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THE SEVEN ARTS

THE WAR AND THE INTELLECTUALS
By Randolph Bourne

JUNE, 1917
25 Cents

NOTES ON NAMES.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, author of "Windy McPherson's Son," and of many authentic short stories, lives in Chicago and is a constant contributor to *THE SEVEN ARTS*.

NAN APOTHEKER works in the advertising department of The Century Company. She has but recently begun to write poetry and has already met with considerable success.

J. D. BERESFORD, author of the "Jacob Stahl Trilogy," "These Lynnekers," "The Wonder," is one of the most significant of contemporary English writers.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM emerges as a poet after having served an enlistment in the regular United States army. He has contributed to many of the best reviews in England and America.

E. T. BOOTH was born in New Jersey. After leaving Yale he devoted some time to farming and is at present in the publishing business.

RANDOLPH BOURNE is a well-known essayist and publicist. He has published papers on education and is the author of two volumes of social studies.

WITTER BYNNER has won a leading position with his poems and plays. Among his volumes are "An Ode to Harvard," "Tiger" and "The Little King."

BABETTE DEUTSCH graduates this year from Barnard College. She is editor of her college monthly and has been elected poet of her class.

HORTENSE FLEXNER is engaged in newspaper work in Louisville, Kentucky. She has had plays produced by the Portmanteau Theater and The Little Theater of Indianapolis.

ROBERT HILLYER is included in the anthology of "Eight Harvard Poets" soon to be published by Laurence Gomme. He has just joined the ambulance service in France.

HELEN HOYT is a New Englander by birth, a Chicagoan by adoption, and a graduate of Barnard. Her poems appear in most of the major magazines.

FRANK A. MANNY is an American educator of remarkable power. He was President of the New York Ethical Culture School at one time, and later head of the Baltimore Normal School. He is at present connected with the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, working on the problem of malnutrition of school children.

PETER MINUIT is a frequent and exclusive contributor of *THE SEVEN ARTS*.

EUGENE O'NEILL has had a varied career. He was born in New York; has prospected for gold in Honduras, served as a seaman on many trips, been an actor, a theatrical manager, a draftsman, a packer in Argentina, a salesman in Buenos Aires and a newspaper reporter in New London. Now he is writing plays and stories.

ALICE RAPHAEL comes from Texas and lives in New York. She has published critical work in *THE SEVEN ARTS*.

LEE SIMONSON is one of the group of young artists much of whose energy is devoted to scenic work. He is a graduate of Harvard and has studied in Paris.

JOHN BUTLER YEATS, the Irish painter, has lived in New York since 1908. His activities include writing and lecturing. He has contributed before to *THE SEVEN ARTS*.

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free discussion about
the war. In line with
this policy we present
this month an essay

THE WAR AND THE INTELLECTUALS

By RANDOLPH BOURNE

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The War and the Intellectuals

By Randolph Bourne

TO those of us who still retain an irreconcilable animus against war, it has been a bitter experience to see the unanimity with which the American intellectuals have thrown their support to the use of war-technique in the crisis in which America found herself. Socialists, college professors, publicists, new-republicans, practitioners of literature, have vied with each other in confirming with their intellectual faith the collapse of neutrality and the riveting of the war-mind on a hundred million more of the world's people. And the intellectuals are not content with confirming our belligerent gesture. They are now complacently asserting that it was they who effectively willed it, against the hesitation and dim perceptions of the American democratic masses. A war made deliberately by the intellectuals! A calm moral verdict, arrived at after a penetrating study of inexorable facts! Sluggish masses, too remote from the world-conflict to be stirred, too lacking in intellect to perceive their danger! An alert intellectual class, saving the people in spite of themselves, biding their time with Fabian strategy until the nation could be moved into war without serious resistance! An intellectual class, gently guiding a nation through sheer force of ideas into what the other nations entered only through predatory craft or popular hysteria or militarist madness! A war free from any taint of self-seeking, a war that will secure the triumph of democracy and internationalize the world! This is the picture which the more self-conscious intellectuals have formed of themselves, and which they are slowly im-

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pressing upon a population which is being led no man knows whither by an indubitably intellectualized President. And they are right, in that the war certainly did not spring from either the ideals or the prejudices, from the national ambitions or hysterias, of the American people, however acquiescent the masses prove to be, and however clearly the intellectuals prove their putative intuition.

Those intellectuals who have felt themselves totally out of sympathy with this drag toward war will seek some explanation for this joyful leadership. They will want to understand this willingness of the American intellect to open the sluices and flood us with the sewage of the war spirit. We cannot forget the virtuous horror and stupefaction which filled our college professors when they read the famous manifesto of their ninety-three German colleagues in defence of their war. To the American academic mind of 1914 defence of war was inconceivable. From Bernhardt it recoiled as from a blasphemy, little dreaming that two years later would find it creating its own cleanly reasons for imposing military service on the country and for talking of the rough rude currents of health and regeneration that war would send through the American body politic. They would have thought anyone mad who talked of shipping American men by the hundreds of thousands—conscripts—to die on the fields of France. Such a spiritual change seems catastrophic when we shoot our minds back to those days when neutrality was a proud thing. But the intellectual progress has been so gradual that the country retains little sense of the irony. The war sentiment, begun so gradually but so perseveringly by the preparedness advocates who came from the ranks of big business, caught hold of one after another of the intellectual groups. With the aid of Roosevelt, the murmurs became a monotonous chant, and finally a chorus so mighty that to be out of it was at first to be disreputable and finally almost obscene. And slowly a strident rant was worked up against Germany which compared

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very creditably with the German fulminations against the greedy power of England. The nerve of the war-feeling centred, of course, in the richer and older classes of the Atlantic seaboard, and was keenest where there were French or English business and particularly social connections. The sentiment then spread over the country as a class-phenomenon, touching everywhere those upper-class elements in each section who identified themselves with this Eastern ruling group. It must never be forgotten that in every community it was the least liberal and least democratic elements among whom the preparedness and later the war sentiment was found. The farmers were apathetic, the small business men and working-men are still apathetic towards the war. The election was a vote of confidence of these latter classes in a President who would keep the faith of neutrality. The intellectuals, in other words, have identified themselves with the least democratic forces in American life. They have assumed the leadership for war of those very classes whom the American democracy has been immemorially fighting. Only in a world where irony was dead could an intellectual class enter war at the head of such illiberal cohorts in the avowed cause of world-liberalism and world-democracy. No one is left to point out the undemocratic nature of this war-liberalism. In a time of faith, skepticism is the most intolerable of all insults.

Our intellectual class might have been occupied, during the last two years of war, in studying and clarifying the ideals and aspirations of the American democracy, in discovering a true Americanism which would not have been merely nebulous but might have federated the different ethnic groups and traditions. They might have spent the time in endeavoring to clear the public mind of the cant of war, to get rid of old mystical notions that clog our thinking. We might have used the time for a great wave of education, for setting our house in spiritual order. We could at least have set the problem before ourselves. If our intellectuals were going to

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lead the administration, they might conceivably have tried to find some way of securing peace by making neutrality effective. They might have turned their intellectual energy not to the problem of jockeying the nation into war, but to the problem of using our vast neutral power to attain democratic ends for the rest of the world and ourselves without the use of the malevolent technique of war. They might have failed. The point is that they scarcely tried. The time was spent not in clarification and education, but in a mulling over of nebulous ideals of democracy and liberalism and civilization which had never meant anything fruitful to those ruling classes who now so glibly used them, and in giving free rein to the elementary instinct of self-defence. The whole era has been spiritually wasted. The outstanding feature has been not its Americanism but its intense colonialism. The offence of our intellectuals was not so much that they were colonial—for what could we expect of a nation composed of so many national elements?—but that it was so one-sidedly and partisanly colonial. The official, reputable expression of the intellectual class has been that of the English colonial. Certain portions of it have been even more loyalist than the King, more British even than Australia. Other colonial attitudes have been vulgar. The colonialism of the other American stocks was denied a hearing from the start. America might have been made a meeting-ground for the different national attitudes. An intellectual class, cultural colonists of the different European nations, might have threshed out the issues here as they could not be threshed out in Europe. Instead of this, the English colonials in university and press took command at the start, and we became an intellectual Hungary where thought was subject to an effective process of Magyarization. The reputable opinion of the American intellectuals became more and more either what could be read pleasantly in London, or what was written in an earnest effort to put Englishmen straight on their war-aims and war-technique.

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This Magyarization of thought produced as a counter-reaction a peculiarly offensive and inept German apologetic, and the two partisans divided the field between them. The great masses, the other ethnic groups, were inarticulate. American public opinion was almost as little prepared for war in 1917 as it was in 1914.

The sterile results of such an intellectual policy are inevitable. During the war the American intellectual class has produced almost nothing in the way of original and illuminating interpretation. Veblen's "Imperial Germany;" Patten's "Culture and War," and addresses; Dewey's "German Philosophy and Politics;" a chapter or two in Weyl's "American Foreign Policies;"—is there much else of creative value in the intellectual repercussion of the war? It is true that the shock of war put the American intellectual to an unusual strain. He had to sit idle and think as spectator not as actor. There was no government to which he could docilely and loyally tender his mind as did the Oxford professors to justify England in her own eyes. The American's training was such as to make the fact of war almost incredible. Both in his reading of history and in his lack of economic perspective he was badly prepared for it. He had to explain to himself something which was too colossal for the modern mind, which outran any language or terms which we had to interpret it in. He had to expand his sympathies to the breaking-point, while pulling the past and present into some sort of interpretative order. The intellectuals in the fighting countries had only to rationalize and justify what their country was already doing. Their task was easy. A neutral, however, had really to search out the truth. Perhaps perspective was too much to ask of any mind. Certainly the older colonials among our college professors let their prejudices at once dictate their thought. They have been comfortable ever since. The war has taught them nothing and will teach them nothing. And they have had the satisfaction, under the rigor of events, of seeing pre-

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judice submerge the intellects of their younger colleagues. And they have lived to see almost their entire class, pacifists and democrats too, join them as apologists for the "gigantic irrelevance" of war.

We have had to watch, therefore, in this country the same process which so shocked us abroad,—the coalescence of the intellectual classes in support of the military programme. In this country, indeed, the socialist intellectuals did not even have the grace of their German brothers and wait for the declaration of war before they broke for cover. And when they declared for war they showed how thin was the intellectual veneer of their socialism. For they called us in terms that might have emanated from any bourgeois journal to defend democracy and civilization, just as if it was not exactly against those very bourgeois democracies and capitalist civilizations that socialists had been fighting for decades. But so subtle is the spiritual chemistry of the "inside" that all this intellectual cohesion—herd-instinct become herd-intellect—which seemed abroad so hysterical and so servile, comes to us here in highly rational terms. We go to war to save the world from subjugation! But the German intellectuals went to war to save their culture from barbarization! And the French went to war to save their beautiful France! And the English to save international honor! And Russia, most altruistic and self-sacrificing of all, to save a small State from destruction! Whence is our miraculous intuition of our moral spotlessness? Whence our confidence that history will not unravel huge economic and imperialist forces upon which our rationalizations float like bubbles? The Jew often marvels that his race alone should have been chosen as the true people of the cosmic God. Are not our intellectuals equally fatuous when they tell us that our war of all wars is stainless and thrillingly achieving for good?

An intellectual class that was wholly rational would have called insistently for peace and not for war. For months

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the crying need has been for a negotiated peace, in order to avoid the ruin of a deadlock. Would not the same amount of resolute statesmanship thrown into intervention have secured a peace that would have been a subjugation for neither side? Was the terrific bargaining power of a great neutral ever really used? Our war followed, as all wars follow, a monstrous failure of diplomacy. Shamefacedness should now be our intellectuals' attitude, because the American play for peace was made so little more than a polite play. The intellectuals have still to explain why, willing as they now are to use force to continue the war to absolute exhaustion, they were not willing to use force to coerce the world to a speedy peace.

Their forward vision is no more convincing than their past rationality. We go to war now to internationalize the world! But surely their League to Enforce Peace is only a palpable apocalyptic myth, like the syndicalists' myth of the "general strike." It is not a rational programme so much as a glowing symbol for the purpose of focusing belief, of setting enthusiasm on fire for international order. As far as it does this it has pragmatic value, but as far as it provides a certain radiant mirage of idealism for this war and for a world-order founded on mutual fear, it is dangerous and obnoxious. Idealism should be kept for what is ideal. It is depressing to think that the prospect of a world so strong that none dare challenge it should be the immediate ideal of the American intellectual. If the League is only a makeshift, a coalition into which we enter to restore order, then it is only a description of existing fact, and the idea should be treated as such. But if it is an actually prospective outcome of the settlement, the keystone of American policy, it is neither realizable nor desirable. For the programme of such a League contains no provision for dynamic national growth or for international economic justice. In a world which requires recognition of economic internationalism far more than of political internationalism, an idea is reactionary which proposes to petrify

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and federate the nations as political and economic units. Such a scheme for international order is a dubious justification for American policy. And if American policy had been sincere in its belief that our participation would achieve international beatitude, would we not have made our entrance into the war conditional upon a solemn general agreement to respect in the final settlement these principles of international order? Could we have afforded, if our war was to end war by the establishment of a league of honor, to risk the defeat of our vision and our betrayal in the settlement? Yet we are in the war, and no such solemn agreement was made, nor has it even been suggested.

The case of the intellectuals seems, therefore, only very speciously rational. They could have used their energy to force a just peace or at least to devise other means than war for carrying through American policy. They could have used their intellectual energy to ensure that our participation in the war meant the international order which they wish. Intellect was not so used. It was used to lead an apathetic nation into an irresponsible war, without guarantees from those belligerents whose cause we were saving. The American intellectual, therefore, has been rational neither in his hindsight nor his foresight. To explain him we must look beneath the intellectual reasons to the emotional disposition. It is not so much what they thought as how they felt that explains our intellectual class. Allowing for colonial sympathy, there was still the personal shock in a world-war which outraged all our preconceived notions of the way the world was tending. It reduced to rubbish most of the humanitarian internationalism and democratic nationalism which had been the emotional thread of our intellectuals' life. We had suddenly to make a new orientation. There were mental conflicts. Our latent colonialism strove with our longing for American unity. Our desire for peace strove with our desire for national responsibility in the world. That first lofty and remote and not alto-

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gether unsound feeling of our spiritual isolation from the conflict could not last. There was the itch to be in the great experience which the rest of the world was having. Numbers of intelligent people who had never been stirred by the horrors of capitalistic peace at home were shaken out of their slumber by the horrors of war in Belgium. Never having felt responsibility for labor wars and oppressed masses and excluded races at home, they had a large fund of idle emotional capital to invest in the oppressed nationalities and ravaged villages of Europe. Hearts that had felt only ugly contempt for democratic strivings at home beat in tune with the struggle for freedom abroad. All this was natural, but it tended to over-emphasize our responsibility. And it threw our thinking out of gear. The task of making our own country detailedly fit for peace was abandoned in favor of a feverish concern for the management of the war, advice to the fighting governments on all matters, military, social and political, and a gradual working up of the conviction that we were ordained as a nation to lead all erring brothers towards the light of liberty and democracy. The failure of the American intellectual class to erect a creative attitude toward the war can be explained by these sterile mental conflicts which the shock to our ideals sent raging through us.

Mental conflicts end either in a new and higher synthesis or adjustment, or else in a reversion to more primitive ideas which have been outgrown but to which we drop when jolted out of our attained position. The war caused in America a recrudescence of nebulous ideals which a younger generation was fast outgrowing because it had passed the wistful stage and was discovering concrete ways of getting them incarnated in actual institutions. The shock of the war threw us back from this pragmatic work into an emotional bath of these old ideals. There was even a somewhat rarefied revival of our primitive Yankee boastfulness, the reversion of senility to that republican childhood when we expected the whole world to

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copy our republican institutions. We amusingly ignored the fact that it was just that Imperial German regime, to whom we are to teach the art of self-government, which our own Federal structure, with its executive irresponsible in foreign policy and with its absence of parliamentary control, most resembles. And we are missing the exquisite irony of the unaffected homage paid by the American democratic intellectuals to the last and most detested of Britain's tory premiers as the representative of a "liberal" ally, as well as the irony of the selection of the best hated of America's bourbon "old guard" as the missionary of American democracy to Russia.

The intellectual state that could produce such things is one where reversion has taken place to more primitive ways of thinking. Simple syllogisms are substituted for analysis, things are known by their labels, our heart's desire dictates what we shall see. The American intellectual class, having failed to make the higher syntheses, regresses to ideas that can issue in quick, simplified action. Thought becomes any easy rationalization of what is actually going on or what is to happen inevitably tomorrow. It is true that certain groups did rationalize their colonialism and attach the doctrine of the inviolability of British sea-power to the doctrine of a League of Peace. But this agile resolution of the mental conflict did not become a higher synthesis, to be creatively developed. It gradually merged into a justification for our going to war. It petrified into a dogma to be propagated. Criticism flagged and emotional propaganda began. Most of the socialists, the college professors and the practitioners of literature, however, have not even reached this high-water mark of synthesis. Their mental conflicts have been resolved much more simply. War in the interests of democracy! This was almost the sum of their philosophy. The primitive idea to which they regressed became almost insensibly translated into a craving for action. War was seen as the crowning relief of their indecision. At last action, irresponsibility, the end of anxious and

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torturing attempts to reconcile peace-ideals with the drag of the world towards Hell. An end to the pain of trying to adjust the facts to what they ought to be! Let us consecrate the facts as ideal! Let us join the greased slide towards war! The momentum increased. Hesitations, ironies, consciences, considerations,—all were drowned in the elemental blare of doing something aggressive, colossal. The new-found Sabbath "peacefulness of being at war"! The thankfulness with which so many intellectuals lay down and floated with the current betrays the hesitation and suspense through which they had been. The American university is a brisk and happy place these days. Simple, unquestioning action has superseded the knots of thought. The thinker dances with reality.

With how many of the acceptors of war has it been mostly a dread of intellectual suspense? It is a mistake to suppose that intellectuality necessarily makes for suspended judgments. The intellect craves certitude. It takes effort to keep it supple and pliable. In a time of danger and disaster we jump desperately for some dogma to cling to. The time comes, if we try to hold out, when our nerves are sick with fatigue, and we seize in a great healing wave of release some doctrine that can be immediately translated into action. Neutrality meant suspense, and so it became the object of loathing to frayed nerves. The vital myth of the League of Peace provides a dogma to jump to. With war the world becomes motor again and speculation is brushed aside like cobwebs. The blessed emotion of self-defence intervenes too, which focused millions in Europe. A few keep up a critical pose after war is begun, but since they usually advise action which is in one-to-one correspondence with what the mass is already doing, their criticism is little more than a rationalization of the common emotional drive.

The results of war on the intellectual class are already apparent. Their thought becomes little more than a descrip-

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tion and justification of what is going on. They turn upon any rash one who continues idly to speculate. Once the war is on, the conviction spreads that individual thought is helpless, that the only way one can count is as a cog in the great wheel. There is no good holding back. We are told to dry our unnoticed and ineffective tears and plunge into the great work. Not only is everyone forced into line, but the new certitude becomes idealized. It is a noble realism which opposes itself to futile obstruction and the cowardly refusal to face facts. This realistic boast is so loud and sonorous that one wonders whether realism is always a stern and intelligent grappling with realities. May it not be sometimes a mere surrender to the actual, an abdication of the ideal through a sheer fatigue from intellectual suspense? The pacifist is roundly scolded for refusing to face the facts, and for retiring into his own world of sentimental desire. But is the realist, who refuses to challenge or criticise facts, entitled to any more credit than that which comes from following the line of least resistance? The realist thinks he at least can control events by linking himself to the forces that are moving. Perhaps he can. But if it is a question of controlling war, it is difficult to see how the child on the back of a mad elephant is to be any more effective in stopping the beast than is the child who tries to stop him from the ground. The ex-humanitarian, turned realist, sneers at the snobbish neutrality, colossal conceit, crooked thinking, dazed sensibilities, of those who are still unable to find any balm of consolation for this war. We manufacture consolations here in America while there are probably not a dozen men fighting in Europe who did not long ago give up every reason for their being there except that nobody knew how to get them away.

But the intellectuals whom the crisis has crystallized into an acceptance of war have put themselves into a terrifyingly strategic position. It is only on the craft, in the stream, they say, that one has any chance of controlling the current forces

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for liberal purposes. If we obstruct, we surrender all power for influence. If we responsibly approve, we then retain our power for guiding. We will be listened to as responsible thinkers, while those who obstructed the coming of war have committed intellectual suicide and shall be cast into outer darkness. Criticism by the ruling powers will only be accepted from those intellectuals who are in sympathy with the general tendency of the war. Well, it is true that they may guide, but if their stream leads to disaster and the frustration of national life, is their guiding any more than a preference whether they shall go over the right-hand or the left-hand side of the precipice? Meanwhile, however, there is comfort on board. Be with us, they call, or be negligible, irrelevant. Dissenters are already excommunicated. Irreconcilable radicals, wringing their hands among the debris, become the most despicable and impotent of men. There seems no choice for the intellectual but to join the mass of acceptance. But again the terrible dilemma arises,—either support what is going on, in which case you count for nothing because you are swallowed in the mass and great incalculable forces bear you on; or remain aloof, passively resistant, in which case you count for nothing because you are outside the machinery of reality.

Is there no place left, then, for the intellectual who cannot yet crystallize, who does not dread suspense, and is not yet drugged with fatigue? The American intellectuals, in their preoccupation with reality, seem to have forgotten that the real enemy is War rather than imperial Germany. There is work to be done to prevent this war of ours from passing into popular mythology as a holy crusade. What shall we do with leaders who tell us that we go to war in moral spotlessness, or who make "democracy" synonymous with a republican form of government? There is work to be done in still shouting that all the revolutionary by-products will not justify the war, or make war anything else than the most noxious complex of all the evils that afflict men. There must be some

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to find no consolation whatever, and some to sneer at those who buy the cheap emotion of sacrifice. There must be some irreconcilables left who will not even accept the war with walrus tears. There must be some to call unceasingly for peace, and some to insist that the terms of settlement shall be not only liberal but democratic. There must be some intellectuals who are not willing to use the old discredited counters again and to support a peace which would leave all the old inflammable materials of armament lying about the world. There must still be opposition to any contemplated "liberal" world-order founded on military coalitions. The "irreconcilable" need not be disloyal. He need not even be "impossibilist." His apathy towards war should take the form of a heightened energy and enthusiasm for the education, the art, the interpretation that make for life in the midst of the world of death. The intellectual who retains his animus against war will push out more boldly than ever to make his case solid against it. The old ideals crumble; new ideals must be forged. His mind will continue to roam widely and ceaselessly. The thing he will fear most is premature crystallization. If the American intellectual class rivets itself to a "liberal" philosophy that perpetuates the old errors, there will then be need for "democrats" whose task will be to divide, confuse, disturb, keep the intellectual waters constantly in motion to prevent any such ice from ever forming.

Tomorrow

By Eugene G. O'Neill

IT was back in my sailor days, in the winter of my great down-and-outness, that all this happened. In those years of wandering, to be broke and "on the beach" in some seaport or other of the world was no new experience; but this had been an unusually long period of inaction even for me. Six months before I had landed in New York after a voyage from Buenos Aires as able seaman on a British tramp. Since that time I had loafed around the water front, eking out an existence on a small allowance from my family, too lazy of body and mind, too indifferent to things in general, to ship to sea again or do anything else. I shared a small rear room with another "gentleman-ranker," Jimmy Anderson, an old friend of mine, over an all-night dive near South street known as Tommy the Priest's.

