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CHAS. F. SESSWORTH,

THE SEVEN ARTS

IS NATIONALISM MORIBUND?
By Bertrand Russell

OCTOBER, 1917

NOTES ON NAMES

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THE SEVEN ARTS



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Is Nationalism Moribund?

By Bertrand Russell

IT may seem something of a paradox to ask such a question in the middle of a war inspired almost wholly by the spirit of nationalism, especially when this war is the greatest in extent and one of the fiercest in the contending passions which have ever been known to history. Nevertheless, analogies from the past make it not impossible that the conceptions embodied in the present war may have little influence upon the future. The Thirty Years War was the greatest of all the wars of religion, and it was also practically the last. Most of the ideas which have been potent in the world have started in the minds of a very few and have grown in extension while diminishing in intensity. At about the period when they began to dominate the beliefs of the great masses of the population, they ceased to be accepted by the makers of future opinion and lost the power of victorious vitality. It is in this way that wide-spread beliefs have begun to decay at the moment when they apparently achieved their greatest triumph. So perhaps it may be with nationalism.

People whose imaginations are not much affected by history are apt to suppose, at any rate in Europe, that nationalism is a fundamental and eternal fact of human nature, no more temporary than love or envy or ambition. This, however, is a delusion. In the ancient world, before the victory of Rome, civilized men were apt to feel a loyalty to their city, but this feeling died out during the centuries when the Roman State appeared co-terminous with the world. The conception of

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the unity of civilization survived the downfall of Rome and remained dominant over men's thoughts through the Church and the law and the Latin language. The successive waves of barbarians, although at first they had some sense of tribal unity, soon took on instead a theological label, Catholic or Aryan, and merged their racial feelings in their new doctrinal allegiance. Throughout the Middle Ages the conception of nationality as we know it remained very dim, much more so than would appear from the reading of history as written in modern times. English school-boys think of the battle of Crecy as a great victory of the English over the French, but this was not how the battle appeared to contemporaries. Edward III, like all the English kings of that period, was at least as much a Frenchman as an Englishman. He owned large territories in France, and did not appear to the French in the light of a foreign conqueror. The English and Scotch, owing to their insular position and their mutual hostility, were among the earliest disciples of nationalism. At the time of the Reformation Protestant England was stimulated by the resistance to Spain into the kind of belief in its own greatness and mission out of which true nationalism grows. Shakespeare's historical plays show the spirit in quite its modern form and have done much to foster it.

The essence of nationalism is the belief that some ideal of universal importance is in the special guardianship of the people inhabiting a certain area. So the ancient Jews, who were the only true nationalists of that time, were the chosen people and the custodians of the true religion. So the English believed themselves the champions of Protestantism in the time of Elizabeth, and of parliamentary institutions in the eighteenth century. So the French, since the Revolution, have believed themselves the champions of democratic liberty and intellectual enlightenment. So the Germans have made themselves the champions of Kultur (which is not to be translated "baby-killing"). And so Mazzini tried to make the Italian

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race the vehicle for the noble but rather mystical ideals by which he was himself inspired.

A nation's belief that it is the especial guardian of some important idea is as a rule a delusion, fostered by pride and self-interest. Pride makes the conception of the superior virtue of one's own group readily credible; self-interest makes it useful, since it justifies oppression and aggression in the name of humanity as a whole. Beneath the illusory beliefs of nationalism there is a substructure of instinct. The herd instinct, which in recent centuries has been most prominent in the shape of nationalism, is part of the fundamental structure of human nature, and may be regarded as permanent for all practical purposes. What is not permanent is the particular form to which the modern world is accustomed. Many other forms of herd instinct are equally natural to man. A man's herd may be his co-religionists, or the other members of his trade or profession or class, or the people with similar tastes and interests. There is no reason in human nature why a man's herd should be defined geographically as those inhabiting a certain area which he also inhabits, or racially, as those belonging to the same family or tribe. The conflict of herd instincts may be seen even in the midst of the war among English Roman Catholics, who are perplexed by the Pope's advocacy of peace, and hardly know whether they owe the more allegiance to Mr. Lloyd George or to Benedict XV. The essence of Marx's teaching was the endeavour to substitute a man's class for his nation as the object of herd instinct, an endeavor which so far has only proved successful among the very rich. There is, however, nothing contrary to human nature in the endeavor, and if it were supported by the newspapers and the elementary schools, there is little doubt that it would quickly achieve success. What is instinctive is the habit of feeling oneself one of a herd, bound together by mutual interests, which require to be vigorously defended against other herds, and demand for their defence a certain unanimity

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of opinion with a certain readiness to accept the mandates of recognized leaders. But the question what a man's herd shall be is one which is determined for him as a rule by the circumstances of his education—taking education in the widest possible sense.

There are various reasons for doubting whether nationalism will in effect be the dominant form of herd instinct during the next hundred years, and these reasons may perhaps be made especially clear by considering the case of America. I do not wish to dogmatise about America in the confident fashion to which Europeans are prone. I rely only upon certain broad and obvious facts, such as the enormous immigration of men of many different races. The America which made the Revolution was a genuine nation, bound together by love of liberty, by traditions and habits brought from England, by the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and by a generous hope of service to mankind which was accepted not only by the Americans themselves but by many notable sympathisers in Europe. This original America, broadly speaking, perished in the Civil War, but after the Civil War the North at least might still be regarded as a nation. Now, however, a very large proportion of the population of America consists of people whose nationalist feelings are still European—Slavs, Italians, Germans, and even, to a large extent, the Irish. Such people cannot have toward the United States that kind of intimate, passionate, narrow sentiment that they have toward the nations from which they have come. No doubt their children as a rule lose much of their European nationalism, but I gravely doubt whether they would be found to have acquired a new American nationalism at all comparable in force to that which they have lost.

No doubt war is one of the chief promoters of nationalist feeling, and perhaps some Americans may hope while some Germans may fear that participation in the present war is going to spread nationalism among classes of the population

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from whom it has hitherto been absent. But I do not myself believe that this effect will be produced. It can hardly be expected among German immigrants, and most of the others have already a sufficient stimulus in loyalty to the European countries from which they have come. Moreover war is not effective from the point of view of stimulating nationalism unless there is either some very obvious danger to be averted or some very obvious national gain to be obtained. The danger to America in the present case is not of a kind which would be obvious to the masses of the population. As for any national gain, the President has repeatedly stated that none is sought and that his purpose is an international one. In so far as this is accepted as a good reason for the war it would stimulate internationalism, and in so far as it is rejected it would certainly not form a ground for increased instinctive loyalty to the United States. For these reasons I do not believe that the participation of the United States in the present war will produce anything like that unity of national feeling in America which was produced, for instance, in England by resistance to the Armada and in Germany by the war of 1870.

If we were right in supposing that America is not going to develop a nationalism comparable to that of an old and homogeneous European country, is this result to be considered one for rejoicing or for regret? The question is very far from being an easy one. Indeed, if it is to be treated at all seriously, it must take us to the obscure roots of human nature. Nationalism, in a European country, is associated not only with race, not only with politics, but with all the somewhat old-fashioned sentiments associated with the word "home." I am aware that it was an American who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," but I do not think any American of the future is likely to repeat such conduct. Shall we be glad of this, or shall we regret it? The instinct for a home is one which man shares with many of the higher animals, but I think it is quite impossible for the instinct to be satisfied by any place very dif-

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ferent from that in which childhood has been passed. Also it cannot be satisfied without a fair amount of privacy. Emigration and industrialism jointly are destroying all possibility of real gratification of this instinct. Wage-earners move from place to place and from country to country with rapidly increasing readiness. In great towns it does not occur to them to try to find any habitation sufficiently permanent or sufficiently their own to be capable of being regarded as home. In the ancient world there were only a few specially unfortunate men who were exiles. How passionately they felt this deprivation may be seen by a curious story in Herodotus concerning an Ionian Greek who became a trusted adviser of the Great King. He so thirsted for the sight of his native city that he sent emissaries to try to stir up a rebellion, with the sole purpose of being sent by the Great King to restore order and so get once more a glimpse of home. The passion which inspired him is as natural to men as it is to cats and pigeons. But in the modern world only a small percentage of the population are able to gratify it at all. The rest are always exiles throughout their lives. From this there results, as from all lack of instinctive satisfaction, a certain deep *malaise*, often hardly conscious, but producing a kind of cynicism and thinness of emotion, such as is fatal to all that side of human nature by which art is created and appreciated.

The best type of human being is only produced through at least a partial satisfaction of many instinctive needs, which have been recognised perhaps by some psychologists, but ignored almost universally by politicians, social reformers and ordinary men. The profound belief of the ordinary man is that if he has money he will be able to procure through its means everything else that is necessary to his welfare. This belief is most dominant in the economically most advanced societies, but through them it is penetrating to the peasants of Eastern Europe, and controlling (often without their consent) the lives of Central African negroes. There is consequently

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an uprooting of habit in the destruction of everything traditional. No doubt this process has gone furthest in America, but America in this respect probably represents the future. We may like or dislike what we see in America, but in many respects we must admit that what now distinguishes America from Europe is likely before long to prevail throughout the world.

Philosophical Conservatism, though it is not my own creed, is one for which there is much to be said. The arguments by which Samuel Butler's Erewhonians were led to the abolition of machinery may serve as a statement of the case. Indeed, all writers of Utopias, from Plato downwards, have been Conservatives of the deepest dye: not in the sense that they wished to preserve the society they saw about them, but in the sense that they wished to create a society which, once created, should never change. This applies even to Karl Marx; who never imagined further revolutions after the one which was to establish the social democracy. The political Conservative of our own day is not in effect, whatever he may be in intention, a representative of true philosophical Conservatism. When he is successful he does not prevent profound and intimate changes in the lives of ordinary men and women, since he does nothing to check the growth of industrialism, militarism, exploitation of inferior races, or war. The most that he can achieve is to prevent the changes which occur from having any rational direction or being inspired by any kind of ideal. Such ideals as he professes to believe in are dead. He is like a man who has embalmed his wife's corpse and set it up at the dinner table in order to persuade himself that he is not a widower; but in censuring such a man we need not deny that he has suffered a real loss.

It is not by an attempt to bolster up old ideals that we can prevent the harm which the philosophical Conservative deplores. The ideals which a society can genuinely accept are very largely determined by its political and economic condi-

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tions. In the Roman Empire it was useless to attempt to preserve the local cults which had belonged to the days of local independence. In a world-empire only a world-religion can in the long run prevail. The modern world is becoming more and more unified, and I doubt whether the present war will have done much to hinder this process. Local nationalisms of the old type will more and more cease to be acceptable to men with any experience of the world or power of thought, and it is difficult to see how they can be combined with that kind of internationalism which all who value civilization must desire as a safeguard against war. I do not deny that there is a kind of nationalism which might be a stimulus to civilization and not a cause of strife. Nations might take pride in what they had added to the common stock rather than in what they had robbed from others. Wherever this is still possible, it is to be desired. But I doubt whether it can be achieved very widely in a world where the economic forces are so hostile to local development, and where nationalism has fallen into the hands of rich exploiters who use it as a means of preventing the wage-earning classes from combining against them. Allegiance to a group which has a purely geographical definition is only possible in the long run when certain conditions are fulfilled which are increasingly impossible in the modern world. The bulk of the population must not travel much, and men of ideas must be conscious of very real and profound differences between the ideals prevalent in their own society and those prevalent elsewhere. Such conditions existed, for example, in the opposition between Christian and Mohammedan in the Middle Ages. The internationalism of that period was a purely Christian internationalism, which did not in any way embrace the infidels. Perhaps an opposition of this kind is still possible between the white and the yellow races, but as between different sections of the white race the really vital motives which now keep nationalism alive are merely pride and fear—the pride which desires to dominate, and the fear

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which dreads being dominated. Out of these passions nothing of real value to mankind is to be produced.

Nevertheless, the differentiation of mankind into groups, not necessarily hostile, but distinct one from another in culture and proximate purpose, is a thing of great importance for the diversity and progressiveness of human society. Without it life will have no richness of texture. It will become boring and uneventful. Conflict in the realm of ideas is as useful as conflict on the battlefield is harmful. It may be that a purely rational attitude would dictate a universal scepticism and prevent men from having those strong beliefs out of which vigorous action springs. Probably the preservation of such beliefs will require that men shall be divided into groups rather by their ideas and occupations than by the locality of their birth. Societies of artists or men of learning may serve to illustrate the kind of thing I have in mind. If you attend, for example, a meeting of Egyptologists, you will find a set of men assembled from the most diverse places, united by a belief that Egyptology contains the key to the universe, and that its more intense study is greatly needed in order to bring the millennium. You may smile at these men but nevertheless their opinion, though somewhat out of proportion, springs from the perception of a portion of truth which other people do not perceive. The pursuit of knowledge and a belief in its importance constitute one of the main impulses out of which human progress has grown; and, like all other impulses, in so far as it is genuine, it will not stop to consider at each separate moment how far the particular form which it happens to be taking has any utility outside itself. The welfare of the community as a whole is promoted by the existence of many groups with very diverse tastes and interests; the sheer diversity is necessary to the whole. Differentiation of function is absolutely necessary, and is best secured by preserving the natural differentiation of type which exists between different people.

In the modern world there goes along with industrialism

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and machine production a tendency to diminish the difference between one man and another through uniformities of education—a tendency which is perhaps carried further in America than anywhere else. Education at the hands of the public authorities corresponds to machine production: it turns out a more or less uniform product instead of the infinite diversity that resulted from older, more haphazard methods. It would be as useless and futile to attempt to return to the older method, or lack of method, in education as it would to urge a revival of handicrafts instead of machine industry. But in education, as in the industrial world, modern conditions have raised new problems which did not exist before. These problems will not be solved of themselves, but require deliberate thought and care to preserve the flavor of individuality in spite of the vast organizations by which our lives are controlled.

The spirit of nationalism, except in very small countries, does not tend to promote individuality. It tends, on the contrary, to give a common orientation to the efforts of all and a uniform stamp to all education. Those who believe, for example, that we should study science in order to be able to get the better of trade rivals are not likely to acquire the true scientific spirit, the interest in patient investigation of nature for its own sake out of which all great scientific work has sprung. The fundamental work, which is not immediately fruitful in a commercial sense, they will be willing to leave to others, and those others are not likely to be found among men in whom the nationalistic spirit is dominant. I think it is not nationalism as such that is fatal, but nationalism as embodied in organization, as the generator of mechanical systems which crush or distort the individual. These systems have the same kind of effect in cramping the human spirit that the Church used to have in the Middle Ages. When the group to which a man feels himself to belong is defined geographically this can hardly fail to be the case. It is an external acci-

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dent, not something in a man's nature, that makes him a citizen of one State rather than another, and therefore in so far as States are in conflict one with another his citizenship is not a spontaneous expression of his individuality in the same way as membership of a learned society or a football club. The more readily people move from place to place and the more different States come to resemble one another, the more artificial becomes the opposition between them, and therefore the more violence has to be done to human nature in order to preserve the opposition. I am convinced that the future vehicle for group feeling will be found far more in such things as Churches or political parties than in nations. The dominance of the nation as the most important group is comparatively recent and is not, I hope and believe, a thing destined to last very much longer.

There is a certain danger in even the most lofty and sublimated national patriotism. Every nation tends to believe that it is in some important respect morally superior to other nations, that it has some contribution to make to the general stock of civilization which it will not be able to make unless it is great and powerful in a material sense. It is this belief in the importance of material power which is the source of harm. The nations which have done the most to influence the world's ideas have not been powerful in a military sense. Western civilization is a product almost wholly of the ideas of the Greeks and Jews; the Greeks in science and art, the Jews in religion. Yet neither the Greeks nor the Jews achieved any great degree of military power. The Romans, who had the power, had not the inventiveness, and became merely the vehicle for the mental victory of those whom they had conquered. The belief that material power is necessary in order to influence ideas is one of those delusions which are fostered by pride. Power is pleasant, and we therefore like to think that in pursuing power we are actuated by virtuous motives. The things that really can be spread by force of arms are very seldom the best things.

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Therefore a man's group feeling is apt to contain an element of brutality as soon as his group is one which is possessed of an army and a navy.

There seems little doubt that America is embarked upon a great military career. It seems reasonable to expect that America will become the greatest of all military powers. This does not mean that she will necessarily become militarist in spirit. It is quite possible that the military power of America may be used for the purpose of securing a universal diminution of armaments by international agreement, but this will certainly not happen if America acquires that kind of national pride which enjoys being able to force its will upon reluctant opponents, and this kind of pride is almost sure to be the outcome of a really vehement national spirit of the old type, if by any means such a spirit can be produced in America. America has led the world in the development of industrialism, and industrialism has probably destroyed for ever the possibility of many good things which existed in the past. If the human spirit is ever to learn to dominate the machine instead of being dominated by it, it is necessary to seek somewhat different goods from those which industrialism has destroyed. And as America has led the way in one respect, so we may hope that it will lead the way in the other. But it will do this through internationalism rather than through nationalism, through the attempt to realise a family of nations with a common, super-national government rather than through the attempt to become itself a dominant nation. The mixture of races and the comparative absence of a national tradition make America peculiarly suited to the fulfilment of this task.

There is, however, one respect in which the general attitude of America is likely to postpone for a long time the realization of any thorough internationalism. Internationalism will more and more be compelled to embrace not only the white races but also the races of Asia. Japan has already forced its way

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into the State system of the white races, and it is probable that China will be compelled to follow the same course. One can hardly suppose that India will remain for ever an appanage of the British Empire. India and China together are capable of becoming as important as the whole of the white nations put together, and any system which puts them in fundamental and irreconcilable opposition to the European nations is likely to lead at some future date to a war in comparison with which the present war will seem parochial and insignificant. The opposition on both sides is the outcome of our industrial system. We hate the Chinese because they work more industriously and more cheaply than we do. They hate us because we try to exploit their country and because we endeavour to force upon them our systems of trade and industry. It is difficult to see how this state of affairs can be remedied while the present economic system prevails. The world's production of goods by labor is in its essence co-operative. The person who produces consumable commodities is performing a service to mankind and not a disservice. But owing to the competitive system, the aspect of competition is much more prominent and visible than the aspect of co-operation. This is not an eternal necessity, but merely an incident of the existing system. Under a more socialized and more co-operative organization it would not be the case. Men ought to be paid for their willingness to work regardless of whether their work happens to be needed at the moment. This system already exists in many directions. Soldiers are paid in time of peace and not only while they are actually required to fight. Civil servants always enjoy a comparative permanence of occupation, and no one supposes that the work of government could be done if they were engaged by the day when there happened to be work for them to do. In any business office the men who have the more confidential part of the work to do remain year after year: it is only the underlings who are hired and dismissed as occasion requires. We are told that the competi-

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tive system makes for efficiency, and yet we find that it is not applied in just those cases where efficiency is most desired, for example, in national defence and in the higher grades of industry. In actual fact, a certain minimum of security and a certain continuity of work are powerful forces in developing a man's efficiency. If a man were paid for his willingness to work, he would not be so obsessed as he is at present by the thought of competition, and he would realise that anything which increases the efficiency of labor is a benefit to the community. This would go a very long way toward preventing that instinctive enmity which competition has fostered, and would make international co-operation possible as it never has been in the past. It is clear that modern war is not a good investment for a nation regarded simply as a business speculation, but nevertheless the enmity generated by the sense of competition is a powerful agent in promoting modern wars. Competition is not ineradicable or necessary, and whatever element of efficiency may really be connected with it is very dearly purchased by the evils of militarism and abject poverty.

I do not think that the relations of the white and yellow races are likely to be put upon a permanently sound footing until our present industrial system has been replaced by another. The present war has enormously accelerated the tendency to fundamental change in our economic system. In America, no doubt, it has not yet begun to produce the kind of effects which it is more and more producing in Europe. All parties in Europe seem to be agreed that vast and far-reaching economic changes are quite unavoidable; it is only as to their degrees that people differ. If the war lasts, as it well may do, for another two or three years, it can hardly be doubted that the changes will be at least as great as the wildest revolutionaries now imagine. Out of these changes it is possible that a new internationalism, no longer a mere sentiment but embodying itself in the economic and industrial system, will emerge triumphant. In such a world the old con-

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ception of nations may tend to disappear. Doubtless there will be rivalries, since rivalry is natural to man, but if the rival groups are constituted say by trades rather than by geographical areas, it is hardly conceivable that their conflicts will be carried on by force of arms. The old order is disappearing. If it is not to disappear into chaos, there will be need of active imagination and vigorous hope in constructing the new order. What it is to be, I do not know. It is not likely to be exactly what any one of us may hope; still less what we may fear. But I am sure that what it will need is energy in promoting new hopes rather than an attempt to preserve even the elements of real good which we value in the past. Mankind cannot afford to risk another great war. Every advance in technical civilization must make war more deadly, and a great war a hundred years hence might well leave the world in the exclusive possession of negroes. If we wish to avert this calamity we must be bold, constructive, and not afraid to be revolutionary.

