. I shall leave their designation, however, to some discriminating foreigner, whose task we may not have sufficiently assisted. Let no one infer that this article is a plea for home-coddling of public men, to whose hands are entrusted the welfare and reputation of their nations. The press can be too tender to public officers, when their ignoble limitations give their country an ignoble reputation. Even the gentlest poets, at the call of outraged liberty or any other injustice, have always been ready to fire a typographical shot heard round the world. But the press may well consider before it lends its infinite power to fallible vivisectionists, who leave nothing for The Last Judgment, except justice.

It might be well for all human beings (including authors, editors, and clergymen) to keep close to their ink-stands a copy of Sill's *The Fool's Prayer*, the third chapter of James and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.



## THE SUPERNATURAL IN FRENCH LITERATURE

BY MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN

THE supernatural has been present in all stages of literary evolution. Whether or not we consider it essential to the epic or any other literary form, its vitality and validity in fiction as well as in poetry cannot be called into question. The permanence and persistence of the supernatural in all ages and in all languages is sufficient proof of its potency and power in arts and letters.

The supernatural fills an essential need of man. It has its origin in a universal instinct which prompts man to take an interest in things beyond his narrow vision. Moreover, the supernatural is the traditional escape of men from a miserable reality. So in the Middle Ages, so in all ages, people have taken mental flight from surroundings not to their liking.

The supernatural formed a very important part in the literature of the Middle Ages. It was the subject which received the most elaborate treatment in medieval literature. Our forefathers, with their unquestioning faith, could not even distinguish the supernatural from the natural. In fact the supernatural appeared to them the most natural thing in the world. The mental world of these "thought-children," as Miss Katherine Bates so aptly calls our medieval ancestors, was simply peopled by angels and saints and demons in company with ghosts, fairies, dwarfs and hobgoblins.

The Renaissance dealt a deadly blow to Christian supernaturalism. The growing enthusiasm for antiquity during that period, brought medieval literature with its supernatural element into disfavor with the world of learning. The men, to whom the poetry of the Greeks and Romans was all of a sudden revealed, could no longer find any joy in the phantasmagoria of medieval literature. They saw nothing but grossness and barbarism in it. The marvelous element of Christianity could no longer hold its ground against the mythology

of the classical poets. Boileau, who dictated the creed of the classical school, let his ban fall mercilessly on Christian supernaturalism. It is interesting to note that this lawmaker of the classical school forbade the use of the Christian supernatural in literature on religious grounds. His prescription of the "*merveilleux chrétien*" was apparently the result of his Jansenist proclivities. He provided a religious motive for the aesthetic taste of the period. The poetic treatment of religious subjects, this theorist of the classical school maintained, gives an air of fiction to the truth of Christianity. He recommended instead the employment of classical mythology in epic poetry. What is most peculiar is the fact that he enjoined, as if in supreme derision, the cult of pagan mythology in the name of Christian faith!

The classical epoch of French literature, which extends from the middle of the sixteenth century to the beginning of the nineteenth century, thus disdainfully turned away from the supernatural. It was reserved for the romantic school to bring back the supernatural to arts and letters. Chateaubriand maintained the superiority of the *merveilleux chrétien* over the *merveilleux païen* for poetical purposes. Mme. de Staël, his contemporary, similarly challenged Boileau's opinion. "There is no truth in Boileau's dictum," said she, "that the dramatizing of religious subjects gives an air of fiction to the truths of Christianity." This reversion in favor of the Christian supernatural at the beginning of the last century was closely bound up with the revival of religion, which has not failed to come as the predestined swing of the pendulum. Moreover, the sort of literature that would give the reader "the creeps" could not but have an appeal to men and women whose emotions had been keyed to a violent pitch by the murders of the Revolution and the military slaughters of the Empire.

But Chateaubriand was not the first to rebel against the classical creed. Boileau did not have it all his own way, even in his own life-time. As far back as the seventeenth century the authority of this dictator of the French classical school was not left unchallenged. Many of the contemporary poets, with Desmarests at their head, believed, on the contrary, that an epic poem should "contain the theology of the nation for which it is written." Chapelain, the formulator of the theory of the *épopée pacifique*, advocated what he called "*poétiser à la chrétienne*." As a matter of fact, the marvelous machinery of many a poem of the pseudo-classical school was bor-

rowed from Christianity. The mysteries of our religion were used as poetic paraphernalia. Heaven and hell served as store-houses for epic bric-à-brac. The Lord with his angels on the one hand and the Devil with his "flaming ministers" on the other were employed as poetic props and pulleys.

Many of the pseudo-classical poems present a *mélange* of the *merveilleux chrétien* with the *merveilleux païen*. Jehovah jostled with Jupiter even in the writings of the poets who claimed the superiority of the Christian mysteries over the antiquated mythology of antiquity. Chateaubriand himself, like the pseudo-classical poets who preceded him, mingled without any discrimination in his "epic" romances classical mythology with the marvelous element of Christianity. The fact of the matter is that classical mythology entered boldly into the Christian marvelous through the metamorphosis by the Church of the gods of paganism into demons of hell. Already Godeau and Desmarteau among pseudo-classical poets, following the lead of medieval writers, turned the gods of classical antiquity into demons by preserving their names and attributes. The controversy between the champions of classical mythology and the advocates of Christian mysteries boiled down to the question whether the gods of antiquity should be employed in poetry in their original character or in their metamorphosed condition.