This is the story of Jimmy, my roommate, and it begins on a cold night in the early part of March. I had waited in Tommy the Priest's, hunched up on a chair near the stove in the back room, all the late afternoon until long after dark. My nerves were on edge as a result of a two days' carouse ensuing on the receipt of my weekly allowance. Now all that money was gone—over the bar—and the next few days gloomed up as a dreary, sober and hungry ordeal which must, barring miracles, be endured patiently or otherwise. Three or four others of the crowd I knew were sitting near me, equally sick and penniless. We stared gloomily before us, in listless attitudes, spitting dejectedly at the glowing paunch of the stove. Every now and then someone would come in

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bringing with him a chill of the freezing wind outside. We would all look up hopefully. No, only a stranger. Nothing in the way of hospitality to be expected from him. "Close that damned door!" we would growl in chorus and huddle closer to the stove, shivering, muttering disappointed curses. In mocking contrast the crowd at the bar were drinking, singing, arguing in each other's ears with loud, care-free voices. None of them noticed our existence.

Surely a bad night for Good Samaritans, I thought, and reflected with bitterness that I counted several in that jubilant throng who had eagerly accepted my favors of the two nights previous. Now they saw me and nodded—but that was all. Suddenly sick with human ingratitude, I got out of my chair and, grumbling a surly "good-night, all" to the others, went out the side door and up the rickety stairs to our room—Jimmy's and mine.

The thought of spending a long evening alone in the room seemed intolerable to me. I lit the lamp and glanced around angrily. A fine hole! The two beds took up nearly all the space but Jimmy had managed to cram in, in front of the window, a small table on which stood his dilapidated typewriter. The typewriter, of course, was broken and wouldn't work. Jimmy was always going to have it fixed—tomorrow. But then Jimmy lived in a dream of tomorrows; and nothing he was ever associated with ever worked.

The lamp on the table threw a stream of light through the dirty window, revealing the fire-escape outside. Inside, on a shelf along the windowsill, a dyspeptic geranium plant sulked in a small red pot. This plant was Jimmy's garden and his joy. Even when he was too sick to wash his own face he never forgot to water it the first thing after getting up. It goes without saying, the silly thing never bloomed. Nothing that Jimmy loved ever bloomed; but he always hoped, in fact he was quite sure, it would eventually blossom out—in the dawn of some vague tomorrow.

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For me it had value only as a symbol of Jimmy's everlasting futility, of his irritating inefficiency. However, at that period in my life, all flowers were yellow primroses and nothing more, and Jimmy's pet was out of place, I thought, and in the way.

Books were piled on the floor against the walls—and what books! Where Jimmy got them and what for, God only knows. He never read them, except a few pages at haphazard to put him to sleep. Yet there must have been fifty at least cluttering up the room—books about history, about journalism, about economics—books of impossible poetry and incredible prose, written by unknown authors and published by firms one had never heard of. He had a craze for buying them and never failed, on the days he was paid for the odd bits of work he did as occasional stenographer for a theatrical booking firm, to stagger weakly into Tommy's, very drunk, with two or three of these unreadable volumes clutched to his breast—books with titles like: "A Commentary on the Bulls of Pope Leo XIII," or "God and the Darwinian Theory" by John Jones, or "Sunflowers and Other Verses" by Lydia Smith. Think of it!

I used to grow wild with rage as I watched him showing them to Tommy, or Big John, if he was on, or to anyone else who would look and listen, with all the besotted pride in the world. I would think of the drinks and the food—kippered herring and bread and good Italian cheese—he might have purchased for the price of these dull works; and I would swear to myself to thrash him good and hard if he even dared to speak to me.

And then—Jimmy would come and lay his idiotic books on my table and I would look up at him furiously; and there he would stand, wavering a bit, smiling his sweet, good-natured smile, trying to force half his remaining change into my hand, his lonely, wistful eyes watching me with the appealing look of a lost dog hungry for an affectionate pat.

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What could I do but laugh and love him and show him I did by a slap on the back or in some small way or another? It was worth while forgetting all the injuries in the world just to see the light of gratitude shine up in his eyes.

This night I am speaking of I picked up one of the books in desperation and lay down to read with the lamp at the head of the bed; but I couldn't concentrate. I was too sick in body, brain, and soul to follow even the words.

I threw the book aside and lay on my back staring gloomily at the ceiling. The inmate of the next room, a broken-down telegrapher—"the Lunger" we used to call him—had a violent attack of coughing which seemed to be tearing his chest to pieces. I shuddered. He used to spit blood in the back room below. In fact, when drunk, he was quite proud of this achievement, but grew terrified at all allusions to consumption and wildly insisted that he only had "bloody bronchitis," and that he was getting better every day. He died soon after in that same room next to ours. Perhaps his treatment was at fault. A quart and a half of five-cent whiskey a day and only a plate of free soup at noon to eat is hardly a diet conducive to the cure of any disease—not even "bloody bronchitis."

He coughed and coughed until, in a frenzy of tortured nerves, I yelled to him: "For God's sake, shut up!" Then he subsided into a series of groans and querulous, choking complaints. I thought of consumption, the danger of contagion, and remembered that the window ought to be open. But it was too cold. Besides, what was the difference? "Con" or something else, today or tomorrow, it was all the same—the end. What did I care? I had failed—or rather I had never cared enough about it all to want to succeed.

I must have dozed for I came to with a nervous jump to find the lamp sputtering and smoking and the light growing dimmer every minute. No oil! That fool Jimmy had promised to bring back some. I had given him my last twenty

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cents and he had taken the can with him. He was sober, had been for almost a week, was suffering from one of his infrequent and brief efforts at reformation. No, there was no excuse. I cursed him viciously for the greatest imbecile on earth. The lamp was going out. I would have to lie in darkness or return to the misery of the back room downstairs.

Just then I recognized his step on the stairs and a moment later he came in, bringing the oil. I glared at him. "Where've you been?" I shouted. "Look at that lamp, you idiot! I'd have been in the dark in another second."

Jimmy came forward shrinkingly, a look of deep hurt in his faded blue eyes. He murmured something about "office" and stooped down to fill the lamp.

"Office!" I taunted scornfully, "what office? What do you take me for? I've heard that bunk of yours a million times."

Jimmy finished filling the lamp and sat down on the side of his bed opposite me. He didn't answer; only stared at me with an irritating sort of compassionate pity. How prim he was sitting there in his black suit, wispy, grey hair combed over his bald spot, his jowly face scraped close and chalky with too much cheap powder, the vile odor of which filled the room. I noticed for the first time his clean collar, his fresh shirt. He must have been to the Chinaman's and retrieved part of his laundry. This was what he usually did when he had a windfall of a dollar or so from some unexpected source. Never took out all his laundry. That would have been too expensive. Just called at the Chink's and changed his shirt and collar. His other articles of clothing he washed himself at the sink in the hallway.

I eyed him up and down resentfully. Here was a man who ought always to remain drunk. Sober, he was a respectable nuisance. And his shoes were shined!

"Why the profound meditation?" I asked. "You'd think, to look at you, you were sitting up with my corpse. Cheer up! I feel bad enough without your adding to the gloom."

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"That's just it, Art," he began in slow, doleful tones. "I hate to see you in this condition. You wouldn't ever feel this way if you'd—only—only—" he hesitated as he saw my sneer.

"Only what?" I urged.

"Only stop your hard drinking," he mumbled, avoiding my eyes.

"This is almost too much, Jimmy. The water wagon is fatal to your sense of humor. After a week's ride you've accumulated more cheap moralizing than any anchorite in all his years of fasting."

"I'm your friend," he blundered on, "and you know it, Art—or I wouldn't say it."

"And it hurts you more than it does me, I'll bet!"

Jimmy had the piqued air of the rebuffed but well-intentioned. "If that's the way you want to take it—" he was staring unhappily at the floor. We were silent for a time. Then he continued with the obstinacy of the reformed turned reformer: "I'm your friend, the best friend you've got." His eyes looked up into mine and his glance was timidly questioning. "You know that, don't you, Art?"

All my peevishness vanished in a flash before his woeful sincerity. I reached over and grabbed his hand—his white, pudgy little hand so in keeping with the rest of him—warm and soft. "Of course I know it, Jimmy. Don't be foolish and take what I've said seriously. I've got a full-sized grouch against everything tonight."

Jimmy brightened up and cleared his throat. He evidently thought my remarks an expression of willingness to serve as audience for his temperance lecture. Still he hesitated politely. "I know you don't want to listen—"

I laughed shortly. "Go ahead. Shoot. I'm all ears."

Then he began. You know the sort of drool—introduced by a sage wag of the head and the inevitable remark: "I've been through it all myself, and I know." I won't bore you

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with it. Coming from Jimmy it was the last word in absurdity.

I tried not to listen, concentrating my mind on the man himself, my nerves soothed by the monotonous flow of his soft-voiced syllables. Yes, he'd been through it all, there was no doubt of that, from soup to nuts. What he didn't realize was that none of it had ever touched him deeply. Forgetful of the last kick his eyes had always looked up at life again with the same appealing, timid uncertainty, pleading for a caress, fearful of a blow. And life had never failed to deal him the expected kick, never a vicious one, more of a shove to get him out of the way of a spirited boot at someone who really mattered. Spurned, Jimmy had always returned, affectionate, uncomprehending, wagging his tail ingratiatingly, so to speak. The longed-for caress would come, he was sure of it, if not today, then tomorrow. Ah, tomorrow!

I looked searchingly at his face—the squat nose, the wistful eyes, the fleshy cheeks hanging down like dewlaps on either side of his weak mouth with its pale, thick lips. The usual marks of dissipation were there but none of the scars of intense suffering. The whole effect was characterless, unfinished; as if some sculptor at the last moment had suddenly lost interest in his clay model of a face and abandoned his work in disgust. I wondered what Jimmy would do if he ever saw that face in the clear, cruel mirror of Truth. Straggle on in the same lost way, no doubt, and cease to have faith in mirrors.

Although most of his lecture was being lost on me I couldn't prevent a chance word now and then from seeping into my consciousness. "Wasted youth—your education—ability—a shame — lost opportunity — drink — some nice girl" — these words my ears retained against my will, and each word had a sting to it. Gradually my feeling of kindness toward Jimmy petered out. I began to hate him for a pestiferous little crank.

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What right had he to meddle with my sins? Some of the things he was saying were true; and truth—that kind of truth—should be seen and not heard.

I was becoming angry enough to shrivel him up with some contemptuous remark about his hypocrisy and the doubtful duration of time he would stay on the wagon when he suddenly digressed from my misdeeds and began virtuously holding himself up as a horrible example.

He began at the beginning, and, even though I welcomed the change of subject, I swore inwardly at the prospect of hearing the history of his life all over again. He had told me this tale at least fifty times while in all stages of maudlin drunkenness. Usually he wept—which was sometimes funny and sometimes not, all depending on my own condition. At all events it would be a novelty to hear his sober version. I might get at some facts this time.

To my surprise this story seemed to be identical with the others I had been lulled to sleep by on so many nights. Making allowances for the natural exaggeration of one in liquor, there was but little difference. It started with the Anderson estate in Scotland where Jimmy had spent his boyhood. This estate of the family extended over the greater part of a Scotch county, so Jimmy claimed, and he was touchy when anyone seemed skeptical regarding its existence.

He loved to dilate on the beauty of the country, the old manor house, the farms, the game park, and all the rest of it. All this was heavily mortgaged, he admitted; and he was not in good standing with most of his relatives on the other side; but he declared that there was one aunt, far gone in years and hoarded wealth, who still treasured his memory, and he promised all the gang in the back room a rare blowout should the old lady pass away in the proper frame of mind. To all of this the crowd would listen with an amiable pretence of belief. For, after all, he was Jimmy and they all swore by him, and a fairy tale like that is no great matter to hold against a man.

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But here he was spinning the same yarn in all its details! I looked at him suspiciously. No, he was certainly stone sober. Could there be any truth in it then? Impossible. I finally concluded that Jimmy, after the fashion of liars, had ended by mistaking his own fabrications for fact.

He continued on through his years in Edinburgh University, his graduation with honors, his going into journalism first in Scotland, then in England, afterwards as a correspondent on the Continent, and finally his work in South Africa during the Boer War as representative of some news service.

I had never been able to verify any of this except that relating to the Boer War. An old friend of his had once told me that Jimmy did hold a responsible position in South Africa during the war and had received a large salary. Then the old friend, old-friendlike, shook his head gravely and muttered: "Too bad! Too bad! Drink!" Whether the rest of Jimmy's life, as related by him, had ever been lived or not hardly mattered, I thought. Undoubtedly he had been well educated and what is called a gentleman over there. Of course the Anderson estate was a work of fiction, or, at best, a glorified country house.

"And mind you, Art, up to that time," Jimmy's story had reached the point where he was at the front in South Africa for the news service company, "I had never touched a drop except a glass of wine with dinner now and again. That was ten years ago and I was thirty-five. Then—something happened. Ten years," he repeated sadly, "and now look where I am!" He stared despondently before him for a moment, then brightened up and squared his bent shoulders. "But that's all past and gone now, and I'm through with this kind of life for good and all."

"There's always tomorrow," I ventured ironically.

"Yes, and I'm going to make the most of it." His eyes were bright with the dream of a new hope; or rather, the old

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hope eternally redreamed. He glanced at the table. "I'll have to have that typewriter fixed up."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow, if I can spare the time." He hadn't noticed my sarcasm.

"Why, is your day all taken up?" I asked, marvelling at his imagination.

"Pretty well so." He put on an air of importance. "I saw Edwards today"—Edwards was a friend of his who had risen to be an editor on one of the big morning papers—"and he's found an opening for me—a real opening which will give me an opportunity to show them all I'm still in the race."

"And you start in tomorrow?" I was dumbfounded.

"Yes, in the afternoon." His face was alive with energy. "Oh, I'll show them all, Art, that I'm still one of the best when I want to be. They've sneered at me long enough."

"Then you really are about to become a wage slave?" I simply couldn't believe it.

"Honestly, Art. Tomorrow. Do you think I'm spoofing you about it?"

"I must admit you seem to be confessing the shameless truth. Well, at any rate, you seem to be pleased, so—" here I jumped up and pumped his hand up and down—"a million congratulations, Jimmy, old scout!" Jimmy's joy was good to see. There were tears in his eyes as he thanked me. Good old Jimmy! It took him quite a while to get over his emotion. Then, as if he had suddenly remembered something, he began hurriedly fumbling through all his pockets.

"I must have lost it," he said finally, giving up the search. "I wanted to show it to you."

"What?"

"A letter I received today from Aunt Mary." Aunt Mary was the elderly relative in whose will Jimmy hoped to be remembered. "She complains of having felt very feeble for the past half year. She appears to be entirely ignorant of my

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present condition, thank God. Writes that I'm to come and pay her a long visit should I decide to take a trip abroad this Spring. Fancy!"

"And you've lost the letter?" I asked, trying to hide my skepticism.

"Yes—was showing it to Edwards—must have dropped on the floor—or else he—" Jimmy stopped abruptly. I think he must have sensed my amused incredulity, for he seemed very put out at something and didn't look at me. "I do hope the poor old lady isn't seriously ill," he murmured after a pause.

"What!" I laughed. "Have you the face to tell me that, when you know you've been looking forward to her timely taking off ever since I've known you?"

Jimmy's face grew red and he stammered confusedly. He knew he'd said things which might have sounded that way when he'd been drinking. It was whiskey talking and he didn't mean it. Really he liked her a lot. He remembered she'd been very kind to him when he was a lad. Had hardly seen her since then—twenty-five years ago. No, money or no money, he wanted her to live to be a hundred.

"But you've told me she's almost ninety now! Isn't she?"

"Yes, eighty-six, I think."

"Then," I said with finality, "she's overlingered her welcome, and you're a simpleton to be wasting your crocodile tears—in advance, at that. Besides, I've never noticed her sending you any of her vast fortune. She might at least have made you a present once in a while if she cared to earn any regrets over her demise."

"I've never written her about my hard luck. I hardly ever wrote to her," Jimmy said slowly. His tones were ridiculously dismal, and he sat holding his face in his hands in the woebegone attitude of a mourner.

"Well, you should have written." A sudden thought made me smile. "What will the bunch in the back room say when

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they hear this? You may give them that long-promised blow-out—tomorrow,” I added maliciously.

Jimmy stirred uneasily and turned on me a glance full of dim suspicion. “Why do you keep repeating that word tomorrow? You’ve said it now a dozen times.”

“Because tomorrow is your day, Jimmy,” I answered carelessly. “Doesn’t your career as a sober, industrious citizen begin then?”

“Oh,” he sighed with relief, “I thought—” he walked up and down in the narrow space between the beds, his hands deep in his pockets. Finally he stopped and stood beside me. There was an exultant ring to his voice. “Ah, I tell you, Art, it’s great to feel like a man again, to know you’re done for good and all with that mess downstairs.” After a pause he went on in a coaxing, motherly tone. “Don’t you think you ought to go to work and do something? I hate to see you—like this. You know what a pal I am, Art. You can listen to me. It’s a shame for you to let yourself go to seed this way. Really, Art, I mean it.”

“Now, Jimmy,” I got up and put my hands on his shoulders. “I say it without any hard feeling, but I’ve had about enough of your reform movement for one night. It’ll be more truly charitable of you to offer me the price of a drink—if you have it. Your day of reformation is none so remote you can’t realize from experience how rotten I feel. I can hear polar bears baying at the Northern Lights.”

Jimmy sighed disconsolately and dug some small change out of his pocket. “I borrowed a dollar from Edwards,” he explained. “I’ll pay him back out of my first salary.” The self-sufficient pride he put into that word salary!

But his financial aid proved to be unnecessary. As I was about to take half of his change, there was a great trampling from the stairs outside. Our door was kicked open with a bang and Lyons, the stoker, and Paddy Mehan, the old deep-water sailor, came crowding into the room. Lyons was

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in the first jovial frenzy of drink but poor Paddy was already awash and rapidly sinking. They had been paid off that afternoon after a trip across on the American liner St. Paul.

"Hello, Lyons! Hello, Paddy!" Jimmy and I hailed them in pleased chorus.

"Hello, yourself!" Lyons crushed Jimmy's hand in one huge paw and patted me affectionately on the back with the other. The jar of it nearly knocked me off my feet but I managed to smile. Lyons and I were old pals. I had once made a trip as sailor on the Philadelphia when he was in her stokehold, and we had become great friends through a chance adventure together ashore in Southampton—which is another story. He stood grinning, swaying a bit in the lamplight, a great, hard bulk of a man, dwarfing the proportions of our little room. Paddy lurched over to one of the beds and fell on it. "Thick weather! Thick weather!" he groaned to himself, and started to sing an old chanty in a thin, quavering, nasal whine.

"A-roving, a-roving
Since roving's been my ru-i-in,
No more I'll go a-ro-o-ving with you, fair maid."

"Shut up!" roared Lyons and turned again to me. "Art, how are ye?" I dodged an attempt at another love-tap and replied that I was well but thirsty.

"Thirsty, is ut? D'ye hear that, Paddy, ye slimy Corkonian? Here's a mate complainin' av thirst and we wid a full pay day in our pockets." He pulled out a roll of bills and flaunted them before me with a splendid, spendthrift gesture.

"Oh, whiskey killed my poor old dad! Whiskey! O Johnny!" carolled Paddy dolorously.

"Listen to 'im!" Lyons reached over and shook him vigorously. "That's the throuble wid all thim lazy, deck-scrubbers the loike av 'im. They can't stand up to their dhrink loike men. Wake up, Paddy! We'll be goin' below." He

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hauled Paddy to his feet and held him there. Come on, Art. There's some av the boys ye know below waitin'. Ye'll have all the dhrink ye can pour down your throat, and welcome; and anything more you're wishful for ye've but to name. Come on, Jimmy, you're wan av us."

"I've got something to do before I go down. I'll join you in a few minutes," Jimmy replied, wisely evading a direct refusal.

"See that ye do, me sonny boy," warned Lyons, pushing Paddy to the door. I turned to Jimmy as I was going out. "Well, good luck till tomorrow, Jimmy, if I don't see you before then."

"Thank you, Art," he murmured huskily and shook my hand. I started down. From the bottom of the flight below I heard Lyons' rough curses and Paddy wailing lugubriously: "Old Joe is dead, and gone to hell, poor old Joe!"

"Ye'll be in hell yourself if ye fall in this black hole," Lyons cautioned, steering him to the top of the second flight as I caught up with them.

The fiesta which began with our arrival in the bar didn't break up until long after daylight the next morning. It was one of the old, lusty debauches of my sailor days—songs of the sea and yarns about ships punctuated by rounds of drinks.

The last I remember was Lyons bawling out for someone to come down to the docks and strip to him and see which was the better man. "Have a bit av fun wid 'im" was the way he put it. I believe I was Dutch-courageous enough to accept his challenge but he pushed me back in my chair with a warning to be "a good bye" or I'd get a spanking. So the party had no fatal ending.

As you can well imagine I slept like a corpse all the next day and didn't witness Jimmy's departure for his long hard climb back to respectability and the man who was. When he came home that night he appeared very elated, full of the dignity of labor, tremendously conscious of his position in life,

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provokingly solicitous concerning my welfare. It would have been insufferable in anyone else; but Jimmy—well, Jimmy was Jimmy, and the most lovable chap on earth. You couldn't stay mad at him more than a minute, if you had the slightest sense of humor.

Had he toiled and spun much on his first day, I asked him. No, he admitted after a moment's hesitation, he had spent the time mostly in feeling about, getting the hang of his work. Now tomorrow he'd get the typewriter fixed so he could do Sunday special stuff in his spare moments—stories of what he'd seen in South Africa and things of that kind. Wasn't that a bully idea? I agreed that it was, and retreated to the gang below who were still celebrating, leaving Jimmy with pencil poised over a blank sheet of paper determined to map out one of his stories then and there.

I didn't see him the next day or the day after. I was touring the water front with Lyons and Paddy and never returned to the room. The fourth day of his job I ran into him for a second in the hallway. He said hello in a hurried tone and brushed past me. For my part I was glad he didn't stop. I felt he'd immediately start on a heart-to-heart talk which I was in no mood to hear. Later on I remembered his manner had been strange and that he looked drawn and fagged out.

The fifth day Paddy and Lyons were both broke, but I collected my puny allowance and we sat at a table in the back room squandering it lingeringly on enormous scoops of lager and porter which were filling and lasted a long time. We were still sitting there talking when Jimmy came back from work. He looked in from the hallway, saw us and nodded, but went on upstairs without speaking.

"What's the matther wid Jimmy?" grumbled Lyons. "Can't he speak to a man?"

"He looks like he was sick," said Paddy. "Go up, Art, that's a good lad, and ask him if he won't take a bit of a drink, maybe."

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"I'll go," I said, getting up, "but he won't drink anything. Jimmy's strictly temperance these days. He's more likely to give us all a sermon on our sins."

"Divil take him, then," growled Lyons, "but run and get him all the same. He looks loike he'd been drawn through a crack in the wall."

I ran quickly up the stairs and opened the door of our room. Jimmy was sitting on the side of his bed, his head in his hands. I glanced at the typewriter. The keys were still grey with a layer of long-accumulated lust. Then he hadn't had it fixed. The same old tomorrow, I thought to myself.

"Jimmy," I called to him. He jumped to his feet with a frightened start. When he saw who it was a flush of anger came over his face.

"Why don't you scare the life out of a man!" he said irritably. I was astonished. I'd never known him to flare up like this over a trifle.

"Come down and join us for a while. You don't have to drink, you know. You look done-up. What's the trouble—been working too hard?"

He winced at this last remark as if I'd shaken my fist in his face. Then he made a frantic gesture with his arms as though he were pushing me out of the room. "Go! Go back!" His voice was unnaturally shrill. "Leave me alone. I want to be alone."

"Jimmy!" I went to him in genuine alarm. "What's the matter? Anything wrong?"

He pressed my hand and tried a feeble attempt at a smile. There were dark rings under his eyes, and, somehow, in some indefinable manner, he seemed years older, a broken old man.

"No, Art, I'm all right. Don't mind me. I've a splitting headache—"

"Don't be a fool and let them work you to death." He raised his hands as if he were going to clap them over his ears to shut out my words.

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"Leave me alone, Art, will you? I'm going to bed," he stammered.