Twilight of Idols

By Randolph Bourne

WHERE are the seeds of American promise? Man cannot live by politics alone, and it is small cheer that our best intellects are caught in the political current and see only the hope that America will find her soul in the remaking of the world. If William James were alive would he be accepting the war-situation so easily and complacently? Would he be chiding the over-stimulated intelligence of peace-loving idealists, and excommunicating from the ranks of liberal progress the pitiful remnant of those who struggle "above the battle?" I like to think that his gallant spirit would have called for a war to be gallantly played, with insistent care for democratic values at home, and unequivocal alliance with democratic elements abroad for a peace that should promise more than a mere union of benevolent imperialisms. I think of James now because the recent articles of John Dewey's on the war suggest a slackening in his thought for our guidance and stir, and the inadequacy of his pragmatism as a philosophy of life in this emergency. Whether James would have given us just that note of spiritual adventure which would make the national enterprise seem creative for an American future,—this we can never know. But surely that philosophy of Dewey's which we had been following so uncritically for so long, breaks down almost noisily when it is used to grind out interpretation for the present crisis. These articles on "Conscience and Compulsion," "The Future of Pacifism," "What America Will Fight For," "Conscription of Thought," which *The New Republic*

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has been printing, seem to me to be a little off-color. A philosopher who senses so little the sinister forces of war, who is so much more concerned over the excesses of the pacifists than over the excesses of military policy, who can feel only amusement at the idea that any one should try to conscript thought, who assumes that the war-technique can be used without trailing along with it the mob-fanaticisms, the injustices and hatreds, that are organically bound up with it, is speaking to another element of the younger intelligentsia than that to which I belong. Evidently the attitudes which war calls out are fiercer and more incalculable than Professor Dewey is accustomed to take into his hopeful and intelligent imagination, and the pragmatist mind, in trying to adjust itself to them, gives the air of grappling, like the pioneer who challenges the arid plains, with a power too big for it. It is not an arena of creative intelligence our country's mind is now, but of mob-psychology. The soldiers who tried to lynch Max Eastman showed that current patriotism is not a product of the will to remake the world. The luxuriant releases of explosive hatred for which peace apparently gives far too little scope cannot be wooed by sweet reasonableness, nor can they be the raw material for the creation of rare liberal political structures. All that can be done is to try to keep your country out of situations where such expressive releases occur. If you have willed the situation, however, or accepted it as inevitable, it is fatuous to protest against the gay debauch of hatred and fear and swagger that must mount and mount, until the heady and virulent poison of war shall have created its own anti-toxin of ruin and disillusionment. (To talk as if war were anything else than such a poison is to show that your philosophy has never been confronted with the pathless and the inexorable, and that, only dimly feeling the change, it goes ahead acting as if it had not got out of its depth.) Only a lack of practice with a world of human nature so raw-nerved, irrational, uncreative, as an

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America at war was bound to show itself to be, can account for the singular unsatisfactoriness of these later utterances of Dewey. He did have one moment of hesitation just before the war began, when the war and its external purposes and unifying power seemed the small thing beside that internal adventure which should find our American promise. But that perspective has now disappeared, and one finds Dewey now untainted by skepticism as to our being about a business to which all our idealism should rally. That failure to get guaranties that this country's efforts would obligate the Allies to a democratic world-order Dewey blames on the defection of the pacifists, and then somehow manages to get himself into a "we" who "romantically," as he says, forewent this crucial link of our strategy. Does this easy identification of himself with undemocratically-controlled foreign policy mean that a country is democratic when it accepts what its government does, or that war has a narcotic effect on the pragmatic mind? For Dewey somehow retains his sense of being in the controlling class, and ignores those anxious questions of democrats who have been his disciples but are now resenterers of the war.

What I come to is a sense of suddenly being left in the lurch, of suddenly finding that a philosophy upon which I had relied to carry us through no longer works. I find the contrast between the idea that creative intelligence has free functioning in wartime, and the facts of the inexorable situation, too glaring. The contrast between what liberals ought to be doing and saying if democratic values are to be conserved, and what the real forces are imposing upon them, strikes too sternly on my intellectual senses. I should prefer some philosophy of War as the grim and terrible cleanser to this optimism-haunted mood that continues unweariedly to suggest that all can yet be made to work for good in a mad and half-destroyed world. I wonder if James, in the face of such disaster, would not have abandoned his "moral equiva-

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lent of war" for an "immoral equivalent" which, in swift and periodic saturnalia, would have acted as vaccination against the sure pestilence of war.

II

Dewey's philosophy is inspiring enough for a society at peace, prosperous and with a fund of progressive good-will. It is a philosophy of hope, of clear-sighted comprehension of materials and means. Where institutions are at all malleable, it is the only clue for improvement. It is scientific method applied to "uplift." But this careful adaptation of means to desired ends, this experimental working out of control over brute forces and dead matter in the interests of communal life, depends on a store of rationality, and is effective only where there is strong desire for progress. It is precisely the school, the institution to which Dewey's philosophy was first applied, that is of all our institutions the most malleable. And it is the will to educate that has seemed, in these days, among all our social attitudes the most rationally motivated. It was education, and almost education alone, that seemed susceptible to the steady pressure of an "instrumental" philosophy. Intelligence really seemed about to come into conscious control of an institution, and that one the most potent in moulding the attitudes needed for a civilized society and the aptitudes needed for the happiness of the individual.

For both our revolutionary conceptions of what education means, and for the intellectual strategy of its approach, this country is immeasurably indebted to the influence of Professor Dewey's philosophy. With these ideas sincerely felt, a rational nation would have chosen education as its national enterprise. Into this it would have thrown its energy though the heavens fell and the earth rocked around it. But the nation did not use its isolation from the conflict to educate itself. It fretted for three years and then let war, not education, be chosen, at the almost unanimous behest of our intellectual class, from mo-

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tives alien to our cultural needs, and for political ends alien to the happiness of the individual. But nations, of course, are not rational entities, and they act within their most irrational rights when they accept war as the most important thing the nation can do in the face of metaphysical menaces of imperial prestige. What concerns us here is the relative ease with which the pragmatist intellectuals, with Professor Dewey at the head, have moved out their philosophy, bag and baggage, from education to war. So abrupt a change in the direction of the national enterprise, one would have expected to cause more emotion, to demand more apologetics. His optimism may have told Professor Dewey that war would not materially demoralize our growth—would, perhaps, after all, be but an incident in the nation's life—but it is not easy to see how, as we skate toward the bankruptcy of war-billions, there will be resources available for educational enterprise that does not contribute directly to the war-technique. Neither is any passion for growth, for creative mastery, going to flourish among the host of militaristic values and new tastes for power that are springing up like poisonous mushrooms on every hand.

How could the pragmatist mind accept war without more violent protest, without a greater wrench? Either Professor Dewey and his friends felt that the forces were too strong for them, that the war had to be, and it was better to take it up intelligently than to drift blindly in; or else they really expected a gallant war, conducted with jealous regard for democratic values at home and a captivating vision of international democracy as the end of all the toil and pain. If their motive was the first, they would seem to have reduced the scope of possible control of events to the vanishing point. If the war is too strong for you to prevent, how is it going to be weak enough for you to control and mould to your liberal purposes? And if their motive was to shape the war firmly for good, they seem to have seriously miscalculated the

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fierce urgencies of it. Are they to be content, as the materialization of their hopes, with a doubtful League of Nations and the suppression of the I. W. W.? Yet the numbing power of the war-situation seems to have kept them from realizing what has happened to their philosophy. The betrayal of their first hopes has certainly not discouraged them. But neither has it roused them to a more energetic expression of the forces through which they intend to realize them. I search Professor Dewey's articles in vain for clues as to the specific working-out of our democratic desires, either nationally or internationally, either in the present or in the reconstruction after the war. No programme is suggested, nor is there feeling for present vague popular movements and revolts. Rather are the latter chided, for their own vagueness and impracticalities. Similarly, with the other prophets of instrumentalism who accompany Dewey into the war, democracy remains an unanalyzed term, useful as a call to battle, but not an intellectual tool, turning up fresh sod for the changing future. Is it the political democracy of a plutocratic America that we are fighting for, or is it the social democracy of the new Russia? Which do our rulers really fear more, the menace of Imperial Germany, or the liberating influence of a socialist Russia? In the application of their philosophy to politics, our pragmatists are sliding over this crucial question of ends. Dewey says our ends must be intelligently international rather than chauvinistic. But this gets us little distance along our way.

In this difficult time the light that has been in liberals and radicals has become darkness. If radicals spend their time holding conventions to attest their loyalty and stamp out the "enemies within," they do not spend it in breaking intellectual paths, or giving us shining ideas to which we can attach our faith and conscience. The spiritual apathy from which the more naive of us suffer, and which the others are so busy fighting, arises largely from sheer default of a clear

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vision that would melt it away. Let the motley crew of ex-socialists, and labor radicals, and liberals, and pragmatist philosophers, who have united for the prosecution of the war, present a coherent and convincing democratic programme, and they will no longer be confronted with the skepticism of the conscientious and the impossibilist. But when the emphasis is on technical organization, rather than organization of ideas, on strategy rather than desires, one begins to suspect that no programme is presented because they have none to present. This burrowing into war-technique hides the void where a democratic philosophy should be. Our intellectuals consort with war-boards in order to keep their minds off the question what the slow masses of the people are really desiring, or toward what the best hope of the country really drives. Similarly the blaze of patriotism on the part of the radicals serves the purpose of concealing the feebleness of their intellectual light.

Is the answer that clear formulation of democratic ends must be postponed until victory in the war is attained? But to make this answer is to surrender the entire case. For the support of the war by radicals, realists, pragmatists, is due—or so they say—to the fact that the war is not only saving the cause of democracy, but is immensely accelerating its progress. Well, what are those gains? How are they to be conserved? What do they lead to? How can we further them? Into what large idea of society do they group? To ignore these questions, and think only of the war-technique and its accompanying devotions, is to undermine the foundations of these people's own faith.

A policy of "win the war first" must be, for the radical, a policy of intellectual suicide. Their support of the war throws upon them the responsibility of showing inch by inch the democratic gains, and of laying out a charter of specific hopes. Otherwise they confess that they are impotent and that the war is submerging their expectations, or that they are not genuinely

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imaginative and offer little promise for future leadership.

III

It may seem unfair to group Professor Dewey with Mr. Spargo and Mr. Gompers, Mr. A. M. Simons, and the Vigilantes. I do so only because in their acceptance of the war, they are all living out that popular American "instrumental" philosophy which Professor Dewey has formulated in such convincing and fascinating terms. On an infinitely more intelligent plane, he is yet one with them in his confidence that the war is motivated by democratic ends and is being made to serve them. A high mood of confidence and self-righteousness moves them all, a keen sense of control over events that makes them eligible to discipleship under Professor Dewey's philosophy. They are all hostile to impossibilism, to apathy, to any attitude that is not a cheerful and brisk setting to work to use the emergency to consolidate the gains of democracy. Not, Is it being used? but, Let us make a flutter about using it! This unanimity of mood puts the resenter of war out of the arena. But he can still seek to explain why this philosophy which has no place for the inexorable should have adjusted itself so easily to the inexorable of war, and why, although a philosophy of the creative intelligence in using means toward ends, it should show itself so singularly impoverished in its present supply of democratic values.

What is the matter with the philosophy? One has a sense of having come to a sudden, short stop at the end of an intellectual era. In the crisis, this philosophy of intelligent control just does not measure up to our needs. What is the root of this inadequacy that is felt so keenly by our restless minds? Van Wyck Brooks has pointed out searchingly the lack of poetic vision in our pragmatist "awakeners." Is there something in these realistic attitudes that works actually against poetic vision, against concern for the quality of life as above

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machinery of life? Apparently there is. The war has revealed a younger intelligentsia, trained up in the pragmatic dispensation, immensely ready for the executive ordering of events, pitifully unprepared for the intellectual interpretation or the idealistic focussing of ends. The young men in Belgium, the officers' training corps, the young men being sucked into the councils at Washington and into war-organization everywhere, have among them a definite element, upon whom Dewey, as veteran philosopher, might well bestow a papal blessing. They have absorbed the secret of scientific method as applied to political administration. They are liberal, enlightened, aware. They are touched with creative intelligence toward the solution of political and industrial problems. They are a wholly new force in American life, the product of the swing in the colleges from a training that emphasized classical studies to one that emphasized political and economic values. Practically all this element, one would say, is lined up in service of the war-technique. There seems to have been a peculiar congeniality between the war and these men. It is as if the war and they had been waiting for each other. One wonders what scope they would have had for their intelligence without it. Probably most of them would have gone into industry and devoted themselves to sane reorganization schemes. What is significant is that it is the technical side of the war that appeals to them, not the interpretative or political side. The formulation of values and ideals, the production of articulate and **suggestive** thinking, had not, in their education, kept pace, to any extent whatever, with their technical aptitude. The result is that the field of intellectual formulation is very poorly manned by this younger intelligentsia. While they organize the war, formulation of opinion is left largely in the hands of professional patriots, sensational editors, archaic radicals. The intellectual work of this younger intelligentsia is done by the sedition-hunting Vigilantes, and by the saving rem-

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nant of older liberals. It is true, Dewey calls for a more attentive formulation of war-purposes and ideas, but he calls largely to deaf ears. His disciples have learned all too literally the instrumental attitude toward life, and, being immensely intelligent and energetic, they are making themselves efficient instruments of the war-technique, accepting with little question the ends as announced from above. That those ends are largely negative does not concern them, because they have never learned not to subordinate idea to technique. Their education has not given them a coherent system of large ideas, or a feeling for democratic goals. They have, in short, no clear philosophy of life except that of intelligent service, the admirable adaptation of means to ends. They are vague as to what kind of a society they want, or what kind of society America needs, but they are equipped with all the administrative attitudes and talents necessary to attain it.

To those of us who have taken Dewey's philosophy almost as our American religion, it never occurred that values could be subordinated to technique. We were instrumentalists, but we had our private utopias so clearly before our minds that the means fell always into its place as contributory. And Dewey, of course, always meant his philosophy, when taken as a philosophy of life, to start with values. But there was always that unhappy ambiguity in his doctrine as to just how values were created, and it became easier and easier to assume that just any growth was justified and almost any activity valuable so long as it achieved ends. The American, in living out this philosophy, has habitually confused results with product, and been content with getting somewhere without asking too closely whether it was the desirable place to get. It is now becoming plain that unless you start with the vividest kind of poetic vision, your instrumentalism is likely to land you just where it has landed this younger intelligentsia which is so happily and busily engaged in the national enter-

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prise of war. You must have your vision and you must have your technique. (The practical effect of Dewey's philosophy has evidently been to develop the sense of the latter at the expense of the former.) Though he himself would develop them together, even in him there seems to be a flagging of values, under the influence of war. *The New Republic* honorably clamors for the Allies to subordinate military strategy to political ends, technique to democratic values. But war always undermines values. It is the outstanding lesson of the whole war that statesmen cannot be trusted to get this perspective right, that their only motto is, first to win and then grab what they can. The struggle against this statesmanlike animus must be a losing one as long as we have not very clear and very determined and very revolutionary democratic ideas and programmes to challenge them with. The trouble with our situation is not only that values have been generally ignored in favor of technique, but that those who have struggled to keep values foremost, have been too bloodless and too near-sighted in their vision. The defect of any philosophy of "adaptation" or "adjustment," even when it means adjustment to changing, living experience, is that there is no provision for thought or experience getting beyond itself. If your ideal is to be adjustment to your situation, in radiant co-operation with reality, then your success is likely to be just that and no more. You never transcend anything. You grow, but your spirit never jumps out of your skin to go on wild adventures. If your policy as a publicist reformer is to take what you can get, you are likely to find that you get something less than you should be willing to take. Italy in the settlement is said to be demanding one hundred in order to get twenty, and this machiavellian principle might well be adopted by the radical. Vision must constantly outshoot technique, opportunist efforts usually achieve less even than what seemed obviously possible. An impossibilist élan that appeals to desire will often carry fur-

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ther. A philosophy of adjustment will not even make for adjustment. If you try merely to "meet" situations as they come, you will not even meet them. Instead you will only pile up behind you deficits and arrears that will some day bankrupt you.

We are in the war because an American Government practised a philosophy of adjustment, and an instrumentalism for minor ends, instead of creating new values and setting at once a large standard to which the nations might repair. An intellectual attitude of mere adjustment, of mere use of the creative intelligence to make your progress, must end in caution, regression, and a virtual failure to effect even that change which you so clear-sightedly and desirously see. This is the root of our dissatisfaction with much of the current political and social realism that is preached to us. It has everything good and wise except the obstreperous vision that would drive and draw all men into it.

IV

The working-out of this American philosophy in our intellectual life then has meant an exaggerated emphasis on the mechanics of life at the expense of the quality of living. We suffer from a real shortage of spiritual values. A philosophy that worked when we were trying to get that material foundation for American life in which more impassioned living could flourish no longer works when we are faced with inexorable disaster and the hysterias of the mob. The note of complacency which we detect in the current expressions of this philosophy has a bad taste. The congruous note for the situation would seem to be, on the contrary, that of robust desperation,—a desperation that shall rage and struggle until new values come out of the travail, and we see some glimmering of our democratic way. In the creation of these new values, we may expect the old philosophy, the old radicalism, to be helpless. It has found a perfectly definite level, and

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there is no reason to think that it will not remain there. Its flowering appears in the technical organization of the war by an earnest group of young liberals, who direct their course by an opportunist programme of State-socialism at home and a league of benevolently-imperialistic nations abroad. At their best they can give us a government by prudent, enlightened college men instead of by politicians. At their best, they can abolish war by making everybody a partner in the booty of exploitation. That is all, and it is technically admirable. Only there is nothing in the outlook that touches in any way the happiness of the individual, the vivifying of the personality, the comprehension of social forces, the flair of art,—in other words, the quality of life. Our intellectuals have failed us as value-creators, even as value-emphasizers. The allure of the martial in war has passed only to be succeeded by the allure of the technical. The allure of fresh and true ideas, of free speculation, of artistic vigor, of cultural styles, of intelligence suffused by feeling, and feeling given fibre and outline by intelligence, has not come, and can hardly come, we see now, while our reigning philosophy is an instrumental one.

Whence can come this allure? Only from those who are thorough malcontents. Irritation at things as they are, disgust at the continual frustrations and aridities of American life, deep dissatisfaction with self and with the groups that give themselves forth as hopeful,—out of such moods there might be hammered new values. The malcontents would be men and women who could not stomach the war, or the reactionary idealism that has followed in its train. They are quite through with the professional critics and classicists who have let cultural values die through their own personal ineptitude. Yet these malcontents have no intention of being cultural vandals, only to slay. They are not barbarians, but seek the vital and the sincere everywhere. All they want is a new orientation of the spirit that shall be modern, an

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orientation to accompany that technical orientation which is fast coming, and which the war accelerates.) They will be harsh and often bad-tempered, and they will feel that the break-up of things is no time for mellowness. They will have a taste for spiritual adventure, and for sinister imaginative excursions. It will not be Puritanism so much as complacency that they will fight. A tang, a bitterness, an intellectual fibre, a verve, they will look for in literature, and their most virulent enemies will be those unaccountable radicals who are still morally servile, and are now trying to suppress all free speculation in the interests of nationalism. Something more mocking, more irreverent, they will constantly want. They will take institutions very lightly, indeed will never fail to be surprised at the seriousness with which good radicals take the stated offices and systems. Their own contempt will be scarcely veiled, and they will be glad if they can tease, provoke, irritate thought on any subject. These malcontents will be more or less of the American tribe of talent who used either to go immediately to Europe, or starved submissively at home. But these people will neither go to Europe, nor starve submissively. They are too much entangled emotionally in the possibilities of American life to leave it, and they have no desire whatever to starve. So they are likely to go ahead beating their heads at the wall until they are either bloody or light appears. They will give offense to their elders who cannot see what all the concern is about, and they will hurt the more middle-aged sense of adventure upon which the better integrated minds of the younger generation will have compromised. Optimism is often compensatory, and the optimistic mood in American thought may mean merely that American life is too terrible to face. A more skeptical, malicious, desperate, ironical mood may actually be the sign of more vivid and more stirring life fermenting in America today. It may be a sign of hope. That thirst for more of the intellectual "war and laughter" that

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we find Nietzsche calling us to may bring us satisfactions that optimism-haunted philosophies could never bring. Malcontentedness may be the beginning of promise. That is why I evoked the spirit of William James, with its gay passion for ideas, and its freedom of speculation, when I felt the slightly pedestrian gait into which the war had brought pragmatism. It is the creative desire more than the creative intelligence that we shall need if we are ever to fly.

The Fires of Pittsburgh

By James Oppenheim

Fires—

Fires out of the dark—

(Coal-barges swing on the Ohio)

Fires, fires of Steel—

(Ore floats the ripple of the slow Monongahela)

Fires, fires of Pittsburgh—

Lo, lightnings lifting her sky of smoke, and dropping it,

Lo, the young American city,

On her heights, in the fork of her rivers,

And ringed with mills

Guarding her tracks and tonnage

Laboring day and night.

She is the womb of the Modern,

Strong young mother of cities and ships.

She weaves the world with rails,

And webs the Earth with wires.

Pittsburgh is *Labor*,

Pittsburgh is *Wealth*,

Pittsburgh is *Power*.

From these smokes, a nation,

From these fires, America.

O fires of Pittsburgh!

Is it only the Steel that shrieks as you twist and shape it?

Is this the howling of your hammers, the anguish of your
cranes, the revolt of your engines?

The Fires of Pittsburgh

Do I hear only this hell's music of mills?
Or is this the slaves' song of your lonely wrestlers with elemental flame and ore,—
The slaves' song,
The slaves' groaning and wailing in the dark,
The song of mastered men,
The sullen satanic music of lost and despairing humanity?

I will go lightly
By the lonely shanties clinging to the barren slopes. . . .
I will go softly
Where no birds sing,
Where the gas-lamps burn grey in the flimsy sodden mill-town,
And from the lighted kitchens
The tired workmen throng the streets, tramping, tramping,
Tramping over the railroad bridge,
Tramping through the switch-yards,
For the Giant has blown his whistle
And the night-shift is on.