Moreover, Chateaubriand, in his conception of the supernatural, did not advance beyond the pseudo-classicists any more than in his application of it. He employed the *merveilleux chrétien* just as they had employed the *merveilleux païen*, merely as an artificial embellishment, as a rhetorical adornment, of epic poetry. But his own works proved that a figurative and fictive supernatural, whether it be pagan or Christian, had no poetic value whatever and was by no means necessary to the dignity of an epos. His strictures upon a mechanical application of the "classical marvelous" were turned against his own "Christian marvelous." It was evident from his own works that there was no intrinsic worth in mythological fictions, whether classic or Christian.

Chateaubriand's chief merit consisted in drawing the attention of his contemporaries to the poetic possibilities of Christianity. But the romantic school, to which he gave birth, went beyond its founder and employed the supernatural not as form but as *fond* of its poetry. The supernatural served the romanticists not as the ornament but as the subject-matter of poetry and aimed to call forth in

the reader that particular emotion which is its own, that "*frisson de l'au-delà*," as the French call it.

The appeal of the supernatural was not limited to the romantic period. The last century, critical and analytical though it was, was wholly under the spell of the supernatural. Supernaturalism exerted its sway over the naturalists no less than over the romanticists. No better proof of the appeal of the supernatural can be adduced than the fact that even Maupassant, in whom we find the purest expression of naturalism, fell under its charm.

The reason that the realists showed a tendency toward the supernatural is that the products of the imagination and belief are as profoundly real as the illusions of the senses which we call facts. The extra-sensual world appears real to us in consequence of the fact that we experience it in our dreams. Says Edgar Saltus:

"Back of the doors that close behind our birth crouch shapes beautiful or diabolic, shapes fashioned perhaps in our anterior lives. In the land of dreams they greet us."

Man has always shown a clear and constant inclination toward the creations of fancy and belief. The supernatural has a charm even for the sceptic. Prosper Mérimée, seeking to account for the hold which the supernatural had on him notwithstanding his professed unbelief in any higher powers, has said:

"The greatest sceptic has his moments of superstitious belief, and under whatever form it may present itself, the marvelous finds a chord which thrills in the human heart."

In this respect we shall never outgrow our childhood but always hark back to the stories we heard in the nursery.

## THE SOUL OF ART

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

(Continued)

After Nature's fashion, our traditions and basic ideals are for pattern and counsel, not for chauvinism and compulsion. No one perhaps has better shown the futility of bare tradition (as being any more than this: Fruode tried to trace its origin and eschatology) than the most indelicate of all the Pre-Raphaelites, with the possible exception of the apostate Carlyle. I refer to Wm. Morris, the socialist poet and interior decorator. Here was a soul-set champion of the rare credentials of being sane about Art and natural in one's expression of its unique affections. He clearly pointed out that we can entertain but few hopes for ever realizing an *earthly paradise* so long as we continue neglecting the highest aims of Art. Tradition is unable to effect any cultural progress; it is our own aspiration and courage, nobility and devotion, which bolster up tradition and bring about this spiritual meliorism of the world.

But nowadays, after the varying vicissitudes of over half a century, a new expedient appears necessary, even inviting enough to be dangerous. I refer to the recent assault of futurism upon the passé dignity of respectable Art. It is a challenge direct and a disgrace indirect. Even behind the bolster of commercial patronage it has the weakness of iniquity, the crudeness of sham superiority, the blindness of intolerance (of the past) and artificial aspiration (toward the future). Of course, it has the advantage of dispensing with the long weary kyrielles of 19th Century criticism, but it slumps on substituting aimless dynamic for purposive theoretic, it goes flop when it tries to replace the shrewd Victorian disquisition and dialectic with the blase sophistry of modern syncopation and motlibristic jazz. Mechanical subterfuge is a poor substitute for the technical and artistic fugues in classical tradition.

If we could only get this modern spirit to turn its magic wand toward purposive dynamic, which is active on the moral and cultural determinants of human life, then indeed might Modern Art be rehabilitated and modern taste redeemed from its slough of aimless doubt and decadence. It would be a realization of Croce's great desideratum that human aesthetic must be dynamically employed on the good things of life else it soon decay and vanish from the world; Nature maintains her beauty and beatitude by constant effort and rejuvenation, and man does well to know that he is not an alien, not altogether a free agent unamenable to the laws of Nature's world.