"Right-o, that's the stuff. . Get a good sleep and you'll be O. K." I went downstairs slowly, vaguely worried about him, wondering what the trouble could be. In the end I laid his peculiar actions to a struggle he was having with his craving for drink. Paddy and Lyons agreed with this opinion and called him a "game little swine" for sticking to his guns. And as such we toasted him in our lager and porter.

When I went up to the room to turn in he was asleep, or pretending to be, and I was careful not to disturb him. The next morning I heard him moving about, but as soon as he saw I was awake, he appeared in a nervous flurry to get away, and we didn't speak more than a few words to each other. That night he never came home at all. I went to bed early—everyone was broke and there was nothing else to do—and when I was roused out of my slumber by the sun shining on my face through the dirty window, I saw that his bed hadn't been touched. A somber presentment of evil seemed to hover around that bed. The white spread, threadbare and full of holes, which he had tucked in with such precise neatness, had the suggestion of a shroud about it—a shroud symbolically woven for one whose life had been threadbare and full of holes.

I tried to laugh at such grim imaginings. Jimmy had stayed with Edwards or someone else from his paper. What was strange in that? This wasn't the first time he'd remained away all night, was it? If I was to give way to such worries I might just as well put on skirts and be done with it.

But my phantoms, however foolish, refused to be laid. I got dressed in a hurry, anxious to escape from this room, bright with sunlight, dark with uncanny threat. Before I went down, struck by a sentimental mood, I got some water from the sink in the hallway and poured it on his ridiculous geranium plant.

After a breakfast of free soup, I walked with Paddy and

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Lyons down to the Battery. We spent the afternoon there, lounging on one of the benches. It was as warm as a day in Spring and we sat blinking in the sunshine drowsily listening to each other's yarns about the sea and lazily watching the passing ships.

When the sun went down we returned to Tommy the Priest's. On the way back I remembered this was Jimmy's pay day and wondered if he would show up. He owed me some money which I hoped would be forthcoming. Otherwise the night was liable to prove an uneventful one. And a farewell bust-up was imperative because Paddy and Lyons would have to go on board ship the following day if they wanted to make the next trip.

The evening didn't pass off as dully as we had feared. Old McDonald, the printer, was in a festive mood and invited us to join him. Two of the telegraph operators, out of a job at that time, had borrowed some money somewhere and were anxious to return the many treats they had received from us in the past. So the time whiled away very pleasantly.

It was shortly after midnight when Jimmy came in. As soon as I saw his face I knew that something had happened to him, something very serious. He was incredibly haggard and pale, and there were deep lines of suffering about his mouth and eyes. His eyes—I can't describe them. There was nothing behind them. He nodded and took his place at the bar beside us. Then he spoke, asked us what we'd have, in a strained, forced voice as though it cost him a tremendous effort to talk. He took whiskey himself, poured out a glass brim full, and downed it straight. Big John changed a bill for him, and without looking at me, he held out the couple of dollars he owed me. I put them in my pocket. Jimmy motioned to Big John and called for another round. A spell of silence was on the whole barroom. Everyone there knew him well. They had all joked with him during the week about his being on the wagon, but they had secretly admired his

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firmness of will. Now they stared at him with genuine regret that he should have fallen. Their faces grew sad. They had done the same thing themselves so many times. They understood.

"Jimmy!" He caught the reproach in my voice and turned to me with a twisted smile. "It doesn't matter," he said. "Nothing matters." His voice became harsh. "Don't forget what you said about my lectures and start in yourself." He immediately felt sorry for having said this. "No, Art, I don't mean that. Never mind what I say. I'm upset—about something."

"Tell me what it is, Jimmy. Maybe I can help."

"Help?" He laughed hysterically. "No, no help please. After all, why shouldn't I tell you now? You're bound to find out sooner or later. They'll all know it." He indicated the others who, feeling that Jimmy wanted to be alone with me, had taken their drinks to a table in the rear and were sitting around talking in low, constrained voices. Jimmy blurted out: "My job, Art, is gone to hell!"

"What!" I pretended more astonishment than I felt. I had guessed what the trouble was.

"Yes, they asked me to quit—politely requested. Edwards was very nice about it—very kind—very charitable." He put all the bitterness of his heart into these last words.

"The rotten swine!"

"Oh no, Art, it wasn't his fault. If they hadn't—fired me—I'd have had to resign anyway. I—I couldn't do the work."

"That's all nonsense, Jimmy. Well, cheer up. All said and done, it's only a job the less. You can always get another for the asking."

He looked at me with a sort of wild scorn in his eyes. "Can't you understand any better than that? What do I care for the job itself? It isn't that. I tell you I couldn't do the work! I tried and tried. What I wrote was rot. I couldn't get any news. No initiative—no imagination—no character

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—no courage! All gone. Nothing left—not even cleverness. No memory even!” He stopped, breathing hard, the perspiration glistening on his forehead. “It came to me gradually—the realization. I couldn’t believe it. I had been so sure of myself all these years. All I needed was a chance. It had been so easy for me in the past—long ago. These last few days I’ve guessed the truth. I’ve been going crazy. Last night I walked—walked and walked—thinking—and finally—I knew!” He paused, choking back a sob, his face twitching convulsively with the effort he made to control himself. Then he uttered a cracked sound intended for a laugh. “I’m done—burnt out—wasted! It’s time to dump the garbage. Nothing here.” He tapped his head with a silly gesture and laughed again. I began to be afraid he really was going mad. “No, Art, it isn’t the job that’s lost. I’m lost!”

“Now you’re talking like a fool!” I spoke roughly, trying to shake him out of this mood.

“I won’t talk any more,” he said quite calmly. “Don’t worry. I’m all shot to pieces—no sleep.” He broke down suddenly and turned away from me. “But it’s hell, Art, to realize all at once—you’re dead!”

I put my arm around his shoulders. “Have a drink, Jimmy. Hey you, John, a little service!” What else was there to do? Life had jammed the clear, cruel mirror in front of his eyes and he had recognized himself—in that pitiful thing he saw. “Have a drink, Jimmy, and forget it. Take a real drink!” I urged. What else was there to do?

After we had had a couple at the bar, Jimmy filling his glass to the brim each time, I led him in back and we sat down at the table with the crowd. More drinks were immediately forthcoming, and it wasn’t long before Jimmy became very drunk. He didn’t say anything but his eyes glazed, his lips drooped loosely, his head wagged uncertainly from side to side. I saw he’d had enough and I hoped his tired brain had been numbed to a forgetful oblivion.

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"Come on to bed, Jimmy," I shook him by the arm.

He stared at me vacantly. "Bed—yes—sleep! sleep!" he mumbled, and came with me willingly enough. I helped him up the stairs to the room and lit the lamp. He sat on the side of the bed, swaying, unlacing his shoes with difficulty. Presently he began to weep softly to himself. "It's you, Alice—cause of all this—damn you—no—didn't mean that—beg pardon," he muttered. He lifted his head and saw me sitting on the other bed. "One word advice, Art—never get married—all rotten, all of 'em—"

This was something new. "What do you know about marriage?" I asked curiously. "Nothing from experience, surely."

He winked at me with drunken cunning. "Don't I, though! Not half! Never told you that, what? Never told you what happened—Cape Town?"

"No, you never did. What was it?"

"Might s'well tell Art—best friend—tell you everything tonight—all over. Yes—married in England—English girl, pretty's picture—big blue eyes—just before war—took her South Africa with me, 'n left her in Cape Town when I went to front. I was called back to Cape Town s'denly—found her with staff officer—dirty swine! No chance for doubt—didn't expect me to turn up—saw them with my own eyes—*flagrante delictu*, you know—dirty swine of a staff officer! Good bye, Jimmy Anderson! All over! Drink! Drink! Forget!" He blubbered to himself, his face a grotesque masque of tragedy.

In a flash it came back to me how he'd always stopped in the stories of his life at the point where he'd commenced drinking. Even at his drunkest he'd always ended the history there by saying abruptly: "and then—something happened." I'd never attached much importance to it—thought he merely wanted to suggest a mysterious reason as an excuse for his tobogganing. Now, I knew. Who could doubt the

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truth of his statements, knowing all he had been through that day? He was in a mood for truth. So this was the something which happened! Here was real tragedy.

Real tragedy! And there he was sobbing, hiccuping, rolling his eyes stupidly, scratching with limp fingers at the tears which ran down and tickled the sides of his nose. I felt a mad desire to laugh.

"I suppose you and she were divorced?" I asked after a pause.

"No—I couldn't—no proof—no money. Besides, what'd I care about divorce? Never want to marry again—never love anyone else." He wept more violently than ever.

"But didn't she get a divorce?"

"No, she's too cute for that—thinks Aunt Mary'll leave me money—and I'll drink myself to death. No," he interrupted himself hastily, "can't be that—not s'bad s' that—not Alice—no, no, mustn't say that—not right for me to say that—don't know her reason—never can tell—about women. Damn shoes!" He gave up the attempt to get his shoes off and flung himself on the bed, fully dressed. In a minute he was dead to the world and snoring. I left him and went downstairs.

Most of the people in the back room were asleep, but Paddy and Lyons and the operators were still drinking at one table, and I sat down with them. I talked at random on every subject that came up, seeking to forget Jimmy and his woes, for a time at least. His two confessions that night had got on my nerves.

Later on I must have dozed, for I was jolted out of a half dream by a sharp cracking smash in the back yard. Everyone was awake and cursing in an instant. Big John appeared from behind the curtain, grumbling: "Dot's right! Leave bottle on the fire escape, you fellers! Dot's right! Und I have to sweep up."

We heard someone racing down the stairs and Jimmy burst into the room. His face was livid, his eyes popping out of his

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head. He rushed to the chair beside me and sat down, shaking, his teeth chattering as if he had a chill. I told Big John to bring him a drink.

"What's the trouble now, Jimmy?" I asked him when he'd calmed down a little. He appeared to be quite sober after his sleep.

"The geranium—" he began, his lips trembling, his eyes filling up.

"So that's what fell down just now, is it?"

"Yes, I woke up, and I remembered I'd forgotten to water it. I got up and went to get the water. The window was open. I must have stumbled over something. I put out my hand to steady myself. It was so dark I couldn't see. I knocked it out on the fire escape. Then I heard it crash in the yard." He put his hands over his face and cried heart-brokenly like a sick child whose only remaining toy has been smashed. Not drunken tears this time, but real tears which made all of us at the table blink our eyes and swear fiercely at nothing.

After a while he grew quiet again, attempted a smile, asked our pardons for having created a foolish scene. He stared at his drink standing untouched on the table in front of him; but never made any motion to take it, didn't seem to realize what it was. For fully fifteen minutes he sat and stared, as still as stone, never moving his eyes, never even seeming to breathe. Then he got up from his chair and walked slowly to the door like a man in a trance. As he was going out he turned to me and said: "I'm tired, Art. I think I'll go to sleep," and something like a wan smile trembled on his pale lips. He left the door open behind him and I heard him climbing the stairs, and the slam of our door as he closed it behind him.

A buzz of conversation broke out as if his going had lifted a weight of silence off the roomful of men. Then it happened—a swish, a sickish thud as of a heavy rock dropping into thick mud. We looked wildly at one another. We knew.

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We rushed into the hall and out to the yard. There it was—a motionless, dark huddle of clothes, a splintered, protruding bone or two, a widening pool of blood black against the grey flags—Jimmy!

The sky was pale with the light of dawn. Tomorrow had come.

The Class of 19—

By Peter Minuit

I.

THE story I am about to relate is the story of an American intellectual, graduate of a prominent domestic university in the class of 19—. In extenuation of the suppression of all the names in this little history, let me plead a sincere desire to be just to both class and institution. Were I to reveal any names, I should be advancing into unfavorable prominence two organizations which, in all fairness, do not deserve to be so singled out. For this episode might have been part of the history of any class graduated from a prominent American university, had the personage of my story been affiliated with it. And since this present affiliation was caused by nothing more pertinent than admiration for an older brother, graduate, likewise of the institution, I guard against perpetrating an injustice upon an innocent class and an innocent school, by leaving all the names obscure.

Besides being a member of the American *intelligenza*, the personage of my story was one of those men for whom the meaningless point of all baseball stories is that someone has been "put out on third." Moreover, towards the end of his life, after years of painful effort, he was able to distinguish only the Ford car among automobiles. I need scarcely expatiate upon his college career. The bond between him and his classmates was, naturally, a purely formal one. He himself would perhaps have had it other. For he desired the esteem of his fellow students. But his attempts to discuss his *Weltanschauung* with them proved abortive. And so, long before

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graduation, he was taking solitary walks in the country to while his college years away.

So deeply had his classmates wounded his self-esteem that directly after Commencement, he severed what relationship existed between him and them, and went his way alone. He never assisted at class dinners. He absented himself from all reunions. Letters sent him by the secretary were tossed into the waste-paper basket unopened. Whenever he received the announcement of a classmate's wedding (or an invitation to the ceremony, if it was taking place west of Denver) he destroyed the missive sardonically, after having carefully looked up the man's photograph in the class book. But he was by no means quits with his former associates. He had been left too unsatisfied by his college years for that. He was really desirous of seeing them again, though under different circumstances.

These would arise when he was famous. For, some day, he knew, he would be a great philosopher. (It was into philosophy that he had finally poured himself.) From his Alma Mater he expected no recognition. She would bestow upon him not even an A.M. For he had long since made himself impossible with her regents by calling public attention to the low grade of the faculty intelligence. And that, he surmised, would never be forgiven him. But he did expect recognition from his classmates. *They* would be conscious of him. They would be proud of him, and glad that one of the freest intellects of the day was of their number. And he dreamed of a moment, at some class dinner, when the banqueting table would suddenly focus on his chair, when the thing that had been so unrecognized at college would get its recognition. He could already see the great circle of shirtfronts engarlanding him, smell the cigar-smoke floating up to him like incense. And for that moment, he waited.

Curiously enough, he did become famous. He did become a great figure. He was but little over fifty when Leipzig con-

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ferred her highest degree upon him. Paris and Oxford followed shortly after. For he had become the foremost philosopher of his time. He had lectured at all the great transpontine universities. He had been fêted by the faculties, applauded by the students. His works were become classic. He had come to know on terms of intimacy all the great artists and thinkers of Europe. André Gide had been moved to write a fine subtle appreciative book on him (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française: 3 f. 50). Paul Claudel had published an ode in which his name was associated with those of Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus and Hugo of St. Victor. A number of German composers of the school of Richard Strauss had composed symphonic poems purporting to translate his philosophy into tone. But it was not only in foreign parts that he had honor. America did recognize him. Many women's clubs were organized for the purpose of studying his works. All the periodicals of the better class discussed his work. Several Western universities bestowed degrees upon him. And he knew that the moment so long anticipated was at hand.

He was right. It was near. He was in New York when the letter reached him. It was from his class secretary. This time, he opened it. And he read with pleasure the salutation with the familiar employment of his given name, read with pleasure the invitation to "get ready for the big *fest*" that was to be held within a few weeks at the university's metropolitan club, and the incidental advice that the dinner committee promised the "best party yet," that a piano and three minstrels would be in attendance, and that after dinner a film of the last victorious football game would be flashed. He wrote his acceptance immediately, composed a speech in the pure molten style for which he had become famous, carefully committed it to memory, and on the appointed night drove to the clubhouse in a mood of calm assurance.

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II.

Fifty or sixty of his classmates were gathered around the cocktail-table when he arrived at the banqueting rooms. For a moment he stopped short, dismayed. They were all grown either gross or attenuated and their visages appeared to have been washed in quicksilver. He felt aged. But then he saw that, after all, they were unchanged. He was glad of that. And he stepped forward lightly.

Men turned and greeted him.

"Why, here's old——," they said, as they shook his hand cordially. "It's an age since we've laid eyes on you! What the devil have you been doing with yourself, anyway? We thought you'd cut loose from the old crowd!"

He was taken aback slightly, for he had been the guest of honor at many dinners. But he reflected that perhaps he was a prig, and that America was a democratic country. So he responded in kind, and permitted himself to be led toward the cocktail table.

Some one approached him, and said jocularly—

"Well, how's philosophy?"

He was still vainly attempting to invent a reply when the interlocutor continued:

"Somebody, I don't know who it was, told me they'd read a book of yours. I forget which one. They liked it quite well. They said there were parts of it they couldn't understand, but that it was very well written. Now, it seems to me that the trouble with most books on philosophy is, that they're written so that you can't understand half of them. It's just as if the person who's writing them was trying to see how hard he could make it for his readers. Of course, understand me, I'm not speaking just of your book. Now, my idea is, that if a person sets out to write anything like philosophy, they should write it as plainly as they can, so that plain, ordinary, everyday people like myself can understand it! You see my point, don't you?"

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The philosopher bowed his head in confusion. Then another voice said:

"Why, how are you—? Glad to see you again."

It was the class secretary. The philosopher turned to him as to a redeemer, and pressed his hand warmly. The new spokesman was no less cordial. "You've been writing books, I see," he said. "On ethics, or something, aren't they?"

In sickly tones, the philosopher replied:

"They're philosophical works."

"Oh, yes," said the class secretary, calmly. "Philosophy. By the way, there's one thing I would like to ask you. What do you think of Shakespeare's philosophy?"

Then our personage brightened. "Why, he must be one of the new Cambridge men of whom I haven't heard," he said. "Tell me something about him, won't you?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," said the secretary. "'To be, or not to be, that is the question,' that's what I mean. Pretty good, I think."

There was a dead pause, and then suddenly he continued, "I've got a boy who's a good deal of a philosopher, too. Reads everything he can lay his hands on. He's just written a theme for his school paper on 'Philosophy and Religion,' comparing them, you know. If you aren't too busy now, writing masterpieces, ha-ha, I'd like to have you read it, and give me your opinion on it. Of course, you must realize, he's only a boy, and hasn't had the time and the experience that you have, for instance."

At this point, the doors of the banqueting room was pushed asunder, and the class began streaming for the long table.

Our personage might have left at that moment unnoticed. He no longer entertained any idea of being asked to speak, much less of being honored. But, somehow, it did not occur to him to leave. An old feeling had reawakened in him. It was as if everything that he had experienced, everything that he had accomplished since last he encountered these men, were

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fictitious, and that he had graduated but a few months since. Quite mechanically, he followed in the train of the retreating class, and quite mechanically took a chair at the end of the table farthest from the speakers. His voice was gone, he knew, and he hoped that someone would smile cordially at him.

The minstrels began beating the piano and yelling, the talking and the eating commenced.

A classmate seated at one side of our personage engaged him in conversation.

"Didn't I see your name somewhere in the paper?" he asked. "I thought I saw it somewhere. You wrote something, didn't you?"

The philosopher shook his head.

"Not I," he said.

"Now isn't that the queerest thing?" said the questioner. "I thought it was you. Perhaps it was somebody by your name."

"That's probably it," said the philosopher.

"Then what *are* you doing, anyhow?"

With a sensation of relief, the philosopher turned to his interlocutor, and replied calmly,

"I keep a shop in a small town up New York State."

And then, he addressed himself comfortably to the soup.

The Little Town

By J. D. Beresford

I

IT is quite a small place."

That was all the information I could obtain. I had been referred to the omniscient Joe Shepperton, and this was everything he could tell me. "St. Erth," he had said. "In Cornwall?" And when I had explained that this was another St. Erth, he had said, "Oh! quite a small place." Probably he had never before heard of it

As I looked out into the darkness and tried to dodge the reflection of my own face in the window, it seemed that we were passing through country of a kind which was quite unfamiliar to me. I had a vision of mountains and the broad roll of great forests; an effect that may have been produced by clouds. The yellow lighted reflection of the now familiar interior jutted out before me, its floor diaphanous and traversed by two streaks of shining metal. And my own white face peered in at me with strained, searching eyes, frowning at me when our glances met, trying to peer past me into the light and warmth of the railway carriage.

Once we crossed an interminable bridge that roared a sonorous resentment against our passage. I could not explain that bridge. We were not near the sea and no English river could surely have been so wide. Yet the bridge was not a valley viaduct, for I caught the gleam of water below, some reflection of paler shadows from the lift of the sky.

This adventure into unknown country was immensely exciting. It was discovery. I gave up my strained enquiry into the world beyond, and let my imagination wander out

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into mystery. I was in the midst of high romance when the magnificent energy of our triumphant speed was checked by the sickening grind of the brake

The little station was a terminus; one forsaken, gloomy platform that stretched a grey finger into the night out of which we had come. I tried to see what was on the further side, across the metals, but beyond was a black void. I received the impression that I was on an immense height, that the dimly seen low stone wall was the parapet of some awful abyss.

I could form no idea of the town during my minute's walk from the station to the rooms I had engaged. The whole place seemed to be very ill-lighted. All I could see was that it hung on the side of a hill.

I went out when I had had something to eat. It was only a few minutes past eight, and I was eager for adventure. I told my landlady that I was going down into the town to explore.

"It's very dark," she said, with a note of warning in her voice.

The street in which I was staying dipped gently toward the town; but as I went on the dip became more pronounced. I congratulated myself on the fact that there would be no difficulty in finding my way back. The lie of the land would direct me, I had merely to ascend again.

My street was longer than I had expected. At first there were houses on one side only, but further down the roadway narrowed and there were houses on each side. I classified my lodgings as being in a sort of suburb grown up round the railway station which was detached for obvious reasons—no railway but a funicular could have been carried down that hill.

I came to the bottom of the street at last and found another narrow street running across right and left. Opposite to me an alley continued the descent in nearly a straight line. Far

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below a dim lamp was burning. I decided to keep straight on and plunged down the alley.

It was interminably long. At the lamp it twisted suddenly but still descended the hill.

"The place is bigger than I thought," was my reflection. I saw, however, that as the road continually fell before me, I must be keeping a right line.

The town was not deserted. There were movement and the sound of voices all about me; figures loomed up out of the darkness to meet me and clattered past over the rough cobbles. I heard laughter, too, and whisperings in the dim black recesses of courts and doorways, and once or twice I caught the tinkle of some thin high music far away in the distance.

Everywhere I was conscious of the stir and struggle of life, of unseen creatures as careless of my presence as I of theirs.

And still I had not come as yet to the town itself. I had pictured to myself some wider streets, or open market, a place of lighted shops and visible life. I began to wonder if I had not passed by this imagined center. I became a trifle impatient. I hurried on; down, always down, through the wriggling maze of tiny narrow alleys and passageways, lighted only by an occasional flickering lamp, bracketed out from some corner house.

"A small place, indeed," I said to myself. "It is an enormous place." I received the impression that I might walk on forever through that tedious ravel of streets. Yet I knew that I could not be walking in a circle, for I was always descending.

I gave no thought now to the long toil of my return up the mountain—already I thought of it as a mountain—I felt that I must and would reach the bottom.

It was not what I had expected to find, yet the reality, when I came upon it, was so inevitable that I believed it to be the thing I had always anticipated.

I turned at last out of a passage so narrow that my body

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brushed the wall on either side, into a small square of low houses and the floor of the square was flat. On all sides it was entered by passages such as that from which I had just emerged, and all of them led upwards. About and above me I could vaguely distinguish an infinite slope of houses, ranging up tier above tier, lost at last in the black immensity. I appeared to be at the bottom of some Titanic basin among the mountains; at the center of some inconceivably vast collection of mean houses that swarmed over the whole face of visible earth.

"There is surely no other place like it in the world," I said to myself in wonder.

II.

There was light in the square; two lamps that flanked an open door. Above the door was a faded sign. I guessed the place to be a hall of entertainment, probably a "picture-palace."

I walked over to it and read the sign; it bore the one word "Kosmos."

"Some charlatan," I decided.

No one was taking money at the door, and after a moment's hesitation I went in.

It was a queer little hall. The bareness of the walls was partly hidden by pathetic attempts at decoration; some red material was rudely draped over the raw brickwork; and a few unframed, dingy canvases—the subjects indistinguishable—were hung on this background.

At the end was a rough proscenium opening, and behind it a stage that appeared to me quite brilliantly lighted, after my long sojourn in the darkness.