Madly the night swirls
Lunging with engines—
The flames burst the roofs and shower golden snow,
The shrill-whistling yard-engines bump across the switches,
Switchmen swing lanterns, green, green, red,
The sudden headlights dazzle round the silhouettes of workmen,
This mill and that looms roaring, roaring,
Bells beat, whistles blow, shouts rise, and heaven
Rolls with unresting smokes,
Glares with livid lightning. . . .

Speed!
The young god speed!
The young god speed is at the wheel,

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Whipping the engines,
Pacing the workers,
The mills roar their terrible triumph over time,
The great machines snatch at the hands of men,
And drag them in, and drag in the arms,
And drag at every muscle of the body. . .
Speed! speed!
American speed!
Set the fires roaring,
Swing the blooms in faster,
Pile up the tonnage for a record-breaker,
Pile up the tonnage. . . Strain, strain, you toilers!
Give us every ounce of your tireless energy. . .
Work, till you crack, work, till you are slag:
Work, till you age with fever and exhaustion,
Work, till we fling you out upon the rusty scrap-heap. . .

Open slides the floor-door: the soaking pit is dazzling. . .
Down comes the crane-hand and dips into the fire:
It's the ten-ton ingot she is lifting up,
It's the ten-ton ingot, white-hot and sizzling. . .
It's a lost soul shrieking snatched from out the burning. . .

Clank, clank, clatter, the bloom runs down the rollers,
Crash! it hits the wringers!
Whong! the sparks are flying!
Klong-al, klong-al, it howls like a lioness,
Giving up its soul as it flattens to a sheet. . . .

Noise, soot, chaos. . . .
I wander, finding men,
Half-naked men with wet shining bodies,
Men with forks, and men at the levers,
Men on cars, and men behind the engines,
Fire-glaring men with shovels at the furnaces. . .

The Fires of Pittsburgh

Men, men. . . .
I watch, and I am silent. . . .

(O dance of death!
Dance of the fires of death!
Fires, fires of Pittsburgh!)

There are hills, beloved, with mountain-gardens,—
There we grow roses, useless beautiful roses
For the delight of our souls. . . .

There is a room, beloved, on the city-square,—
There we make songs, useless beautiful songs
As gifts to each other's hearts.

We have known how the body, like a bud,
Opens beyond Earth, and beyond riches,
Into vision, song, love. . . .

We have known the mystery of each other,
Clinging in the mystery of the Night,
With stars and long silence. . . .

There is a fire beyond fire. . . .
There is a fire in love
There is a fire in song. . . .

O Man, thou flame!
Thou who hast in thee this vague vision, this power of desire,
Hast thou traversed a planet with trade and speech,
Steel swimmers of the sea, steel cities capped with cloud,
Steel cannonades of destruction,
Steel strength of Civilization,
And yet, art thou *darkness*?

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Psychic Giant!

Thou apparition appearing on a planet teeming with little
animals,

Emerging strong from the twilight of storm-lost creatures,

Thou envisager of distances and ages,

Thou binder of elemental powers,

Thou tameless fighting god of Earth!

Art thou this, builder of Pittsburgh?

Why then this sighing in the abyss?

Why from thy grimy lips this slaves' song, this slaves' song in
the fires,

This slaves' wailing and groaning,

This sullen satanic music of despair and death?

Art thou caught in thine own creation?

Giant, art thou locked in the arms of this Giant of thine own
making,

This brainless Giant?

Are the two of you eternally wrestling,

Thou of the shanties clinging to the barren hills,

Thou of the tawdry mill-town

Wrestling with Steel, struggling with Tonnage, fighting with
Time?

There is no glory in the world that coops thee here,

Giant of Labor,

There is no joy. . . .

There is no delight in the gaudy Heaven lit by the fires of this
Hell,

No delight among the masters ever speeding,

No delight for the pilers-up of Power,

There is no joy in America. . . .

There can come no song for fine ears out of the sweating of
the multitude,

The Fires of Pittsburgh

There can come no splendor of the soul out of the grinding
of the slaves. . . .

But there comes madness,
There comes the rising whirlwind of riches,
There comes the hurricane-fury of lust to be great,
There comes a wind smiting nation against nation,
There comes confusion of tongues, and storm,
Storm whirling the towers, toppling the cities, blasting the
countryside,
Storm shattering Civilization—the Abyss
Opens, a world goes down.

And thou, Labor,
Art sucked into the cyclone—
It is thy blood that must redden the fields of France,
It is thy breast and thy face that must stop the shells. . .

Fires,
Fires out of the dark
(Coal-barges swing on the Ohio)
Fires, fires of Steel—
(Ore floats the ripple of the slow Monongahela)
Fires, fires of Pittsburgh—
From these smokes, a nation,
From these fires, America. . . .

But that morning shall break
When the Sleeper in thy fires awakens,
But that morning shall break
When thy giant Slave rises and deals with thee. . . .
With a shrug of his shoulders, those flies, his masters, shall
drop,
With a stroke of his terrible fist he shall clean out the mills,
He shall seize the machines, bestriding the engines that rode
him. . . .

James Oppenheim

When that morning breaks
The Sun of Labor in splendor
Shall illume a new world,
When that morning breaks
This Giant shall call to the Giants
And the Nations be one. . . .
When that morning of glory breaks
The Earth's hosts arisen
Shall be streaming with light. . . .
Song, song shall burst from their lips,
And flame out of darkness. . . .
Song, song shall leap from their lips,
And the glory
Be given to Man for his marring, his making, his death or his
life.

The Sea-Turn

By Clement Jones

CLARA FISKE was just entering the registrar's office with the man she was going to marry in spite of her father's threats. The few persons on Ship Street at this hour—quarter of five in the afternoon—walked slowly or stopped altogether, looking after her with an excitement so intense that one or two of them moistened their lips with their tongues. Their eyes shone curiously, like those of a dog to whom an unexpected bit of raw meat has been given. Their throats worked as they swallowed it.

There was a suppressed violence about Clara's handsome back as she mounted the iron steps—as if she did not thoroughly enjoy what she was doing but that nothing human would stop her. Beside her own, the figure of the man, although thick-set and assertive, was negative.

The door closed after the pair, while Ship Street, behind counters, shutters, and half-curtains, waited for their emergence with glistening eyes, sick with the lust for vicarious experience.

When the door re-opened and Clara Fiske with her husband stood again on the top step, the intake of breath, the swallowings in lean throats, was nearly audible from behind decent Ship Street fronts.

As Clara stood there for a moment—flushed and ironic, with eyes half-empty to the talk of the man beside her—she looked as if she were already tired of her bargain, but would in no wise disown or depart from it.

They came down the steps and walked—in an exposure as

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merciless as it was complete—from one end of Ship Street to the other. Clara knew that every eye was fixed upon her. And she knew the color and shape of most of those eyes as perfectly as she knew the people to whom they belonged.

Clara walked ahead impersonally, her gaze deep in the rich light which gathered at the end of Ship Street. It was the last day of September. The horse-chestnuts and locust trees hung their attenuated gold in the blue atmosphere, ghosts of the deep-bosomed summer. Delicate, rarefied, perfect, Ship Street lay before the eye. Clara, absorbed in its distinguished beauty, felt reassured and took a firmer hold on her situation. The East wind was coming in, salt and moist, driving off the slightly acrid smell of drying leaves.

These colors and aspects and odors were all reassertions of experience to Clara. And the physical beauty of that sea-port had always, far more than anything else, reinforced Clara's taste and courage in their pitched battles with her sultry moods.

At the next crossing, however, by the corner of Sycamore Lane, an excrescence appeared on the fair symmetry of Ship Street. From behind the handsome, torn branches of a golden sycamore lurched into view the snuff-colored Congregational Church, obscene with chocolate filigree. Clara's lip curled as she looked at it. It was incorrigibly hideous—not beauty gone astray or beauty controverted, but ugliness manifest, the evil principle incarnate. This was Clara's father's church, of which he was a "member," "pillar," or what not. Her father could not see any difference between the appearance of this and the church at the other end of Ship Street, at which Clara now turned to look—octagonal white spire up between the gold horse-chestnuts. No more than he could see the difference between the snuff rosettes and the white spire, had her father seen the difference between himself and Clara's mother. When Clara's mother died he put up a window for her, not in the white church to which she had always gone, but in his

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own, though all the money had belonged to her. As Clara's eyes fell on that red and green abortion over the chocolate-colored door, defaming there her mother's memory and significance, tears fell into the corners of her mouth.

When Clara's husband and herself came presently abreast of the house where she had been born, a characteristic Georgian design like that of the white church, part of her mother's dowry, she cast one feverish glance at its sallow beauty and stepped more quickly past it. She had seen, however, that her father stood at the top of the steps, with his tall, hard figure, to shake his fist at her in the good old style. Her fingers clenched. She would have liked to kill him. And knock his snuff and chocolate church to pieces.

Ten minutes later they had reached the station. There they stood and waited for the train. Clara's eyes alternated between the clock—across the dial of which many flies crawled sluggishly—and her husband's face. She decided at length that when his eyes were not asserting the disingenuous love of courtship, they were empty and dull. Had she seen her own she would readily have acknowledged that they did not look more than half alive themselves. Clara never fooled herself, for good or bad. She was rare and strong in that.

This man, her husband, Henry Denny by name, had arrived in Lymehead two weeks before, trying to sell a patent ploughing-machine to the New England farmers. He had had small success—the farmers looking down their noses, Mr. Henry Denny retorting upon the pitiable dimensions of New England agriculture—but he had seen Clara, taken a fancy for her, divining in her something bafflingly above and beyond him. And encouraged by his conviction that anyone would be glad of a chance to leave that "God-forsaken New England village," he wooed her high-handedly and was forbidden the house by Clara's father. Clara would never have thought of marrying him but for that. But she inherited a sultry strain, and in a gust of hate she accepted Henry Denny.

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We have already witnessed their joyous marriage.

The train was twenty minutes late, just so many hours of indignity and despair for Clara. It does not matter how detached or ironic you may become, the familiar things cropping up to observe or implore or condemn you, still lacerate—if not your heart, your pride. This familiar fact of the train being twenty minutes late hurt Clara unendurably. Nevertheless when it pulled in, under charge of a conductor whom Clara had known from earliest consciousness, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Denny climbed aboard, inevitably. No going back now.

As the train turned a curve, doubling on itself to avoid the salt marshes, Clara caught a glimpse of frail gold locusts and a white spire rising from them in the dusk. Their beauty challenged her courage. But presently, brushing past her husband, she crossed with panicky step to an empty seat on the other side of the car, strained desperately at the tight-stuck window, flung it wide at last, and shaking her fingers with the pain of a broken finger-nail, leaned out her head to get the last moist breath of the East wind.

II

A year and a half later, one hot summer afternoon toward sunset, you might have seen Clara Fiske, now Mrs. Henry Denny, leave the frame house at the end of the one street in Great Sandy, North Dakota, and walk off into the mesquite. There was little difference between the street and the open sand. The street wallowed nearly as much as the open desert, and the desert, with the exception of a low hillock, was as flat as the street. The two merged imperceptibly into each other.

Toward this hillock, blotted grey and green with sage-brush, Clara Denny walked as quickly as the clogging sand allowed. She had her first-born in her arms. She stumbled in her haste. The sun was setting after a stifling day. When she reached

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the crest of the hillock she turned about in every direction. Against the turgid sky she paced, back and forth, almost with swinging head. The child set up a wail. But Clara still paced back and forth, swinging her head rhythmically from side to side.

Clara Fiske Denny was looking for the East wind. By an East wind Clara meant a "sea-turn," moist and dim and salt, stepping off the sea at the foot of Ship Street. But here, in Great Sandy, she had never been able to find more than a crazy, pallid flutter, twisting her skirt round her ankles, flicking her hair cynically across her eyes. Stupid of her to look again as she had looked so often, knowing quite well that the sea was a thousand miles away. Quickly now she floundered down the hillock, climbing out of the sand to the steps of the frame house.

As she opened the door and went in with the sobbing infant, it was easy to see that the agency for the Ceres Harvesting Machine had not proved a profitable career for Mr. Henry Denny.

III

And three years later it was even easier to see that Mr. Denny's business, whatever it was by this time—an agency no doubt for a patent rain-coat; rain-coats were popular as a mark of gentility here where, as it seemed to Clara, the rain never fell—that Mr. Denny's business was still less successful than before. Success or achievement in any degree were not the words for the unnameable and feeble function with which Mr. Denny filled his days. There was some sort of action, no doubt, going on between Mr. Denny and the kosmos, but it would have been difficult to describe it. And man's work being his life, the significance of Mr. Denny's once cocky and assertive spirit had preserved the appropriate ratio to his business. Except at home where vanity still prompted him spasmodically to assert the master-in-his-house concept, Mr.

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Denny was most conveniently to be regarded as a negative—a heavy negative, to be sure. By this time Clara Fiske Denny was aware that in the hot mood of one week she had taken on for good, as the partner of her life and the companion of her soul, a negative—a heavy, unavoidable negative.

The house itself was eloquent, both of a potent misery and a negative forlornness. The floors splintered perpetually, splintered and sub-splintered under the mop. Those grimy mop-strings caught about the splinters of the floor grew to be one of the symbols of Clara's life. The wall-paper peeled, gradually, cynically. Clara's mind was never wholly free of the imprint of a certain florid bunch of flowers on her bedroom wall, peeling and torn, yellowed by rain and bleached by sandy light.

The baby with whom we once saw Clara looking for the East wind was now over three years old, dark and thin, with a small sullen mouth.

During that interval Clara had been no more successful in finding the East wind on the crest of the hillock than before. The sand gloated on the warped front steps. Some geraniums and nasturtiums which Clara had stubbornly replanted every spring beside these steps had gasped and struggled for a brief season, then laid their heads for all time in the sand.

The Dennys were poor, downright, out-and-out poor. Each week, each day, was a wan and tedious effort to repel the advancing wave of annihilation. Whether the lip of that wave would pause and then retreat at the lowest of the three wooden steps before the door was the one excitement that they had. And sometimes Clara was too tired to enjoy even that.

Clara had not heard a word from her father since the threat from his lips more than four years ago, in Lymehead. Meanwhile she had begun to count furtively and with aversion on the Money, the Money which must eventually come to her. There were no other heirs, no next of kin but her. The Money had been her mother's anyway, and though there had been no

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will it was, of course, understood. The Money was the one way of saving the future, of having the baby know what a ship was, of smelling the East wind again. Clara had found that it was disastrous to speak of the ocean in Great Sandy. There was a strange deep jealousy of the things Great Sandy was not heir to. Clara had seen that jealousy creep to the eyes of those to whom she had, eager to talk about it, sometimes spoken of the sea. The eyes set up a danger signal. Jealousy surged in Great Sandy's heart. The word "ship" was taboo.

When the baby was three and a half years old, Clara's father died. She knew this from the one note of condolence which she received from Lymehead. Clara drew a long breath of relief. The situation had been desperate. The lessons of tragic honesty which Clara had taught herself were too accurate for her to feel anything else, or try to. The Money had been her mother's, her mother's who would have cut off her right hand for Clara. It had been understood that the Money would be Clara's.

Through a hot week of crazy, fluttering wind Clara watched the post-office, walking there a mile and back through the wallowing ramshackle street she loathed. Two weeks passed without a letter from the New England seaport. Then Clara wrote to the registrar who had married her to Henry Denny. At the end of another week, during which Clara climbed the hillock frequently and sat, always facing the East, talking excitedly to the child who was too young to understand, about the ships and the ocean and particularly the "sea-turns" they were always having in Lymehead.

Then late on Saturday afternoon, hot and breathless as Clara's suspense itself, came the letter from the registrar. Mr. Fiske, he said, had left everything to the First Congregational Society of Lymehead. There were no other bequests.

Clara read this letter three times. She had rushed up to her bedroom to read it, her eyes brilliant with release. As she now finished it for the third time, the splinters on the

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floor seemed triumphantly to stand on end and point at her, each waving derisively its thread of tangled mop-string. The stained and faded flowers on the wall grinned insolently, in their obscene and dominant decay. The whole room reached out its sodden arms to stifle her with its decrepitude, more powerful than strength. Flinging her hands out before her she rushed downstairs and stumbled up the hillock.

There, facing the East, she clenched her hand and raised her arm. Her forehead flushed dark red. Her chin and cheeks were white. She raised her clenched fist with a gesture of annihilation and cried, "God curse the Congregational Church of Lymehead!"

IV

A month or so later Clara had from one of her few friends in Lymehead, a picture post-card showing a "View of Ship Street." There was no sight of the ocean in this one as there had been in those which Clara tacked about her room. Instead there showed, between the sycamore and the locust, an excellent view of the First Congregational Church, lewd in snuff-color, richly enhanced by brown. Even the red and green of Elijah and the Ravens above the door was apparent to an interested eye.

"You may not have heard," said the writing beside the picture, "that there was a fire in the Congregational Church two weeks ago, which destroyed the steeple. But they are building it again." Light leapt into Clara's eyes as she read. Then she laughed—neither a lovely nor a cheerful laugh. She took down the tin candle-stick and lighted it, carefully, her eyes answering the brilliance of the sudden flame. She waited until the flame had ceased to waver and burned steadily. Then she took the post-card between her thumb and finger, holding exactly above the tip of fire the spot where the Congregational Church blossomed in snuff and chocolate corruption. At first

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the glazed surface of the card refused to catch, the smoke spreading out over the under side, obscuring the address with soot. Then it caught hold, penetrated like a sword, leaving instantly a blackened hole where the church had been. Like any savage who, making an image of a feared and hated thing, shatters the image to annihilate the reality, so Clara obliterated from the card the image of her hate. She smiled so that her teeth showed unusually. Then she took it to her bedroom and tacked it up among the rest. It even seemed to her as if the loathesome flowers on the wall regarded it with cunning fear. Presently she went outdoors again, with the deliberate step that knows its destination, and climbed the hillock, where facing toward the East as usual, but with the deliberateness this time of ritual, she raised her clenched hand as before, lifting her arm above her head, requiring of God a service, sending Jehovah the Great Hater on her errands.

V

Fifteen years later still, eighteen years since Clara Fiske had left New England, the physical aspects of the household in Great Sandy were about the same. Its tendencies had been confirmed, that was all. Its decrepitude was more dominant, its decay a motive force, inert but overwhelming like the sand. The floors were more worn than ever, not worn smooth as the sea wears driftwood, but raw and sharp with the trudging of uneager feet. "Business" was a blessed memory, a thing to go over with loving emphasis and enlargement on summer afternoons and winter evenings. Henry Denny had a whole collection of little anecdotes about his business career. He told anyone who would listen that the Ceres Harvesting Company used to consider him the most promising salesman they had ever had. When he was not thus asserting himself within the merciful arms of Recollection, he sat on the top step staring at the sand and sage-brush.

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If you had known Clara as the handsomest, headiest girl in Lymehead, if you remembered her figure and her face, and had now come upon her suddenly, as she stooped over brushing up the sink, or had seen her face as she stood tying a ravelled ribbon on her twelve-year-old daughter's hair—for girls must have hair-ribbons whether these be made of silk or a strip of old sateen—you would have fallen back in the classic manner. Your first amazement would have been succeeded by the wonder that such fiery, smoky eyes could have found fuel in a face so scarred and dead.

There were three children now, going to and fro across the splinters.

On the oldest child, the boy Henry, you saw the doom of his parentage already written, a doom made certain by the present circumstances. He was very like his father. They had had no money to send him anywhere, or to get him the kind of clothes without which he refused to go even to the unluxurious high-school at Bald Eagle. He was already acquainted with the unsavory modes of beguilement in an isolated, poverty-stricken town where leisure like everything else is a burden.

It is no more than natural that Clara's visits to the hillock became more frequent. To curse, with fist clenched and arm uplifted, the Congregational Church of Lymehead became a passion with her, a duty, the one blow she could get in for the future and against the past. Clara had done her level best in every way to pull them out of the morass. She had not surrendered. She had simply been out-matched. A vast negative force of inertia overwhelmed inevitably her thrusting hands. What wonder that, no matter how tired she was, she never omitted this supreme duty. If she could not overcome evil with the righteousness of effort, she would at least overcome, annihilate, the symbol, the contributor to her defeat. Her one prayer, therefore, the sign that she still lived, was contained in that formula, delivered from the hillock,

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delivered sometimes from the house itself, from the kitchen, from the bedroom, delivered always after some special humiliation and defeat: "God curse the Congregational Church of Lymehead."

Clara's daughter, now fifteen years old, was more like her father than like Clara, though she seemed to have inherited from Clara's father a strain of religiosity which—because Clara had rather discouraged church-going anyway—manifested itself in an ungovernable curiosity in the local Roman Catholic church. The girl's eyes were full of thin, half-sensuous dreams. She was never so happy as when abasing herself on the red-carpeted steps of the altar. And Clara's animosity which, as regards the Congregational Church of Lymehead had been purely local and personal, applying only to the snuff and chocolate edifice on Ship Street, to the boards and mortar of which it was constructed, now spread itself to all shows of religion. And when at sixteen her daughter Harriet, named after Clara's Unitarian mother (it had been a toss-up really, whether the girl would go to the bad through her sensuous curiosity or into the church through sensuous hysteria), finally took the veil and became a novice—what wonder that Clara that same night, with wildly stumbling feet floundered to the crest of the hill, possessed by this latest defeat. She struggled for a curse more adequate, more comprehensive for all the misery she had undergone. She struggled for an all-embracing curse. "God curse . . ." she began, lifting her arm, her forehead red, her cheeks and chin dead white, "God curse. . . ." She fumbled for expression, broke off confused, more deeply defeated than ever in her life. There was no curse great enough. . . .