Be this as it may, we should always keep in mind that true artistic temperament, when its talents are properly and symmetrically developed, used and justified, is not disastrous either to the artist or to those about him. It does, we know, require a most rare fund of devotion which to others appears to be the utmost and most thorough selfishness; it requires among other things industry and inspiration, energy, clear vision and genius for realizing its ideals in tangible form or expression, and if the pursuit of these rare spiritual functions seems selfish to others, it is certainly not the artist's fault that his soul is consecrated to artistic creation, but his neighbor's fault that they would win him away from his only useful mission in life. And anyway, such genuine and votive genius is always recognized as an enviable power of faculty by all who love Art more than they fear any disaster to themselves.

Of course, there will perhaps always continue to be present in every community the least bit pretentious to Art, that class of gentle go-between known as the *frippier* who "will take care of a work of Art until better days should fortune chance to smile (upon the artist)". But the problem of more concern is not how to preserve the works of Art, but how to preserve Art itself; not how to civilize the artist, but how to save the face of connoisseurs and art-lovers whose appreciative taste holds token of intelligence and deserves acknowledgement of leadership in public opinion. These latter have a losing fight when set against a vulgar and materialistic world. The popular ignorance and vandal alienation of man's cultural affections, which are primary causes of the present precarious situation of Art and taste, are but the beginning moves of the vulgarian maneuver; if not forstalled they will soon lead on to the *niaiserie prodigieuse* which will spell the death of all things honestly aesthetic. But the loyal art-lovers who have vision both before and after impending

disaster, even tho they do lose in the fight, go down heroically trying to tell us not to let this spiritual disease confound and dishearten the higher hopes or aims of Art, not let total disaffection quench the all-too-uncertain fires of genius.

We should therefore take up their invariable watchword and shout after them if not with them: Away with the ugly, the mercenary, the repoussant, the works of pseudo-art, the banal and the risque, the Sadist and the angular! Away with the questionable technique of suggestive nudity, the corrupt symbolism of a low vulgarian world! We have had enough of Marinetti's anti-music and erotic tactilism; we are almost dumb from so many syncopated variations of Russolo's motlibristic jazz; we have found that Soffici's futuristic aesthetic is too clownish and doctrinaire; we have seen that Nijinski's mechanical geometry of the dance is so exotic as to be almost a black art, it is superlative pantomime and false mumery.

We should accordingly understand that all such are in a manner poor imitations of the Pre Raphaelite revolt thrown into reverse gear—they get back to Nature alright, but without the proper underwear for the occasion. Their title to original anarchism may be all right but they lose all sight of our moral traditions in the atavistic flight. It is never a good idea to have an automobile accident when you are carrying contraband liquor; you risk a double penalty. But it is not a humorous situation by any means. They cannot even escape their own verdicts against our former dignified professionalism, for they offer as a substitute only an anti-cultural and instinctive play of emotions, not altogether lacking in a certain sort of symbolism, but neither do they take much pains that this symbolism, such as it is, should be noble and devout rather than merely sensual and worldly. Frenzy and raucous noises, discords and broken continuity, ugly angles and deformity overshadow all the serener works of faith and reason from the classical salons.

It is a treat then to just get back once in a while to Genée's gestural simplicity, Puccini's sweetly modest melodies, Ruben's generous lines and flowing colors, Thorwaldson's epic panels, and Michael Angelo's lifelike figurines. The intellect finds auditory charm in such mystic compositions as Debussy's "Pagodas," "Little Shepherd" and "Isle of Joy"; in Ravel's "Frolic of the Water" or Rebikoff's "Dans del'Odalisques." Visual delight is offered us in contemplation of such great masterpieces as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," Da Vinci's "Last Supper" or Sargent's life-size

portraits of Agazzis and Huxley. These are all great works indeed. But we do not experience a bathos in finding that both eyes and ears are soothed by Southey's sprightly poetic diction flowing freely in that fine specimen of homophonous verse, his alliterative rhyming account of "How the Water Comes Down at Ladore." Here was a prescient chansoneer fully the equal of the great Naudaud fifty years later whose pastoral themes have inspired many artistic musical scores.

A proper appreciation of the world's great masterpieces of Art is seldom seen to depend upon a certain uprightness of character in public and private conduct. It is the ground that truer realism which Plato claimed to be the essential attitude toward the beautifully good and true (*kalogogathia*). But human nature is so thoroughly given to automorphic judgments that Art Criticism, no less than theological, literary, political or economic criticism, is largely a plain mirror to the inner nature of our individual modes of thinking and living. Both form and complexion are faithfully reflected, be they tokens of ugliness or beauty, for mirrors practice no flattery or hypocrisy. Thus does it come about that both Life and Art share in the common vicissitudes of our personal characters, interest, talents, desires and inclinations. Be the special exigency what it may, the general trend of one's attitude toward Life and Art will still follow almost with the exactness of a tracing the quality of one's character and the scope of one's thoughts.