In the body of the hall some twenty persons were seated on rough benches staring at the still unoccupied stage.

I found a seat near the door and waited. It came to me that the stage was disproportionately large for the size of the hall.

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And then out of the wings came wobbling a tiny figure, and I realised that this great stage was set for a puppet-show. The whole thing was so impossibly grotesque that I nearly laughed aloud. . . .

Presently I turned my attention for a moment to the vague forms sitting round me, some of them silhouetted against the light of the stage. But none of them returned my stare. "Rustics!" I thought, with a touch of contempt. "Men and women of such small intelligence and narrow experience that even such an amateur show as this amuses them."

I turned back to the performance, though the foolishness of the doll's actions was beneath criticism.

Nevertheless, after a time, a certain fascinated interest began to grow upon me, and I watched the performance, chafing at its slowness—with increasing attention. I tried to disentangle some meaning, some story, some purpose, from the apparently aimless movements of these tiny dolls staggering about their gigantic setting. Every now and again I thought that I understood, and that there was an indication of some sequence of action, some development of a theme. But always the leading figures wavered or fell at the critical moment, and chaos followed; a hopeless, maddening jumble.

One piece of management, however, deserved and received my approbation. I had never in any marionette show I have ever witnessed seen the suspending wires so cleverly concealed. Stare and criticise as I would I could see no sign of any mechanism whereby the dolls were supported and animated. This did, indeed, give me a curious sense of reality, it made me feel that these poor ridiculous little figures had a sentient life of their own. Then some senseless action or helpless collapse reminded me of the invisible wires, and my pity for the feeble dolls was turned to contempt for the ineptitude of the operator.

Dwelling on that ineptitude, I began to lose my temper and I became conscious that other members of the audience were being similarly affected. I heard impatient sighs and half sup-

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pressed groans of despair when some doll attempted to strut across the stage and collapsed half way.

I looked round me again and saw that men were twitching their arms, hands and fingers; leaning this way and that as if to influence the movement of the dolls—just as a man will strain and grimace in order to influence the run of a ball over which he has no sort of control.

I discovered that I had been unconsciously making the same foolish movements, and, also, that our attempted directions were not concerted. There was no unison, no characteristic sway in this direction or that. It was plain that we wished to influence the dolls in contradictory ways.

But one feeling, I am convinced, animated us all: we were unanimously and angrily critical of the unseen operator; we were all convinced that we could work the unseen wires far more efficiently than that bungling performer. Indeed, the fact, so far as I was concerned, seemed clearly demonstrable. The actions of the dolls were so infantile, so contemptibly purposeless.

That obsession grew upon me. The mismanagement of the whole stupid affair began to appear of quite transcendent importance.

I could not watch without striving to help, and I was forced to watch. . . .

III.

The performance closed abruptly.

The curtain descended without notice, apparently in the middle of the play, unheralded by any grouping or arrangement which might suggest a finale.

The audience, almost in darkness, were left to stumble out as best they could.

I could not find the exit and when I did find a door it was not the right one. It opened on to a flight of steep narrow stairs.

J. D. Beresford

It occurred to me that this must be the way up into the flies, to the place in which the operator sat and controlled his dolls. In a sudden mood of determination I decided to seek him out—I would give him some primitive instruction. He must be some ignorant countryman. I would give him a few useful hints in the conduct of his business; suggest a story for his dolls to act, some sequent, purposeful story moving toward a climax. . . .

I stumbled upwards in the dark, one hand on the cold rough wall, the other stretched out before me to guard against any obstacle which might be in my path. It was a very long staircase, for the proscenium opening was a high one. When I was nearly at the top, the stairway twisted unexpectedly, and I found myself looking down on the still brilliantly lighted stage.

Before me in a great chair that was almost a throne, an old man sat gazing tenderly down upon the stage below him. There was a calm, gentle wisdom upon his face and he moved his hands slowly this way and that.

I looked down and saw that although the curtain had fallen and the hall was empty, the performance was still going on in the same, aimless, inexplicable manner.

Perhaps the old man was practising his art, or perhaps he did not know that the curtain had fallen and the audience gone away—in any case he sat there with a sweet intent smile, passing his outspread hands slowly to and fro over the heads of those foolish, inept figures beneath.

And even then I could see no wires, no connection between those mesmeric hands and the tottering figures.

A strange diffidence had come over me. From where I stood it appeared an immensely difficult task to control and guide the movements of those dolls below.

My anxiety to instruct died out of me. I began to marvel at the dexterity with which the old man would sometimes raise a falling doll by the lift of his little finger. And from

The Little Town

my new point of view I thought I could at least discern some purpose in the play. . . .

For a time I stood motionless, watching, and then I looked again at the operator seated in his great chair. He was quite unconscious of my presence. He wore always the same serene, gentle smile. He was in no way perturbed when his dolls stumbled and fell. He sat serene, intent; and his hands moved ceaselessly to and fro over the great stage.

I crept away softly and found my way out.

When I reached the square again the moon had risen.

I looked up and saw the little railway station a few hundred yards away.

It was a stiff climb, but I reached home in ten minutes.

The town was, after all, quite a small place. . . .

In the morning I wondered whether the old man still sat in the same place manipulating his dolls.

I wondered whether he was a charlatan or only very old, and very, very foolish.

A Group of Lyrics

Songs

I WOULD make songs for you:
Of slow suns weighing
Through pale mist to the river, overlaying
Gold upon silver tissue; or the hush
Of winter twilight when the bushes quiver
Blooming with birds;
Of the easy snow;
Of patient streets, or the theatric glow
Of lamps on crowding faces in the night;
Of sudden gay encounters without words;
Of sorrow quiet in a huddled fight;
Of the release of April winds,
Of death,
That is a stillness without peace,—
Like love, wherefore I am so dumb to you.
—*Babette Deutsch*

The Sea-Gull

GREY wings, O grey wings against a cloud
Over the rough waves flashing,
Whose was the scream, startling and loud,
Keen through the skies; was it thine,
Over the wind and the moaning whine
Of the wide seas dashing?
Whose was the scream that I heard

A Group of Lyrics

In the midst of the hurrying air,
Was it thine, lost bird,
Or the voice of an old despair,
Shrieking from years long dead,
Inexorable spirit, flying
On tempest wings that passed and fled
Through the storm crying?

—*Robert Silliman Hillyer*

The Ploughman

PLOUGHMAN atop the yearning hill
That leans against the Summer sky,
My heart and soul are Jack and Jill;
Say, if we climb, Sir, will you fill
Our pail with your tranquillity?
We shall not grudge the steep ascent,
The tumble down, the broken crown.
Labor and pain shall be well spent
If we can bring a spoonful down.

—*Edward Townsend Booth*

Compulsion

I SHALL put out my hand and raise the latch
Of this grey door, go in and let it close
On me and on the day. The bright sun patch
Here at my feet will fade, the iron rows
Of coat-hooks will be waiting and stale air
Will reek of steam. Although the Spring has come
Outside and clouds are high, how should winds dare
To sing a fluttering song where lips are dumb?
And I go in, crushing with tears the will

A Group of Lyrics

To turn and give myself to the young day;
Yet this I know—on some far April hill
Where Spring is born, there falls a moment's grey—
Stillness on wing and flower and mounting green,
For I have hurt glad things I have not seen!

—*Hortense Flexner*

Trumpets

“**Y**OU speak a treacherous music to my soul,
Steal and confuse me, till I cannot hear
The little words of warning—till I fear
The army of your voice, the sheer and whole
High sweetness blinding me, the battle-roll
Of drums defeating me, the charioteer
Clashing upon me with a sudden spear,
The captain thundering orders of control . . .”

No, I shall not relinquish, but shall be
Stalwart to menace as a mortal can.
Send forth your soul, then, forth to grips with me
As once an angel wrestled with a man . . .
O let your soul trumpet this heathen town
Till all the towers of my love fall down!

—*Witter Bynner*

A Gentleman

HE moved among us, courtly, keen and kind;
A friend, but by some special grace, apart.
His low and well-toned voice comes back to me;
The gracious, listening bend of his fine head. . . .

A Group of Lyrics

His grave, reflective eyes. . . . I loved to watch him work—
His sure, firm touch—the way he sensed the true . . .
Cutting away all else . . . making us bunglers see. . . .
He always brought a memory to me—
Of gentlemen in old, dark-panelled rooms—
Reading some rare, good book in scholar-wise . . .
And stately ladies—graceful and discreet. . . .

—Why was I seized with such a passion, then,
To stir him to the vital beat of life . . .
To make him taste the common salt of earth . . .
The leaping heart of youth, its storm and pain;
The flushed, warm cheeks of love; laughter that shakes the
soul. . . .
The grip of the grim world—its gallant, brushed-off tears . . .
The rapture of unmeasured bursts of song. . . .

—*Nan Apotheker*

Phantoms

LONG waste stretches of the night
Where the dead selves, knocking—knocking
Prowl and patter about the crumbling doors.

Vain are my hands pressed against them as barriers,
Faint grows my cry in their rising moan.
The strength of my pride has winged itself
And melted is the armor of ignorance.

They are about me, sleek and panting,
Dead hopes, dead visions, dead lives.
Blind-eyed they grope their ghastly way
Whilst I, like a naked child,
Seeking the warm cover of enfolding arms,

A Group of Lyrics

Fly between the serried row of mouldering selves,
And cry, "Not this—this is not me;
Not that—not that thing I."

Open, open wide the portals,
Let love blaze within!
Only then will they writhe and curl
Like dust before the wind-driven rain.

—*Alice Raphael*

The Garden

DO not fear.
The garden is yours
And it is yours to gather the fruits
And every flower of every kind,
And to set the high wall about it
And the closed gates.
The gates of your wall no hand shall open,
No feet shall pass,
Through all the days until your return.
Do not fear.

But soon,
Soon let it be, your coming!
For the pathways will grow desolate waiting,
The flowers say, "Our loveliness has no eyes to behold it!"
The leaves murmur all day with longing,
All night the boughs of the trees sway themselves with longing. . .

O Master of the Garden,
O my sun and rain and dew,
Come quickly.

—*Helen Hoyt*

Mid-American Prayer

By Sherwood Anderson

I SANG there. I dreamed there. I was suckled face downward in the black earth of my western corn land. I remember as though it were yesterday how I first began to stand up.

All about me the corn. In the night the fields mysterious and vast, voices of Indians, names remembered, murmurings of winds, the secret mutterings of my own young boyhood and manhood.

The men and women among whom I lived destroyed my ability to pray. The sons of New Englanders who brought books and smart sayings into our Mid-America destroyed the faith in me that came out of the ground.

But in my own way I crept out beyond that. I did pray—in the night by a strip of broken rail fence, in the rain, walking alone in meadows, in the hundred secret places that youth knows, I tried to find the way to God.

Now you see how confusing life is.

Here were my corn fields that I loved,—what whisperings there, what daring dreams, what deep hope, what memories of true old savages, Indians, strivings toward God, dancing and fighting and praying while they said big words—medicine words.

And all this in the long cornfields.

And then in the fall the crackling of corn leaves, the smells, sights and sounds.

The corn stood up like armies in the shocks.

When I was a boy I went into the corn fields at night. I

Sherwood Anderson

said words I had not dared to say to people, defying the New Englanders' gods, trying to find honest, mid-western American gods.

And all the time the fields spread west and west. An empire was building. Towns grew up, factories multiplied.

You see the corn had come into its own but that was destroyed too.

I and my men stood up but we grew fat. We lived in houses in cities and we forgot the fields and the praying, and the lurking sounds, sights, smells of old things.

Now I am ashamed and many of my men are ashamed.

I cannot tell you how deep my shame lies.

I walk in the streets seeing my own well clad body and my fat hands with shame.

I am thinking of lean men fighting in many places over the world. I am thinking of the voices of my own gods forgotten in the fields.

And now at last after my long fatness I begin again to get the old whisperings. I go along here in Chicago praying and saying words. Not the shouting and the waving of flags but something else creeps into me.

You see, dear brother of the East, I dream of new and more subtle loves for me and my men.

My mind leaps forward and I think of the time when our hands, no longer fat, may touch even the lean dear hands of France, when we also have suffered and got back to prayer.

Conceive if you can the mightiness of that dream—that these fields and places, out here, west of Pittsburgh, may become sacred places, that because of this terrible thing, of which we may now become a part, there is hope of hardness and leanness—that we may get to lives of which we may be unashamed.

Above the old, half lost shadows that lurk over our corn fields now something more than Indians that dance in the moonlight.

Mid-American Prayer

Now older, older things—bearded Slavs dreaming far back, stout Englishmen marching under Cromwell, Franks and Celts, presently Scandinavians too.

These to our corn fields, the old dreams and prayers and thoughts of these men sweetening our broad land and getting even into the shops and into the shadows that lurk by our factory doors.

It is the time of the opening of doors now.

No talk now of what we can do for the old world.

Talk and dreams now of what the old world can bring to us—the true sense of real suffering out of which may come the newer world.

God lead us to the fields now. Suns for us and rains for us—and a prayer for every growing thing.

May our fields become our sacred places.

May we have courage to choke with our man's hate him who would profit by the sufferings of the world.

May we strip ourselves clean and go hungry that after this terrible storm has passed our sacred fields may feed German, Jew and Japanese.

May the sound of enmity die in the groaning of growing things in our fields.

May we get to gods and the greater brotherhood through growth springing out of the destruction of men.

For all of Mid-America now the greater prayer and the birth of humbleness.

The Unimagined Heaven

By Maxwell Bodenheim

Essences of Five Soldiers.
Essence of a Servant-Girl.
Essence of a Poet.
Essence of a Child.
Essence of a Box-Maker.
Essence of a Woman.

The Essences are seated before a large, triangular green booth in the First Heaven. In the booth, two Essences in the shape of old men distribute the wine of silence, the fruit of remembrance, and the bread of calmness. All Essences have just recovered from the long sleep that came to them after drinking the wine of silence. The Essences of the Soldiers have been but a short time in the First Heaven, and have not yet eaten the fruit of remembrance. They, unlike the others, know nothing of what they were on earth. The Essences wear the semblance of the clothes they usually wore on earth.

FIRST SOLDIER

WHAT an odd, spice-laden sleep! Voices that are silent speak to you! You feel the sounds! I could certainly never have imagined this on earth.

SECOND SOLDIER

So many words I never knew before are in me. I am like a beggar who has come upon a basket of jewels and puts them on, one by one, abashed and happy!

The Unimagined Heaven

THIRD SOLDIER

Like a child who has been dressed while asleep, I touch
these clothes and wonder who gave them to me.

FOURTH SOLDIER

I feel as though I had quickly split a mountain, and walked
out of it lighter than wind. And as I say this I wonder
whether I am not listening to someone else.

FIFTH SOLDIER

I think my flesh was a curtain that hid many friends.
(*As they talk, the others look at them amusedly, pityingly,
and move closer.*)

SERVANT-GIRL

They laid me on the earth, stiffened by the sun, and took
away my body. . . . Then they tried to laugh, and
touched their lips with the tips of their tongues, and ran
away. I was sorry I could not thank them. I kissed
their hair matted with earth, caught in the killing of me,
and thought no more of them.

FIRST SOLDIER

And they drank weak wine, and shuffled their feet, and
thought no more of you. . . . But how do I know this?

POET

I was in a long ditch that men call a trench, braiding the
fragrant strings of a little poem. Someone stopped me
and thrust a spike into my body. . . . And I walked
off, still braiding together my little poem.

Maxwell Bodenheim

SECOND SOLDIER

And he who slew you, dropped over your body a moment afterwards. His shell and yours made a queer, stiff cross in the mud, and the searchers who came upon it stared and mumbled. . . . Who gave me these words?

CHILD

I have a funnier story. I lay in a blue and white room and laughed at the walls—they were shaking like the hands of old men. I had a fan, and I was slowly opening it. Suddenly my body seemed to spread out like the fan and I stood looking at something red and white, thrown over the floor of the room. I played with it a minute, as I had played with the little fan. Then I skipped away.

THIRD SOLDIER

Wasn't I making smoke beside a tiny cloth-house, and didn't I abruptly become as light as the smoke spirals? My remembrance of it is so dim, I think it a dream.

POET

Yes, you came up to me, and with arms over shoulders we looked curiously down.

(The third soldier covers his face with white hands.)

BOX-MAKER

Because I could not make three hundred boxes a day I died.
Into every box went a piece of my body.

FOURTH SOLDIER

Couldn't you have made fewer boxes?

The Unimagined Heaven

BOX-MAKER

They carried food to hungry soldiers. They were filled more quickly than I could make them.

WOMAN

I left a soft bit of me behind. As a flower sucking air and giving it poison in return, it drew in my life and killed me.

FIFTH SOLDIER

I think I helped you make this cruel thing. . . . But I cannot tear the thick brown tapestry covering the entrance to my memory.

(The two old men come down from the booth. To the soldiers they give the fruit of remembrance; to the others, the bread of calmness. Slowly the Essences eat. When they have finished, a long silence comes. Then the First Soldier springs to his feet, and speaks softly, with a strained clearness.)

FIRST SOLDIER

Fragments of pictures sift through my laced eyes. . . .

There are soldiers and a cone-topped wooden house, and a squealing, blinking woman. . . . Why do we choke her so hard? Ah, now I know. *(Turning to Servant-Girl.)* . . . I was the last one, and your last whisps of breath slid over my twisted face. *(He pauses, and touches her arm timidly.)* Do you hate me now?

SERVANT-GIRL

(After long, clear laughter.)

Like jewels in the hands of one who is blind are love and hatred to us. You interest me. Let us waver off, and pass through years talking to each other.

(They rise and walk away, arms flung carelessly over shoulders.)

Maxwell Bodenheim

SECOND SOLDIER

(Slowly and softly, after rising with the poet.)

After all, I think I did you a favor. The battlefield was a poor place in which to shape your poem. I gave you a better one.

POET

You neither helped nor marred me. But, I admit, the battlefield was a bit irritating. Come, I shall give you the poem I was weaving, when you thrust that spike into my cloak. It is a frail, earth-colored thing, but it will amuse us. *(They walk away, arm in arm.)*

THIRD SOLDIER

(Standing above the child.)

I was your father on earth, but now I seem changed to a calm friend. I do not love you. . . . I lack the old feeling of strength, standing like a tired sentinel over your weakness. . . . After all, this earth joy I once had, stooping to rest lips on the stretched satin of your forehead,—did it please me more than this?

CHILD

We must begin to know each other. Our earth-love was a stained-glass panel. We stood on each side of it, thinking we looked at each other, but we saw only the figures on the glass.

(They smile and walk away, hand in hand.)

FOURTH SOLDIER

(Turning to Box-Maker.)

We did not know each other on earth. I was a pottery-maker. Many large grey jugs, all exactly rounded, and

The Unimagined Heaven

with the same thick handles I made. I became a bit like my jugs, half-grey, half-smooth. But their emptiness did not come to me. The bowl of my body was smashed, and I am the dried liquid it held.

BOX-MAKER

I should like to drink you, O Symbol of a Liquid.

(They walk off together, without touching each other. The Fifth Soldier and the Woman rise and silently look at each other, for a very long time.)

FIFTH SOLDIER

I am unhappy. A tinge of earth still hangs to me, as a wraith of sun-warmth clings to a tree after the rain has cooled it. I should like to touch you again, with that old earth-love that made my hands seem torches.

WOMAN

And I long to be, once more, a piece of fruit, held out to you by the shaking fingers of my love, and desiring the death of your mouth.

(The Spirit of the First Heaven speaks to them. They turn, upon hearing his salutation, but he is invisible to them.)

SPIRIT OF THE FIRST HEAVEN

Earth Children! The spirits you will soon be are speaking to you. Your earth-love and earth-hatred will lack even the shine of jewels as you live on here. You will be lifted to swinging drifts of white flame by emotions that do not seek to possess or to slay, but to understand. This desire to know each other, which was a child of your mind on earth, will rise in this First Heaven to such a quivering pitch that it will come to you as a fierce emotion. . . .

(The Fifth Soldier and the Woman stand with bowed heads. The curtain falls.)

THE SEVEN ARTS



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PEACE failed in Europe: now peace fails in America. The human race has had little experience in peace. Its past is an agonizing discipline in bloodshed and slaughter, out of whose anguish great teachers arose to tell man what he needed to do. He needed to transcend himself, to find life in abundance, to rise to heights of human power; to accept voluntary self-discipline. He was to find the kingdom of heaven within himself. But always what began as self-surpassing ended as subjugation of others, as aggrandizement and complacency. Such has been the history of every religion. The deep human need, the need crying aloud in every heart, remained unfulfilled: the emotional forces in man, the forces in him which are as real as hurricanes and lightning and

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gravity, were allowed to remain in childish bonds, undeveloped and unexpressed. Unlifted to human heights and human application, they burst through as lava through the crust of a crater. They swept forth in devastation.

THE century of "progress," the century of "enlightenment" was a century in which the intellect of man immeasurably outran his total development. His emotional life, as never before, remained behind him. His religions ceased to be vitalizing, his personal experience lacked profundity and intensity. He became the inventor, the organizer, the intellectual, the factory drudge, the business man: he turned his interest and attention almost wholly to the external world—to the conquest of natural forces and the perfecting of machinery. He lost the best of play and festival, of love and art, of great adventure and religious experience. He enmeshed himself in a cold industrialism in which he is a cog on the wheel. He became the slave of an unreal realism, a realism which left himself and his deep needs out of consideration. What he really has done, is to go against nature, his own nature.

BUT to disregard nature is impossible for any length of time. Such neglect leads straight to devastation—to an outburst of what is suppressed in himself. The war was such an outburst. Before the storm and whirlwind of man's emotions the intellectual superstructure crumbled and was swept away. Reason was lost: enlightenment was shattered. Millions were set against millions hardly a whit different from the men of the Stone Age who on those very fields of France cracked each other's skulls with stone hatchets, and tore each other with hands and teeth. It was a throwback of fifty thousand years, but a throwback in which man took along with him the best products of his intellect, machines of destruction whose horror is beyond our imagination. What

The Seven Arts

was an adventure to the Stone Age men is a dreary industrial machine-slaughter for the moderns: a war in which there is no sport, no fine margin of heroism, no adventure, but the mere giving up of the flesh to the invisible and mathematically certain engineer of the enemy.

SO did European peace fail: so has our peace failed. We may blame this group or that, we may talk of high ethical purposes, we may feel that we are being regimented unwillingly into the dark experience, but the fact remains that probably even more so than in Europe, our peace has been a failure. For some time we have seen our own shallowness, our complacency, our commercialism, our thin self-indulgent kindness, our lack of purpose, our fads and advertising and empty politics; for some time we have examined and seen clearly our fatted folk on top and our drudges at the bottom; our injustices and crudities. But we have done little: a small pleasant tinkering, a patching up here and there, a new religion or two, a boom in art or in ethics. But such peace is not peace: it is a mere absence of war, a mere negative struggle. It is an outrage on human nature, and something that cannot last, so long as the real forces of life move on inevitably underneath, so long as the heart yearns and the need of man is great and unfilled.

WE know little or nothing of the power moving in humanity: but we see today the whole Earth suffering, the whole world quivering through every single human being in anguish. We see profound revolutionary changes taking place; we see the planet, as it were, making itself over. We could not expect to be the calm island in this raging sea. We too are sucked into the storm: we too must fill the void of a century of shallow living. We too must know war because we could not volunteer and meet together as human beings to create great peace and great persons. J. O.

The Painters' Ark

By Lee Simonson

A GROUP of communists might plausibly maintain that no form of representation existed which did not suppress a minority, and then summon a parliament where anyone might become a deputy upon payment of two dollars. As politicians they might pretend to await the voice of the people. In practice they know that any such mob must remain inarticulate. The huge assembly is a means for a few revolutionists to debate in a public forum which they could not gain otherwise. In much the same way any society of painters which dispenses with a jury and sells space at an annual exhibition indiscriminately to the first thousand applicants, is necessarily disingenuous. It must pretend to be as eager to rescue the unknown mediocrity as the unknown genius. Its programme must embrace democracy as a principle when, in reality, democracy is adopted as an expedient. It is the amateur, the superannuated drawing teacher and the occasional member of an academy who are the democrats of any independent salon. They may feel that in exhibiting with the wild young modern they acknowledge him as a brother. But the young modern, as a rule, considers himself one of the two or three genuinely creative artists of the community. There are perhaps a dozen other painters whose work he finds more or less interesting. The rest he would exterminate like flies were he able. He is eager to expose with the old school in order to "show them up" and chuckles at the prospect.