When on this same night Clara got back into the house, the youngest boy, Robert, twelve years old, was sitting at the kitchen table with a pile of jack-straws and a copy of "The Scientific American" spread open before him. He was trying to arrange the jack-straws after the diagram of a bridge

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which was illustrated on the page. His mother stopped and looked at him a long time from the door. He was too absorbed to hear her. A fierce emotion contracted her heart and mind to one point of consciousness. He was hers, *her* boy, she said to herself in the egotism of disillusioned parenthood. It is true that he was much like Clara in many ways, like the best of her. On him Clara's hope rested, if she could still be said to have anything so frivolous as a hope. The friend who sent Clara the picture post-cards had sent "The Scientific American" indiscriminately for the past three years, having but a vague notion of their tastes. Clara sometimes looked at it, with a curious kind of despair. It represented that mysterious thing, Achievement, to her. The people who wrote in it had managed not only to exist, but to do something beside, sometimes great things. How had they done it? It saddened her indescribably. If she had been cleverer? Or more patient?

Robert adored "The Scientific American," possessed it utterly. As his mother now watched him poring over it, so at home with it, not appalled or saddened by it, she felt the nearest approach to joy that she ever knew in these years. If she could but help him to his "education." Not all her interminable actual experience with life had lowered her intense veneration for "learning." Perhaps Robert would make a scientist. Thus, incidentally, she felt that she could wound the First Congregational Church of Lymehead in a more vital part than she had dreamed. And this act of unconscious justice would be but an unknown jot of Robert's glory.

Robert was rather a handsome boy, with blue New England eyes like Clara's mother. He was gentle but quite lofty in a tacit way and awed while he inspired his mother. She was never sharp with him and was always careful to speak as tactfully as she could when they were together.

As she came forward now and sat down opposite him by the table, he looked up at her. With his serious eyes upon her, she wildly wished that she were beautiful, that she

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looked now as she had used to look, that Robert looking at her should not think all women ugly. She even felt, in her overstrained mood, that he must despise her having married his father, for having flouted love. She was in agony. But Robert's mind was full of what he had been doing, of those stirrings of desire toward achievement which mark certain human beings off from others from their earliest years. Her gaze at him became so fixed, so regretful, so reverent that he could not help but feel it; and he asked her with his serious voice that she adored:

"What are you looking at, mother?"

"At you, Robert," she replied.

But his mind was so full of his thoughts, impersonal thoughts, as untouched by his environment as the stars are by the smoke which rising from earth obscures them, that he did not think to ask her why she looked at him. Such people are the desperate delight of their lovers.

She lit a candle for him and accepted his serious kiss at the foot of the stairs. She watched him go up. She was romantically as much as maternally in love with him.

Then of a sudden, rage repossessed her. To think that things should be so hard for such as Robert. Again, as before when she had burnt the snuff-colored church out of the postcard of "Ship Street," the impulse toward image-making stirred in her, an emotion threading down from the dimmest sources of man. "Images are potent," whispered the ancient savage in her, and she sat there by the kitchen table in Great Sandy practising unconsciously the primeval arts of "imitative magic." Intently, with eyes brilliant and teeth shining in the candle-light, Clara took the jack-straws and laid them carefully in the semblance of the Congregational Church on Ship Street. When she had laid the last straw in position, she rose slowly to her feet, resting one hand balefully on the edge of the table. The other she raised gradually, warily above her head, paused for a moment as if in invocation, then brought

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her clenched fist down upon the table, scattering the jackstraws wide about the floor and breaking many. With a look of savage delight and vengeance and relief, she leaned both arms upon the table and laughed loud into the candle-flame which shook and veered before her breath.

VI

The two remaining members of the First Congregational Society were consulting together in the vestryroom on Ship Street, Lymehead. One of these men was also the minister of the church. They looked curiously ineffectual as they sat there, as if everything that they put their hands to had been too much for them. The rival Congregational Society was pushing them hard. It was the most extraordinary thing; the way all those Congregationalists had gone off and founded a church by themselves; why in spite of all of old Fiske's money they couldn't seem to make the First Church "go," remained a mystery, divine or otherwise. If any of the deserting members had been able to give a reason. But no one, not even the deserters themselves had been able to tell just why, though several of them tried. It was vague. They could not explain. They seemed simply to have grown tired of the First Church, to have ceased to "get anything" from it. A sense of fatality had laid its paralyzing hand on the two remaining members. It was admittedly absurd for Mr. Aiken to go on preaching sermons, exhorting or informing or consoling Mr. Perkins as he sat alone in the chancel doing duty for both choir and congregation. Mr. Perkins was old, and it was getting on his nerves. It was getting decidedly on Mr. Aiken's nerves, and on his self-esteem as well. No one, however ardent and disinterested, can serve God adequately through the instrumentality of one half-blind and deaf old man.

It almost seemed, Mr. Aiken was saying to Mr. Perkins, as if a blight had visited them. It seemed to make no dif-

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ference what they did, what precautions they took, what attractions they offered. The evening-classes in Civics—no church could get along without a class in Civics any longer—as well as the services themselves made no impression. The town had simply taken a slant against them. It was no doubt a divine mystery, said the minister again, and sighed. And it was not only the people leaving, either. There had been the fire, that wrecked the steeple. It seemed as if the steeple were barely mended before the roof began to cave. They had no sooner got the roof on again, with a great deal of expense, than the west wall was ripped open wide by lightning and the new carpet spoiled. There was a constant and increasing bill for repairs on the building itself and no one seemed to care whether it was rebuilt or not. Certainly discouraging.

Then Mr. Aiken leaned a little nearer Mr. Perkins, although they were quite alone, disconcertingly so, and said: "Do you suppose, brother, there is any way? The will expressly states that the services are to continue solely in this edifice and in the name exclusively of the First Society. People had begun to go, you know, before he died, and I suppose he wanted to be ready for them. But Jim Bartley told me the other evening in my private ear that the Second Society is willing to consolidate if there could be some way to get round. . . ."

"Yes, t'aint likely they've got a slant against the money, too," shrilled Mr. Perkins, lapsing with his momentary departure from lofty ground, into the vernacular. Mr. Aiken took no notice of this aspect of the question.

"It would be far better, brother, for the denomination to stand together. A house divided against itself, you know." Then he added deprecatingly, "Lawyers are very clever."

Mr. Perkins had returned to high ground. "I dare say they are, brother," he replied in a becoming, dignified voice. "I will see what can be done." Then in a burst of sincerity he added: "It does beat all, Sam, what has got into the First

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Church. It's damned uncanny. Upon my word, ever since the sycamore blew down and smashed old Fiske's own memorial window all to flinders, the very night we paid the bill for it, out of his own money too, I declare I ain't felt comfortable in the old shack since. . . . I'll see Tom Snow in the morning about the will."

As Mr. Perkins was wrapping up his corded throat, which looked as if it would withstand forever the sharpest scythe the Reaper had in his barn, he leaned toward Mr. Aiken. "Say, Sam, wonder whatever became of that daughter of Fiske's. She was a wrong-headed one. Still," he shrilled out, with rising spirit, "it's been pretty lucky for the First Church that she lit out like that." He opened the snuff-colored door, which for all its newly repainted chocolate rosettes seemed to hang rather gingerly upon its hinges as if afraid of itself. "Pretty lucky," he shrilled again from the top step, "pretty lucky for the church. . . ."

VII

Well, one day just after telling the Postmaster in Great Sandy that the Ceres Harvesting Company had considered him the most promising salesman they had ever had, Henry Denny had died, quite peacefully and vacantly. The oldest boy, having been refused further help from his mother—her anger edged by depletion of the painful fund she saved for Robert—had disappeared for good and all with an insolent hunch of his shoulders. Clara's daughter, Harriet, had been transferred to the larger convent at Bald Eagle, where she might be seen going sleekly about with her New England head in a wimple, a silver cross upon her breast.

Clara had sold the forlorn remnants of the years, and the frame house with them, keeping one room for herself, the splintery bedroom that she loathed, and sent Robert to school. He had put himself through the university. Clara thought

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she would die when he left, but she spilled the poor treasures of her life into his hands. And with his serious thoughts, with his great promise, he guarded them. He was going to justify her hopes.

One day, in his last year at the university, Robert had returned unexpectedly for a brief holiday. He found his mother sitting on the crest of the hillock, facing the East. She was too tired to pace back and forth against the turgid sky as she had used to do, too tired, too lonely, too desolate even to curse the Congregational Church of Lymehead, which indeed no longer technically existed. Lawyers are clever, as Mr. Aiken had said. And as Mr. Perkins also had observed, the Second Society "had no slant against the money."

Clara simply sat and looked toward the East, waiting for a "sea-turn." Her lungs, her life were clogged with the aridity of the sand, confused with the crazy flutter of the wind. All the night before she had lain awake and listened to the desolate wails of cattle in the freight-cars on the siding. She felt as they felt, unutterably desolate and bewildered.

"Mother," said Robert, as he came up suddenly and stood above her, "what's the matter?"

Unprepared for his coming, Clara sat and stared at him for a long while, not answering, dumbfounded by the unanswerable irony of his question. Her whole life lay before her in that moment. "What was the matter?" It turned her faint to review it.

But Robert had asked a question, and all Robert's questions must be answered seriously, courteously. Her mind dilated for a moment with the effort, then closed. She was confused. She stumbled with her speech.

"Why, I don't know, Robert," she finally stammered. "Perhaps if I could get a breath of the East wind, salt, I mean, the way it used to come down Ship Street." She was a little ashamed to talk about herself this way, but it was such a luxury, and she needed luxuries.

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"You could see it walk right down the street, Robert," she continued, polite and eager, "making everything dim. First the gold scales on the court-house roof would disappear. Then the leaves on the horse-chestnuts would get grey, then you could taste it on your lips and hear the whistling buoy. It used to walk *right down* Ship Street. It was lovely. I want you should see it some day, Robert."

Robert looked, startled, at his mother. She met his eyes for an instant. Then, for the first time in thirty years, great tears came rolling down her face, drenching the warped fingers she held over them—the round, large tears of one unendurably hurt.

Robert took her in his arms, and she suffered her son to comfort her. His soul was shocked by her longing. She looked incredibly aged and worn, though he knew she was only forty-nine. In comparison with the young women he saw going about at the university, she looked as if she had lived and been tortured from the beginning of time. He kissed and comforted her gravely. "Mother," he said, "just as soon as I can manage it, we'll go back. Do you know," he added, "I have never seen a ship?"

"Such lovely ships, Robert," she cried, "sailing along."

"And the light-houses?" he asked, still petting her; "what were the names of those?"

"Minot's Ledge," she cried, her face brilliant and wild. "Or the 'Needles'? Or the 'Graves'?"

"I don't know. Minot's Ledge, I think," responded the boy, not knowing one from the other. "Tell me about it."

But his mother had broken from his arms. She stood up. She strode forward like a young, angry woman. She raised her arm, sinewed with hard work. Her grey hair whipped across the burning eyes. Her raised fist clenched and shook. "God curse the Congregational Church of Lymehead," she cried, oblivious of her astounded son. "God curse. . . ." She fumbled with the words as wildly as on that night after

The Sea-Turn

her daughter had taken vows. The adequate condemnation escaped her still. What she was hunting for, in the extremity of her bitterness, but could not find, was: "God himself be cursed."

VIII

Robert worked hard, but the next year, before he had made quite enough, Clara Fiske Denny died. She died one afternoon when the hot wind fluttered crazily from the Southwest, in her bedroom in Great Sandy, where the strings of the mop still stuck to the splinters and the printed flowers on the wall mocked her mortality, more fragile than their paper. . . .

Less than a year later, her son Robert was walking down Ship Street in Lymehead. He thought he had never seen any street so beautiful. Against the blue afternoon the locusts and horse-chestnuts hung their lucid green. Just by turning his head slightly to the right he could see the brilliant ocean. The white shaft of a lighthouse burned in the azure. A ship was moving from the harbor, all sails set.

He walked on down the street, turning every moment or two to gaze at the handsome sea, careful not to let it out of his sight. At the corner of Sycamore Lane, however, he turned his eyes just in time to catch a full view of a lurching ruin in snuff-color and brown. Certainly it was a startling sight on this comely street of Georgian brick and white-painted wood. Why in the world was such a building, obviously deserted and untenable, allowed to stand there—lamentable, indecent, thrusting its decay before the face of Spring? It looked ready to fall and dangerous. The squat steeple was awry, the roof caved in, the windows broken—one indistinguishable mass, much like a rotting toadstool. He did not know for whom those smashed memorial windows stood. He walked to the door to look at the letters on a board beside it. And he was just able to make out from the nearly obliterated gilt the words: "First Congregational Church in Lymehead."

Clement Jones

Robert's mind flashed back. But he had never known why his mother had so violently started from his arms that hot afternoon in Great Sandy. Some day he must find out.

Meanwhile he walked on down Ship Street, forgetting the snuff-colored ruin, exhilarated by the beauty at each hand. Impulses stirred in him afresh and strong to achieve his desires and, as the little seaport there had added its jot of vigor to the records of a new world, so in his turn, he resolved, with religious devotion, to add to the wonders of a "scientific age." Thus, unconsciously, did he ease his mother's ghost, laying the last unction to her soul.

But what had come over the day? A gauze, a translucent texture was passing over it. It had been so warm and brilliant, almost too warm. Now its eye was full of mist. He looked up. The gilded scales on the top of the court-house had disappeared. The young leaves of the trees looked grey. Something, some presence seemed to be walking down Ship Street, walking *right down* the street. Tentatively Robert put his tongue to his lips. Salt. Instantly he stopped, and listened. Yes, yes. He heard it. There it was. There it was again, riding the smooth heavings of the sea—the whistling-buoy.

Robert stood stock-still, breathing deeply in the moist salt air. Something antenatal, something always known but never before remembered stirred in him. "A sea-turn," he cried.

"Poor mother," he said then at last, divining but the smallest fragment of the truth he spoke. "How she would have liked to be here."

Powers of the Air

By J. D. Beresford

I FORESAW the danger that threatened him. He was so ignorant, and his sight had been almost destroyed in the city streets. A trustful ignorance is the beginning of wisdom, but these townspeople are conceited with their foolish book-learning; and reading darkens the eyes of the mind.

I began to warn him in early October when the gales roar far up in the sky. They are harmless then; they tear at the ricks and the slate roofs, and waste themselves in stripping the trees; but we are safe until the darkness comes.

I took him to the crown of the stubble land, and turned him with his back to the dark thread of the sea. I pointed to the rooks tumbling about the sky like scattered leaves that sported in a mounting wind.

"We are past the turn," I said. "The black time is coming."

He stood thoughtlessly watching the ecstatic rooks. "Is it some game they play?" he asked.

I shook my head. "They belong to the darkness," I told him.

He looked at me in that slightly forbearing way of his, and said, "Another of your superstitions?"

I was silent for a moment. I stared down at the texture of black fields ploughed for winter wheat, and thought of all the writing that lay before us under that wild October hill, all the clear signs that he could never be taught to read.

"Knowledge," I said. I was afraid for him, and I wished to save him. He had been penned in that little world of the

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town like a caged gull. He had been blinded by staring at the boards of his coop.

He smiled condescendingly. "You are charmingly primitive still," he said. "Do you worship the sun in secret, and make propitiatory offerings to the thunder?"

I sighed, knowing that if I would save him I must try to reach his mind by the ear, by the dull and clumsy means of language. That is the fetish of these townspeople. They have no wisdom, only a little recognition of those things that can be described in printed or spoken words. And I dreaded the effort of struggling with the infirmity of this obstinate blind youth.

"I came out here to warn you," I began.

"Against what?" he asked.

"The forces that have power in the black time," I said. "Even now they are beginning to gather strength. In a month it will not be safe for you to go out on the cliffs after sunset. You may not believe me, but won't you accept my warning in good faith?"

He patronized me with his smile. "What are these forces?" he asked.

That is the manner of these book-folk. They ask always for names. If they can but label a thing in a word or in a volume of description they are satisfied that they have achieved knowledge. They bandy these names of theirs as a talisman.

"Who knows?" I replied. "We have learnt their power. Call them what you will, you cannot change them by any baptism."

"Well, what do they *do*?" he said, still tolerant. "Have you ever seen them?" he added, as if he would trick me.

I had, but how could I describe them to him? Can one explain the colors of autumn to a man born blind? Or is there any language which will set out the play of a breaker among the rocks? How then could I talk to him

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of that which I had known only in the fear of my soul?

"Have you ever seen the wind?" I said.

He laughed. "Well, then, tell me your evidence," he replied.

I searched my mind for something that he might regard as evidence. "Men," I said, "used to believe that the little birds, the finches and the tits, rushed blindly at the lanterns of the light-houses, and dashed themselves to death as a moth will dash itself into the candle. But now they know that the birds only seek a refuge near the light, and that they will rest till dawn on the perches that are built for them."

"Quite true," he agreed. "And what then?"

"The little birds are prey to the powers of the air when the darkness comes," I said; "and their only chance of life is to come within the beam of the protecting light. And when they could find no place to rest, they hovered and fluttered until they were weak with the ache of flight, and fell a little into the darkness; then in panic and despair they fled back and overshot their mark."

"But gulls" he began.

"A few," I interrupted him. "A few, although they also belong to the wild and the darkness. They fall in chasing the little birds who, like us, are a quarry."

"A pretty fable," he said; but I saw that the shadow of a doubt had fallen across him, and when he asked me another question I would not reply . . .

I took him to the door at ten o'clock that night and made him listen to the revels in the upper air. Below it was almost still and very dark, for the moon was near the new, and the clouds were traveling North in diligent masses that would presently bring rain.

"Do you hear them?" I asked.

He shivered slightly, and pretended that the air was cold . . .

As the nights drew in, I began to hope that he had taken

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my warning to heart. He did not speak of it, but he took his walks while the sun edged across its brief arc of the sky.

I took comfort in the thought that some dim sense of vision was still left to him; and one afternoon when the black time was almost come, I walked with him on the cliffs. I meant then to test him; to discover if, indeed, some feeble remnant of sight was yet his.

The wind had hidden itself that day, but I knew that it lurked in the grey depths that hung on the sea's horizon. Its outrunners streaked the falling blue of the sky with driven spirits of white cloud; and the long swell of the rising sea cried out with fear as it fled, breaking, to its death.

I said no word to him, then, of the coming peril. We walked to the cliff's edge and watched the thousand runnels of foam that laced the blackness of Trescore rock with milk-white threads, as those driven rollers cast themselves against the land and burst moon-high in their last despair.

We saw the darkness creeping toward us out of the far distance, and then we turned from the sea and I saw how the coming shadow was already quenching the hills. All the earth was hardening itself to await the night.

"God! what a lonely place!" he said.

It seemed lonely to him, but I saw the little creeping movements among the black roots of the furze. To me the place seemed over-populous. Nevertheless I took it as a good sign that he had found a sense of loneliness; it is a sense that often precedes the coming of knowledge . . .

And when the darkness of winter had come I thought he was safe. He was always back in the house by sunset and he went little to the cliffs. But now and again he would look at me with something of defiance in his face, as if he braced himself to meet an argument.

I gave him no encouragement to speak. I believed that no knowledge could come to him by that way, that no words of mine could help him. And I was right. But he forced

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speech upon me. He faced me one afternoon in the depths of the black time. He was stiffened to oppose me.

"It's absurd," he said, "to pretend a kind of superior wisdom. If you can't give me some reason for this superstition of yours I must go out and test it for myself."

I knew my own feebleness, and I tried to prevaricate by saying: "I gave you reasons."

"They will all bear at least two explanations," he said.

"At least wait," I pleaded. "You are so young."

He was a little softened by my weakness but he was resolute. He meant to teach me, to prove that he was right. He lifted his head proudly and smiled.

"Youth is the age of courage and experiment," he boasted.

"Of recklessness and curiosity," was my amendment.

"I am going," he said.

"You will never come back," I warned him.

"But if I do come back," he said, "will you admit that I am right?"

I would not accept so foolish a challenge. "Some escape," I said.

"I will go every night until you are convinced," he returned. "Before the winter is over, you shall come with me. I will cure you of your fear."

I was angry then; and I turned my back upon him. I heard him go out and made no effort to hinder him. I sat and brooded and consoled myself with the thought that he would surely return at dusk.

I waited until sunset and he had not come back.

I went to the window and saw that a dying yellow still shone feebly in the west; and I watched it as I have watched the last flicker of a lantern when a friend makes his way home across the hill.

Already the horrified clouds were leaping up in terror from the edge of the sea, coming with outflung arms that sprawled across the hollow sky.

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I went into the hall and found my hat; and I stood there in the twilight listening for the sound of a footstep. I could not believe that he would stay on the cliff after the darkness had come. I hesitated and listened while the shadows crept together in the corners of the hall.

He had taunted me with my cowardice and I knew I must go and seek him. But before I opened the door I waited again and strained my ears so eagerly for the click and shriek of the gate that I created the sound in my own mind. And yet, as I heard it, I knew it for a phantasm.

At last I went out suddenly and fiercely.

A gust of wind shook me before I had reached the gate, and the air was full of intimidating sound. I heard the cry of the driven clouds, and the awful shout of the pursuers mingled with the drumming and thudding of the endless companies that hurried across the width of heaven.

I dared not look up. I clutched my head with my arms, and ran stumbling to the foot of the path that climbs to the height of the undefended cliff.

I tried to call him, but my voice was caught in the rout of air; my shout was torn from me and dispersed among the atoms of scuttling foam that huddled a moment among the rocks before they leaped to dissolution.

I stooped to the lee of the singing furze. I dared go no further. Beyond was all the riot, where the mad sport took strange shapes of soaring whirlpools and sudden draughts, and wonderful calms that suckingly enticed the unknowing to the cliff's edge.

I knew that it would be useless to seek him now. The scream of the gale had mounted unendurably; he could not be still alive up there in the midst of that reeling fury.