Modern Art, including as it does practically every sphere of aesthetic activity, appears to me to have a grossly decadent tendency in its outline of general principles. Far from keeping faith with the classical covenant of purity, simplicity and harmony, our modern effort seems mostly raucous fanfare of savagery and commerce. Both its purpose and its pursuit seem sadly delinquent from the high standard set long ago by Praxiteles, Phidas, Vitruvius, Giotto, Raphael, Durer, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Velasque and Rubens, Even the reminiscent technique of Sargent's six life-size portraits is now lost in the limbo of copyist neomania and anarchist vorticism. The pseudo-renaissance of contemporary effort is as good as totally inadequate to any durable or effective values, except as they are here and there hinged on and swing toward the square facing of the Masters' classical arch. It remains to be seen however just what the ultimate development of modern tendency will be, the contemporary era being apparently full of the follies and indecisions which



always mark periods of transition.

Nevertheless, it is always extremely difficult to recognize the specious is not openly vicious principles underlying every radical departure from the Lines of Beauty in Nature and Human Life. The reason of this is the cold, unvarnished fact that we are always at a loss to know what is true, good and beautiful far more readily than we make acquaintance with the false, the wicked or the ugly. Our own inertia is against us in the struggle to develop and perfect our better natures. We seem to sense the existence of the former by anticipation and intuition, they are elusive intangible things and have to be grasped spiritually; but the latter are more worldly and material they come crashing in upon us when we least desire them and often when we are actually striving to exclude them from our world of action. Genuine Art is that mode of idealizing and expressing human values which inspires faith and love and good-will, as well as affording us a purified sort of sensula, intellectual and spiritual pleasure; while presenting human conceptions and values it also carries an undertone of subtle instruction in spiritual forces and eternal values. If it is creative or even suggestive of doubt, discord, bigotry, cheap aims or wickedness, it points to either of two things: either it is not true Art, or its would-be interpreters are false and degenerate. There is no such thing as ugly Art, no more than there is such a thing as false or inaccurate science, foolish or invalid philosophy. Rather could we find reasons for calling it pornography or anarchitecture, meaning some form of pseudo-art. Carlyle's sage remark that "the Fine Arts, once divorcing themselves from Truth, are quite certain to fall mad, if they do not die," is as applicable today as it was two generations ago.

Truth must be constantly revealed to the inward eyes of man, else he soon forgets her fair likeness. Goodness must be constantly illustrated by vicray or Art, else people relapse into self patterned creeds of woe and practices of vice. Beauty must be ever exalted and adored, else those putrid souls soon vindicate their rancorous claims of ugliness and moral deformity. These are the eternal adversaries in the perennial conflict between righteousness and wickedness, the conduct of the former being what I will here call the triple function of true art. And the artist who exercises the positive talent for this triple function, no matter in what field his labor is expended, is just that much redeemer of the groping world, and his soul will be immortal.

Life is a metal so easily fused that the base alloys are often boldly foisted into the crucible of our spiritual development. The leaden casket of our dreams shuts out all possible light and the tendency of our transmutation is indeterminable. Sensual perversion is as dross upon the jewelled girdle of the soul and has no rightful claim to be represented in honest Art. Where is the uplifting inspiration of strength and purity and innocent health if the so-called realism of Art portrays only the ugly features of impotence and culpable motive? How can anyone make reasonable argument for the vile pornographer's spoilation of Art? Any element of degradation or unwholesome influence is utterly foreign to the true significance and purpose of aesthetic creation. You can't have delinquency and aspiration in the same moment of aesthetic insight any more than you can have vulgarity and nobility in the same individual character. The genius of man's nobler spirituelle is never idiotic or half-infernal. The rudest hedonist will never admit that he is vulgar, however. He will lie and bluff and bluster, all in the desire to show that neither Art nor the feelings appreciative of Art can be even temporarily destructive or pejorative and still expect to make valid aesthetic claims upon his cross-eyed attention.

Therefore, I find both pleasure and instruction in announcing the fact, in its own right true but frequently requiring the bolster of psychological proof, that no spiritual portrait, no good book, classic structure, sweet melody or lovely statue was ever yet created except thru purity of vision, nobility of motive and constancy of creative effort. Such external tokens as what particular school or style of cunning the artist has been accustomed to may mark closely the vicissitudes of his life, but they are by no means the direct credentials of his claim to true artistic power and practice. And anyway, in judging the comparative merits of East and West, of ancient and modern in the world of Art, we find more difficulty in properly appreciating the material limits (not skill-limits) of their respective Arts and aesthetic taste. Da Vinci for beauty of line and color reigned supreme in Renaissance Italy; but has he any inherent aesthetic prestige over Ch'iu Ying (early Ming period) who is famous thruout China and Japan as a genius for intimate spirituelle in the portraits of his contemporaries? Much fame and fortune has accrued to Rodin for his statue of "Le Penseur," but does any essential feature surpass any one of the various manly characters which Phidias long ago chiselled on the frieze of the Parthenon? Even the new War

Memorial buildings at Chicago, eclectic or cosmopolitan as they are, do not improve on either the materials nor the skill which were necessary to overcome the usual optical illusions incident to columnar and entablature construction in ancient Egypt, Greece or Rome. The only field of Art in which we cannot make comparisons is that of ancient and modern music, the former not having any standard form of written expression before Guido's time. But if we had ears for such far-off retrospects of the Music whose melodies were surely both a subject of delight and of debate at Crotona, we would have just cause for ranking Pythagoras, Archytas and Philolaus fairly close to Bach, Beethoven and Greig.