An exhibition of this sort has its importance for the critic as an annual voyage of discovery, for the public as an annual

Lee Simonson

fair containing a few freaks. But the gaiety and the tingling expectation which animated the long white tent of the *Salon des Indépendents* early each spring on the quais of the Seine, were absent from the first exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists at the Grand Central Palace. For in America it is no longer possible for any painter to be a revolutionary. He is given the same right to experiment accorded the biologist. Let him proclaim the creation of a new type of form palpitating with strange adhesions of color; he attracts the same attention as though he announced that he had kept a dog's heart alive in a jar. The relevance of neither is quite clear to the public. But both are greeted as amazing and peculiarly modern miracles. Any young painter today who claims that a lonely jury meeting in solemn conclave once or twice a year prevents him from gaining a public, seems as silly as a chemist complaining that a cardinal has placed his monograph on the Index. As the recent Independent exhibition emphatically proved, the only moderns who have been ignored are a few plodding disciples of Cézanne. But the abstract canvases, the portrait head of galvanized wire, the paintings on plate glass into which brass coils are riveted, have already been exhibited or offered for sale by picture dealers whose annual rental should be sufficient guarantee of their sincerity.

The creeds of our academies are as completely discredited as any theology, their dogmas preserved, if at all, only when they happen to be literature. Painters are no longer faced with the alternative of going to the backwoods with the native American school or to Rome with the American Academy. To the vast public who has seen recent loan exhibitions of Cézanne, Lautrec and Van Gogh, Kenyon Cox's picture of "the ugliness, the eccentricity and the moral dinginess into which they were betrayed" resounds empty; his volume *Artist and Public* seems the sermon of an angry priest describing the ways of sin, the temptations of the devil and the rewards of saints. To the younger generation of painters,

The Painters' Ark

his reminder that all those who follow the tradition of Raphael and Veronese will eventually be rewarded with a commission to decorate a public building, is as potent as though he had assured them that if they were good they would go to heaven.

Modern painting has won its charter of freedom. Every successive privilege it demands is automatically granted. Everything may be tried and every picture is a possible experience. The quarrel as to aesthetic values cannot again become a romantic drama of tyranny and oppression, heresy and martyrdom. You may start a school of painting with no more ado than if you opened a local branch of an ethical society. You will not have to defend yourself from persecution. You will merely have to explain your doctrines at some length to the collectors in the catalogue of your first exhibition and eventually to the Russians, the Greeks, the Lithuanians or the native Irish who will invite you to lecture at their guild or their parish house. Before me as I write is a postcard from the People's Art Guild announcing two such lectures next Sunday, and three exhibitions, two at settlement houses and the third at a public library.

So it is, that the first exhibition of the Independent Artists of America seemed less an assembly where the manifestos of freedom may be heard, than a modern ark, towed suddenly into the busy traffic of a harbor. Two thousand pictures have been welcomed with the proverbial benevolence of Noah and housed in alphabetical order. But we have seen them all before, purring domestically on our walls, groomed in the stalls of private collections or, exotic beasts, roaring genially at art dealers. Not one of them is menaced with extinction. An asylum has been given them where they may take refuge from the waters of wrath which have never risen.

II.

Our emancipation has been as swift as it has been complete. Before the Armory Exhibition of 1913, the existence of paint-

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ing modern in a different sense than Manet's or Monet's was a rumor. Names such as Cézanne, Gauguin, Picasso and Van Gogh, were shadowy deities of an alien legend. Our critics abroad never seem to have penetrated Pellerin's mansion or Leo Stein's apartment of a Saturday evening in the Rue de Fleurus. If any did, they printed no record of their adventures. At Stieglitz's pioneer gallery, "291," Hartley's and Marin's landscapes, Matisse's drawings and Cézanne's water colors were seen, misunderstood and generally ignored. But no sooner had Arthur B. Davies revealed on a larger scale, at an armory, the development of modern painting from Ingres to Matisse, than the magnitude of what we had ignored overwhelmed us. The insularity of our critics and our museums was destroyed at a blow. Were we not the most progressive nation upon earth? We had only to be shown authoritatively what modern art was in order to revere it whole-heartedly. Within a year we disarmed the revolution by domesticating it. The importance of schools of painting which in Europe had only begun to be generally recognized we accepted as a fact. The apologists could not thunder; they were forced to explain to group upon group eager to be converted. One confession is typical of many. "I had come to appreciate," wrote one painter a year later. "My eyes were opened and I saw clearly up the new avenues of thought." Of the dinginess of our native palette we had grown wearier than we were aware. It seemed a dreary memory, like wall paper roses to an imaginary invalid who has suddenly roused himself and walked into a garden of flaming flowers.

In official quarters the symptoms of conversion were immediate. The Metropolitan Museum eagerly acquired the only available Cézanne,—as it happened, a thoroughly inadequate example. Painters hitherto unrecognized, such as McFee, Burlin, Marin and Zorach were invited to the San Francisco exhibition. The picture dealers opened their doors to the "new movement." Montross's gallery, formerly the shrine of purest

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American sentimentality and the gentilities of the Massachusetts school, inaugurated several annual exhibitions of the new movement led by Mr. Davies himself, whose lyric and literary day dreams became suddenly rigid with geometric forms. Mr. Daniels undertook the historic rôle of Durand-Ruel to another group of American painters and staked his career on theirs. Elsewhere group exhibitions which reflected every phase of Cubism, Futurism or Synchronism became as much part of a winter's routine as a season of French and Italian opera. There are at present two modern galleries on Fifth Avenue, one guaranteeing the market value and the art value of all its paintings. Now a picture dealer is precisely in the position of a theatrical manager. He must show on the whole what he expects to sell. If Mr. Belasco were to announce Tchekov's *Cherry Orchard* the significance of the event would lie not in Mr. Belasco's opinion of the play but in his willingness to risk its performance. It is equally irrelevant whether Mr. Montross recorded a new-found enthusiasm or displayed the astuteness of a broker. Just as the goal of modern drama is to outgrow stage societies and become the commercial staple of Broadway, modern painting in seeking free development must, in a sense, become commercialized, find agents who offer it for sale and will advertise it when necessary.

A picture exhibition is itself a salesroom disguised as a spectacle. And the growing resentment against the juries of our academies was not so much fear of the discredited prestige their prizes might give a picture, but anger at their power to bar young painters from the largest public picture market which existed. The Society of Independent Artists is attempting to create a larger and more popular annual market. Herein lies the appeal of the Society which on payment of five dollars will hang two of your pictures or place two pieces of your sculpture for one month every year under the letter of the alphabet into which you happen to have been born. Such an opportunity may be essential to many painters scattered in

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cities that are not art centers, further West or South, isolated in rural communities, unable to meet a cosmopolitan group who might welcome their work. Modern groups themselves tend to become sects, and are too often collections of artistic snobs as astutely exclusive as a set of society women, in perpetual fear of being compromised by the presence among themselves of some intruder who does not live on their æsthetic level. And dealers, precisely because they exploit modernity, are prone to ignore work too subtle, too naive, or too indigenous to be readily recognized as modern under one or another of the timely labels. For these painters, if they exist in sufficient numbers, the Independent Exhibition exists. Like a fair in the streets of a medieval city where anyone for miles around might bring his native handicraft and set up his own booth, it seems a clumsy and primitive expedient, but perhaps a necessary survival, such as the weekly markets in the streets in Paris where any neighboring farmer can offer you his radishes, his cabbages, or his hens. Only the presence of enough painters working outside our cosmopolitan walls can justify an Independent Salon today, not the presence of Matisse, Delaunay, Signac, Picasso, Glackens, Hartley or Man Ray, who can be seen or bought elsewhere.

But with every year the practice of selling paintings is becoming more difficult because more of an anachronism, a consequence of the painter's anomalous attempt still to exist on the Renaissance basis of patron and servant. A few princes and cardinals bent on decorating their palaces have been supplanted by a few millionaires to whom pictures are a hobby and a heterogeneous bourgeoisie for whom pictures are a part of their furniture. The millionaire can afford to hang more pictures than he can actually live with, just as his racing stable may contain more horses than he can ride. But the bourgeoisie, moving from one apartment to another, from hotels in winter to country houses during the summer, from houses to apartments and back again, are a migratory class

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and cannot encumber themselves with collections of paintings. To insist that they ought to buy them is as futile as to insist that they must own every dwelling they inhabit. Until they can have pictures on the same terms as they have their houses or their flats, they will, as a class, do without them. The picture market will remain limited to those who own mansions, in the main a conservative class, patronizing the established painter rather than the innovator.

The alternative is of course to rent pictures rather than to sell them. In no other way can a class of picture owners, in an industrial community, be encouraged to keep pace with the production of new schools. For to hang an example of Cubism on one's walls, or a still-life in the manner of Cézanne, is, for almost everyone, an experiment. The certainty even for a collector, that the picture which he likes today, he will enjoy five years hence, is an expert sense acquired usually only after years of systematic collecting and many failures. And everyone who has grown tired of his wall-paper, his furniture or his book-plate, hesitates to venture an initial investment of two or three hundred dollars when a modern picture at an exhibition rouses his enthusiasm. It is idle to expect the public as a whole to acquire new experiences at a cost which penalizes their willingness to experiment.

The necessity for renting pictures was first made plain to me when a friend, who had leased a cottage near the seashore, finding the white walls unpleasantly bare, asked me to rent him four pastels of flowers I had just completed. Unfortunately the cost of framing and shipping them exceeded any rental I might have asked and the inauguration of an historic experiment was deferred. But imagine a physician whose photograph of Corot's "Lac d'Avray" has begun to bore him; whose Japanese color prints as well have seemed suddenly rigid and flat. And these "young fellows" attract him for the first time at an Independent Exhibition where pictures can be hired. He steps to the desk and rents a Portuguese monastery

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by Halpert and an acrobat by Demuth, in order to discover whether they continue to interest him more than a photograph of Corot. A brewer who moved from a hotel to his country estate every June might conceivably enjoy pictures, a still-life by Hassam perhaps, as he enjoys his garden, until the frost. May not some elderly lawyer prefer to look at Glackens's "Beach at Bellport" for a winter rather than renew his two subscription seats for the opera? At the end of the winter he might reluctantly sell a bond rather than part with the picture. The third summer, after renting other painters, the brewer might find that he wanted a Hassam every summer. The physician might have discovered capacities for emotion within himself he never suspected and return for a symbolic arrangement by Hartley or Mr. Stella's synthesis of Coney Island. In every case, and there are a thousand such possibilities, a collector has been encouraged to develop until he is more certain of his taste and prefers to buy outright.

The established painter might profit in recruiting his public, outside of the few museums and collectors who are soon stocked up with examples of his work. As for the younger painter, the more frequently his pictures were returned, the better. More people in widely different circles would have seen them and disputed about them. His work would be not before the public but among the public. He would depend less upon a single "one man show" and scattered press notices. A dozen pictures a year, ready to rent, implies no extraordinary fecundity. Could any such painter keep them in circulation at even five dollars per month for each, his assured income would be seven hundred and twenty dollars, enough to exist upon, while he clung to his principles without the necessity of compromise. And he could refuse to sell any of his work until his growing reputation assured him adequate prices.

As an attempt to promote sales of modern art the Independent Exhibition is no more effective than any other. But

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as an agency for every painter who wishes to rent his work, it might become a vital factor in contemporary art. The slogan, "No jury, no prizes," is obsolete. But under the placard, "Pictures for rent, none for sale," there would be no need to advertise in the theatrical column of the newspapers an "art event extraordinary." We should find congregating annually about the Independents, the animated crowds we have not seen.

III.

It is a question whether the large annual exhibition, whatever its character, is not becoming obsolete. A Salon becomes futile primarily because it is a Salon, because paintings whether good or bad, dull or unique cannot be seen or assimilated in quantities of a thousand. Though half of them were masterpieces they could not be adequately experienced. But the myth of the average spectator, like the myth of the economic man, persists. He is supposed to walk past a mile or two of pictures, examine each with unflagging interest, remember Nos. 462 and 830 vividly, and even determine to purchase No. 1029. In reality his eye is distracted, his power of attention deadened, such latent capacity for delight as he possesses untouched. And having paid the price of admission, he is driven to hurry past everything in order to see the two thousand exhibits in his allotted half hour. He becomes the tourist, his catalogue replacing his guide book, eager not to see but to have seen. And he will become more jaded at the Salon than he habitually is even in the Louvre or the Uffizi because modern pictures tend less and less to stress their illustrative content, and so surrender any meaning less readily to the casual eye.

In point of fact the battles which have won public support for the successive phases of modern painting have taken place not in Salons but in smaller galleries where the cumulative effect of one painter's work or the work of a group could become plain. The history of modern art could be written as a

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record of small exhibitions. Courbet, Manet, Dégas and Renoir were accepted by the Salons of their day with more or less regularity, and nevertheless found the Salon inadequate for their purposes and unprofitable. Courbet, despite the seven canvases accepted by the Salon of 1849, established his dominance and made his significance unmistakable in 1855 by hiring a vacant lot at 2,000 francs a month, erecting a shack and nailing a placard above the entrance: "Realism: Exposition of 40 pictures by Gustave Courbet." Manet, although the Salon hung his *Olympia* in 1863, felt the need of exhibiting fourteen canvases at *Martinet's*, a shop on the Boulevard des Italiens; and in 1867, emulating Courbet, also rented a lot and erected a shed in order, as he himself said in his catalogue, "to put the whole of his work before the public." Dégas abandoned the Salon, after joining the first impressionist exhibit in 1870, and Renoir likewise, after having the opportunity in 1883 of exhibiting seventy works at Durand-Ruel's new quarters on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. More recently, Picasso, who dominated every experiment to create non-representative new art in Paris, exhibited nowhere, not even at the Salon des Indépendents. And the recognition and the influence of Cubism as a movement is largely due to the fact that the cubists exhibited as a unit in a single room when first admitted to the Salon d'Automne.

If the annual Independent Salon is not to become obsolete, it must build about the group as a unit, not destroy it; become a federation of small exhibitions, not a democratic mob. Robert Henri outlined such a scheme three years ago in *Arts & Decoration*. Its basis was an exhibition building, open continuously from November until June, containing six galleries, each capable of holding sixty pictures on the line, each gallery to be filled for one month of the season by a group of not less than seven nor more than twelve painters, "self-organized and self-judging." The single duty of the officers of the association is to allot the galleries to every group of painters

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applying for space, with no right to discriminate against any group or interfere with whatever they chose to exhibit. If younger painters are too eager to gain prestige by exhibiting with Glackens, Bellows, or Henri, if there are too many uniform displays of the pupils of our popular instructors, and the immature uncertainties of all our art students, even this type of exhibition will fail. But if this country cannot produce enough vital, autonomous and intelligent groups of painters, modern art will have failed to take a place in American life. Meanwhile the type of annual exhibition which Mr. Henri proposes at least attempts to solve the problem of exhibiting paintings, instead of evading it, creates democracy among painters which is effective, not formal. Limit the size of each gallery somewhat, double their number and approximately a thousand artists could exhibit during a season. We should have the same opportunity to see every school of painting, but homogeneously arranged in units small enough to be intimately seen and widely appreciated. Above all, such an exhibition would be a continuous accompaniment of the city's life, a place visited by way of relaxation on our way elsewhere, not a gigantic accumulation thrust upon us for a month. For the majority, viewing pictures must remain a casual and incidental pastime, and if they are to be encouraged to frequent exhibitions, we must abandon our attempts to incite arduous pilgrimages.

Our great need is for a building large enough, central enough. In New York, we have no center where popular interest in paintings, if it existed, would naturally gravitate. Our parks remain barren, sacred to the airing of dogs and invalids, the recreation of children and infants. Our adult pleasures have an equally inalienable right to the acre they need for their playground. The exhibition galleries should be part of a larger group erected there, a stadium for dances and pageants, a hall for music festivals. There should be courts between the galleries which might be invaded annually

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by the Flower Show. One needs such intervals of relaxation as in the Japanese garden at the Boston Art Museum, sudden intrusions of babbling water and flickering goldfish. There is no better way to see plastic art than as a prelude to a play or an interlude between dances and music. We shall purchase pictures more frequently if we remember them as part of a holiday. The city will enjoy paintings for the first time when it takes them as an adventure during an "afternoon off" or even more casually on a walk through the park.

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“**Y**ES, I heard Dr. Dewey at Jacksonville. He read a paper on ‘Interest as Related to the Will,’ but nobody seemed to know what he was talking about.” The hostess passed on to other topics nearer to her interests and will, but one of the guests, a noted writer, remarked, before the dinner was ended: “Whatever Dr. Dewey produces is very suggestive when it appears. It has also the great advantage that the student will go back to it time and again with increasing profit. I do not understand all that I find in this new essay, but I never expect to find that I have exhausted his meaning. At last we have an American in education whose work has permanent value.”

It is natural that Dr. Dewey's work in education and in philosophy should overshadow all else that he has done. Yet it is not an uncommon experience to find the lawyer or politician who discovered the meaning of the lectures at the Michigan Law School in the early 90's when he strayed over to the “Lit” department and enrolled in Dr. Dewey's courses on “The Movement of Thought in the 19th Century” and “Political Philosophy,” while the scientific investigator, the physician and the business man who have been trained by him object, at times, to classifying him as a philosopher. To them what he has taught is scientific method or the power to learn, far removed from the not uncommon conception of philosophy as a late development of civilization which, by a peculiarly trying vocabulary, strives to protect itself from unbecoming service.

It is said that after graduation from the University of Ver-

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mont in 1879 Dewey became discouraged over his philosophical writings and that only the interest of W. T. Harris of the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy" kept him from turning to other fields. He was labeled a Hegelian in the days when he went to study in the first psychological laboratory in America, established by G. Stanley Hall at Johns Hopkins University. When he first became known in the educational world he was called a Herbartian and it is noteworthy that several of the men in England and America who have done the most to make his educational ideas known have come to him after serving an apprenticeship in the Herbartian School.

It has been noticeable that many mature men and women have chosen to work with Dr. Dewey after they had well-established reputations in their own fields. Ella Flagg Young came into his classes when she was over fifty and has given nearly a quarter of a century's service on the new basis she gained there. Colonel Francis W. Parker saw in the new professor at Chicago University a man from whom he could learn and gain help in reconstructing the system upon which he had worked for over thirty years. Jane Addams is a representative of a group who have been profoundly influenced by the new philosophy and have utilized it in their writings and activities.

Other men who have been less closely associated with Dr. Dewey have shown the effects of his influence. Dr. George Kerschensteiner was in the midst of the development of the very significant continuation school work at Munich when he learned of this experimentalist. Immediately he secured whatever was available of the American's writings and in his later books and other work gives credit for this new influence upon his undertakings. Professor Münsterberg fought Dr. Dewey most actively in the Psychological Association, but his work from that time on swung over to an excess of the applications of psychology which he had condemned in the moderate programme his opponent had championed.

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Probably the best basis from which to consider the work of this modern thinker is that of the much maligned and misrepresented term—pragmatism. Professor James referred to Dewey's "Studies in Logical Theory" as the foundation of pragmatism and at various times assigned to him a position of primary importance in the development of that movement.

Without attempting to go into the technicalities of this subject, its meaning can be briefly stated as follows: Nothing stands by itself alone; the decision as to whether a thing is true or good depends upon the situation it is in and the part it plays in that situation. A very good authority has stated the principle effectively in the sentence "By their fruits ye shall know them." Practically we work out our lives on these principles, but we hesitate to state the problem to ourselves and fear that some catastrophe will befall us unless we continue to assert that the truth or goodness, the falseness or evil, of particular things are once for all established beyond a doubt. In the political world, in so far as we have dared to recognize it, this idea has led to the development of democracy. In all realms it is the essence of the scientific experimental movement. These are the two great tools Dr. Dewey has used in his work.

The University Elementary School founded at the University of Chicago in 1895 stands out as the greatest contribution he has made to the advancement of the experimental method and of democracy. It was here that he put his ideas to the test. A part of the account of what was accomplished at this school appeared in "The Elementary School Record" and in "The School and Society,"* but the real story has never been written. Superficial critics have pictured scenes of anarchy in it rivalling those in the famous schools of Pestalozzi and Tolstoi. Dr. Dewey never had had the experience to make him a trained administrator and there were many defects in the

* The School and Society, second edition, 1915, by John Dewey. University of Chicago Press.

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school's organization. His own distrust of the rigid machinery which most school men think necessary in order to keep their schools from disintegrating, became in the minds of some of his assistants a belief in a policy of "hands off" which used nothing of past experience except as an unwilling concession to immediate expediency.

The following incident will help to illustrate this misunderstanding. One morning a boy of nine was sent from the top floor of the school to the basement in order to bring some clay for use by the group to which he belonged. He had reached the large hall on his upward course and was most carelessly trailing the floor with a muddy stream which flowed from his burden. Four of the school's assistants were standing near, with some parents and other visitors, when the door opened and Dr. Dewey entered the room. In an instant he had taken the situation in and had the boy by the shoulder. Emphatically but by no means unkindly the lad was brought to a consciousness of what he was doing and his mentor's responsibility did not cease until the clay was properly delivered and the floor cleaned up. The shocked expression on the faces of several of the bystanders showed the lack of understanding to which reference has just been made. The great apostle of freedom had used common sense in dealing with an emergency and, in some way, these observers felt that by so doing he had violated his principles. There was nothing in his practice or in his teaching at any time which could justify the unsocial expectation that he believed in shirking responsibility when the needs of the situation called for participation in it, yet this misunderstanding constantly arose. Because he believed that the youthful individual could, with profit, wrestle out by himself many matters in which adults have the habit of interfering, the non-interference was accounted by many to be a good in itself and was looked for whether it would or would not work to advantage.

The great mistake made by the many superficial critics of

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this so-called instrumental view of life, whether in the case of the experimental school or of the philosophy it represents and clarifies, is that because the responsible decision lies in the present moment therefore the range of past experience used and of future results considered is reduced to narrow limits. One can find schools and systems in which this is true, but they are no more representative of the modern experimental view than is a teacher lost in the formal grind of syntax fairly representative of the school of authority.

One afternoon in the library at Cambridge a graduate student came upon a copy of "The School and Society." He did not leave his seat until he had finished reading it and had found the beginnings of the programme for which he had been searching for months. Out of this experience there came in time a most important school experiment at the University of Missouri. In this case, as often elsewhere, Dr. Dewey was fortunate in having stirred a man who was equal to carrying out a great idea in his own way. Discipleship, in the usual sense of the term, seems inconsistent with his point of view. It would be strange for the most indebted to John Dewey to call him master.

The most conspicuous outcome of the Chicago experiment has been the work of William Wirt, superintendent of schools in Gary, Indiana. This undertaking is thoroughly individual, but the idea and plan are credited by its author to the founder of the earlier school. It is too soon to determine the forms in which this latter experiment will influence the schools of our great cities. It is unfortunate that in New York City it seems to be a part of a most undemocratic plan for the control of a great community system of education by a single individual. It is associated in the minds of many teachers and parents with oversized classes and buildings, uncertain changes in policy and other means of narrow financial economy. All of these are very foreign both to the Gary and to the Chicago experiments and it will take time to make reasonable progress in

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the face of unwise use and usual prejudice. It takes a long view to see real progress made and this is dependent upon a new type of mind which is gradually appearing, as Dr. Dewey has pointed out, under the influence of the scientific method. But scientific method in this sense does not mean merely thinking again the thoughts of some text-book maker nor does the use of saws, looms and food stuffs or even of test tubes and microscopes necessarily free one from the rigidity of the old systems.