I crept back to the road and the shelter of the cutting, and then I fled to my house.

For a long hour I sat over the fire seeking some peace of mind. I blamed myself most bitterly that I had not hindered

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him. I might have given way; have pretended conviction, or, at least, some sympathy with his rash and foolish ignorance. But presently I found consolation in the thought that his fate had always been inevitable. What availed any effort of mine against the unquestionable forces that had pronounced his doom? I listened to the thudding procession that marched through the upper air, and to the shrieking of the spirits that come down to torture and destroy the things of earth; and I knew that no effort of mine could have saved him. . . .

And when the outer door banged, and I heard his footstep in the hall, I believed that he was appearing to me at the moment of his death; but when he came into the room with shining eyes and bright cheeks, laughing and tossing the hair back from his forehead, I was curiously angry.

"Where have you been?" I asked. "I went out to the cliff to find you, and thought you were dead."

"You came to the cliffs?" he said.

"To the foot of the cliff," I confessed.

"Ah! you must never go further than that in the black time," he said.

"Then you believe me now?" I asked.

He smiled. "I believe that *you* would be in danger up there tonight," he said, "because you believe in the powers of the air, and you are afraid."

He stood in the doorway, braced by his struggle with the wind; and his young eyes were glowing with the consciousness of discovery and new knowledge.

Yet he cannot deny that I showed him the way.

On the Beach

By Jean Starr Untermeyer

THERE was motion in the night—
Motion of sea, of breeze, of cloud—
But we lay motionless upon the sand,
With far-reaching thoughts
And little speech.
We watched awhile the changing shapes of clouds—
Now like a flock of birds,
Now like a lonely tree. . . .
We were strangely stirred,
For it was summer, but restive spring was in the air.

After awhile we talked of love—
Of the heedless stabs, the healing wounds of love—
Of a distant friend.
And then, as the sea grew louder,
Of the war.
Our thoughts grew turbulent;
Our words clashed like weapons. . . .
Louder and nearer the sea boomed up.
A red, smoking moon burst through a cloud;
And our words darted out with a sharper sound
Until, like spent waves
That ran out and were lost in the sea,
They sank lower and ceased,
And were lost in the dark.

There was quiet in the night—

On the Beach

Quiet of star-hung skies, of stretching sands,
Quiet of space.
And the moon, grown pale, floated lightly off,
Like a child's soap-bubble, fragile and clear.
Our hands sought each other's.
The night had its way . . .
We turned with peace in our hearts
From the clamor of seas and of wars
To the greater clamor of love.

Lacquer Prints

By Amy Lowell

BY MESSENGER

ONE night
When there was a clear moon,
I sat down
To write a poem
About maple trees.
But the dazzle of moonlight
In the ink
Blinded me,
And I could only write
What I remembered.
Therefore, on the wrapping of my poem
I have inscribed your name.

OUTSIDE A GATE

On the floor of the empty palanquin
The plum-petals constantly increase.

A BURNT OFFERING

Because there was no wind,
The smoke of your letters hung in the air
For a long time;
And its shape
Was the shape of your face,
My Beloved.

Lacquer Prints

PEACE

Perched upon the muzzle of a cannon
A yellow butterfly is slowly opening and shutting its wings.

SUPERSTITION

I have painted a picture of a ghost
Upon my kite,
And hung it on a tree.
Later, when I loose the string
And let it fly
The people will cower
And hide their heads,
For fear of the God
Swimming in the clouds.

Two Sonnets

By Eli Edwards

I. Invocation

ANCESTRAL Spirit, hidden from my sight
By modern Time's unnumbered works and ways
On which in awe and wonderment I gaze,
Where hid'st thou in the deepness of the night?
What evil powers thy healing presence blight?
Thou who from out the dark and dust didst raise
The Ethiop standard in the curtained days,
Before the white God said: Let there be light!
Bring ancient music to my modern heart,
Let fall the light upon my sable face
That once gleamed on the Ethiopian's art;
Lift me to thee out of this alien place
So I may be, thine exiled counterpart,
The worthy singer of my world and race.

Two Sonnets

II. The Harlem Dancer

APPLAUDING youths laughed with young prostitutes
And watched her perfect, half-clothed body sway;
Her voice was like the sound of blended flutes
Blown by black players upon a picnic day.
She sang and danced on gracefully and calm,
The light gauze hanging loose about her form;
To me she seemed a proudly-swaying palm
Grown lovelier for passing through a storm.
Upon her swarthy neck black, shiny curls
Profusely fell; and, tossing coins in praise,
The wine-flushed, bold-eyed boys, and even the girls,
Devoured her with eager, passionate gaze:
But, looking at her falsely-smiling face,
I knew her self was not in that strange place.

Young India

By Lajpat Rai

IN the long and extensive periods of the history of India going backward to thousands of years before the Christian era, never before had India looked so hopeless as in the early part of the last century. It seemed as if for the first time in its history its spiritual and intellectual background had given way. It had known foreign invasions before, but only in their military and political aspects. The Moslems were the first of its foreign invaders who professed to have a faith and culture which they considered superior to those of the country itself. Economically and intellectually India was never conquered; even much less spiritually and ethically. The influence of the British rule and of Christianity, however, in the nineteenth century, seemed at one time to involve the total collapse of Hinduism in all its bearings. The direct attack on religion was not so disastrous as the insidious influence of the whole system of European education and thought. The number of Indians who were converted to Christianity was small, very small, but the dissolving influences of European culture seemed to be far-reaching in their destructive and benumbing tendencies. When we say benumbing, we mean benumbing spiritually and morally. For a time, it looked as if India was dying for want of resisting power; that she had lost all vitality and with it her soul. The danger loomed large. It was as much cultural and fundamental, as political. The inauguration of British rule not only meant political subordination but a complete turnover of the native conditions of life and thought. The *loot*, following a military success, the

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people could understand, but the permanent and the steady decline of Indian art and industry which was foreshadowed by the inauguration of British rule, wherever it was introduced, was a thing unheard of in India before. The very things which the English call the blessings of their rule, viz, the school education they introduced, the religious freedom they guaranteed, the extensive foreign trade which they opened to the world, seemed to spell disaster and ruin. Under the Moslems the population followed their old pursuits and maintained their old standards of morality. The standards of social life were debased not under the influence of Moslem faith and culture, but in spite of them, and more as defensive measures than otherwise. The conviction that was actively fostered and encouraged by the priests that the changes in customs and social practises necessitated by foreign domination had the sanction of Hindu *Dharma* and *Dharma sastra* (Hindu religion and Hindu Scriptures), had in a way saved the situation. There was no change in the ideals; nor any in the spiritual or moral standards of the people. Even the social changes disclosed in actual practise retained their basic foundations. What the nineteenth century threatened, however, was a change in the ideals and basic foundations of life. The Christian dogma itself did not matter very much; it was the system of life and the standards underlying it which appeared to menace the foundations of Hindu culture and Hindu thought. The Brahmo Samaj, an indigenous religious reform organization founded by a Hindu, registered the first organized protest, but it did nothing to check the tide of the general influences that threatened the very foundations of life. In fact for a time its leaders were in the forefront of those who propagated a wholesale condemnation of Hindu religion and life.

The great Indian Mutiny of 1857 was in appearance a political upheaval only, but in reality it was much more than that. It was truly national. Behind the military and the political

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upheaval lurked the suspicion that *Dharma* and *Din* were at stake and that the destruction of *Dharma* and *Din* involved the loss of everything that made life worth living for. The quarter of a century immediately following the suppression of the mutiny was a period of great intellectual and spiritual stagnation. It seemed as if the race of Hindu divines, thinkers, philosophers and law-givers was dead and the country, which had never been a borrower so far, in the spiritual, the ethical and the intellectual field was barren of all originality and genius. The condition of things brought into existence by English rule was without parallel in the whole range of Indian history.

The Moslems had conquered India and had imposed their political and military rule on her; but they never tried to make laws for the Hindus, much less to administer civil justice between them. All disputes of a civil character and all crime of ordinary nature were handled according to ancient methods by the people's tribunals known as the *Panchayets*, (Courts of five). Imperial revenues were levied and realized by the King's agents but all local taxation was left to the people, levied and managed by them by popular methods. In the matter of education, there were schools run by Hindus and Mohammedans but nothing was done to suppress the ancient learning or the spoken vernaculars. Art and industry was pure and indigenous.

Under the British, however, everything was changed. Every minute item of social and individual life came under foreign influence. No one could live by himself, however he would. The Government interfered in every detail of organized life. Native Courts were abolished. The *Panchayets* ceased to exist. The Industries were destroyed. Schools were established where English became the first language of instruction and foreign history, foreign poetry, foreign logic, foreign philosophy took the place of Indian thought and literature. True, all this was optional.

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There was no compulsion to attend the schools. But the organization of life ordered by the British was such as to leave no choice to the people. In their own interests they had to attend the schools established by the British and on the whole it was well that they did. So for a time it seemed that the edifice built and reared by centuries of thought and practise had crumbled into dust and the India of the nineteenth century had nothing to give to the world. The best among the Indians were only poor imitators. The ordinary and the mediocre among the foreigners were better placed and better situated. English manufactures, English language, English thought, English literature, English dress, English manners, English laws and English religion were approved. Everything native was held in contempt and occupied a back position. In imitation of their English masters the English-educated Indians looked upon the vast bulk of their countrymen as barbarians. Hindu religion, Hindu thought, Hindu literature, Hindu custom, and Hindu institutions were all disclaimed. The cry went forth for a complete anglicisation of life. The fine products of Indian handlooms, still dragging their miserable existence in villages and small towns, were not considered fit even to be looked at. I remember how as a boy I detested the idea of having any garment made of Indian hand-made cloth; how I longed for English shoes and how I hankered after clothes of English cut. How differently I think now. The best intellect of the country was in the service of the Government, engaged in popularizing foreign forms of administration, foreign thought and foreign products. The whole mentality of the English-educated people was employed in imitating their foreign masters, running down every indigenous idea and institution; and in making themselves useful to the authorities of the English Government. The only thing that did not change was climate; though in that respect also at times it looked as if, with the progress of English rule, the Gods that sent rain, had decided to keep off their bounty more

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frequently and more systematically than before. It looked as if all genius, talent, self-respect, self-confidence, self-reliance and manhood had left the country and with them the minor and resultant virtues also. The few that felt the degradation of the situation found themselves helpless. The great bulk of the people were passive, as if sleeping after a long day's work.

Then came the awakening. It expressed itself in religious life. The conversions to Christianity gave a shock and a reaction followed. People began to think and study; and then to discuss and plan. They concluded that Christianity was by no means a better religion, either spiritually or intellectually, much less ethically. The ordinary folk argued that a religion which did not ban liquor and meats could not be good religion. The intellectuals thought that a religion which laid emphasis upon Christ being born of a virgin; which denied the pre-existence of soul before birth; which condemned non-Christians to eternal damnation; which gave a clean record to every one who merely accepted the divinity of Christ, however black his previous career and life; which taught equality and brotherhood, yet sanctioned or encouraged distinctions of color and race, was not a good religion. The few who studied science began to look down upon it as opposed to the teachings of science. Bradlaugh and Ingersoll led them on to free thought and Herbert Spencer and Huxley to agnosticism.

It was at this juncture that men arose from the ranks of the Indians themselves, who directed the educated mind to the real spirit of Hindu religion, who pointed out with the authority of learning and logic, by chapter and verse, that the popular and superstitious forms of Hinduism were not the real Hindu religion and that all that was good, uplifting and elevating in the Christian religion or Christian thought was already there in the Hindu religion and Hindu thought. From a claim of equality, the next step was

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to one of superiority and that came soon after. A man arose, who did not know a word of English, who had received no schooling in the modern schools, who knew only his mother tongue and the sacred language of the Hindus, the Sanskrit, who had the audacious courage to say that the Hindu Scriptures were the fountain head of all religious thought in the world and that the Hindu religion as revealed in the Vedas was superior to all other religions. At first sight the statement appeared to be extravagant, revolutionary and incredible. But it did one good and that was to set people to examine and discuss. The man himself was a prodigy. He wrote, spoke, preached, discussed and challenged. Single-handed he carried the battle into the enemy's camp. He became aggressive and launched attack after attack on the citadel of Christian dogma. His speeches sent a thrill through the benumbed body of Hinduism. Nature, breeding, discipline, practise and meditation had endowed him with rare gifts. Learned, scholarly, logical, satirical, and witty, he was always ready. He spoke with a tongue of fire, with an eloquence all his own, so far unheard of in men of his class. What contributed to his success was his fearlessness and impartiality. He criticised the domestic pharisee as mercilessly as the foreign aggressor. He condemned the whole race of priests and ministers and missionaries, Brahmin and non-Brahmin. He denounced all superstition. He ran down evil customs and practices, advocated reform and appealed to reason and history. With a vigorous, piercing, clear intellect, he was possessed of a robust constitution. He had been a life-long hermit. If his logic was convincing, his personality and character were no less compelling. He did not convert all the English educated Hindus to his ways of thinking, but he instilled a spirit of national pride and self-respect in them. He appealed to them in the name of their past, describing it with an eloquence and enthusiasm which were contagious and soul stirring especially when, with unique pathos, he compared their glorious past

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with their miserable present. Even those who did not accept his doctrine caught his spirit and lo! there was an awakening. That was the dawn of a new day for the defeated, discredited and suppressed Hindu. Once more he began to feel that he was alive. Christianity was not only not necessary; not only was it irrational and unscientific; not only was it as narrow and superstitious as popular Hinduism or perhaps even more, but above all, it was denationalizing and disintegrating. This man was Dayanand Saraswati, the founder of the Arya Samaj.

The Arya Samaj has, for the last thirty-five years, carried on a propaganda both nationalistic and rationalistic. The Society is the most influential of all the reform associations of the country. In the last census it counted over a quarter million adherents. It has wide-spread ramifications in all parts of India, with branches all the world over wherever Hindus are to be found in numbers. Its religious and social propaganda is characterized by the spirit of the founder. In its educational work (it has founded and manages numerous schools and colleges, scattered all over India), it combines the best of India with the "best" of Europe. In its philanthropic work, orphan relief, famine relief, etc., it has extorted admiration even from the British. The key-note to its activities is a virile and all-covering spirit of nationalism.

There were many kindred souls in the country who were thinking more or less on the same lines but who lacked the courage and the faith which characterized the challenge of Dayanand. The success of the latter encouraged them and they came out with their beliefs and opinions. Henceforth the pivot of the reform movement was shifted. So far people had looked outward whenever they wanted inspiration, guidance and light. Even those who could not accept Christian doctrine, took their cue from Christian literature. Others looked to rationalism and free thought for deliverance. Now they began to look inward. All superstitious beliefs and per-

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nicious customs were tested in the light of the scripture. Reform was advocated not only on the ground that things were wrong in the light of reason but also because they were opposed to the spirit of the ancient law, the real Hindu Dharma—a Dharma that was based on truth and on the good of humanity—a Dharma that was for all the world and not for India and the Hindus alone—a Dharma that admitted of no distinctions of color, race and language. A vision of universal mission arose before the inner eyes of the reformer. He was no longer a petty reformer but an apostle—one who had a mission in life which was even higher than the good of the country. It was natural that a vision that spread over a multitude of people should place the awakened spirit of the nation on a level much higher than that of passive acquiescence in things as they were or as they might be by the grace of the ruling community. The awakening thus commenced in the sphere of religion and social reform was bound to extend to other spheres of life. The new spirit did not take long to cover the whole area of national life. It was soon discovered that in order to fit the nation to make its contribution to human welfare and to civilization it was necessary to organize and develop a system of education which should be national in its basic conception and world-wide in its area. It should secure the continuity of the nation, without narrowing its horizon. Taking its cue and inspiration from the past it should look forward and make a future worthy of the past. Such an educational system must have the merits of the past and the improvements of the present. It should be in accord with the genius of the nation, without ignoring what has been achieved by the world outside—fully taking advantage of the improvements effected by the genius of the rest of the world. The earnest minds of the nation at once set themselves to the task. They soon discovered that in an atmosphere of economic bondage and political restrictions, such as was the necessary outcome of the system of Government under which

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they lived, the evolution and development of such a system of education, which would prepare the nation for a life of freedom and equality with the other nations of the world, was impossible. The governing caste would not allow it. It was incompatible with their supremacy and authority. An India developing into a nation, claiming equality with the other nations of the world was not their ideal. What they wanted was a submissive, docile, divided India, which would look to them for leadership and guidance and would be contented and even grateful for the crumbs which they in their generosity might give them from their plentiful table. What they wanted was a dependent India not an independent India. Thus the reformer's ideal clashed with that of the Government and a conflict of ideals necessarily brought out a conflict of methods. The reformer wanted to do things in his own way, without consulting the Government. The latter could not tolerate it even if the action of the former was within the law. What they objected to was the underlying spirit and the potentialities involved. So new laws were made and the reformer was placed in the awkward position either of having to obey them or to close his activities. The reformer changed his methods. The Government replied by disseminating broadcast their suspicion and distrust of the reformer and his methods. All this confirmed the people that the present political conditions were incompatible with the growth of the nation on lines which would fit it for playing the spiritual role that it aspired to, among the free nations of the world. Thus they reached the conclusion that the first condition of life with honor and self-respect, with liberty to make progress on their own lines was political freedom and economic independence. The Indian nationalist does not believe in the economic or political exploitation of one nation by another. His nationalism is not aggressive in economic or political terms. He wants neither conquests nor markets. He is not so much a lover of *goods*. His ideal is simple living and high thinking—living

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in comfort, with plenty of leisure and opportunity to think and not a life of luxury, with plenty of things to be cared for. In his eyes, a life of such opulence as forces a man to devote the best in him to take care of his dollars and his property is as unnatural as a life of economic bondage. A slave of wealth, a slave of success, a slave of rank, position and title, is as much a slave as a slave who is bound to serve another at the latter's will and on his terms. The Hindu believes in service, in ungrudging service, provided it is free and the outcome of a sense of duty or of love. He has always considered *paid service* (*dásta*) to be the lowest of occupations. There is a saying in Hindustanee which places farming (growing things), at the top of economic occupations, trade and commerce next and service of others as the lowest of professions. In the eyes of a Hindu, a *Brahmin* and a *sannyasi* are the greatest of servants because they serve not for pay, but out of exalted motives and would receive no compensation for their service in any shape or form.

There is much in Hindu literature and Hindu life which gives a color to ideas current among foreigners about Hindu mysticism and Hindu asceticism. As a matter of fact neither mysticism nor asceticism is the best part of Hindu Dharma or Hindu philosophy of life. In proof you have the explicit rules of Hindu law which lay down that no one should adopt the life of an ascetic, without being a householder for twenty-five years of his life. Any one doing contrariwise acts contrary to both the letter and the spirit of Hindu law. Similarly strict Hindu law does not encourage mysticism. The *yoga* system lays down rules of sense control, of concentration of attention, of meditation such as are open to anyone who has the physical and mental fitness for their practise with the object of his improvement. It advances no claim to supernatural powers for those who practise them. It only promises them a good physique, a pure sense of perception, a keen insight into things which ordinary men cannot see, call it a psychical development

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if you please. As to *magic* and *clairvoyance*, there is more of it in America than in India. In India no one pays any attention to it. Not that we have no "magicians" and "clairvoyants" but that no one there will pay more than a cent to see a performance of "magic" or "clairvoyance." In ordinary estimation it ranks as a trick and hence the men indulging in it do not rank high. This is, however, only by the way. We were saying that the desire to lead our own life in our own way and follow our own national development led us to the conclusion that we needed political and economic independence.

Within the last twenty-five years India has witnessed a great revival of indigenous art and literature. In the field of poetry we can boast of a number of eminent poets and poetesses, only two of whom have so far found recognition in the West. Tagore is one of them. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu is the other. The first wrote and sang and composed in his own vernacular. The second uses the English garb. There was another Bengali poet, Torú Dutt, who wrote and composed in English and whose poetry has been highly appreciated in the British Isles.

But India is full of poets. Bengal alone can name half a dozen as great and noble as Tagore, if not more so. Similarly, the Maharashtra and Dravidian provinces (South), the Gujrat (West), the Madhya Desa (Central provinces), the Hindustan proper (Delhi, Lucknow, Agra, Benares) and last but not least, the Punjab, have all produced poets, whose theme, diction and transcendentalism is as high, pure, ennobling, nationalizing and uplifting as that of Tagore. In fact, in the region of patriotic songs and nationalist revival, other poets have achieved more remarkable results and more enduring fame than Tagore. This is as true of the Moslems as the Hindus. Tagore's writings are remarkable for poetry of a high order, exquisite imagery, great art, translating ancient mysticism into modern language. An English writer gives him credit

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for "synthetic mysticism." But modern India does not care so much for mysticism and transcendentalism as for literature which would rouse, electrify, and uplift the people. The need has been met by numerous writers in every province and in every vernacular, as India is a country of many vernaculars. The most famous and the most popular Nationalist song (Hail, Motherland!—*Bandemataram*) was composed by Bankim Chandar Chatterjea, the author of *Ananda Matha* (the temple of bliss), a work of fiction which has very considerably stimulated the revolutionary movement in Bengal. This work was written long before the idea of a revolt against the British rule in India had taken a definite form. Its scenes were laid during Mohammeden rule and its heroes and heroines picked from among those who made the love of country the basic foundation of spiritual progress. In this work the author gives a most rational and virile interpretation of popular Hindu beliefs and fills his volume with a fervid patriotism which is both suggestive and stimulating. Bankim has in this book raised the love of country to the dignity of a religion.