Artists are usually persons of incorrigible genius. They have set ideas and sure methods of doing things, and yet their superficially separate manners of realization are theoretically the same. This identity is one of affective vision and metonymous expression. It is the result of what they love and how they love it; it results from the inspiration of what they are able to see and feel, and from the aspiration to make some worthy tangible reproduction or refined expression of that vision or perception so that the world may know and share their original experience.

To be constantly in the mood of creative ecstasy, to be ever in the sweet embrace of some fond recollection or clear conception—this is the artist's daily world of dreamy reverie and conscientious execution. We all know that very few of Earth's epochal geniuses have trod a soft undeviating path. That they have rather emphasized the temperamental dualism of genius and ability, inspiration and skill, is a stubborn and proverbial fact. But we should always discern that they love, not themselves in vulgar conceit and pretentious ease, but their Art with the undeniable and irrepressible passion of spiritual affinity and apparent selfishness. But it is an aesthetic egoism, rather than a true and rhyomistic concern for one's own welfare or advancement.

If they are truly wedded to their Art they will be scrupulous to a fault (sic) of their pilgrimage to Parnassus. They will be conscientious and industrious, not of their personal conduct regarding food, clothes or rent of course, but of the exact and stimulating expression of their genius. Debts and duns, rent and worldly ravinage are happily no concern of theirs, for the only world in which they recognize civil obligations is that of Morality and Art. They offer allegiance only to the divine sovereignty of the beautifully good and true.

They practice that first and only teaching of the Golden Rule—Give and Take ; but it is no cheap worldling's selfish creed of give as little as you can and take as much as you can ; they give generously of whatever treasure they have in store, and if there is any reward they take it and say nothing. The true artistic genius never grumbles about the material poverty of his life, he is too busily engaged with his spiritual plenitude.

Skill is the child of creative will and aesthetic passion. It is the timeless token of universal genius simply because it embraces the industry of creative effort as well as the immediate aperçus of moral inspiration. Skill and conceptional power are the primary credentials of representative art, and play an essential role in the rarer functions of creative art. They do not, however, go so far as to exhaust *all* the possibilities of artistic expression. For, after genius has developed to the point of representative perfection, its only avenue of further progress can be only thru the domain of unique discernment and original work. And any discerning artist will always see that his expression is upright, encouraging and true. He would not for a minute entertain the false notion that mere quantity of material or variety of detail can add one jot of merit to his work.

This is one of the critical points in the progress of all true Art. It is also the great climacteric sooner or later in the lives of all true artists. Who then is so earth-bound as to expect that Art can ever be really commercialized or rendered mercenary, when its very patent of nobility is conferred only upon the worthy and free? Why should there be people anyway who wish only to make shrewd exploit of mankind's only spiritual power? Especially when it, as Art, seeks to make original designs of Truth and Beauty, creating some little atmosphere of genial good and cultural delight along life's weary way. Surely the Art that master-souls conceive and master hands create cannot be debauched with the spoliators ravishing desire nor wholly vulgarized with the commercializer's demands for quantitative valuation. Surely no such fate is to mark the climax and finale of Art's varied career, else we turn back the pages of this world's historical epic and read in the preface that we are still savages under our skins. But, alas—*Quein Sabe?*

Literature is another field of combat where perennial tourney is held to decide which one of our moral and aesthetic antinomies shall carry off the daily honors. Notwithstanding the vast carnage of journalistic screeds and blurbs, a longer and more sober perspect-

ive will perhaps show that Literature is one of man's most exact forms of spiritual expression. No matter if it is conceived as a simple exercise in artistic composition or as an elaborate complex of intellectual analysis, it still remains a product of genius and taste, thought and culture, inspired ideas and aspirant ideals. Writers of books often give way to the mystic impulse of creation and joy, and their mode of expression is full of all manner of fantasy and fascination. But when they try to write anything outside of their accustomed temper, or when their Muse is dishabille, it results in little else than mere anxiety, the *nerf-fèvre* of froward motives.

Books are objects of both creation and delight. Both genius and taste are necessary in their making, upkeep, and subsequent patronage. A good book is as dead without an enthusiastic reader as it would be without an inspired author; the genius and enlightenment which went into its making are used to no good end if it does not find at least a few who can bring some measure of similar culture to its study and appreciation. A library full of dust catchers is no library at all, or at least it will not be an active one supplying counsel and consolation to man's weary struggle through the world. While, on the other hand, if all the patrons of our public libraries were connoisseurs of good books and all our authors were classical protagonists of the sincere and beautiful, the shelves of circulation would not be so crowded with *mere bindings* to make idle pastime for lazy loafers, flappers and gallivants.