These facts have bearing on the present plan for founding in New York City a school for demonstrating means of modernizing education—the General Education Board's recently proposed Modern School. The authority and vested rights behind the movement, in the form of a heavily endowed foundation and the most established institution in the world for training teachers, are not counted by most critics against the proposed exclusion of certain traditional subjects of study. We forget that experimentation is going on every hour in thousands of old-line schools, but it is for the most part capricious and personal or, at best, it represents the reaction of some particular group or class. Certain of our private schools are more clearly vocational and utilitarian in preparing their members for society in a narrow sense than are the so-called trade schools which lead into industrial occupations.

Honest experimentation with conscious aims and responsibilities marks a great advance over the blind, desultory forms from which we are now suffering. The objection that the school is no place for experimentation because the material in these laboratories is human shows that the common opinion of experiment is very limited and does not recognize as within its scope the determining what children at a given stage of development need and the attempting to meet these needs.

Dr. Dewey has made much use of the terms psychological and social—the first referring to the child's instincts, impulses and needs and the second to membership of the individual in

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a whole larger than himself—the world of environment, culture, the past, authority. Of course, the individual must learn to adapt himself to his environment, but he must not forget that this environment is not fixed but changing and that he has some power to shape and direct the larger life in which he is bearing a part. Punishment is merely a mechanism by which this “whole larger than himself” insists upon conformity on the part of the individual. It fails if the results are merely negative and repressive. Life has no greater lesson than to show that however injurious may have been a man’s particular act he has still a choice between consequences which make for growth and those which lead to further disintegration and destruction. Indulgence consists in resting in past achievement—it makes the present good the worst enemy of the better to which it should lead.

The much discussed doctrine of formal discipline finds or assumes that certain results occur under certain circumstances and then dogmatizes as to the reason for their accomplishment. It has held that Latin and Greek generate certain forces in the youth which as a man he can use in meeting any of life’s needs. The followers of this dogma are in reality devoted to a narrow, utilitarian pragmatism. Undoubtedly what we have learned in one situation is of use in many others to the extent that the various situations have any common ground between them. If there were no transferability there could be no thinking! But the thinking has come about when some old-time answer no longer served. A gap appeared in experience which challenged progress. The adventure of finding what will bridge this gap is what makes for growth and education. It is this that gives meaning to culture—a knowledge of the bridges men have built in the past when difficulties have interrupted their forward course. The difficulty, the material found, and the way it has been used are all matters of interest. We have conceded this to artists and scientists, to creators and inventors, but Dr. Dewey has insisted that children in the

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elementary school learn and grow by means of the problems which naturally arise in their normal living.

Of no less consequence than the elementary school has been the question of the administration of industrial education. Two widely divergent tendencies have appeared. One group has favored the establishment, under special management, of schools for children who are to enter industry. Opposed to this have stood such men as Dr. Dewey, who believe that the public education of all social classes should be planned and administered by a common board representing all the elements required. They feel that the schools for the more well-to-do need a course that gives insight into the industrial movement and participation in some of its processes while as regards the so-called worker it behooves the state and municipality to afford him training in citizenship and acquaintance with the arts that give freedom as well as control over the means of livelihood. One of the leading educators in Europe wrote at the time that this issue first came to the front that he could conceive of no better plan for forcing upon America the old world class divisions and a permanent peasant class than by establishing a segregated system of industrial education.

When we turn from the school to other fields we find the same principles at work. In a discussion of the present war under the title "Force, Violence and Law," force is shown by Dr. Dewey to be the energy upon which all of our activities depend. The choice lies between its use in violence or in economical and efficient ways. "The ordinary pacifist's method is like trying to avoid conflict in the use of the road by telling men to love one another instead of by instituting a rule of the road. . . . If one's end is the saving of one's soul immaculate, or maintaining a certain emotion unimpaired, doubtless force should be used to inhibit natural muscular reactions. If the end is something else, a hearty fisticuff may be the means of realizing it. What is intolerable is that men should condemn

¹ New Republic, January 22, 1916.

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or eulogize force at large, irrespective of its use as a means of getting results. To be interested in ends and to have contempt for the means which alone secure them is the last stage of intellectual demoralization."

The great war has led to a close inspection of many long cherished interests. Dr. Dewey has taken this opportunity to communicate his interpretation of certain leading issues in a series of lectures on "German Philosophy and Politics."* Germany is the modern state which has been most devoted to general and absolute ideas. It has attempted to organize the life of its people with reference to them. It is a superficial explanation of present conditions to attribute these ideas to the influence of Treitschke or Nietzsche. The responsibility lies with the idealistic and transcendental philosophy leading back to Kant. In this philosopher's teachings we find the doctrine of two realms—one outer, physical and necessary—the other inner, ideal and free. Despite the assertion of the separateness and independence of the realms the latter always holds the primacy. German civilization has consistently sought to combine self-conscious idealism with unsurpassed technical efficiency in the various fields of action. It "has not held that might makes right, but it has been instructed by a long line of philosophers that it is the business of ideal right to gather might to itself in order that it may cease to be merely ideal."

"History proves what a dangerous thing it has been for men, when they try to impose their will upon other men, to think of themselves as special instruments and organs of Deity. A justice which, irrespective of the determination of social well-being, proclaims itself as an irresistible spiritual impulsion possessed of the force of a primitive passion is nothing but a primitive passion clothed with a spiritual title so that it is protected from having to render an account of itself. During an ordinary course of things, it passes for but an emotional

* Henry Holt & Co., 1915.

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indulgence; in a time of stress and strain, it exhibits itself as surrender of intelligence to passion."

On the other hand, he shows in a review¹ of Santayana's "Egotism in German Philosophy" that when Germany comes to achieve democratic government this result will be an expression native to her genius and will add a form and a sanction of human happiness in organized social life which the democracy of other peoples has not yet achieved. But if egotism in thought and will is native, and not the result of conflict between vital impulse and adverse institutional setting, the more admirable Germany becomes within and to itself, the more of a nightmare and menace will it remain to others.

An American philosophy of history must be true to the elements which are characteristic of our national life. It must be "a philosophy for the future, a future in which freedom and fullness of human companionship is the aim, and intelligent coöperative experimentalism the method." In order to succeed this experimental philosophy of life "must not set less store upon methodic and organized intelligence but more. We must learn from Germany what this means."

Much has been said about the part that science plays in the democratic movement. It is important also to consider art in this relationship. The most natural approach to this subject in connection with Dr. Dewey's work is through play. The critics who charge him with favoring a "soft pedagogy" have little knowledge of his actual teachings or practice.² The difficulty arises from the fact that to many persons the term play has no significance apart from "make believe and idle pretense." This idea he condemns unsparingly. The remedy is "to make the play of childhood productive, efficient of results, to make it art."³ Art like industry must achieve visible and tangible results which minister to human use, but it must also

¹ New Republic, December 8, 1916.

² See "The Child and the Curriculum," University of Chicago Press.

³ Democracy and Education, Macmillan, 1916.

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in this act "carry its own standard with it in the joy of thought it expresses and feels." Art is an attitude of spirit which demands for its satisfaction and fulfillment a shaping of matter to new and more significant form. "To feel the meaning of what one is doing and to rejoice in that meaning, to unite in one concurrent fact the unfolding of the inner life and the ordered development of material conditions—that is art." "Art is industry unusually conscious of its own meaning—adequately conscious, emotionally and intellectually."

In a discussion of work, art, and war as rationalizing agencies the emphasis again is upon the "rational plan or arrangement embodied in all well-wrought articles as well as in fine arts in the narrow sense." In art as in play there is direct interest and pleasure in the act, but in art there is also order or law. "Literature and the fine arts have permanent value because they represent appreciation at its best—a heightened realization of meaning through selection and concentration. But every subject at some phase of its development should possess what is for the individual concerned with it aesthetic quality." "Appreciation as opposed to depreciation—enhancement—of qualities which make any ordinary experience appealing, appropriable—capable of full assimilation and enjoyable, constitutes the prime function of literature, music, drawing, painting, etc., in education."

In this sense he refers to the newspaper as the only form of art certain classes come in contact with. In this case as in others the formation of habits is a purely mechanical matter unless habits are also tastes. "When there is a lack of purpose and the intelligence is not adequately engaged people are forced back on themselves and take refuge in an inner play of sentiment and fancies. The result is aesthetic rather than artistic, feelings and ideas are turned upon themselves instead of being methods in acts which modify conditions." Just as science is expected to develop a new type of mind, the responsibility of education with reference to need for the enjoyment

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of recreative leisure is not merely for the immediate health "but still more, if possible, for the sake of its lasting effect upon habits of mind. Art is again the answer to this demand."

It may be profitable to consider briefly the method of this teacher in its relationship to mind building. The biographer of Phillips Brooks has shown that one of the sources of that orator's power lay in the fact that he brought about the climax of his sermon not, as is most common, near the end of the discourse, but early in its progress. This method led to a sharing of responsibility with his hearers. Instead of an emotional thrill with which to leave the church, followed by the usual letting down when once more reality was faced, the preacher presented a concrete issue forcibly and then in coöperation with his audience worked upon their connection with the matter in hand. Dr. Dewey's method with the members of a class has this democratic relationship. There is no lack of intensity and power, but the recitation, like the topics just discussed, is primarily a rationalizing agency. At times one almost forgets the movement of thought in admiration of the skill used with the student who has not yet reached a stage in which the class work has become "appropriable" to him. Just as the child must babble before he can use the responses which give him the meaning of his babblings, the student finds himself communicating something that is really vital to him and soon he discovers a connection between his idea and the social past class work material. The step is not difficult from this point to that in which his idea is projected into the future and he becomes eager to see what the outcome and end will be, or to put it more consistently, to see what are the next problems to which the present one will lead. The student who has had this experience is ready to see that "continuity, not repetition, is the basis of drill," and to realize that the school represents "a community life in which the student participates and to which he contributes."

In one of the universities in which he taught the story is

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still told of the excitement produced by finding Dr. Dewey's roll-book in which the various students were concretely characterized by articles of dress, etc. But with all the interest in learning what had served in their cases as the distinguishing cues it was noticeable that the victims of usual professorial indiscrimination had a real appreciation of the man who had already shown in his classes that for him students must be individuals.

In the same university it was customary for the members of classes to wait no more than five minutes after opening time in case an instructor was late in arriving. Dr. Dewey was by no means infrequently tardy, but his classes would wait until all hope of his coming was gone, and even then groups would discuss until the end of the period what to them were vital issues.

The most common complaint heard from certain members of his classes has been that he lacks definiteness and is unwilling "to settle things" for them. The criticism could not be made of him that was made of the members of a school corps by a young man who said: "The teachers cut us off so many slices each day. I do wish they would give us a chance at the loaf." An answer to the charge of lack of definiteness may be found in what Dr. Dewey himself said in 1910 concerning William James: "He took things as he found them, and if things were not simple or consistent or systematized, his philosophy did not consist in forcing system upon them. In this sense only do I find his thought unsystematic."

His wide range of illustrative material has often been referred to, Biblical phrases take on new meaning, slang is revealed as language in growth, works of art and the steam engine join to aid and never to sidetrack the movement of thought. All of these things as well as the epochs and principles under discussion are illustrated by some cabalistic chalk marks or by a crack in the wall. A student, who in England would be in the pass group, sat in his seat one day, after the

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class had been dismissed, gazed at a very crude diagram and said "Geel! It must be all there, but how am I going to get it out for examination?"

A volume of essays¹ has just appeared which states to some extent a programme of the movement for which Dr. Dewey has worked. Characteristically he does no more than furnish the opening essay which introduces the other sections in which seven men who have stood near him present their special fields of logic, mathematics, scientific method, psychology, economics, ethics, art, and religion. Each centers his presentation in the title given to the volume, "Creative Intelligence." Dr. Dewey's own contribution is entitled "The Need for a Recovery of Philosophy." A brief statement of his position as given in this article may well serve to conclude this account of his work and influence.

We all have the experience of reaching out sometime in life for a scheme which will give the meaning of things. The desire to understand goes with the desire to control. Is it possible for a living being to increase his control of welfare and success? Can he manage, in any degree, to assure his future? Magic gave answers which we have been slow to relinquish. Religion finds the times out of joint, but too often sees no relief this side of another world. Science has come from far-away, ambiguous beginnings to the facing of facts and their possibilities and thereby has re-created the world despite our insistent conservatism. Art gives us realizations of progress which free the self and point to greater satisfactions.

Philosophy has clung to its early achievements while the advances of science and politics too often have been crystallized into material of instruction and have resisted further change. It is not that the spirit of teaching is hostile to that of liberal inquiry, but when a philosophy is regarded as something to be taught rather than as something to be reflected

¹ Creative Intelligence, by John Dewey and seven others. Henry Holt, 1917.

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upon it leads to second-hand discussions rather than to direct response.

Again philosophy is not a means of making the best of bad conditions. To treat misery as a blessing in disguise or as a necessary factor in bringing about good is a very different matter from saying that the progress of the race has been stimulated by ills undergone and that men have been moved by what they suffer to search out new and better courses of action. There is the brute, physical way of reacting to environment. But the self becomes a mind because of a distinctive way of taking part in the course of events—a purposive, intelligent way. This imaginative forecast of the future is more fundamental than the recollection which recovers the bygone as an instrument for it uses given and finished facts as signs of things to come.

Now philosophy itself is coming into experience. It recovers itself when it ceases to be a device for dealing with the problems of philosophers and becomes a method, cultivated by philosophers, for dealing with the problems of men. It is the outlook upon future possibilities with reference to attaining the better and averting the worse. Its secret of success is to help the individual to cast in his lot with desirable changes and so to strengthen them. "Faith in the power of intelligence to imagine a future which is the projection of the desirable in the present, and to invent the instrumentalities of its realization, is our salvation. And it is a faith which must be nurtured and made articulate; surely a sufficiently large task for our philosophy."

Art, Religion and Science

By James Oppenheim

THERE is noticeable among many of our American artists, poets and religious-minded men a deep distrust of science, even, at times, an anti-scientific spirit. They look upon science the way the Romans looked upon the Huns: evil barbarians come to destroy the glories of civilization. And for the scientist they have even harsher names: he is a mechanistic intellectual, he is uncreative, he is a standpatter taking the world as he finds it and breaking it up into diagrams and laws; he lacks intuition, reverence, joy, humanity. In short, he is like his offspring, the machine. But such a picture of science and the scientist is inaccurate and ridiculous. There are, it is true, poor-brained thin-blooded futile scientists just as there are poor-brained thin-blooded futile poets. There are, moreover, those scientists who come under the heading "pure"—men of the mathematical bent, the high priests of knowledge who attempt to build up cults. But beyond most men the true scientist stands forth as the adventurer and rebel and prophet of the modern world. The glow of the human spirit in the laboratory is often not a whit less intense and marvellous than the glow in the poet's hall bedroom. Let us try to envisage this.

The first function of science is to understand. Its method leads to discovery; discovery is thrilling and revolutionary, and wakens emotions which lead inevitably to action. Hence, when Copernicus stood up and said that the Earth revolved about the sun, he was as great a revolutionist as the first rebel who stood up and said that kings have no divine rights. By

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a terrific inner compulsion the scientist is compelled to publish his discoveries and to stand by them in the face of ridicule and persecution. He is one who has beheld a vision a little deeper in one direction than anyone else, and he must return to his fellows and report it. So Harvey who discovered the circulation of the blood, so Darwin, Freud, so Langley who first invented the aeroplane, so Zeppelin, so a host of others—the moderns who have stood on peaks of vision, and fought and beat the hostile world down to a new belief.

The high tension of soul demanded of the real scientist is hardly appreciated. He is nothing more than a man, brought up in and congenitally inheriting instincts, creeds, moralities, taboos, attitudes of mind. He must be ready to sacrifice these things in his search. The god he adores may be destroyed by the fact that he uncovers: that which he fears he may bring upon himself. Yet he must keep on. Of him is demanded often that most difficult thing—suspense of judgment. He cannot leap to his conclusion, in the easy manner in which most of us do: he must tunnel toward it with cruel patience, ascetic concentration, lonely labor. And after years of seeking, he may find, only to discover later a new set of conditions which destroy his finding and compel him to work anew. So there is built up in him an attitude—a complex of receptivity, humbleness before life, courageous pioneering, the use of trial and error, the willingness to accept reality as it comes to him, not as he wishes it to be.

This attitude we call the scientific attitude, and the fruits of the scientific attitude have quite revolutionized our thinking, our beliefs, our physical and our mental world. The old poetry of existence is replaced by a new poetry—the static gives way to the dynamic. Where the pre-scientific world saw man a creature fallen from godlike estate, life a punishment, Earth a vale of tears, and the future a supernatural heaven or hell, with, over all, the tyranny of omnipotent destiny, the new world of science sees man as one who has risen

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from the primal flood and terror of the past, risen into consciousness and creativeness. Earth then becomes his home and workshop, his school and government, and in the twilight of the gods the dawn of human godlike beings slowly opens. Instead of lamenting the past, we turn to the future, our opportunity: we set ourselves to the task of making man, we change from creatures into creators. Such are the fruits of understanding—of really going down into the dust and the slime and searching and sorting out atoms, probing into disease and filth, looking at nature not in the day-dreams of phantasy but through the telescope and microscope, with hard thinking and resolute courage.

It is true that we have great losses to set against such gains. Out of science has come modern machinery, and out of modern machinery, industrialism. Actually the mass of men have gained in certain comforts only to lose joy in their labor, creativeness in their tasks. Uniformity has inevitably replaced the beautiful variety of ancient life, and speed and size threaten to make us shallow folk. But is this not because we have not enough science? What happened was that a handful of men turned over to an unscientific race the great new powers, and the race has used these powers on the old basis. The machine is a social tool requiring a collective handling; but it has been handled on the basis of individual ownership and self-seeking. What would seem necessary is the training of science on society and on the human soul, to bring man up to the level to which power has been brought; to do with man, in understanding, tapping of resources, utilization of himself, what has been done with nature. In short, to liberate his spirit. And such is the process we see actually beginning—such things as social hygiene, the survey of government and industry and education, the new individual psychology.

But the fear of the religious-minded man is that all such means lead to the desert: that they are outside of the realm of human emotions and human ideals: that we will cease to be

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quickened, to aspire, to set divine goals before ourselves, to transcend ourselves. These are foolish fears. They are on a par with the fears of theologians over the blasphemies of Darwin. What is religion essentially? Is it not the feeling of inner harmony, the sense of the miraculousness of life, the contact with the sources of one's own existence, out of which springs a belief in the value of striving and of greatness? Surely religion is not dependent for existence on its phantasies and pictures—its heavens, gods, supernatural miracles, its rituals. If this is so, then where shall we have greater religion than in the man who deeply understands—knows himself down to his buried instincts and motives, his deepest needs, his unorganized forces, and learns the technic of how to transform animal energy into human power—the procreative and destructive into the creative—the ego-instinct into self-surpassing, and the herd-instinct into social will: who knows a reality about him whose tiniest atom is an ineluctable mystery, and who goes, without fear, forward, as part of a vast process which his own body sums up, re-lives and advances? Is it more to be a son of God than a son of the starry heavens, the Earth and all of the past? Is self-surpassing to be less sought after because it leads, not to being an angel, but to bringing about a glorious human race? If renunciation was once the mark of a religious man, then today the greatest renunciation is the mark of the scientific man: for he is willing to live to the uttermost, to serve and create at his highest, not purely for a personal, but also for an impersonal end. Instead of the crown and reward of immortality he waives life itself in favor of the future: he gives himself to his living contemporaries and to his unborn descendents. And he gives himself not for a goal which is phantastic, but for a goal which is projected after a study of human tendencies, human possibilities, human impulses—a goal not too far ahead to be humanly unattainable.

To build a great bridge, the engineers must know steel,

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mechanics, labor-power, tides, climate, a host of things: to create a greater human being we must understand biology, psychology, environment, the individual differences; to create a greater society we must know history, sociology, and all the other sciences. It is true that in former times the intuition of prophet or poet outstripped the racial advance, and flashed a future that was latent in his contemporaries. But such intuitions were uncorrected by precise and deep knowledge, and hence worked as much harm as good. The past is strewn with the tragic wreckage of the creeds, with the broken lives of men who attempted what was not for human nature. The monastery, the religious massacre, the persecution, the superstitious bloody rites, the fanaticism, bigotry, idolatry, the oppression and enslavement of ignorant people by fakers who spoke in the name of a terrible God, the vileness cast upon human nature by loathing of the flesh, the diseases and plagues that were allowed untrammelled ravage because they were visitations of the Lord, the manacled and torture of the insane because they were possessed of devils—these are some of the fruits of uncorrected intuition. We cannot think of such things in connection with true science.

The future for the artist then lies not in rejecting science, but in absorbing it, and above all, in gaining the scientific attitude. It is said truly of science that it destroys nothing that exists: it merely discovers what exists, and destroys our misinterpretations. Hence, if the religious impulse and intuition are actual faculties of human nature, no uncovering of them, no attempt to understand them, can destroy them. Rather, we may expect that here too understanding will lead to greater expression and power: that here too the mist of superstition and vague generality will be blown off, and the clear and lovely fact disclosed. But if it should be other—if the religious, the artistic impulse is destroyed, all we can say is that it is unreal, and that the march of man is toward reality, whatever the losses may be. No true man would care to be a

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child again because a child believes in fairy-tales: no true modern would give up the gains of our new sun-strong world for the dark beauty-haunted miasma of the pre-scientific era. A question one might put to artists and religious men is this: Is your faith in art, or in religion, strong enough to meet the clear unflinching gaze of Science?

But doubtless what is happening and what will happen is a temporary confusion and breakdown of art and the religious life. A revolutionary change seems at first to destroy the good as well as the bad. In this change, however, a new human spirit, a new mind and soul, are being wrought, and when this is achieved, we may well look for art that has never been before. The trouble is that our artists are conservative, if not reactionary. They are looking to the past, they are seeing what once produced art, and they fear that art will die in any other sort of world. What they must do now is to look to the present, face reality as it is, know the new dynamic energies released, and bring to the vast great human world disclosed to them, those emotions and talents which recreate reality, converting knowledge into vision, and the intangible and abstract into concrete forms.

Our Awakeners

By Van Wyck Brooks

“**H**UMANITY,” wrote Mazzini in 1858, “is a great army marching to the conquest of unknown lands, against enemies both strong and cunning. The peoples are its corps, each with its special operation to carry out, and the common victory depends on the exactness with which they execute the different operations.” The world in general has, I think, accepted Mazzini’s conception of this Occidental “division of labor”; but our intellects, stimulated by science, have rushed so far ahead of the rest of our natures that it is very difficult for us to retrace our steps and touch anew from time to time the home base of our fondest assumptions. . . . What, precisely, was Mazzini’s idea? That nationalities are the workshops of humanity, that each nationality has a special duty to perform, a special genius to exert, a special gift to contribute to the general stock of civilization, and that each, in consequence, growing by the trust that other nationalities place in it, must be a living, homogeneous entity, with its own faith and consciousness of self.

We accept this doctrine in principle,—it has become one of the commonplaces of modern society; but that we have not risen to its implications is evident in the vague sense of humiliation that oppresses the American people. For what does this doctrine assume? That the capacity of a nation to unite in the general comity is to be measured by the degree to which it has attained this consciousness of its own gift, of its own task. We feel that the war has called every people to show its hand and that with all our prodigal endowments we

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are helplessly unable to visualize the faith the world expects of us, or to assemble our forces in pursuit of that faith. Now faith cannot be manhandled, it cannot be put together out of whole cloth, but it can be fostered, it can be fertilized, it can be developed; and it is certainly the business of criticism and philosophy to foster and develop it. Our critics have failed to do so because, while they have always upheld the view of life out of which faith springs, they have never related it to our own field of reality. But, after all, our critics do not set up to be national awakeners, nor do they pretend to be on terms of intimacy with modern conditions; they know, in fact, in their own hearts that they cannot suggest any feasible way out of our difficulties. Who, then, are, or who purport to be, our real awakeners? The sociologists, the environmentalists, the hygienists, and the pragmatic and realistic philosophers who stand behind them. For twenty years and more now they have occupied the center of our life. They have not only accepted reality, they have claimed reality; they have said that they alone apprehend reality, and that reality has been taken out of the hands of the muddlers and put in their special charge because they alone are able to do something with it. Well, and here we are. They have asked us to judge them by their fruits. What are we to say?