Another Bengali writer whose name deservedly stands high among the literary stars of Bengal is Dinesh Chandra Roy, whose patriotic songs are the most delicious and exalting pieces of poetry ever composed in any Hindu language. His *Amae desh* (Our Country) is the most touching and rousing national song ever composed in any language.

Bengal has also produced some remarkable women poets, among whom we might mention the names of Kamini Roy and Mankumari.

Among the writers of Hindustan proper the name that comes up first for recognition among the most noted writers in Hindu, is that of Harish Chandra of Benares, whose novels and plays and essays furnish an intellectual feast of a most agreeable kind.

Among the Moslem poets of note we will mention two names from the Punjab, those of Hálí and Iqbál. The former's "Rise and Fall of Islam" is a masterpiece which has played a re-

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markable part in the revival of Islam. In this poem Mauláná Hálí gives a pen picture of the progress and decline of Mohammedanism with a force and pathos unique in the history of Urdu literature. Hálí is considered to be the founder of a new school of Urdu poetry in India. Among his other works the most noted are "The Lamentations of a Widow," a life of Sádi, the Persian poet, and life of Sir Syed Ahmed, the Indian leader, in prose, besides various other miscellaneous works in prose and poetry.

Iqbál, who is still in the prime of life, occupies a commanding position among living Moslem poets of India. His poems generally breathe a spirit of unity, love of country and a sense of exalted patriotism. His most touching poems (and most popular of course) are those in which he pleads for absolute unity between Hindus and Mohammedans. His language is exquisite and his similies and illustrations delicious. His poems inculcate an exalted love of country and a pride in which the great names of Indian history, Hindu and Mohammedan, play an equal part. His most popular poem is *Sárejáhán se achhá Hindustán hamárá* (the best in the world is our Hindustan). His "Song of an Indian Boy" is equally pathetic and great. In one of his poems he makes the present fallen condition of the Mohammedans the theme of his song, giving it the form of a complaint against God for having neglected them in spite of their iconoclastic theism. Then in another poem he embodies the reply of God and chastises the Mohammedans for their lethargy in the most scathing terms.

The other parts of India not specifically mentioned have produced equally admirable and high-minded writers, the burden of whose song and prose is unity, love of country, pride of the past and true religion.

What Young India loves is virile, masculine song that refers to the glories of the past, laments the weakness of the present and exhorts in compelling words to action for the up-building of the future. It delights their pride to be told with

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proofs that ancient India was great in peace as well as in war. Many young Hindus are devoting their time and attention to the translation and exposition of ancient Hindu works on government, law, medicine, hygiene, architecture, chemistry and other positive sciences. This fills them with self-respect and stimulates them to work for equally notable achievements in the present.

Some remarkable contributions have recently been made by Professor J. C. Bose to the world's knowledge of botany, biology, etc. Another eminent Bengali scholar, P. C. Roy, has written a highly interesting work on Hindu chemistry and has made original researches. It was only the other day that the United States Government gave a large reward to a Hindu student for his research. Several young men have won great laurels at Cambridge (England) in mathematics. Another has invented a new kind of printing machine which is being very favorably commented upon in scientific journals in this country. Hindu history is being gradually excavated out of the debris of forgotten literature and buried monuments.

Similarly we are witnessing a great revival of Hindu music. Thirty years ago the most vulgar forms of European music were all that was current in our theaters and places of entertainment. Indian instruments were being abandoned in favor of cheap European organs and harmoniums. Now, we notice a great revival of Hindu music. Music that had been discredited by Moslem puritanism and had been segregated to a position of isolation by being confined to professional singers, has once more been placed on a pedestal of respectability. Men and women of the highest respectability are cultivating it now and it is quite becoming a part of every young person's education, men and women alike, at least in Bengal and Maharashtra. Everywhere throughout India, girls are being encouraged to learn music, sing, and play on instruments. In religious schools and colleges, I mean schools and colleges maintained ostensibly for the propagation of re-

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ligion, music is receiving great attention. What is, however, most significant is that a real taste for classic Hindu music, as distinguished from modern European music, is springing up. Master musicians are engaged in improving Hindu music on lines which will make its study and cultivation on modern scientific lines possible. One of them has invented a system of notation, which he is popularizing in great centers of culture and education like Bombay, Poona and Lahore, by opening special music academies. It is a sign of the times that Hindu music should have crossed the oceans to find hearers and admirers in far-off America. We have a fair representative of Hindu music right in our midst in New York in the person of Madame Ratan Devi. A Moslem master (Inayat Khan) is receiving attention in England.

Coming over to other fine arts like painting and sculpture, here again we notice a great revival and a change which promises to retain the best features of original Hindu art without ignoring what can be gained by a study of the modern technique. Twenty years ago the younger generation of the Indians looked down upon native pictures. The old pictures, their fine idealism, their exquisite spiritualism, their beautiful coloring and their rich and pregnant symbolism had ceased to appeal to them. The educated Hindu knew nothing about Hindu art and what he had been told about it had created a feeling of disgust and repulsion. When I was a young man I did not care to look at a Hindu picture. Then there arose an artist in the south who painted Hindu scenes, Hindu personalities and Hindu characters in European colors. His pictures became at once popular. His name was Ravivarma. With the rise of the Swadeshi movement (a kind of economic revival) the indigenous fine arts received a great push. Since then a purely Indian school of painting has arisen, whose productions have begun to receive recognition at the hands of the best art critics of Europe. Books on Hindu arts are now coming out in numbers and finding readers and purchasers in the

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best circles of the West. The best and most authoritative works on Indian art are those of Mr. E. B. Havell and Dr. Ananda Coommar Swamy.

In short we are in the midst of a renaissance which is at once remarkable and significant and through which we look forward to the regaining by India of her soul and thereby her place among the great nations of the world.

The Young Indian movement is thus a two-sided movement, political as well as cultural.

THE SEVEN ARTS



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After a Stormy Twilight

After a stormy twilight

I awoke this morning, as if sleep had healed and renewed me,
And put me forth as a fresh blossom among the May blossoms,
Clear as the clear blue sky, and clean and strong as the radi-
ance of the sun. . .

It seems to me now as if I understand what was tangled and
penetrate what was thick. . .

O never must I forget that there is no joy in a man who does
not accept with love and his whole body the living world,

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For the great acceptor is the great transcender:
Out of the circle of his instincts he has broken as if a lake
became a river. . .

Now he flows forth into the sea of the world,
With strong deep tide and waves whipped of the sun,
Seeking the salt.

I was a whirlpool sucking myself in and under . . .
As a child, afraid, wanting the measureless approbation of the
herd,

Crowd-comfort for my loneliness, to say "Yea, yea" to the
public that I might go safe,

But saying "Yea, yea" because of the colossal appetite for
power,

My little person gnawing at bones of fame, yelping for meat
of dominion. . .

Truly Self and the Crowd used me as a slave and a serf.

But now I see that I must turn from will-to-power

And seek will-to-inner-power,

Deal with my own body and my desires until I walk freely. . .

And now I see that I must turn from will-to-submission to the
herd

And become a free acceptor of life,

Who gives himself or withholds himself as it seems best. . .

When, O Democracy,

Thou walkest in thy youth on the seashores of the oceans of
the world,

And art the beaming countenance of Man,

When, O Future-God, thou art a body of joy, clear-eyed, and
musical of lips,

Truly thy children shall seek no mastery one over another,

But each shall turn his creative hands upon himself,

And in self-surpassing cease being tyrant over another,

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And in freedom cease being slave of another:
A race of volunteers seeking each to present the gift of a great
Self unto the world.

Far off, thou shinest!
Far—and the years divide this morning and thee!
Through what harsh straits of discipline and blood-spilling
we must travel unto thee,
Through what mean tyrannies and slaveries,
Through what anguish and confusion,
The guns today thunder deep meanings and their fires flash
glimpses. . .

I cannot wait for thee . . .
I begin now to seek thy essential strength,
I give myself over to the world and to men and women,
I battle with myself.

I accept the terrible road and the inglorious path of dark
anguish that leads up to thy terrain of laughter.

J. O.

New Tendencies in English Painting and Sculpture

By John Cournot

STRICTLY speaking, there are no new tendencies in English painting and sculpture. One can only speak of certain pre-war tendencies, which are now in the balance. The war is bound to create new values in all departments of life, and these values will doubtless find an early formulation in art. Even the war has had its artist-prophets, as I intend to show in the course of this brief study.

When new tendencies are discussed, the Royal Academy must of course be left out of question. This institution has followed the traditional policy of giving an annual display of perfectly harmless, sentimental story pictures, endless in number and wearying in monotony,

“Miles, and miles, and miles of desolation!”

—to use an apt line from Swinburne, with an occasional sprinkling of work which rises above mediocrity and sometimes even above mere talent. There was a time when the great Turner was the life of the Royal Academy, but Whistler had fought his fight to recognition before he was admitted.

The really big forces in England's art of the past century, in poetry as well as in painting, may be reduced to two, fundamentally antagonistic to one another. On one hand, you had Wordsworth and Constable, “running after Nature”—English nature; these looked out upon an external world, fell into her moods and served her. On the other, you had Byron and Turner, who like other famous Englishmen had their spiritual

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home in Italy; these loved the southern sun, which was ever within them, and turned their eyes inward in order to recreate the external world to suit their own fancy, and bent nature to their own imaginative will, doing with her what they would. In short, they were the realists and the rebels, those who were content to make art out of their environment and those who reacted from their environment most violently. Sometimes one side was stronger than the other, which depended altogether upon individual genius: Turner appears to tower above Constable and Old Crome, Whistler above the Pre-Raphaelites. The English seem to have turned but little toward sculpture; before Epstein and Gaudier-Brzeska, both immigrants, came in our own day, there is no great sculptor to record, with the exception of Alfred Stevens. Sculpture flourishes best perhaps in sunny lands: Egypt, Greece, Italy, France; the English atmosphere is corrosive; the Egyptian obelisk, which has basked happily for centuries in the sun, is said to suffer in the splenetic air of the Thames embankment. In black and white drawing the consumptive Aubrey Beardsley, reacting from the outer fog and "stodge," has created his own if disconcerting world; there can be no question that the realist camp had no draughtsmen of sufficient genius to oppose him; he was like a Gulliver among Lilliputians.

In this brief preamble I have barely more than indicated the two forces which have ever contended with one another in English art. When we come to our own day, the day that is more twilight than day, merging too quickly with night, the night which is this war, we find the same forces arrayed against one another: the Realists against the Idealists—the classification is my own—the same forces, yet with a notable, even startling difference. This time the Realists appeared as the arch-rebels, who, in the enforcement of their claims, used a diabolic weapon which had not been used in realism before.

Earlier the realists had been content to make blunt repre-

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sentations of the objects they painted, they were absorbed in problems of color and light; if they were poets they were careful to select and arrange, and to draw across their pictures a veil of dream and reflection. They were often at work making beauty out of ugliness, so that we find Whistler calling the unsightly factory chimneys "*campanili* in the night." The idealists, with the exception of Turner, who was like a mystic god living in the riotous confusion of his own creative chaos, were employed in the effort to create abstract beauty, largely through the medium of the human figure, usually elongated—in Botticellian convention. One swallow does not make a summer, and one model does not make an art movement. It seems unthinkable: the Pre-Raphaelite Olympus without the female Zeus, in the person of Mrs. William Morris, always there in apotheosis. This valiant effort to transplant the Italian Renaissance, itself transplanted from Greece, was bound to prove abortive, but in poetry this aspiration to reproduce the spirit of the ancient Mediterranean, an aspiration which goes back to Chaucer and Shakespeare, brought to flower two such individual giants as Browning and Swinburne, the latter at his best going direct to the Greek to recover beauty at its source. When we approach our own day once more we find a great artist, Mr. Augustus John, accomplishing in his best canvases successfully what the Pre-Raphaelites did unsuccessfully. And the difference between failure and success is all too simple to explain. The Pre-Raphaelite pictures were over-intellectualized, they lacked all life and spontaneity, a borrowed emotion, not sufficiently deep-rooted in its new soil, helped to give them birth. But Mr. John, like Shakespeare, like Chaucer, if less great than they, introduced a native idiom into what he borrowed from the Italians; his figures, if their artistic abstraction be Italian, are English enough in character, just as the landscape which forms their background is English, and we feel, as in his canvas, "The Mumpers," that they live

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and move not in the long ago but in our own day. More than any other figure of his day he has impressed his personality upon contemporary English art. Among his many disciples was one young man named John Currie, who met an unfortunate death over two years ago, and if I mention Currie's name it is because he was an Irishman, and I wish to point out that he applied the same convention, Italian in origin, to emphasize the Irishness of his native types. Among his other achievements, for example, are illustrations for some of the works of the modern Irish dramatist, John Synge.

It was at Mr. John's very prime that the realists made their unprecedented onslaught, for which they created, as from parts of modern machinery, an automaton-like figure, akin to the Martian of H. G. Wells, in order that it might pursue the tall beautiful creature, and send her scurrying from England in great terror. And now I will tell how this came to pass—the logic of the situation; how science encroached on art and conquered it. It makes an interesting chapter in pre-war history. For even while men were building weapons to destroy their well-being and their life, the artists were forging a weapon to destroy their art. Science, meant to ease the lot of mankind, gave the incentive to both.

On the technical side Cézanne and Picasso begat the chief group of the English moderns. The first imparted to art a sense of dimension and weight, the other a sense of abstract decoration, based on machine-like angles and a machine-like structure. Indeed, at the beginning the group was an offshoot of the continental Cubists, and its members were generally known as such. In those early days, before they wholly dissociated themselves from their continental models and declared their independence of all foreign influence, these English painters had not yet wholly banished the human figure from their art, but worked into their design, in which they merged, strange angular creatures, having some remote likeness to men, free in their mechanical abstraction of all

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human sentiment, and moving their limbs as on steel hinges and cog-wheels, which needed oiling, rather than on human joints. One remembers a canvas by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, the leader of the group, called the *Kermesse*, and its diabolic, spiderlike creatures of steel. And one remembers the same painter's more realistic *Laughing Woman*. A machine does not laugh, but if a machine could laugh it would laugh like that. One remembers too Mr. Lewis's *Timon of Athens* drawings, with their dramatic but disconcerting restlessness, like that of an inferno. Among his earlier studies there is also one called the *Portrait of an Englishwoman*, which is a very severe, unflattering arrangement of planes, extraordinarily suggestive. There can hardly be any question of the man's genius. The other men, who then formed the group, stripped their work equally of the idealistic associations of civilised art, and they covered their canvases with figures and objects of machine-like potency. Among the painters who were proclaiming the new doctrine of mechanics in art may be mentioned Edward Wadsworth, Frederick Etchells, W. Roberts and C. W. R. Nevinson. On the edge of this group, but hardly within it, were other painters, less revolutionary; these conceded the necessity of abstract design, but took less liberties with the human figure; in their tendency toward simplification and their insistence on "significance of form" they leant toward Van Gogh and Matisse rather than toward Césanne and Picasso.

About that time—this was about four years ago—Marinetti began to make depredations upon England. His rhetorical batteries amused the public, but made little impression upon the strongly intrenched group of English painters, who regarded it as a piece of ridiculous arrogance on the part of the "sentimental" Italian to come to preach "automobilism" and sport in England, the home of these things. Indeed, there was some reason for their contemptuous attitude, for they were already practising a kind of constructive super-Futur-

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ism. Mr. Nevinson alone broke away from the group, and allied himself with Marinetti, gaining the distinction of being England's only Futurist, that is, in name. Actually, his art had very much in common with the English group, as yet nameless. But as the critics and the public at large insisted on referring to the group as Cubists and Futurists, Mr. Lewis—the accepted literary spokesman of the group—set energetically to work to combat this aspersion on their origins. It was decided to find a distinct name for the English movement in painting, and to issue a magazine which would define its objects in manifestos and articles. At last they hit upon a name: they were now Vorticists, their art was Vorticism, and they began to perform genuflexions before the newly-created god—the “Great English Vortex.” In June of 1914 they issued their first number of their quarterly magazine, a very huge tome, with the name “BLAST” sprawling in large letters diagonally across the cover of violent pink. “Blast,” said Mr. Lewis in an interview, “is a magnificent English word, it has a strength you never get in a Latin word.”

This declaration in itself hints at the intention to reassert the peculiar qualities of English genius, as distinguished from the genius of any other race. So far good. But why Vortex? Vortex is a Latin word. One might judge from this that logic is not an Anglo-Saxon quality. Let me proceed to the explanation logically.

“Blast” had set itself the virile task of crushing once and for all the flickering flame of the decadent, sapless 'nineties, and of Victorianism generally. It promised to do this not merely as a reaction. “Beyond action and reaction we would establish ourselves,” were the first words of Mr. Lewis's manifesto, which further declared the intention to “set up violent structure of adolescent clearness between two extremes.” It was all for combat and clash and the sense of hardness, and it laid down these principles for an English art on the fact that “the English character is based on the sea.” And be-

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cause of this fact the new art, while open to external, superficial changes, was meant always to retain its integral character, as changeless as the sea. It therefore resolved to contend against the intrusion of France or any other nation in English artistic affairs. London was to be no longer "a provincial town," artistically a mere suburb of Paris, as it had been heretofore, but an intrinsic art body in itself, distinct and free of any other. It resented the interference of art indigenous to England, as it considered the art of England essentially "a Northern flower," and it resolved to repel any invasion of the art of the Roman peoples, which had not the "bareness and hardness" of which Englishmen were the inventors. It argued, with some reason, that the preaching of Marinetti doctrines was ridiculous in England because Englishmen and Anglo-Saxon peoples generally were practising them in life, were indeed masters of that sort of thing, and as this mastery was quite natural to them they did not make much ado about it. "The Latins," said Mr. Lewis, "in their discovery of sport, their Futuristic gush over machines, aeroplanes, etc., are the most romantic and sentimental 'moderns' to be found."

There was "nothing chauvinistic or picturesquely patriotic" in his contentions, argued Mr. Lewis, whose protest was directed against the "abasement of the miserable 'intellectual' before anything coming from Paris, cosmopolitan sentimentality," etc. Art "must be organic with its time . . . what is actual and vital for the South is ineffectual and unactual in the North." "Any great Northern art will partake of . . . insidious and volcanic chaos."

These declarations of Mr. Lewis's are not revolutionary in themselves. So conservative a critic as Mr. George Moore, the spokesman of the Impressionists in England, has asserted long ago that cosmopolitanism would eventually kill all art, that railways and steamships were bringing us to the end of the artistic age. It is worth while to recall his words: "Nature is reality; Art is an intellectual formula, and we get

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formula on one condition—that is, segregation. Man is an imitative animal, and if he can imitate his fellow he will do so; but if the conditions of life are such that he is segregated, he will reproduce an original formula. It seems to me quite certain that we should have had no Japanese art if a ship-load of Elgin marbles had been wrecked off the coast of Jedda."

This statement points to a most serious weakness in Mr. Lewis's logic, for if it is true, as he contends, that "the Modern World is due almost entirely to Anglo-Saxon genius," which has given the world machinery, trains, steamships, and "all that distinguishes our time," then it follows that the English genius, by inventing engines of locomotion, has brought the whole world closer, and has made cosmopolitanism possible, even inevitable—Mr. Lewis speaks of Shakespeare as a Northern genius, but surely even Shakespeare owes something to the Italians. The Elizabethan era would hardly have been possible without the Italian Renaissance, which in its turn owed its existence to the discovery of Greece. On what grounds then does Mr. Lewis propose the founding of this new English national art? This brings us to the crux of the matter, the Vortex itself.

England, contends Mr. Lewis, has been too busy LIVING to be conscious of its artistic potentialities; but the very possession of the energies it has been giving to life makes it just now "the most favorable country for the appearance of a great art." He goes on:

"LIFE, that is ENGLAND, has influenced Europe in the same way that France has in Art.

"But busy with this LIFE-EFFORT, she has been the last to become conscious of the Art that is an organism of this new Order and Will of Man.

"Machinery is the greatest Earth-medium: incidentally it sweeps away the doctrines of a narrow and pedantic Realism at one stroke.

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"By mechanical inventiveness, too, just as Englishmen have spread themselves all over the earth, they have brought all the hemispheres about them in their original island.

"It cannot be said that the complication of the jungle, dramatic tropic growths, the vastness of American trees, is not for us.

"For, in the forms of machinery, factories, new and vaster buildings, bridges and works, we have all that, naturally, around us."

Now when you come to the practice of these painters, what do you see? The machine enthroned, the machine in apotheosis, the machine the ruling sovereign of the earth; the god Vulcan, who made her, a humble slave at her feet, serving her. For the thing that Samuel Butler has prophesied in "Erewhon" has come to pass: the machine evolving from stone and iron ore, like man from the original protoplasm, has become a powerful personality, and man must serve her.

To put more simply this changed vision of the Realist painter: Whistler, under cover of twilight and night, saw the factory chimneys and to his vision they appeared like *campanili*; the new painters, looking at these bleak chimneys by broad daylight, declare them beautiful in themselves, the proudest handiwork of man, monuments of human energy.

But there is also this difference: Whistler painted what he actually saw, though he chose his own time and place for seeing. The new painters, admiring what they saw—the factory chimney, the motor car, the aeroplane, the crane lifting its great weight—did not paint these things.

You may pose a beautiful woman, and if you are a commonplace painter you may produce a charming colored photograph; if you are Botticelli, your picture will be an abstraction, an idealization, a transfiguration. If you pose a factory chimney or a machine, you will not even make a charming photograph. Consequently, these worshippers of the machine set to work to invent a technique which would

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express the *soul* of the machine—such soul as it may have;—and for this diabolic purpose they have had to invoke the methods of the idealistic painter, in inversion. In short, by an adroit arrangement of planes and angles, resembling parts of a machine, they learned to construct an abstract design in bracing colors, the whole in energy and movement suggesting machinery. Thus, in the best of Mr. Wadsworth's paintings you often get a suggestion of a powerful aeroplane in facile flight; in Mr. Lewis's, the sensation of the ponderous movement of artillery, and the like.