This is one of the things which shows our emphatic need for a more puritan and less provincial criticism. A stern sort of literary criticism which will weed out the fruitless and inane, and forestall the crass and often risqué popularity of the crude and culpable. Very few golden ages of Art and Literature can dispense with their Platos, Coryphaeuses, Plinys, Ciceros, Petrarchs, Dantes, Schlegels, Goethes, Lowells and Emersons any more readily than they can do without their Aeschyluses, Varros, Boccaccios, Schillers and Carlyles. Like any other dynamic Art-expression, Literature is a mad whirl of belletristic passion which always requires the stabilizing influence of criticism, be it ever so crude in technical taste or immature in versatile power. We should never be overwhelmed with the mere quantitative deluge of anything, for on closer examination it may be found very lightly laden with any actual moral content or spiritual significance.

Our literary *pensées onéreuses* may well be discarded after we

repudiate and abandon all manner of the false, decadent and mercenary; these being the invariable accessories to the treacherous seductions of the quantitative fallacy. We are always on the verge of doing something good for the sorrowing world, but the sordid and the wicked often obstruct and desecrate our better hopes and nobler aims. Nothing short of an outright repudiation will serve to carry us thru to an effectual consummation of our melioristic purpose. No one can be vulgar and aspirant, worldly and spiritual, wicked and devout at the same time. Happy indeed is he who can pass his days in an honest sober effort at improvement, a cheerful and hopeful pursuit of spiritual as well as intellectual enlightenment; and if Literature happens to be his *métier* he will surely write his heart and soul into it.

I cannot understand why so many people otherwise so intelligent and discerning still think it is quite all right that the small and large works of Art which grace the walls, shelves and pedestals of human life should be critically contrasted on account of their mere quantitative distinctions. They fail to see the fallacy of size, complex detail and unusual time-money-labor expense being emphasized as giving certain works aesthetic superiority over others. These are all material, worldly considerations and should not have such heavy bearing on anybody's critical appreciation because they have no more than a superficial importance in judging art values. It is the better part of critical judgment for us to look deeper, be more amiably moved to feel the more subtle charms of values and proportions not so easily measurable. For, judging anything by contrast (whether materially quantitative or not, makes little difference) means that we are looking for antinomies, conflicts, differences, anti-thesis; while if we aim to gain our understanding thru comparative methods we will have to start out on the ground that there is similarity, uniformity or affinity here and there amongst the *qualitative* values of inspired conception and efficient execution. We will be more anxious to find validity of purpose and adequacy of expression than to measure mere size and weight and temporal expense. Under the latter approach we will transfer our emphasis to considerations of ideality, symbolism and technique, knowing that mere numerical or material disparities make neither valid nor adequate argument in properly valuing one sort of artistic skill or achievement over another.

Resurgent souls, and anyone else with the least spark of divine fire warming their hearts, will always be well and nobly companioned by the genius who seeks quality, not merely quantity, in the language

of his expression. They will flee the false, the ugly and inane; they will repudiate the sordid and risqué, the angular and discordant, knowing that these are the invariable vulgarities pursued by the debauchees of decadent art. They will have far greater respect and affection for the simple tho superstitious devotion to beauty and innocence expressed in the Chinese legends of porcelain, lute and jade, so charmingly pointed out and set to verse in Amy Lowell's "Legends" and "Paniters of Silk." At the same time taboo will strictly apply to the too intimate realism of Lezelle des Essiert's suggestive art, as the painting "The Mouse," which displays a novel situation of feminine physical pose and contrasts the several degrees of Sadist sensual interest.

Likewise, instead of hankering after the worldly craze for jazz and booze and swinish ooze with its bestial pandering and pornography (witness Charles Rumsey's immediate dash to fame for his risqué solution of the Sadist paradox of modern antigamic womanhood in his degenerate statue "The Pagan," which shows, along with Ben Hecht's salacious screed "Gargoyle", that public displays and near-discussions of the lewd, the brutal or obscene are quite as fashionable and financially successful in New York as Paris or Vienna ever wished them to be)—yes, instead of such vulgar hankering, the nobler souls of the present age will find far more sublime and innocent relish in Caucaret's problem picture, "The Scruple", which portrays a modest and beautiful woman in some dilemma of virtuous affection or conscientious deportment. They will even go back as far as the oldest oriental history can reach, seeking pictorial simplicity and unique moral inspiration, and find that the Rosetta Stone is the rule of proper procedure in marriage or discover that Chinese and Japanese Art is essentially grounded in the soft curves and stern angles of their early "grass" calligraphy.

And after all such foraging and research they will still come back to the modern age and announce that mere quantity of detail, labor, size or numerical production in Art is utterly overshadowed and annulled as a valid appreciative criterion by the qualitative values we place upon the works of all honest and aspiring genius. They will say that worldliness and vulgar sensual interests invariably go together with the fallacy of quantitative appreciation. So too would we do well in heeding their advice, if not having any similar principles or convictions of our own, for the vicary of noble minds and hearts is never cheap display or treachery. But being without their

high example or advice, we might very probably have to go back to classical days for our methods of proper conception as well as for the patterns of our ambitious technique, for our proper valium and our honest interpretations: these being immortalized to us in the masterful heritage of Greek and Roman culture, medieval architecture and Renaissance Art. From the latter do we learn to treasure the rare anagoge of Murillo, the soft chiaroscuro of Vermeer and Rembrandt, Correggio and Van Dyck's lifelike complexions, and the chromatic poetry of Rubens, Da Vinci and Michael Angelo.