For the influence of these awakeners of ours has been, directly or indirectly, universal; their philosophy has been the formulation, the rationalization of the whole spirit of American life at least since the Spanish war. And observe the condition in which we now are: sultry, flaccid, hesitant, not knowing what we want and incapable of wanting anything very much, certainly not in love with our life, certainly not at home in this field of reality that our awakeners have bidden us to be at home in, inclined as ever to substitute monetary for real values, to resort to theories and abstractions of every kind, and to stand in mortal fear of letting loose the spiritual appetites that impede our pursuit of a neat, hygienic, and sterile suc-

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cess. . . . What, in fact, *is* the note of our society today? A universal tepidity, it seems to me, the faded offspring of the Puritan hatred of human nature, which makes perhaps a majority of our kindly and gentle fellow-countrymen seem quite incapable of living, loving, thinking, dreaming, or hoping with any degree of passion or intensity, pacifistic at bottom not from any specific realization of war but from a distaste for the militant life *in toto*. We know this only too well; it is the secret of our humiliation, and it explains the desire of so many people to see this country rudely jolted and shaken up; it explains the pathological hopes that so many people lavish upon the war, hopes that have been bred by the morbid state into which we are fallen. . . . What can our awakers say to all this? It is not their fault, certainly, that things are so; but so things are, and it is in the days of their consulate that things have become so. That is why, when the young heroes of pragmatism observe, with just that complacent finality which characterized the young heroes of rationalism in the days of Darwin, "Pragmatism has won," the innocent bystander suddenly feels himself endowed with a little of the wisdom of the serpent.

II.

Faith is an offspring of the poetic view of life, and a national faith is the outgrowth of a national poetry. . . . Does anyone imagine that we are the only people that has been reduced to the pulp-like, inelastic state in which we find ourselves today? Have we forgotten what Germany was like at the beginning of the nineteenth century, disjointed, vague and sentimental, for all the sporadic flames of her music and philosophy? And have we forgotten how Germany in a generation reached the wonderful maturity that preceded that plunge into imperialism which the bad old ways of the nineteenth century alone rendered inevitable? Our localists, our individualists, our American decentralizers may, if they

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choose, regard that process as an evil one, but if so they deny Goethe, the poet who, coöperating as it were with the Napoleonic wars, brought its dynamic unity to the German people. How did he do this? By projecting in *Faust* a personification of spiritual energy anchored by a long chain of specific incidents in the concrete experience of the German people and thereby infusing into that experience the leaven of development, impelling the individual to form himself into a peculiar being ever in search also of a conception of what men are collectively. By thus laying more and ever more demands upon human nature, by compelling men to accept that spirit of restless striving which gives them a leverage over things, he not only electrified the German people but obliged it to create an environment worthy of itself.

Now it is of no importance at the moment that we have no Goethe in America and that we have no reason to suppose we are going to get one; it is of no importance that we cannot count on a messianic solution of our troubles, any more than we can count on the rude jolt which the war may, or may not, give us. What is important is for us to see that the really effective approach to life is the poetic approach, the approach that Goethe summed up in his phrase "from within outward," and that it is the effective approach because it envisages method in terms of value, every ounce of pressure that is put upon value registering itself with a tenfold intensity, so to speak, in the sphere of application.

This has been the European approach from time immemorial. Since the days of the cathedral builders everything that we call the environment has come as a natural result of the demands that human nature has laid upon itself. Is this less true of the present day than of the past? Has not the whole impetus toward social reform in modern England come about through that intensification of the poetic view of life which began with Carlyle's terrific re-statement of the spiritual principle, which passed over into the economic sphere

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with Ruskin and William Morris, and through which English liberalism has since learned gradually but effectively to assimilate science and use it as a ship uses a search-light? Can any of our awakeners take exception to the following passage in which Morris, actuated by his own lusty, creative joy in life and by his hatred, his vivid, compelling hatred of the ugliness of modern society, pointed out the path to reform from within outward?

"It was my good luck only that has put me on this side of the window among delightful books and lovely works of art, and not on the other side, in the empty street, the drink-steeped liquor shops, the foul and degraded lodgings. *I know by my own feelings and desires* what these men want, what could have saved them from this lowest depth of savagery: employment which would foster their self-respect, and win the praise and sympathy of their fellows, and dwellings which they would come to with pleasure, surroundings which would soothe and elevate them, reasonable labor, reasonable rest. There is only one thing that can give them this—Art."

Thus Morris, with his conception of "joy in labor," threw out in the midst of a machine age a palpitant standard of living that will in the end, especially now that it has come to light again in the minds of English reconstructionists, serve to delimit the essential function of the machine in English society. And he did this, precisely, by the "unrealistic" method of projecting a Utopia, by seeing life in terms of that imagination which knows how important the intelligence is and is able to impel it in the direction of a deeply desired goal. That Morris knew little of science and cared little for it is beside the point; by laying demands upon life, by insisting that human nature must be creative, he obliged his contemporaries and his successors to frame *through* science an environment that would make that consummation possible. That is why the English liberalism represented in various ways by Shaw and Wells and Graham Wallas is so much more effective than the liberalism of our awakeners, who, while they have assimilated the ideas of all these men, have been unable to share their im-

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pulse. Shaw and Wells and Wallas, all of whom are as much the heirs of Morris's peculiar socialism as they are of science, have ever envisaged evolution in terms of a more stringent demand upon life; not in terms of fine thinking merely, but of "love and fine thinking," not in terms of man merely, but of self-surpassing man, not in terms of efficiency merely, but of happiness,—and all the other things have been added unto them. Is it not a sufficient comment on our awakeners, the environmentalists, that, possessing no infectious ideal of "joy in labor," the best they can do is to publish unleavened studies on the control of fatigue?

III.

"I know by my own feelings and desires." Why has no one been able to embrace our American life in those dynamic personal terms with which Morris embraced the life of England? Why has it been impossible for us to compass the poetic view of life that has proved itself in other countries capable of so many wonderful things? It is because we have never been able to make any complicated imaginative demand upon life. Our field of reality has required such an overdevelopment of our possessive instincts that our creative instincts have had no scope at all; and consequently we have never been able to rise above those two equally uncreative conceptions of human nature, the total depravity of Puritanism and that optimistic self-complacency which is Puritanism's observe and twin brother. Instead of a Carlyle we have had an Emerson, instead of a Morris we have had a Whitman—that is the whole story.

For Emerson's private perfectibility, based as it was on the idea that all we have to do to attain our majority is to look within ourselves and cast off the swaddling-clothes of tradition, led by an easy transition, our society being what it was in the nineteenth century, into that conception of the "spontaneous man" which our political democracy had inherited

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from Rousseau and which, splendidly amplified by Walt Whitman, has weathered all the vicissitudes of our thinking to the present day. "Time," said Emerson, in words that might well be applied to himself, "melts to shining ether the solid angularity of facts"; is it remarkable that his own subjective idealism went by default? Not that one means to disparage Walt Whitman, who has taught us all to accept life and rejoice in it, but that Whitman's great work is to be measured in terms not of general human experience but of a special situation: one has only to recall that up to a generation ago our entire race was conceived in the holy shame of a reluctant wedlock to realize the extent of our national obligation to Whitman's robust animal humors. But greater as Whitman was than William Morris, he fulfilled a more primitive need, a need that would never have existed had it not been for our exclusively Puritan past; he was unable to carry us a step forward as Morris carried England, because, having embraced life, he was unable really to make anything of it. Where Morris, with his conception of "joy in labor," not only released the creative energies of men but held out before them a vision of excellence in labor that mobilized those energies and impelled men to reconstruct their environment in order to give them full play, Whitman merely universalized the miraculous animality that summed up his own experience. He knew nothing of what has been made of life, he was unable to imagine what can be made of life, over and above this miraculous animality. "Glad to be alive" simply, however intensely, he established a point of departure for the creative spirit—and there he left us. And there, so far as our poetical tradition is concerned, we have remained.

Now, this is the real background of pragmatism, with which, in its primitive aspect, we are all in cordial agreement. And moreover pragmatism was formulated by two thinkers who, in their feeling for reality, in their acceptance of a human nature that calls nothing common or unclean, and in

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their desire to make human nature more conscious of itself, might well be called rather poets than philosophers. They were poets, yes; but they were not *sufficiently* poets to intensify the conception of human nature that they had inherited from our tradition—their own vein of poetry, golden in Professor James, silver in Professor Dewey, ran too thin for that; and besides, their whole training had gone to make them students of the existing fact. Unable to alter the level of human vision, all they could do was to take men on the level where they found them and release their latent capacities on that level—an immensely valuable thing, of course, but not the vital thing for us, because it is the level itself that is at fault in America. Had our existing fact, had the core of our life been rich, as it is, for example, in Russia, then their programme of liberation and control would have been as adequate for the nation in general as it now is for the few qualified individuals. What it actually did was to unfold, for the most part, a human nature that was either detached from the sources of life or contented with a very primitive range of needs and desires. That is where pragmatism has “practically” failed us, and worse.

For not content with remaining a method, it has, owing to the impotence of our poetical tradition and the extra-scientific sympathies of its founders, attempted to fill the place which poetry alone can fill adequately, and which our poetry, in its complacent animalism, on the one hand, and its complicated escape from reality, on the other, has left vacant. That is to say, it has assumed the right to formulate the aims of life and the values by which those aims are tested, aims and values which, we are led by history to believe, can be effectively formulated only by individual minds not in harmony with the existing fact but in revolt against it. Social efficiency is the ideal posited by Professor Dewey; yes, but has not the *scope* of social efficiency ever been determined by individuals who from time to time repudiate the social organism altogether

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and, rising themselves to a fresh level, drag mankind after them? Since life proceeds not by the burnishing up of existent ideals, but by the discovery of new and more vital ones, thanks to the imagination, which reaches out into an unknown whither the intelligence is able to follow only by a long second, does not pragmatism turn the natural order of things inside out when it accepts the intelligence instead of the imagination as the value-creating entity? It does, virtually if not absolutely, and in so doing crowds out and replaces the essential factor from which all dynamic creativity springs. It becomes, in a word, the dog in the manger of our creative life. What if it is an amiable, friendly dog with none of the other disagreeable proclivities of the dog in the fable? The main thing is that it makes its bed where the winged horse of poetry ought to lie. And would we have any right to object were the winged horse suddenly to open his mouth and remark in the words of Æsop: "What a miserable cur! He cannot eat corn himself, nor will he allow others to eat it who can"?

Does it matter that the founders of pragmatism, like certain of its English congeners, H. G. Wells, for example, have passed outside it in order to meet the critical issues of life? The mercurial pilgrim soul of Professor James had passed on to a strange polytheistic mysticism long before he died; H. G. Wells, under the stress of the war, has redoubled his quest of "God, the Invisible King"; and Professor Dewey has not denied the need of a national faith in this country, to attain which we shall certainly have not merely to do something other than we normally do, but to be something other than we normally are. Creators themselves, and essentially poets, they have been free of their own creations, they have shown that they are members of the elect company of the "older and bolder"; nevertheless, they have justified a multitude of their followers in that complacent, mechanistic view of life to which everything else in our mock-efficient, success-loving society predisposes them. Establishing, as they have,

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the seeing-relation in place of the feeling-relation, they have "practically" sanctioned the type of mind whose emotional needs are so limited that the efficient pursuit of some special object is all that it demands of life.

IV.

Such is the philosophy that actuates our awakeners. It is not because they lack a dynamic faith that one criticizes them; it is because, lacking a dynamic faith, their treatment of society is itself ineffective. And it is in this that they betray their unbroken descent from our old reformers, in this that they prove that pragmatism has not been the vital departure in our life that we have all been looking for. For what does it matter that our old reformers, ignorant of science, took for granted a "normal" human nature that was domestic and acquisitive, while our awakeners of the present day, equipped with a consummate scientific knowledge of mankind, take for granted a normal human nature that is efficient and sophisticated? At bottom they are all chips of the same block. Whittier, having risen to the heights of passion over the question of slavery, relapsed as soon as the war was over into a normal scale of values that enabled him to write that epic of satisfaction with things as they are, "Snow-bound." The muck-rakers of a later day having, at the rate of ten cents a word, abolished Peruna out of the world, passed on to that finer allopathic sphere in which Mr. Ray Stannard Baker now writes his "Adventures in Contentment." And so it has been with the social workers and the big brothers of the settlement-house. Impelled to "give the other fellow a chance" to rise to the tepid status which life has portioned out to them and which they regard as highly fortunate and satisfactory, they have carried things to such a pass that immigrant sociologists, under the stimulus of a middle-class journalism, have been known to regard it as the highest dream of their hearts to be able to "lift" to the level of some ordinary American neighborhood

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into which they themselves have gained admittance men and women who are often immeasurably above it in the scale of the spirit.

Does it matter that our advanced sociologists have passed far beyond these crude, haphazard illusions? Incapable of the poetic view of life and repudiating it, they are able only to codify our society, to rearrange the allegiances that already exist, and to impose upon the American people programmes which have sprung from the poetic vision of other countries and which they have assimilated through their intelligence alone. Self-sufficient as they are, committed by the weakness of their imagination and by the analytical habitude of their minds to a mechanistic view of human nature, they are unable to fuse and unify our wills, they are unable to communicate any of those vital incentives which are the austere fruits not of "interest" but of love. Did I say that, possessing no infectious ideal of "joy in labor," the best they can do is to concentrate their minds on the control of fatigue? No, they can do one thing better; they can evade reality altogether and say with Mr. Henry Ford that "no man can take pride in his work until he gets something for it, until he has leisure to enjoy life." In this way, throwing up the sponge altogether, accepting machinery and more machinery and still more machinery as a *fait accompli*, and giving up all hope of determining the rational place of machinery in life, they can tell everyone except the favored few whose sophistication enables them to glut their intelligence on that strange freak the American soul, to seek reality in anything else than their work—riding about the country in Ford cars, on Sundays, for example, with their mouths open. Such is the destiny of the working class, as our young pragmatic intellectuals see it. As to the middle class, they can in time, by consummating their freedom and capping it with control, attain the more discreet paradise that the Pierce-Arrow Company is at last able to place at their disposal.

Our Awakeners

Could there be a better proof that our awakeners have traduced us, our awakeners, who are always cutting off the heads of the hydra which has us all in its grasp? They have traduced us because our hydra is, and always has been, self-complacency, satisfaction, that is to say, with a primitive scale of human values; and self-complacency, as a spiritual fact, is proof against all the arrows of the intelligence. Our awakeners accept themselves as a norm and by so doing become themselves a part of the very hydra that they attack. Assuming the intelligence as a final court of appeal, they are sealed against those impulses that give birth to self-criticism and the principle of growth; all they can do, therefore, is to unfold the existing fact in themselves, and in the world about them. Why should it surprise us, then, that *The New Republic*, having long since abandoned the hope of assuming that leadership the essence of which is to share sympathetically the desires of people in general and then to formulate them into a conscious programme, should have formulated only its own desires and imposed them on a muddle-headed public as "the deliberate choice of a limited but influential class" who know? It ought not to surprise us, for it is the voice of our old friend Barnum that speaks to us in this unexpected phrase. That human nature likes to be fooled has been the prime axiom of our leadership for a generation or more. Lincoln held another opinion, to be sure, but then Lincoln understood the nature of genuine leadership; he had learned by his own capacity for spiritual experience that mankind has latent forces which are capable of being drawn upon and developed, if we do but enter deeply enough into ourselves to perceive them.

V.

So, becalmed as we are in a rolling sea, flapping and fluttering, hesitating and veering about, oppressed with a faint nausea, is it strange that we have turned mutinous not only against our old leaders, the colonial, fire-eating minor proph-

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ets of Wall Street and their literary and philosophical standard-bearers, but also against our awakeners, the environmentalists, and the human nature that they wish to liberate in its own vicious circle, a human nature impoverished by hard, primitive conditions which has fulfilled the prophecy John Stuart Mill made with regard to industrialism in general, that it threatened the world with a "deficiency of preferences"?

Let us put it to our awakeners themselves. They say that we are born too late in a world too old to be able to compass anew the poetic view of life that has actuated the societies of Europe. They say that our blood is too mixed and our aims too diverse for us to achieve a national faith in the European sense. But what are they able to suggest as a substitute? We have no American culture, no; but we have an "American spirit," the spirit which has produced Sousa's music and Christy's art and Mrs. Eddy's religion. Are they satisfied with this? We have none of the unity that gives life, no; but we have almost succumbed to the uniformity that destroys it. Are they pleased with this? Whether they subscribe to the "melting-pot" theory or believe in "preaching hyphenation," have they not proved themselves, in fact, bankrupt in solutions? They have, and it is because they have not entered into themselves, these awakeners of ours. "I know by my own feelings and desires," said Morris of the English workingmen of his time, "what these men want." Our "hyphenates," bred in a richly poetic, a richly creative soil, desire to live poetically and creatively; but they come to us as the detached limbs of a tree that they have left behind them. Does it not occur to our awakeners that the only way in which we can absorb their life is by providing them with a new tree upon which they can engraft themselves and that the only hope of accomplishing this lies, not in improving their environment, in offering them comfort, in minimizing fatigue and shortening hours of labor, important as all these things are, by the way, but in quickening our own consciousness, in puncturing our own complacency,

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in rising by the force of our own demands upon life to that sphere of joyous activity where we ourselves are able to shed light and communicate warmth? And is it not plain that we shall never be able to do this so long as we exalt the seeing-relation over the feeling-relation, so long as we stress methods and ignore ideals, so long as we take human nature for granted and concentrate solely on institutions?

Let no one imagine then that we have outgrown the poetic view of life; we have simply not grown up to it, we have not yet reached that full consciousness where faith and purpose, the hallmarks of the mature kind, are able to subjugate to their own ends the machinery of existence. "For life to be fruitful," said George Sand, "life must be felt as a blessing." But to love life, to perceive the miraculous beauty of life, and to seek for life, swiftly and effectively, a setting worthy of its beauty—this is the acme of civilization, to be attained, whether by individuals or by nations, only through a long and arduous process. But it is not true that human nature, at bottom the same the world over and at all times, irresistibly desires life and growth? And is it not true that human nature, in its infinite complexity, responds now with one set of faculties, now with another, according to circumstances and the quality of its leadership? If our poetic life is at present in the most rudimentary state and beset with fallacies of every kind, consider what our circumstances have been, and remember that our awakeners have not only not encouraged it, have not only averted their eyes from it, but have systematically over-stimulated those very elements in our make-up that most retard its development. If now they find that they are unable to imagine any vital future for America, is this not perhaps the natural penalty for their having repudiated the *life* of the imagination? But who is to blame for this, life, or America—or our awakeners themselves?

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for June

New Books

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S PHILOSOPHY

Henrie Waste, an American girl, wanted to know what "truth, beauty, and goodness" are; and for two years she studied at Freiburg, in Germany, to find it all out. Her two years of introspection during that time is the substance of "Philosophy. An Autobiographical Fragment" (Longmans, Green). And because this is an autobiography, personal and confessional, one must judge the writer in the light of other men and women, rather than the book in the light of other books.

It is the will of Henrie Waste that one remembers first. She doesn't find out the nature of truth and beauty and goodness, but she presses back with a fine commanding gesture all the tide of emotional experience, and holds a lover away at arms' length, while she makes an adventure out of learning. In the end, at her lover's feet, she lays her own personality clarified and made conscious by her study, her book, and her doctor's degree, to which as a symbol some importance is attached.

So complex, so strong, so eager, so self-possessed and so disciplined a person cannot somehow be entirely captivating. The task she has set herself is too imposing, too serious. She wants to gain "stability in feeling, infinity in sympathy, eternity in love, and sincerity in their expres-

sions." She found it "agreeable to rise at six o'clock, to work for some hours before and after breakfast, and during the heat of the day to distract myself with light literature, returning to my work again after nine o'clock in the evening, and continuing as far into the night as I felt entirely awake." This leaves little room for vagaries, or whims, or a bit of a weakness to make her more comprehensible to a lazier lover of life.

Too much of ethics and the will in her philosophy smacks of the primness of her German environment, and the word bluestocking just begins to form on one's lips when a fine passage of mood or description or mental excitement in her prose will come under the eye, and bluestocking isn't the word at all. Her style while lucid, neatly turned, rich, fluent, is somehow similar to the Freiburg gardens which she describes, whose "flowers were planted with regimental regularity and when there was a breeze they did not blow about in it, but exercised."

But Henrie Waste achieved—and achieved consciously. She went after learning, she got it. She found love; she realized Taddeo's rare beauty from the start, and though she seemed to direct passion with too steady a hand in the beginning, she released it with fine relaxation in the end. She found herself. She believed in her own power, she understood her

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own spirit and controlled it. Henrie Waste lives in this book as a sensitive, discriminating, profound girl. She is a feminist and her book is part of the literature of feminism; because, though material means were, so far as one can gather, close at hand, she chose not to sit idle and passive, but to cultivate her ego, to find work and love, and to taste them all—without abandon.

R. P.

The steadily increasing revival in our literature and the even greater interest in it are unaccountable. So it was inevitable that editors, critics and members of societies should try to account for it. Most of the estimates have been made up of bad taste on the one hand or bad temper on the other. The number and variety of these letters, lectures, pamphlets, essays, prefaces and verbal dicta have grown until the only thing that the onlooker has been able to clearly see is confusion and contradiction. It has remained for Lloyd R. Morris to assemble and correlate these differences in "The Young Idea" (Duffield). The volume is a new sort of symposium, being "an anthology of opinion concerning the spirit and aim of contemporary American literature"—an interesting experiment where even the method and arrangement have interest, even though some of the contributions are too pointless and personal to have more than a pretence of authority. "As the replies came in," says Mr. Morris, "I discovered certain outstanding ideas so strongly emphasized that, when they appeared common to the points of view of several of the writers, they suggested the divisions because of an essential unity of direction." This explains the five groups—an excellent and effective method—not the least agreeable thing about the five being

the strange bed-fellows one finds in them. Thus we discover Max Eastman sandwiched between Donald Evans and Will Levington Comfort, all three Empiricists;—while Floyd Dell fraternizes with Don Marquis and others among the Pessimists! Surprising, too, are a few of the wild mis-statements found in these precise and almost pedagogic pages. Mr. John Gould Fletcher, in the midst of several thoughtful paragraphs, writes: "The realists, such as Frost and Masters, have given us broadly shaped works, but no intensely, vividly memorable lines." This is no mere error in judgment; as a fact it is ridiculously false. It is as much of an absurdity as Joyce Kilmer's incredibly ignorant and incredibly foolish sentence that "Mr. Dreiser is a reactionary clinging, as he does, to methods that were considered startling only in Zola's day. But Mr. Dreiser's books are read only by people who are paid for the task by the Society for the Suppression of Vice."

But such brief essays and arresting statements as the contributions of Arthur Davison Ficke, Harriet Monroe, Vachel Lindsay, John Curtis Underwood make up for the occasional lapses. And Mr. Morris' own illuminating comments do much to make the book notable. His prose is graceful without being simpering; it has style without being at all stylistic. And it has the dignity which proceeds from a quiet but keen enthusiasm. In the chapter on "The Empiricists," he writes:

"In this discovery of the romance of the commonplace, there is evident a riotous intoxication. In the true sense of the word it has been a discovery; and the poets, having broken the bonds, whether fancied or real, which shackled them to a convention-

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ally accepted relation to experience, have become drunk with life. They are experiencing a magic wonder with something of the same penetrating vision and instinctive truthful reaction we find in children who are called upon to adjust themselves for the first time to a new situation of which they have previously been told nothing.