But what difference is there between the Vorticists and the Futurists, since both adhere to this mechanical age and take an equally keen interest in mechanical movement? The difference, say the Vorticists, lies in this: they, the Vorticists, are interested in the structure of a thing; a piece of mechanism is to them, in its suggestion of potential energy, a beautiful thing in itself; an automobile has attraction for them not for its speed, but as a body *capable* of speed. On the other hand, what interests the Futurist is the external movement of the thing, not the motive power it contains, but the speed at which it goes; not the cause, but the effect. As Mr. Lewis puts it, in explaining the origin of the word Vorticist:

"What is the distinction between the Vorticist and the Futurist? The simplest *image* is that of the vortex. You think at once of the whirlpool. At the heart of the whirlpool there is a great silent place where all the energy is concentrated. There, at this point of concentration, is the Vorticist. The Futurist is being driven hither and thither in the whirlpool."

Vorticism, then, was against all diffusion, all dispersion; it wanted to encompass within the frame of a picture a sense of the greatest concentrated energy; and with this intention the human figure was quite eliminated and replaced by a kind of mechanical mosaic, named with some such title as "Christopher Columbus," "The Cape of Good Hope," "A Short

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Flight," etc. It is strange that it had not occurred to the inventors of these pictures to mark each device as capable of so much horse-power.

The reader may wonder why I have called these men Realists; but as art is either a direct product of environment or a reaction from it, so their whole-hearted acceptance and approval of modern mechanical conditions, their unequivocal preference for the present and all that the present stands for, make them Realists in theory. It must be remembered: even Picasso had declared himself a Realist. It is true their practice is not realistic; actually, it is super-realistic, inasmuch as by means of their invented abstraction, an idealistic device never before used by Realists, they only try to intensify the accepted reality to the *n*th power. And that was the startling paradox of the new art.

Even more startling—looking backward on this pre-war art—was what the Russian Futurist, Mayakovsky, would call its "diabolic intuition, incarnated in the stormy today." For such pictures as "Plan of War" and "Slow Attack," pictures curiously abstract, curiously suggestive of modern warfare, read in the light of the past two years and a half like wonderful prophecies. And in those days of peace they spoke their desire to "laugh like a bomb." If this sounds uncanny it is well not to speculate about it. I know quite sensible men who had begun to believe in the devil the first night they saw the Zeppelins over London.

The one real genius of the group, standing quite apart from the others, in spite of his tent being pitched with theirs, was Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, a Franco-Pole, who at the beginning of the war joined the French army, and who unfortunately, after ten months' gallant fighting—which won him one wound and two promotions—fell, while leading a charge, at Neuville St. Vaast. He was only twenty-three years old. It is impossible to define in a brief paragraph the manifold genius of this sculptor, who was yet too young to have all his in-

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fluence merge in the oneness of artistic prime. He seldom made a clay model and nearly always hammered out his statue direct in stone. Nothing seemed impossible to him. He would shape a marble torso exquisitely, in the Greek spirit, just to show that he could do it; and he would evoke in an energetic massing of Portland stone the primitive tribal soul of Easter Island; in either case the emotion giving rise to his creation was his own, there was something of himself in all his work. One cannot imagine anything more spirited and alive than his animals in relief, playing or leaping or in repose; the astonishing thing is that he has combined this sense of life with a sense of abstract decoration: there was something akin in this to his personality, which appeared to vibrate strongly with the sheer joy of living and yet the mind of which was no less vigorously electrified with civilized subtlety. He was a marvellous draughtsman, and several of his drawings of animals now repose in the South Kensington Museum, where they hold their own with the works of the old masters. It is true Gaudier-Brzeska believed in modernity, but he sought to simplify its spirit in his work, to disentangle and to capture from modernity's complex psychology that quality which is eternal, which concerns itself with the very meaning of life, in essence always the same, despite culture and machinery. Defining sculpture as "planes in relation," he insisted upon complete integrity of design. Thus, in his statue, "The Dancer," in which he tried to realize the idea of the dance and not the individual, he simplified and intensified the design for its own sake, and not like Rodin, for the sake of expression. And he argued that in spite of its primitive, tribal character, such a statue, because of its strength, was a fitter decoration for a modern machinery building than the graceful Greek statues, which are contrary to our age, an age marked for its cruelty, its machinery, its indifference, its pitiless attitude, its absence of sentimentality. Moreover, he contended that modern sculpture was but a

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presaging of a new architecture, equally ruthless, integral and stern. He had the confidence of youth, but also its doubts, and in his moments of despair he put the new art to question, and even spoke of "going back to the Greeks." His loss to art is a great pity. His beautiful mind could not withstand that small but efficient "vortex" in the shape of a German bullet.

Mr. Jacob Epstein, a much older man, is another great sculptor who deserves much more space than I can give him here. Like Gaudier-Brzeska he is a born sculptor and works direct in the hardest stone. His work is distinguished for its austerity, its character, its fine polished surfaces. His gaunt, half-tortured figures, which act as caryatids on the British Medical Association buildings, in the Strand, are by far the best of the modern architectural statues in London. His bronze portrait busts are very fine, very serene, and combine character with decoration. They retain a memory of Donatello, and yet there is no mistaking their author if one knows his work. But there is another aspect to his art, which, harking back to the abstraction of the Aztecs and the South Sea Islanders, yet joins up with the moderns, in a manner already indicated in my reference to Gaudier-Brzeska's work, though both sculptors worked independently. There is in this phase of Mr. Epstein's work an almost overpowering obsession with sex, stripped of all civilized cunning. It was as if some ancient tribal demon, protesting, had cut away several layers of civilization and brought us face to face with our earliest and most terrible instincts, which have been asleep and long since forgotten. His little figures, in hard green flenite, of women tortured with pregnancy, are, in spite of their subject—revolting to many, masterpieces of workmanship. It is extraordinary how statues so small, and massed so serenely, could suggest such hugeness and such intense torture, like mountains in travail. An even more daring piece of work, if of less intrinsic merit, was Mr. Epstein's "Rock Drill," exhibited

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about three years ago. A powerfully tense life-size human figure, constructed to suggest a mechanism, sits perched very high, and works a giant rock-drill, downward, as it were into the earth. It must be remarked here that the rock drill is not sculptured but the actual thing, of steel and iron, such as is used by actual workmen. I need not dwell here in detail on this powerful symbol of science conquering the earth, it is a symbol not without its insidious suggestion. And Mr. Epstein is too fine a sculptor to stick to this sort of thing. Our age has touched him with its malady, as it has touched others, but the war, as I presently intend to show, is constantly creating new values and a new outlook.

There are two other sculptors, whose work requires mention in a survey of the new English art: Mr. Eric Gill and Mr. Ernest Cole. Mr. Gill has made several marble reliefs for the Westminster Cathedral, and these show a curious, if effective, blend of early Italian Renaissance with Assyrian styles. He has a strong tendency toward medievalism, and his composition has quaintness and power. Mr. Cole is, I believe, only twenty-four years old. Several years ago he attained to such distinction in drawing and etching that he was elected a member of the Society of Twelve, which is composed of some of the most celebrated artists of England. In spite of the great demand for his work by collectors he dropped etching and lived in the obscurity of his studio, sculpturing statues. The mood of the Italian Renaissance is very strong upon him, but as he is very young it is difficult to say where it will lead him to. He is well worth watching. About the time war broke out he had received a commission to erect statues on the new London County Hall, but he has been unable to finish the work, owing to his having joined the British army in France. It is to be hoped that he will escape Gaudier-Brzeska's fate.

Returning to the painters, the list of rebels is by no means exhausted. Mr. Mark Gertler, one of the youngest, has done

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some remarkable pictures in brilliant color, in which he has combined a measure of the convention of the Italian Primitives with an equal measure of the convention of angles of the ultra-moderns. All art, as we have seen, is combination, and whether a picture is good or bad depends upon whether the artist has merged his influences happily in his personality. I think Mr. Gertler, in his best pictures, has done that. I remember especially his "Fruit Stall," the decorative effect he has obtained through the triangular little piles of fruit, arranged in pattern against the beautiful linear character studies of common folk. Mr. Alfred Wolmark deserves mention for the stained-glass effects of his paintings, effects especially impressive in still-life.

Of groups, apart from the Vorticists, two might be mentioned, the Camden Town group of neo-Realists, led by Mr. Walter Sickert, a pupil of Whistler; and Mr. Roger Fry's group, with leanings chiefly toward Matisse and Derain. Mr. Fry's services have been especially valuable in first introducing the continental revolutionaries in London at a time when they were all known in England under the common title of Post-Impressionists, but he has been since left behind by new rebels. Nor must one forget the services Mr. Fry has rendered in establishing an arts and crafts movement in connection with the new art, which particularly lends itself to house decoration, etc. And it is interesting to note that Mr. Wyndham Lewis has decorated a room in his own fashion in Countess Drogheda's house. And a word should be said for the Contemporary Art Society, which makes a practice of purchasing examples of the new art.

Mr. Gordon Craig's art, which stands by itself, belongs rightly to the theater, and if I mention it here, it is because the new woodcuts he exhibited not so long ago are beautiful in themselves, regardless of their theatrical inspiration. They are indeed drawings by a man of the theater, as yet without a theater, and they are works of art because an artist

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deprived of his proper medium must find an outlet for his expression in another medium. Most of these show the human figure; the most inspired perhaps are drawings like "Iphigenia" and "Hecuba" which, conceived in the Greek spirit, are simple and serene, yet convey a flood of emotion, only deepened and intensified by tranquil beauty. Mr. Craig has not found his full meed of appreciation in England, he has more admirers abroad, his influence on the modern theater has been largely inspirational.

In this hasty survey of the new English art I fear I have been guilty of many omissions; yet, putting individuals aside, I think I have said enough to show that the clash of the arts has been as keen in England as elsewhere. All indications point to a renewal of this battle after the war with greater intensity than ever, and in this combat nothing worse will be shed than the rich blood of paint-tubes and the contentious words of critics. It is difficult to foresee the precise nature of after-war art. The rebels, being younger men, are mostly at the front. The war, there is reason to believe, has sobered most of them. They have seen their god, the Machine, at work. They have looked into the abysmal "vortex" of shell, shrapnel and bomb. They must have been appalled by the immense sacrifice demanded by their ruthless Moloch. One wanderer, the Futurist Nevinson, disillusionized and chastened, incapacitated by shock, has indeed returned from the edge of this hell of hells, which might have staggered Dante. As a motor ambulance driver he had ample opportunity to see the war in various aspects, and he has now recorded his experiences in a series of paintings, the exhibition of which in a London gallery was easily the artistic event of the past year. These graphic records, comprehensible alike to artist and layman, have made such an appeal that a number of them have just been published in a book under the title "Modern War," with an introduction by that able critic, P. G. Konody, who traces the history of war art of the past to show that the

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modern battle picture can be painted only in the way that Mr. Nevinson has painted it. And this is the interesting thing about Mr. Nevinson's pictures; he has returned to representation, but has retained just enough of Futurist geometrics to give poignancy to the mechanical nature of modern war, in which man is indeed no more than a nail, a screw or a cog-wheel in an immense machine. When you look at the picture "The Mitrailleuse," you see an entrenched gunner and his machine gun, and you realize through the geometric conception of the whole that man and his gun are companions, or better, components, that they are inseparable, one useless without the other, that man indeed is not so much man as an intelligence, a kind of guiding lever. Again, in a painting like "Returning to the Trenches," you feel that the geometric obsession of the artist's method gives you the sense of men marching like a single mechanical monster, set indeed in motion by some hand pressing an electric button or a switch. All this is wonderful in its way, the artist knows this, but he also knows that all this is fascinating for sheer terror—as hell is fascinating; there is pity for men, no glorification of the machine. Mr. Nevinson's art, in its new phase, is like the first mystic light of dawn, peeping over the edge of the world across fields covered with dead bodies.

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By Willard Huntington Wright

SO inextricably interwoven were aesthetics and politics in Russia during the first half of the nineteenth century that we cannot gauge the one without reference to the other. The stringent punishments meted out to the early intellectual iconoclasts "*pour encourager les autres*" in adopting a submissive attitude, had resulted in a generation of coma. But in the 'Forties the flames of rebellion again broke forth. The Western world was passing through a conflagration of democracy and socialism, and the sparks from it kindled the Russian spirit. Everywhere the fires leaped forth. One ideal dominated the imagination of young Russia—freedom. It was impossible to escape its tyranny. Like a heavy fog it pervaded every remote corner of the national consciousness. It clung even to the artist's pen. Socialistic novels abounded; and the realistic epoch in Russian literature ran the gamut of social reforms. The new means were used for expounding the recently discovered doctrines. Every writer was a reformer.

But this revolt also came to an end. There was another period of quiescence, and it was not until about ten years later that the submerged spirit again welled forth. Little by little literature shook itself free from official jurisdiction, although the censor's shears were never laid aside. Ideas were still uppermost at the time of this awakening, and since these ideas could be given out only if disguised, fiction was again adopted as a medium of expression. The people had learned how to read novels for their hidden meanings; and so the campaign

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of enlightenment, masquerading in the integuments of entertainment, spread rapidly. Under the existing political conditions no thoughtful writer could be wholly indifferent to the sufferings and injustices of his countrymen. There was no demand for pure art; and, since art must be nourished in the soil of need, Russia produced none. But in several writers the aesthetic instinct was strong, and, as a result, we have certain books in which doctrines, in the broad sense, were cast in artistic form.

Turgenev was the conspicuous figure of this period. He had passed through the upheaval of the 'Forties and had become imbued with the new spirit of freedom. By a supreme effort he had sought to obscure his doctrinary instinct by his broad scholarship; but he was never wholly free from it, not even in Paris where he went to live. It had become so intimate a part of his nature that in his last important novel—the furthest removed from Russian influences—it dimmed the outlines of the narrative. His failure to throw off this racial impulse is not surprising, for he had personally suffered at the hands of ruthless Imperialism. He had been confined to his estate and victimized by the censorship; and because of his sensitive imagination and broad culture, he was unable to stand critically aloof from the inquisitions of the current régime. He felt keenly the wrongs perpetrated on the helpless, and, like those about him, he was swept into the vortex of reform by the powerful urgings of his blood, and held there by the indomitable forces of his environment.

This fact goes far in explaining many of the qualities of his writings; and no understanding of his work can be reached unless we bear constantly in mind the conditions out of which he grew and the national desires which were fused in his nature. These non-aesthetic considerations militated against his greatness. They interfered with an untrammelled outpouring of his splendid talents. No matter how sedulously he sought to eliminate them—as in his *On the Eve*—he could

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not escape their influence. At times his social purpose was purified to the extent of its becoming an almost universal idealism; but his books, without exception, contain the germs of doctrine. For this Turgenev is not to be blamed. No artist is born wholly independent of background. And in the elements which militated against Turgenev's art can be found an explanation for the fundamental shortcomings in all Russian literature.

Since Turgenev's writings were so intensely an expression of his personality which, in turn, was an intense expression of his environment, we will not be going astray to seek in his own character the reasons for his popularity both in Russia and elsewhere. The mere fact that we project our imagination through his books into the man himself is an adverse criticism of his art. What does the world know of the inner nature of Michelangelo, Rubens, Beethoven, Bach, or Balzac? After all, what does the world care? In the face of great art, which is an expression of the whole of life, how insignificant is the character of one man! And yet Turgenev invites this inspection, for we feel in his books, not a focus of the universe, but the statement of a striking individuality. We are moved by his novels, not impersonally, but intimately. We are akin to the man who wrote them. In Georg Brandes's study of Turgenev, he says: "It is in this point—the relation of the artist to his own creations—that every weakness of either the man or the fact must necessarily appear." It is true that an artist must conceive personally; but he must execute detachedly. And this is what Turgenev did not do. What, then, were those qualities which, reaching out from the pages of his books, drew to him so many readers both wise and ignorant?

Obviously these qualities have a direct echo in the ideals of our age and are shared by many people, for Turgenev is popular even in quarters where his artistry is not appreciated. All the evidence of his books and the testimony of those who knew him point to the fact that he possessed compassion, un-

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selfishness, naturalness, humility, sweetness, generosity, and similar virtues. M. Vogüé tells us that in Russia he was commonly called "a good soul"; and an American reviewer declares that to read him "is to be purified and ennobled; for though he never wrote a sermon in disguise, or attempted the didactic, the ethical element in his tragedies is so pervasive that one cannot read him without hating sin and loving virtue." This, of course, is not criticism but theological testimony. Nevertheless it furnishes an explanation for Turgenev's hold on inartistic minds; and it accounts for the exaggerated esteem accorded him by critics, for the impact of morality today is so great that few have been able to withstand it wholly, even in the presence of art.

The mass of our expository literature, however, is not ethical merely because of the religious prejudices which have become interwoven with the fibre of all modern thought. In the absence of any definite aesthetic standard, of any *rationale* of art valuation, our critics have had to fall back on personal preference and social prejudice. They have had to approach art through the channels of their emotions. Only recently have significant investigations been made in the principles of form and movement. But so long has document and doctrine been the basis of literary judgment that the process of elimination will be a long one. However, if we are to discover the inner qualities of art, we must try to divest ourselves of personal considerations. We must regard a book or a painting or a statue or a piece of music, not as a guide to virtue, but as a means to mental and physical ecstasy. Turgenev has benefited greatly by the current moral criterion because he and his books embody the spiritual elements of our particular civilization; and while it need not be denied that the majority of readers react pleasurably to such qualities, nevertheless the art of literature has a profounder—or, let us say, a more eternal and universal—mission. It is capable of giving us an organic vision of life, as opposed to the mere representative

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vision. But we can never attain to this wider significance in art until we look beyond its documentary and inspirational surface, and put ourselves in touch with the underlying organization of forces. Moreover, we can never gauge the true value of an artist's work until we ask not, What does he teach? but, What is his form?

Turgenev's temperament was not that of a great composer in masses. He was primarily a poet. In fact, he began by writing verse, and at the end of his life, when he was bedridden and dying, it is significant that he should have turned out a book of prose poems. Poetry was instinct in his natural organism. His spirit was lyrical. He was a Schumann rather than a Mozart, a Botticelli rather than a Masaccio. He was the feminine complement to Balzac's robust masculinity. I cannot escape the feeling that his true medium was verse. Even in the French and English translations of him, there is a careful, meticulous and musical quality to his style. Many of his passages read like free paraphrases of exquisite descriptive poetry, wherein no attempt has been made to record the metre or rhymes. Furthermore he possessed the sense of brevity and condensation which is an impulse toward imagery. He is most vivid and moving when most simple and instantaneous. The quick and spontaneous reactions we experience from his isolated passages of description are, as a rule, more poignant than are the accumulated effects we receive from the sum total of his narrative. Our appreciation of his novels is more apt to be in the nature of a series of pleasurable sensations, than in a simultaneous emotion of unity and completion. His form is linear rather than massive; and its individual accents and rapports appeal to us more strongly than does its complete and compounded organization.

These characteristics of Turgenev's genius are essentially poetic. When we contrast a Tanagra figurine with an early Dutch painting the difference which I am trying to establish becomes clear. The one art work is representative of simple

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and idealistic beauty, suave, balanced, precise and a little exquisite: the other is a complicated and realistic statement of interrelated shapes, robust, poised, plastic and substantial. In the first the style expresses the content; in the second the content dictates the style. This accounts for the fact that few critics have written of Turgenev without a liberal use of the adjective "artistic"—a word which has come to connote perfection and effectiveness of detail, and which can, in the majority of instances, be interchanged with "poetic." On the other hand, one rarely hears Balzac termed "artistic," except in characterizing his one deliberate attempt at fine writing—*Le Lys dans la Vallée*. The associations which have surrounded the word are opposed to compositional profundities. One may call Raphael and Chopin "artistic," but not Rubens and Bach. Yet the latter are the greater artists. Their style is not a conscious harmonic arrangement of the symbols of expression, but a natural and spontaneous method of conveying an internal integrity of form.

We may, however, go still deeper for proof of Turgenev's poetic preoccupation. The reflective, scintillant and decorative side of art is primarily emotional: that is, it is a manifestation of the feminine instinct. It represents the external and concrete phase of expression, and is the outcome of a predominant sensitivity. But great art, like life, is a summary of all the elements of consciousness. The emotional is balanced by the mental, and the two are co-ordinated by the will. The internal order, which is the masculine side of art, then becomes the controlling factor; there is a merging and a balance of shape and substance. It is generally admitted that Turgenev was controlled by his emotions and that he conferred his sympathy and "feeling" on his characters. His inspiration to creation was not dehumanized by the cold processes of reason and given an abstract significance. His aim was to set down beautifully and immaculately the accumulations of his receptivity; and in this aim we recognize

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the impulse of the lyricist. The deeply philosophic element of art is almost entirely absent from his work. He charms, fascinates, arouses admiration; he stirs us emotionally; he controls our moods; he awakens our sympathy; he intensifies our vision. But he does not move us aesthetically; he does not re-create in us the universal rhythm of subjective form. We respond to the tragedy and gaiety of his text, but we are not constantly elated and made ecstatic by a quality of force which is unrelated, in the associative sense, to his document. The events in his books are not merely the directions of movement, the conspectuses of universal tendencies: they are intense visualizations of segments of actuality. They have no profound meaning over and beyond their exquisitely moulded representation. No book of Turgenev's is the whole of life condensed and organized into a microcosm of symbols—a document in particular, with an intimate and personal appeal to our emotions, and, at the same time, a statement in general of the principles of poise and unity, with a subjective appeal to the psychic and intellectual consciousness.