But nowadays we are swamped with the quantitative contests of worlds and atoms, proud urbanity and humble yeomanry; merely material differences of measurement such as contrasts between the eight-foot Oxford Bible and Prof. Scrogin's tiny inch-and-a-half Bible; spectacular open air pageants and slap-stick screen comedies: Mendelssohn's great oratorio "Saint Paul" as against his simple "Spring Song": electric signs 150 feet high are contrasted "for Art's sake" (?) against the microscopic letter recently sent to the Smithsonian Institute engraved inside the eye of a common needle; and the colonnade of the Vatican is considered more august and inspiring than the frieze of the Metropolitan Museum.

The true business of Art, which includes both its expression and its criticism, is to be honest and plainspoken, but yet not immoral nor defamatory of human character; to be intelligible and inspiring rather than sensually ambiguous and degrading. We have other avenues aplenty down which to drive and hear the jargon of unscrupulous dialect with occasional spices of profanity and irreverence. It is no fond resort for the elect, although they sometimes do "go slumming" just to see the coarser side of the social fabric and come back more joyously and full of nobler affection to their own comfortable studio or fireside.

Whether the particular field of Art be architecture, sculpture, music, painting, literature, drama or decorative design, true genius always expresses itself in choice idiom not slang, in soothing melody not jangling jazz. Slang and jazz in artistic (?) expression may be peerless in matters of timeliness and emphasis, but in point of durable encouragement and cosmopolitan preservation much of the local color possessed by the impure expression is lost, and your plebeian artist will find no deathless converse with the Muses if he continues speaking in a vulgar and ephemeral tongue. He should love his Art too well for that. And even if he doesn't love his Art



that well, there is hardly any defensible argument why he should not consider Wyke Bayliss' advice in his "Witness of Art, or the Legend of Beauty", saying that: "The language of Art is not simply a dialect through which we transmit our own thoughts. It is the one universal tongue which has never yet been confounded. . . . . It is the Logos through which the silence and the beauty of Nature speaks to us."

To be sure, there are many permissible patents of nobility and discovery to be acknowledged and admitted into the mother tongue of Art; and they should find no rancorous challenge or rebuff in the recognition of their valid use. In both Nature and human nature, in both the world of Reality and the world of Art, there is growth and expansion just as there is refinement and exaltation. There is amiability and helpfulness just as there is discipline and determined purpose. We do well not to presume to block the forward motion of anything which has the vital spark of Progress driving it on. The only point of prudence is to know when to encourage and when to thwart, when to listen and when to disregard, for it is not always true progress which urges some things forward. Artists and critics, dealers and exhibitors (even many of the panderers and spoliators on rare occasions) are human and subject to human measures and discipline and control the same as the attentive public known as "We". And if we would only repudiate and abandon the vulgar, false and ugly, the time would be short until art-mongers would be no more, and the sordid rouses would either die of inanition or have to limit their efforts to those expressions of the True, the Good and the Beautiful which stand forth courageous and immortal.

No one relishes false values after he has found them to be treacherous and vain. If *all* Art could be made pure and unprofitable there would be a great exodus of the undesirable element which contributes to its periodical delinquency. And anyway if the sober appreciation of Art finds some of its judgments futile and mistaken, the honest patron or genial connoisseur who cherishes the choice idiom rather than the slang in the language of this appreciation, will sooner or later get rid of the unworthy values. They will always have in mind the fundamental meliorism of Nature and human life which Emerson recognized when he wrote that "every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world". Of course the possibility of transformation includes the possibility of degeneracy and peyorim, but we must follow Nature's universal ex-

ample and try our best to exclude the latter by paying all our attention to the former mode of change.

Withal however, it is one of the perennial problems of our professional Art to discover how always to express one's conceptions and feelings in pure language, if possible in such universal idiom that the whole world will understand its meaning as well as the beauty of its expression. And it is likewise one of the most incorrigible difficulties of criticism to recognize and encourage that form of public taste which will facilitate this understanding and patronage, and spontaneously seek out the nobler works of genius without the constant urging and explaining of exhibitors. Surely it is nowadays a strange state of affairs which emphasizes creative values and yet makes the pursuit of commercial and journalistic values the primary interest of practically every effort which passes under the label of artistic expression. We might as well say also that our cultural functions are of primary interest only because they have commercial and press-agent values. It is to say the least an invariable indication of decadence and moral degradation when we begin to be more interested in commercial values than in creative functions.