"Wonder comes with difficulty to the sophisticated soul. And the person whom convention has taught what he should and what he should not see, is likely to be ashamed of and to suppress the immediate and natural reaction to experience, which either disconcerts or charms us when it is expressed by a child-like mind."

The volume is a most balanced and comprehensive addition to the discussion of contemporary literature, its forms, its direction, its sordidness, its spirituality. It will, I must add, promote rather than conclude the argument; it will settle nothing. And that is almost its best quality.

L. U.

There is so little pure literary comedy in the contemporary world that a book like J. D. Beresford's "The Wonder" (Doran) seems almost out of place. Even our best novelists today are overwhelmed by the confusing tragedy of life; and the requisite of the true comic author is to be in a sense above the battle. For this reason it must not surprise the stalwart admirers of Mr. Beresford if it takes years for the world to realize the master of psychic comedy that it possesses in him. In "The Wonder" the author of "Jacob Stahl" leaves the domain of the explicit and gives us a drama through the presentation not of human lineaments but of human essences. His hero is a child whose mind is devel-

oped eons beyond the average of contemporary England. With brilliant economy Mr. Beresford avoids the pitfalls of such an effort and manages to make his impossible wonder convincing. He has etched a satiric picture of human inadequacy and the parabolic spaciousness of the unknown. No reader who loves the pure play of intellectual artistry can afford not to follow these recent sallies of Mr. Beresford.

In the days when wealth and position were pretty generally regarded as prerequisites for human consideration, it became necessary to push hard the other way, to paint wealth as all black, poverty as lily-white, in order to effect the decent balance. Our romantic literature unconsciously overstressed the purity of the unfortunate simply because the due philosophic attitude was not strong enough to bring about the right philosophic conclusion. Some such effort is visible in Mr. Konrad Bercovici's "Crimes of Charity" (Knopf) in which Charity is the Criminal and the Charity-applicant the Saint. The truth is, of course, not to be found in so easy an equation. But at a time when charity is regarded all-too-pervasively as a God-made machine and as an ultimate panacea for the social illness, the exaggeration is well-taken. As a work of literature, this book has little merit. It is, in fact, sentimental altogether and false at least to the extent that it draws the charity-worker as a Wilful Wolf preying on Spotted Lambs, instead of as himself the helpless victim of a rotten system. But at this epoch, any book may prove of considerable social value which quickens knowledge that charity at best is talcum-powder, at worst an irritant, and that an elabor-

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ate external machine for curing an integral disease is sure to be a sneering burlesque of a fearful problem.

W. F.

One wonders after reading Willard Huntington Wright's "Misinforming a Nation" (Huebsch), if Mr. Wright is not responding overmuch to the personal reaction of his intelligence from English "snobbery." In spite of this, the fund of material which he has gathered to prove his statements has a cumulative power which must convince even the most conservative that the Encyclopedia Britannica is a puffed-up aristocrat that has itself betrayed its own weakness of false pride. But why so much effort on Mr. Wright's part? Is the Encyclopedia as universally accepted as Mr. Wright seems to believe? We do not think so. Its absurd inadequacy has long been recognized. That its stupendous sale can only be accounted for by the fact that the mass of the American public enjoy being "fooled" is after all a tremendous American joke, and unfortunately no one appreciates American humor as well as the average American. The child apes its parent and the middle-class materialistic intellectualism of America is on a par with "English middle-class snobbery." The man who takes his dinner guest in to see a recent portrait of his wife, remarking, "Great, ain't it? Cost me one thousand cold bucks. And it *does* look like Ma," is too often the man who decks his walls with the copious volumes of the Britannica. Perhaps, if Mr. Wright had not so fiercely concentrated on his facts he might have been able to suggest a broader sense of relationships. As it is, we feel that he has lost much of the effect of his blow at English criticism and

English snobbery by allowing American resentment and American complacency to creep in. K. M. T.

Has English life lost its continuity? There is a missing link between so many of the younger English novelists and their background, a missing link which in other countries the war has brought to light and put in its place again. . . . Gilbert Cannan is a conscientious objector; that his position is the result not of conscience merely, but of a fundamental want of sympathy with his own people one is led to feel from reading "Mendel" (Doran). It is in this that he differs from his master, M. Rolland, and this is not the least of the reasons why "Mendel," everything else aside, is so far less satisfying than its prototype "Jean-Christophe." Continental literature has swept Mr. Cannan almost as completely out of the current of his heritage as if he were an American writer, and for the same reason—that he has found, apparently, so little to love in his own experience. The marvel of "Jean-Christophe" was that its author could not have loved Germany half so much had he not loved France more. Mr. Cannan has also chosen for his hero a great artist of foreign birth—Mendel is an Austrian Jew, who grows up in East London; but he conveys a very dim, cold, and almost abstract sense of the English society which Mendel is supposed to throw into relief. Surely Mr. Cannan ought to have done better than Logan, Mendel's English comrade-in-arms! Even Greta Morrison, lovely as she is, is a fragrance rather than a flame. In Mendel himself, and in Mendel's father and mother, Mr. Cannan has suggested "what's solid." Is there really nothing solid in his own world?

Liszt and Berlioz

The interesting thing about Margaret Prescott Montague's "Twenty Minutes of Reality" (Dutton) is not so much the essay itself as the collection of twelve "illuminating letters" which the essay called forth when it first appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly," and which have been re-printed as an appendix. The "twenty minutes" in question occurred during the author's convalescence after a surgical operation; pushed out of doors to the open gallery of the hospital, she caught "for the first time . . . a glimpse of the ecstatic beauty of reality." Eloquent as are the pages in which she describes her vision they are, after all, only the barest notation of the creative mood,

"simply the language of art and of music," as one of her correspondents says. But how do the other correspondents, who might have been chosen almost at random from the American population, explain it? By every conceivable rag-tag and bob-tail of theology, for the most part, so little do we know how to put to account the shreds of our human birth-right that the "efficient" life has left to us. . . . This unpretentious little book is one of those that come along from time to time to remind us that "twenty minutes of reality" distributed among every ten thousand of the population is more nearly below than above the average.

Liszt and Berlioz

On March 15th, Dr. Muck conducted the "Faust Symphony" of Liszt at Carnegie Hall. On April 1st, Berlioz' Requiem Mass was sung at the Hippodrome by the Scranton Choral Society, under the baton of a young French conductor and composer, M. Edger Varèse. The performances, the one thanks to the brilliant and ardent directing of Dr. Muck, the other despite a ragged and uncertain execution, were among the few gratifying events of an overcrowded, pretentious and insignificant musical season. But, had the season been more vivid, they would have been none the less gratifying.

For they not only recreated two great works. They recreated, for the present generation, two composers long misprised. In Liszt, we had seen little save jugglery and affection. We were shown passion and incisiveness. Berlioz' work we had thought a scaffolding. We saw the edifice. We, who had heard the "Faust Symphony"

only under Stransky, who had supposed the "Fantastic Symphony" and "Harold in Italy" the best of Berlioz, knew that we had confronted neither master before.

The "Faust Symphony" has ingratiated Liszt with folk who had hitherto disliked him and all his works. It has done so deservedly. For it is good music, and as such exceptional among his compositions. True, it is not one of those pieces that are the best of music. Its creator was not of the stuff that brings such art into being. But it is a sound, a bold, and a prodigiously brilliant piece of writing. It is warm and fervent. It demonstrates that there were moments when Liszt ceased to be the artifex he usually was and became an artist. It demonstrates that not all his music is hollow.

It is curious to realize how rarely Liszt was an artist. He was opulently talented. His ideas supplied not only his own work, but much of Wagner's.

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As James Huneker once put it, "Wagner owed much to Liszt besides money, sympathy and a wife!" Liszt anticipated in his piano technique the developments of half a century, anticipated the modern French and Spanish schools as he anticipated Szymanowski and Scriabine. He established the symphonic poem as a musical form. He refined and elaborated musical means. And yet he was little of an artist. His music is perhaps the most deliberately artificial music known to us. It is mechanical, coldly calculated, carpentered for effect. Those ostentatious recitatives, those treble runs and shakes and ornaments that are like exploding icy stars, those syrupy progressions, those voluptuous lingerings over certain insinuating tones—how they impress—at a first hearing! Indeed, so cleverly is the gesture calculated, so astutely is the passion simulated, that generations of musicians have been deceived by this music. It is long before most of us realize that the music is the work of an actor, perhaps the most brilliant actor that ever composed, but still an actor. It is not the deep interior bourn of all creative work that speaks in this music. It is an external and controlled thing. It is a cold and dispassionate intellect that apes fire and passion, and all the while calmly watches itself at work.

Sometimes, the music is religious. Perhaps there was a streak of religious sincerity in Liszt. The fact that he took holy orders to escape marrying the Princess of Sayn-Wittgenstein does not disprove its existence entirely. But, for the most part, the religiosity of his music is the piety of the fashionable Jesuit. If Liszt brings religious consolation, he brings it by choice to women, principally to women who are in need of love. He

makes a series of the most beautiful gestures over them. He whispers honeyed consolation. He always excites their tears and their gratitude.

Or, he is the restaurant fiddler, the Magyar in the frogged coat. He draws a passionate lament from his violin. In a sort of ecstasy, he celebrates his land. Then, smiling brilliantly, he passes the hat.

It is only when we remember Liszt's profession that we can read the riddle he presents. From childhood up, he was the idolized piano virtuoso. He was petted and adored all his life. He was successful from the beginning. He was smothered all his life under the adulation showered upon him in every capital of Europe, showered upon him in very tangible form by women of the highest society. His was not a character profound or fine enough to right itself. He never managed to develop out of that stage, to contact with truly nourishing things. On the contrary, he became completely uprooted, came to exist entirely in this modern Capua, came to love it and to crave the rose-leaves and the clouds of perfume. His music is largely an aspiration toward it, an attempt to perpetuate about him the admiration and adulation, the glowing eyes and half-parted lips, the heaving bosoms. It is a mechanism for procuring for himself the Pascha-power he desired. Indeed, beside Liszt, Chopin seems a veritable anchorite.

True, Liszt interested himself in music for another reason. If it served to procure him the particular "place in the sun" that he craved, it furnished him also with a most engaging pastime. He interested himself in music as one might interest oneself in a sport that becomes more engaging as one becomes more proficient in it. He studied its rules, its

Liszt and Berlioz

technique, its tricks. With what keenness he mastered them, his compositions show. But that interest was only minor. The other was the major.

Strange, to what an extent the many amiable elements of the man's character absented themselves from his work. One finds it difficult to recollect, in listening to this music, that Liszt was the generous man his relations with his fellows proves him to have been. It is scarcely possible to associate with this tonal posturing the largeness of the man's nature. He must have given his goodness to Wagner and César Franck and the rest, reserving his perversity for his work.

There are, of course, compositions that are untainted by it. The "Faust Symphony" is one of them. Here, no liquid eye fixed on the gallery, no scheming for titillating effects, no pandering to the bad taste of his time, its frivolity, its sensuality, its vulgar love of ornament, worked havoc. Instead, we feel a dignity, a fine passion, a deep sincerity that is wanting in his other works. We feel some of that power to represent human life that we call genius. Doubtless, Goethe evoked it. He must have tapped with his tragedy some deep-choked vein in Liszt, and liberated the artist in him. He made Liszt speak from out a portion of his being long gagged, made him speak out of his deep experience: It was particularly the Mephisto idea that opened the sluices of Liszt's genius. It is the movement that portrays Mephisto that makes the symphony what it is. The first movement, the "Faust" section, has in it to some extent, Liszt's genius, especially in the broad full theme that evokes before us "Faust in ritterlicher Hofkleidung des Mittelalters." The second section, the "Marguerite" movement, has

more of it. Perhaps Gretchen plucks her daisy a little too thoroughly. But the music has in it a warm, fragrant hush that is marvellous. It is of a rare sensitiveness and delicacy of feeling. There is something very youthful and pure in it, as if the man had recaptured, as he wrote, pristine emotions long since spoiled. It is all in pastels.

But it is the third movement, the Mephisto movement, that reveals Liszt in his power, the power that was peculiar to him. It is not by chance that it does. For in the Mephisto idea as he found it in Goethe, Liszt saw his own spiritual equation. He, too, was the victim of a disillusioned intellect, that played havoc with all that is pure and lovely, that poured its sulphuric mockery over all human aspiration. He had not a little in him of "der Geist der stets verneint." And so he was enabled to create that movement with all his genius. It is the best music he wrote. It will outlive his other work, express him perhaps for all time. There, the personality that we sense dimly behind his sugared and ostentatious works, speaks out, frankly. Listening to that scherzo, we know the cynicism that poisoned Liszt's spirit. We hear it fully in play. It pours its corroding laughter over grief and longing and pride, over purity and tenderness, in those outrageous orchestral arabesques that descend on the themes of the "Faust" and "Marguerite" movements, and whip them into grinning distortions. It denies and stamps and curses, topples over the whole world-structure in ribald scorn. The concluding chorus may call in another emotion. Liszt may turn with the mixture of maryolatry and luxuriousness that was so essential a part of him to "das Ewig-Weibliche," and

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pray it to redeem him. The other expression, by virtue of the music that carries it, remains the telling one. It is one of the supreme pieces of musical irony. It ranks with "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Petrouchka." And it reveals, once for all, what manner of genius Liszt was.

If Liszt became articulate during that unforgettable performance, it was largely because of the ardor of Dr. Muck and his men. Berlioz, on the other hand, spoke unaided. M. Varèse was unable to assist him further than by permitting him to speak. Whatever the young conductor contributed to the performance was vitiated by the circumstance that the Mass had had insufficient rehearsing. And so his function was of necessity limited to maintaining the alliance between a somewhat wavering choir and uncertain orchestra on one hand, and the music on the other. It is a pity that M. Varèse mounted the work with insufficiently practised performers. Not that Berlioz suffered materially. Despite the roughness of the execution, he took form in an imposing fashion. It is for the sake of the conductor that one wishes the Requiem had been more thoroughly rehearsed. For then he would have been freer to pour himself into the concert, and we should have been able to gauge something of his powers.

It is said that M. Varèse was sent by his government to this country to discover Berlioz to us. If that is so, he has been faithful. For Berlioz did manifest himself that night at the Hippodrome in a veritable blaze of power. He manifested himself in a manner that revolutionized all our conceptions. It was not as the romanticist, the loud Victor Hugo of music, that he appeared. Nor was it as the literary musician, or the bizarre

technical innovator. It was as perhaps the most classic artist that ever composed music.

The music of Berlioz is classic chiefly by the purity and the preponderance of its line. That of the Requiem consists largely of a melodic line singularly powerful, flexible, and direct. It is practically unsupported. Critics pretend that Berlioz wanted a knowledge of harmony. They may be right. But they fail to realize that just because he was deficient in harmonic resource, he managed to make his art independent of harmony, and gained his effects through a sharp, piercing and rhythmically supple melody. For strength, we can compare that line only with the lines of Egyptian sculpture. It is as uncompromising. It is perhaps the simplest, the nakedest, the starkest musical speech. There is no hesitation, no northern complexity and subtlety in this music. For there was no hesitation, no subtlety and complexity in the soul of the man who wrote it. Berlioz seems to have felt with Baudelaire that "L'énergie, c'est la grace suprême." He seems to have felt that the beauty of music lay in representing a thing with all possible directness and vigor, that the character of music, its sharp original contour, was everything. And upon such an aesthetic he proceeded. To those who are baffled by it, the music may seem thin. But if it is thin, it has the thinness of the steel cable.

How pale alongside the originality of Berlioz much of modern music seems! Here was an anarchist of music who could represent life in language absolutely his own, and with a rhythmic power, a sustained energy, almost prodigious. Where the strength of others might have failed, Berlioz' persists unflaggingly. In the "Requiem," one felt a lush barbaric

John Sloan's Exhibition

power that could heap up gigantic masses of music, that revelled in the furious clangor of trumpets, that could rival Handel in the clear fullness of his choruses. Here was music that was like no other, and yet, music in which pyramidal choruses such as "Rex Tremendae" and "Lacrymosa" are contrasted with passages like the tender and serene "Sanctus," or with moments that, like the "Hostias et preces," recall the Orcagna frescoes in Pisa. But, however varied, the work is fundamentally unified. It is unified by the simplicity, the sinewy directness of its style.

It grows directly, all of it, from the classic Mediterranean soil.

It is classic most of all by virtue of the frame of mind in which it was written. For all its energy, a singular calm pervades the work. It is not the calm of coldness and impersonality. It is the grand classic calm, the classic restraint and repose, the classic resignation. Listening to it, one had the sensation that some *vates* of a Mediterranean people were come in rapt and lofty mood, to offer sacrifice, to pacify the living, and celebrate the heroic dead.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

John Sloan's Exhibition

JOHN SLOAN, whose pictures have recently been exhibited at Kraushaar's gallery, is that rare and poignant kind of artist, a personality. Like a rock, he stands for truth and hence comes that infallible mark of the true genius in art and poetry, an accurate portraiture. A true artist and therefore an honest man, Mr. Sloan in every picture gives the facts.

His "Shop-window" is an instance. Here are some ugly and clumsy women slovenly and showily dressed and the streets and all the circumstances mean in the extreme. There is perhaps something of genuine attraction in the rich obscurity of the heavy shadows and in the garish light. The human part is mere ugliness. Infallibly it is an accurate portrait of a New York street in this shabby quarter. But why paint it? you will ask. And why does anyone paint the ugly? It might also be asked why do pictures of the ugly always attract, while from the ugly in life all except artists flee away? The fact is that men seek self-discipline with an instinct just as strong as

that which impels them to pleasure. I have walked among these streets with Mr. Sloan and have noticed with what a "horrid" show of mysticism, awe, and delight he would look at everything. "Pain braces," says Blake, "and pleasure relaxes." Mr. Sloan is of the kind who braces himself. Feeling, whether it be sorrow or hope or love, is avid of the truth, and poets and painters of feeling have an instinct for the truth which is part of their equipment.

Hogarth was a satirist, and sometimes a tragic satirist, yet though tender-hearted to those sad-eyed sinning women he makes so gentle and attractive, never a poet. The savage moralities of the eighteenth century are impossible to Mr. Sloan or to this century. Instead of satires he gives us his pictured comedies. In "Renganeschi's, Sunday Night" we have some six or seven young girls sitting at tables eating and drinking and chatting together; there is also a foreign waiter, and in a distant corner an old baldhead indifferent to everything except his soup. In a picture, say the critics, there should

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be a point of fixity. It is here furnished to us by the baldhead supping his soup. Only one of these girls is smiling. I had said in my haste, "Mr. Sloan does not finish his pictures"; from the days of Goldsmith it is the cry of the Philistine always. This smiling girl is a miracle of finish,—not a touch too much, not a touch too little, and the touches are so few—economy of means, a final simplicity; with love and laughter in a mood of poetical comedy he has painted her; her athletic little body, her "corpusculum" is all alertness: she is like a bird newly alighted on a swinging bough; the belle of the room,—we feel she is the belle of the quarter. At the table next to her sits the only young man present, got up in his Sunday best, with his back toward us and toward the girl. He is self-complacent; by the set of his elbows we know he is shy. He thinks she is laughing at him and that all are talking of him. It is only his masculine egotism,—she has not given him a thought. She is wanton and gay, and yet for all her naughty graces she wears the pearl of innocence and of her adolescence Having studied these details step back and admire the ensemble of these well-organized curves and lines and masses and shifting lights and colors and confess, even though you be a cubist or neo-impressionist, that a still-life of "onions and cabbages" compared with it is as a dish-clout to a queen. It is one of your own writers who has said, "Aesthetic form, in order to become emotion-producing, must reflect the form which is most intimately associated with our sensitivities."

In the picture of the three girls in a back garden there is one leaning against a post who seems to me

the Sloan woman, as the lady with the curled lips, the greenish eyes, and the columnar neck is the Rossetti woman. Mr. Sloan is a physiognomist; would that he had been a palmist and had had Rossetti's passion for lovely ladies' hands; had he painted the hand placed on her hip as carefully as he has painted her face she might be regarded as the abstract woman of his imagination. She is ample and gorgeous in her frank animalism, too alarming to be alluring,—a hero might have ventured, yet even he would have waited till she showed a preference. In Mr. Sloan's mind is a quality of coldness and austerity which is something new in these times. His women have courage and are good comrades but not given to love-making. Even in his color I find a splendor which is repellent; it is primitive and barbarous, and we know barbarians are not exactly sympathetic.

The picture entitled "Haymarket" and the "Madison Square at Night" have pleased even the adverse critics. In both I find what reminds me of Giorgione: the poetic light. In the "Haymarket" are two street girls moving toward the door, indolent and insolent, while a third is just entering, slowly and loftily sweeping past two elderly men, who are a sorry contrast, one of them of faded rakishness expressed in his tilted straw hat and shabby modish white waistcoat. Mr. Sloan is the historian of New York. The Haymarket has disappeared, and the women—where are they? Among the incidents is a little group at the window buying their tickets and there are children about, one of these a boy with a hoop and a little girl beside her mother turning back to look at the gaudy women.

"Madison Square at Night" is at

John Sloan's Exhibition

once a portrait and a vision—exactly like the place, but as a man of imagination sees it. The color, this time most attractive, is subdued into a general silveriness. There is a scintillating chiaroscuro, and form and volume and mobility, so that the lights and shadows seem to shift and sway before our eyes.

In "A Woman's Work" we have the woman of the domestic imagination, peaceable, rooted in the small activities of busy life, a woman to infuse tenderness and cure passion. We have evidence that the artist liked her best of all; has he not stayed long enough with this picture to finish it almost *ad unguem*? The color arrangement is quiet and sensitive and tremulous with morning sunshine. "The Clown" is a haunting picture; one returns to it again and again. This ugly man is more real than the people in the room. Some one some day will be inspired to write a ghoulish short story about that old specter so busy there behind the scenes. A triumph of technique, a picture to paint once and never again.

"Going Barefoot" is a happy thought and a great contrast to "The Clown." It is also a gem of art—such cold blues and such warm browns and such superb drawing of those sprawling, handsome legs. The entire abandonment of the well-articulated creature, in a position unashamed and impossible except to a young girl in her prime, proclaims her innocence. "No thought infirm colored her cheeks," nor does it color our cheeks. This picture is like the sound of a trumpet cutting the morning air to arouse the sleepers. There is another picture of two children. Who possesses one of these pictures

should acquire the other. Such children do not grow in congested cities or in millionaires' houses:

"My imps though hardy, bold and wild

As best befits the mountain child."

"Yeats at Petitpas." Here Mr. Sloan is again the historian and remembering the portrait of myself I hope a confessed caricaturist. It reminds me of Dickens. There is only one figure sympathetically rendered. It is that of Alan Seeger and was painted long before this war in which he was killed; on every other face is a smile which is wicked portraiture. Seeger is sitting as I so often saw him, courteously attentive yet himself silent, his head drooping forward, all of him in deep shadow—a man with the poet's soul, of which there is ample evidence in what he has written—it is scarce among the writers of accomplished verse. It was characteristic of Sloan to introduce this note of tender appreciation into the noisy scene. One is tempted to think that he is psychic and knew what must happen.

In these remarks I have made few allusions to technique, although myself a painter bred. Why should I? When people came from an evening with Lamb and his sister be sure they were too pleased and too pleasantly stimulated to wonder how it all happened. It might be otherwise with those come from the rich man's table. The test of technique is the result. If the guests are pleased there is nothing more to be said. Yet let me hint a fault. Some of these pictures look like improvisations. As a personality Mr. Sloan should take himself more seriously.

JOHN BUTLER YEATS.

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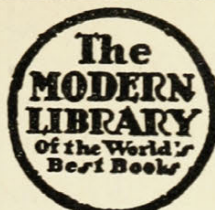
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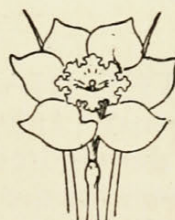
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