One of the chief symptoms of our modern aesthetic demoralization is the fact that it is becoming more and more difficult for people to see anything real, true, good or beautiful any more without immediately considering whether or not it can be *sold*, commercialized or otherwise exploited in a vulgarian way. It is surely fast becoming an expression in the most grammarless slang when our truer affection for Art is alienated and ravished by such material worldly anxieties as greed for quantity, haste for wealth and luxury, or the vulgar unrest of minds grown weary of meeting the inexorable obligations of wisdom and virtue. It is high time we were taking some measure of the situation in its true light and try to bring a few moments of sobriety and enlightenment into these maddening years of speed and spoliation. We may be free to miss the proper discipline of experience but we are not by any means free to deliberately controvert the purpose of life; no one objects to us being fools if it so pleases us, but the whole world is against us when we try to be smart or roguish.

Still, for those who are neither fools nor knaves, it is timely right now for us to take some decisive steps in understanding and ameliorating the omenous fact that our modern geniuses number *more* than

ever before in the sordid ranks of commercial exploitation and *less* than ever before in the list of those who used to be *soigneux* noblement of the proper road to Helicon. We can at least take up that famous Sixtine watchword and shout "Away with the Barbarians who would despoil and vulgarize the world of Art!"

Auerbach is quoted as saying something to the effect that "music washes away the dust of everyday life from the soul and leaves her purified and more divine". But it is not only a prophylactic, it is also a subtle propaedeutic and a fascinating fashioner of man's choicest intellectual genius. Music is the realized harmony of the human soul as well as the agreeable auditory effect of certain permutations and combinations of homogeneous rhythm and vibration. It is a melodious language of spiritual expression fully as subject to the rules of cadence, sense and idiom as any dialect on earth. The dulcet magic of its concord sweetens the weary aftermath of workaday life. When sorrow and travail surround us, when moods of anger or rebellion stir up savage passions, Music then brings sweet relief, serenens our souls and stays our mad resort to stratagems and spoils. Happy is he who knows the soft sublimity of Song, for no blear cynicism dulls his sense of helpful days of useful toil and quiet nights of sweet repose.

Emotion, action and thought find each their own unique expression in music. The masters knew the rare technique of blending these three elements into their immortal works. They gave balance and symmetry to their genius, and the taste of all their patrons has never been warped nor wearied thereby. No mutilation, no raucous fanfare nor discordant syncopation marked the pleasant sequence of their song. But a quiet story told in expressive melody was their only aim and ambition. And this was sufficient. Augmentation and restraint, aspiration and retrospect, inspiration and diligent work, all sorts of themes and manners of narration were held fit codes for their interpretation, their industry and art. There was no waste of time or energy worrying about what price to charge the public for being witness to their achievement.

And at any time no musical therapy ever soothed the savage breast, no compository melody ever calmed the insane mind, but surely was a masterpiece of intellectual and emotional expression. We know not why this should be so, but we do know that the emotional judgment is more ancient in its heritage, more pristine and fundamental in our nature than judgments made with the intellect

alone. Feeling and action are more closely knit than thought and action, for our motives, impulses, hopes and fears are always more often felt than reasoned, more often willed than merely contemplated and dismissed. Our affective nature is far older and more instinctive than our intellectual nature, whence what is dictated by affection and aversion usually fascinates and sways our judgment more thoroughly than cold rational analysis and interpretation.

Some people often wonder if Religion could ever have carried her flickering torch of spiritual culture and moral enlightenment so far among the dismal grottoes of this vulgar world, had she not made Music the handmaiden of her every service and solemnity. Surely the magnificence of tracery windows, frescoed ceilings, architectural splendor, majestic domes and doorways have never inspired the soul of man any more than the genius and holy use of Song. Whether our Music takes expression in the form of the primitive choral chant, the ancient harp and dance, the classical rhapsodies and oratorios, or the modern medleys and operas and concert symphonies, we always understand its meaning and its grace. In simple melodies or complex dramas on great and solemn themes, musical expression is equally charming and significant. While, to give one recent pierastic example, to sing the Doxology, the Hallelujah Chorus, or "Aint We Got Fun" in Chinese mnemonic, Spanish toreador, or Polish mazurka style indeed affords us a bizarre variety of musical expression.

But what can surpass the simple rhythm of that deathless cradle song "Rockabye Baby" for melodic grandeur and soothing tranquillity? And where is the exalted genius who would aspire to improve on such clear echoes of the Cosmic Harmony as are sampled in Liszt's softly encouraging "Consolation in E major" or Chopin's spritely description of the life of a butterfly in his "Etude in G flat"? But even more sublime and immortal are the operas such as Wagner's "Holy Grail" or "Lohengrin", Verdi's "Don Carlos" or "La Traviata", Mozart's "William Tell" or "Magic Flute", and the oratorios such as Handel's "Messiah", Haydn's "Creation" or Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul". Here was classical mastery at its best and it is not every cabaret musician who can intelligently reproduce any one of the works mentioned, although there are many in the galleries at operatic productions today who do take at least an *emotional share* in the grandeur of classical expression.

(To be continued)

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