Because this type of art is so rare and so little understood, and because the world still goes to art solely for its associative and exterior appeal, Turgenev has been accorded praise far in excess of his deserts. So strikingly do his books set forth the more popular and readily comprehensible side of literary art that he sweeps the reader before him almost at will. He was unquestionably the most accomplished modern master of narrative document, and he intensified all its characteristics—its insight, its "humanity," its ethical and emotional appeal, its pictorialism and ornament, its beauty of shape and its lyrical cadence. Only once, at the flood-tide of his powers, did he approach the magistral quality of Balzac; and that was in his delineation of Bazarov in *Fathers and Children*, written in 1860 when he was forty-two.

In the construction of this character Turgenev divested

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himself of his personal and sympathetic attitude. For the first (and last) time he sat back and painted in a cold, detached manner; and when the portrait was finished there appeared before us a profound reality, a personage at once vital and self-vitalizing. Yet, nowhere in any literary work have we a clearer instance of an author's limitation; for while the conception of Bazarov is a noteworthy achievement, the book itself, artistically, falls far short of Turgenev's standard. Its surface form is broken and chaotic: it is without even the rhythm of details of which this novelist was so capable an exponent. He lacked that duality of vision—the fusion of the personal and impersonal—which informs the highest aesthetic attainments.

It is not irrelevant to mention here that *Fathers and Children* offended Turgenev's admirers, and was vigorously condemned for its aloofness. So bitter did the criticism become that Turgenev was necessitated to insist publicly upon his sympathy for Bazarov. "I entirely share Bazarov's ideas," he wrote; "all of them with the exception of his negation of art." It may be true that he sympathized with Bazarov, but he at least left doubt of the fact in the reader's mind. Bazarov, however, was the only important character in Turgenev's novels who did not suffer or benefit by the author's point of view.

There has been much disagreement among critics as to what class of character Balzac was most interested in drawing; but there is no question as to the class which interested Turgenev the most. This is due to two reasons: first, Balzac conceived his characters as individuals, whereas Turgenev conceived them as types; and secondly, Balzac's whole concern was with motives, whereas Turgenev was interested in historical and ethical ideas. In his lecture, *Hamlet and Don Quixote*, Turgenev divides all men into two classes; and it is interesting to note that the representatives of each class are men of purpose. In this designation of humanity we can

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see how he looked upon life. He saw it as it presents itself to the eye; and his judgments of men were based on their actions. The fact that his characterizations hold us is due to the sheer artistry of their presentation, and not to any inevitable inner justness of the character itself. When Turgenev attempted individual figures, like Solomin in *Virgin Soil* and Maria in *The Torrents of Spring*, he succeeded only in producing embodiments of idealistic and evil tendencies. That is why they are lacking in verisimilitude.

Such figures as Solomin and Maria, however, are exceptional. Turgenev, as a rule, was intensely personal toward his characters and sought always to make them representative. Consequently they are more or less "local" and are influenced by the novelist's ideas. Rudin, for instance, though possessing universal characteristics, is not a symbol of universality. He stands for a type common to one period of Russian history; and to understand him thoroughly we must relate him not to life as a whole but to the particular *milieu* in which he is set. He is the offspring of national thought and political conditions, and is presented in his intellectual and environmental significance. Insarov, in *On the Eve*, is still further removed from living reality. Being considered by Turgenev as of greater importance to Russian reform than the passive Rudin, he is conceived even more personally.

In the heroines of Turgenev we again have proof of this novelist's representative method of characterization. His young women are rarely individualized: they are all invested with those traits which Turgenev associates with the feminine youth of Russia. Elena in *On the Eve* is little more than a restatement of Lisa in *A House of Gentlefolk*—a Lisa under different conditions. They differ largely because circumstances differ; at bottom their attributes are the same. They, too, stand for a type. Russia is filled with Elenas, all busy with the work of reform. And it was no doubt because Turgenev believed in the socially redeeming qualities of these

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young women that he repeated this strong-minded, resolute and capable character in book after book.

Turgenev was never wholly free from his prejudices. Nearly all his characters are inflamed with ideals for bettering humanity. He gave short shrift to those persons who are mere selfish ornaments; and, when he did depict them, as in *Smoke*, he was far from generous. Some of the figures he drew from the aristocracy are little more than caricatures. Moreover, we have evidence that a violent personal prejudice colored and distorted his attitude toward motherhood. The harsh treatment he had received from his own mother affected him strongly; and his persistent bitterness is revealed in the portrayal of every mother he put into his novels. Turgenev was unable to divorce his art from personal feeling, and he could not conceive characters without referring to his own instincts. Nevertheless he presented them with a skill which more than once gives one the impression, if not the conviction, of impartiality.

One French critic has said: "Turgenev understood Russian society and summed it up in several types. . . . And we must take it for granted that they are faithful representations, at least from their own point of view." Here, in two sentences, is a precise statement of Turgenev's limitation as a creator of character. To sum up a society by types is not the achievement of a great artist: it is the feat of a social historian. An aesthetic presentation of conditions must necessarily emanate from generating forces, for then a society becomes the focus of all peoples and all times, and is a perpetual interpretation of life. This latter method eliminates the necessity of types and makes inevitable the individual character who, being an outgrowth of the causes of his environment, represents all types while retaining his own personal traits.

A character of this kind need not be "taken for granted" or considered from his "own point of view." He is immediately self-evident because, even in his limited personality, he

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epitomizes the whole of life. Shakespeare and Goethe have given us such characters, and so have Balzac, George Moore and Conrad. But Turgenev was not a profound artist: he worked only in two dimensions, and consequently failed in the expression of that eternal truth which lies at the very root of human instinct. The same critic quoted in the preceding paragraph also says of Turgenev's characters: "The reader on closing the book exclaims, 'Had these people been actually alive they would not have spoken and acted otherwise'." This is very true, for Turgenev was able to make plausible anything he touched. But not until we can say of a character: "This person *is* actually alive, and his words and deeds are the factors of his reality," has an author passed the supreme test of literary art.

Although mention has been made of the serious purpose which animated Turgenev, it must not be thought that he was obviously reformatory or that he deliberately prostituted his talents to an ethical code. He was victimized by a sense of national tragedy, by an inborn Slavonic melancholy; and a deep racial impulse guided his efforts toward arousing the world to a consciousness of his countrymen's needs. But he was never the special pleader. He approached his task always with the literary temperament. In *A Sportsman's Sketches* he paints the conditions of the serfs and exposes the depressive dominance of the owners without once stepping outside the bounds of art. Yet the sympathy and vividness he puts into his pages are more telling than the "lessons" we would receive from an entire library of books like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And in *Rudin* we are made to feel keenly the tragedy of those ineffectual dreamers and talkers who appeared in Russia during the 'Forties. But withal *Rudin* is a novel which inspires to thought rather than to thinking, for it is philosophic only in the narrow sense. It is not the picture of an epoch, but the ethical transcription of an epoch viewed through the glasses of personal criticism.

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A House of Gentlefolk swings from *Rudin* to the other extreme. Here a sentimental idea predominates. Unrequited love is the theme; and, so forcible are Turgenev's artificial means, that the melancholy tragedy of Lisa brought forth a stream of tears which flows to this day. Russia's heart was wrung, but its aesthetic nature was not moved. In this book Turgenev strove deliberately for effects. The final scene is a device which, in the hands of a lesser artist, would have proved tawdry and banal. Even as it is, we are able, once we shake ourselves free of the sentiment, to recognize the commonplaceness of this bit of literary "contrast." Turgenev has moulded the incidents in accordance with a preconception; but, so beautifully has he clothed them in emotion, we almost overlook the fact that they did not develop by themselves. *A House of Gentlefolk* is the highest type of melodrama skilfully disguised as truth, for, although not one of its passages is sentimental, an entire nation became sentimental while reading it. There can be no better way of determining the difference between Turgenev and Balzac than by comparing this book with *Eugénie Grandet*. Lisa, a type rather than a personality, is weighted down with imposed sorrow; Eugénie is the victim of that tragedy which issues from the fountain-head of character.

Lavretsky, in *A House of Gentlefolk*, is a national development of Rudin, a step forward in the psychological evolution of the Russian reformer. We see action emerging from the womb of thought. Despite the emotional appeal of Lisa's love affair, Turgenev's object was to represent a new set of conditions with the trials and tribulations that accompanied them. In *On the Eve* the spirit of reform is about to take definite shape. Just as Elena has evolved from Natalya in *Rudin* and from Lisa in *A House of Gentlefolk*, so has Insarov developed from Rudin and Lavretsky. The "idea" of modern Russian runs through these books. Later, in *Fathers and Children*, we have a conflict of principles—the

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old against the new. This conflict, which so delighted Turgenev and which he could present with the utmost skill, making it an intimate part of the story itself, occupies the same place in his works that the conflict of motives occupies in the works of Balzac.

Smoke was little more than a brilliant and embittered attack on high Russian society, and reflected the disillusionment of an experience through which Turgenev had recently passed. He wrote angrily, though with his usual mastery of style; and so occupied was he with the object of the novel that the characters were in some cases vicious exaggerations. Even his usual restrained language became venomous. His hatred of the Russian aristocracy was evident on every page. Hitherto he had carefully disguised his arguments for and against a cause. The reader was left free to draw his own conclusions. But now Turgenev chose to force a decision by projecting himself so unmistakably into his theme that his moral point of view was as clear as if he had stated it in so many words. In *The Torrents of Spring* the personal element again intruded. He was still bitter, and his art, powerful though it was, failed to dominate his emotions.

Turgenev's last important novel was *Virgin Soil*, and in it are revealed all his defects. The artist has almost succumbed to the didactician, and the characters have little in common with reality. Furthermore, it was longer and more meticulous than was customary with Turgenev. Zola no doubt had a hand in this book: it was written about 1875, shortly after the Rougon-Macquart series began to appear. The purpose of the novel was plain, and its climax was primarily moral. Turgenev sought to show the inevitable disintegration of certain conditions in Russian society, and, in order to achieve his aim, he sketched his characters objectively, going so far as to eliminate those qualities which did not meet with his purpose. Thus he drew a sharp line between the good and the bad in accordance with the lesson

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he wished to make clear. He saw those virtues which were a part of his ethical equipment as ideal qualities unrelated to their efficacy; and he regarded vice as the *reason* for suffering, not as an outgrowth of causes. He was laudatory and recriminatory according to a personal ethic.

As a general rule, however, Turgenev was not obvious in the dissemination of his doctrines. He was obsessed first by a problem which he wished to state, but in his presentation of it the artist in him arose to the surface, and he at once converted the idea into poetic imagery. While not eliminating the purpose which actuated his writings, he clothed it in such a way that one absorbed it almost unconsciously. He spoke always in terms of life, and often his indelible passages sow in us the germ of a political or social idea. He builds his books by remarkably pictorialized scenes; and so closely does he knit them together by his characters that, in the end, a beautiful and charming pattern springs into being. This pattern is his form; and so delicately balanced, so deftly and sensitively colored is it, that we are completely captivated. Every line and spot is in place; every proportionment is exact; and the whole is a fluent, smooth, and finished design. Yet, when we look back upon it and try to visualize the reason for its power, we immediately select some episode or scene and reconstruct it without relation to the others.

A melody in music has the same effect on us. We follow its perfect sequence and feel the charm of its design; but later a few detached phrases only will haunt us. With polyphony it is different, for we experience it as a whole, and our memories retain it, if at all, in its entirety. It is interwoven subjectively as well as in its surface details. But no Turgenev novel which I have read retains its volumnear integrity in retrospect. Turgenev, in his own words, gives color to the theory that he regarded literature pictorially rather than structurally; and a reason for his attitude is to be found in the fact that there were certain phases of writing which he

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could accomplish better than others. His powers were not equally developed.

The literary method followed by Turgenev furnishes us with ample evidence that he was not primarily interested in three-dimensional form but in two-dimensional proportion. We have it on good testimony that he first wrote a long draft of a novel and then submitted it to a process of condensation, ruthlessly eliminating all passages which did not further the succinct and single ground-plan of his poetic design. This compression would have turned a subjective structure into a chaotic mass of literary timber, for, when characters and events generate themselves after nature's methods, there is no detail, however small, which does not have its place in the human edifice, and which does not uphold and carry on the whole subsequent evolution. In the highest type of art the form grows logically from a seed-idea; every step gives birth to further divagations and inter-relations, just as in the development of a theme in music. And when a literary work progresses according to this internal consistency of motives, no detail can be rejected without rejecting the whole form, any more than an episode can be excluded from the life of an individual without altering the entire trend of his future. Only when form is artificially superimposed upon the material can a work of art withstand condensation; and Turgenev's ability to improve his narrative by compression and erasure points to his objective method of expression.

Turgenev has said that he disliked Balzac; and M. Vogüé explains this antipathy by remarking that "the pupil does not always like his master." But was Turgenev a pupil of Balzac? It is true that he attempted, in a small way, to follow the same documentary lines in Russia that Balzac adhered to in France. But similarity ends at this point. Balzac's fundamental conception of life, as well as his manner of writing, was the reverse of Turgenev's. The one was a great composer of living masses; the other, a recorder of these

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masses' rhythms. The one was indifferent to richness and refinements of texture; the other was a dictional voluptuary, striving constantly for harmonic effects. Balzac was polyphonic, direct, inclusive, and essentially masculine; whereas Turgenev was a melodist—or at most an homophonist—indirect, selective and sensitively feminine. His instinctive admiration was not for Balzac but for those more perfect and superficial workmen—Merimée and Flaubert.

Turgenev's debt to Gogol, on the other hand, cannot be denied. Gogol handed down to his successor a point of view which has persisted more or less in all modern Russian literature. His realism was purified in Turgenev, however. The latter was more of an artist, and while he retained Gogol's pessimism and doctrinism, he invested them with beauty. No artist can take a path other than the one blazed for him, and, as a result, the limitations of pioneers remain the limitations of the after-builders. Turgenev could not create without referring to his historical context. Had he been born in France or Germany the result, no doubt, would have been different, for his technical equipment was of a high order. Had, for instance, *A Sportsman's Sketches* evolved from *Confession d'un Jeune Homme du Siècle* and *La Mare au Diable*, or from *Der Oberhof* and *Leiden und Freuden eines Schulmeisters*, instead of from Gogol's *Evenings on the Farm near the Dikanka*, it would probably have been a permanent contribution to the short-story. Even with all its temperamental and national influences, the book floats high on the poetic tide. But because Turgenev could not escape his heritage he failed to achieve those serene and implacable heights where nature is revealed in all its majesty of indifference, and where we become conscious of the eternal order of existence.

Turgenev's inability to embody in his writings the entirety of life is explained by the fact that he was from first to last a Russian, held a slave to Russian thought and ideals. He was not the "universal citizen" like Balzac and Goethe: his

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genius was not sufficiently powerful to burn down the boundaries of race. Pessimism and a sympathetic love for humanity tintured his thought and directed his attitude. He analyzed and judged, but he rarely cast himself into the turbulence of actual experience. His own conception of the life about which he wrote constantly dominated the wonder which might have arisen from that life itself. He was ever concerned with a statement of personal ideas; and it was only by his supreme gifts as a writer that he escaped being classified as a didactician. We are never caught and sucked into the eddies of his story, because he himself was never submerged in them. The reader stands with him on the bank and looks on at the rushing current, with its lights and shadows and its interplay of colors.

The plots of Turgenev's stories were consciously planned: they were not preordained by the interaction of character and conditions, although they underwent a rigid arrangement until they were perfectly proportioned. Moreover, the characters themselves seem to be reproduced from keen observation and set adrift upon the exigencies of the narrative. Not one of them appears to be created without prejudice, without sympathy or rancor, without a knowledge of where they would end. And because a representative, and not generative, process was followed, the persons in Turgenev's novels are never living entities in the sense that Balzac characters were. They did not *determine* the form of the book; they merely coordinated its sequential shapes. But so deft was Turgenev that they attain to a high degree of plausibility, as distinguished from an absolute and convincing reality. The stories also are arranged with such a fine sense of values that, while they do not recreate life in its eternal and philosophic aspects, they nevertheless illumine it with a brilliancy and power which has rarely been surpassed.

Russian literature, unlike that of the other European nations, is without traditions. Its development has been beset

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by difficulties which made any uniform or regular progress impossible. It has had to struggle constantly against the Government, and many of its most promising men have been banished in the midst of their labors. Consequently it has been unable to take those steps through which every art must pass in order to arrive at full expression. But in methods Russia has kept almost abreast of the movements in other countries. Turgenev continued the work of Pushkin and Gogol, and brought to a close the early realism of the modern revolt. Denied a fertile background, he was unable to endow his work with the qualities we find in Balzac, who was a product of one of the richest eras in history. Turgenev, however, combining the literary inheritances of Russia with the adopted glories of France, outstripped all his compatriots; and for some time to come he will be the towering figure in the art of his country. It was he who, closing the cycle of realism, made possible the new school of naturalism, of which Dostoevsky and Tolstoi were the leaders.

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for October

Ravel and Debussy

By Paul Rosenfeld

Ravel and Debussy are of one lineage. They both issue from what is deeply, graciously temperate in the genius of France. Across the span of a century and a half, they touch hands with the men who first expressed that silver temperance in tone, with Rameau and Couperin and the other clavecinists. Undiverted by the changes of revolutionary times, they continue, in a form conditioned by the modern feeling for color, for tonal complexity, for supple and undulant rhythm, the high tradition of the elder music.

The eighteenth-century masters wrote gavottes, rigadoons, chaconnes, expressed themselves in courtly dances and other set and severe forms. Ravel and Debussy compose in forms that approximate, it may be, the natural course of emotion. And yet, the genius that animates either music is one. It is as if these two groups of artists, born a hundred and fifty years apart, had contemplated the pageant of their respective ages from a single point of view. The new music, like the old, is the work of men reverent of the art of life. It is the work of men who crave above all things, in all things restraint, who insist on poise and good sense, and who bring their regard for the social values to the making of their art. In-

deed, the reaction of Debussy from Wagnerism was purely the reaction of a profoundly socialized and aristocratic sensibility outraged by over-emphasis and unrestraint. The men throughout the ages of whom he is typical do not forget the world and its decencies and its demands. They have not, perhaps, the world-consuming, world-annihilating mysticism of a Bach. And yet, they do not eschew the large, the grave, the poignant. The range of human passion is present in their music. But it is shadowed forth rather than stated. Many of them have been deeply melancholy. But they have taken counsel with themselves, and have said, with Baudelaire

"Sois sage, ô ma douleur, et
tiens-toi plus tranquille."

All expression is done in a low, aristocratic tone, in grisaille. Most often, it achieves itself through a silvery grace. It is normal for these men to be profound through grace, to be amusing and yet artistically upright. It is normal for them to articulate nicely. Over them there flame always the commandments of clarity, precision, delicacy. Indeed, so repeatedly have temperaments of this character appeared in France, not only in music, but in letters, from the time of the Pleiade to that of André Gide and

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Henri de Régnier, that it is difficult not to hold theirs the centrally, essentially French tradition.

Ravel and Debussy inherit the spirit of not only French classicism. In one essential, their art is the continuation of the music that came to a climax in the works of Haydn and Mozart. For it restores a creative role to the auditor. The music of Haydn and Mozart defers to its hearers. It seeks to enlist their activity. It relies upon their contribution to its significance. The music itself carries only a portion of the composer's intention. It carries enough of it only to ignite the imagination of the audience. To that body it reserves the joy of fathoming the intention, of completing the idea the composer adumbrated. Haydn and Mozart did not wish the listener to assume a passive attitude. For they had a great love of their fellows. And therefore they were eager for their collaboration, had confidence that they could comprehend all that the music intimated, regarded them as equals in the business of creation. But in the music written after them, the hearer found a passive role more and more completely forced upon him. The composers, to varying extents, arrogated to themselves the full activity, realized their intentions as fully as possible, and demanded only an audience upon which they could impose themselves. Schumann alone continued to solicit the listener's contribution. Wagner and Strauss dispensed with it completely, Wagner substituting the intellectual game of the *leit-motif* system for the creative exercise, Strauss the game of a literary programme. The art of Debussy and Ravel returns to the earlier strategy. It makes an effort to excite the imagination, that vital force which William Blake identified with the Saviour

Himself, rather than to hallucinate and subject and crush it, and leave it no function. Their work strives continually to lure it into energetic participation. Because Ravel and Debussy have such an incitement steadily in view, their music is the most economic of music, economic like the art of Japan. It is the music of the quintessential line, the quintessential note, the quintessential movement and direction. Instead of insisting, it pricks and quickens. It instigates, begins, leaves off and then continues once more, and stimulates into action the hearer's innate love of aim and comprehension, of an order and a meaning in things. Its quivering, subtle movement, its brief sharp delicate phrases, are like the thrusting open of so many doors into the interior of the soul, the thrusting open of doors giving on long vistas, on obscured memories, on buried emotions. It is like the unsealing of springs long sealed, suffering them to flow again in the night. And for a glowing instant, it transforms the auditor from a passive receiver into an artist.

There is much that Ravel and Debussy have in common besides a single descent and heritage. They have each been profoundly influenced by Russian music. They have each made wide discoveries of the field of harmony. They each feel kinship with outlying and exotic modes. Both are profoundly sensitive to the art-life of the Paris about them. Both, like so many other French musicians, have been kindled by the color of Spain. And yet, for all they share, their work is dissimilar. It is not, as so many critics would have us believe, an art and its counterfeit. The music of Ravel demonstrates a sensibility distinct from Debussy's, equally fine, delicious, lucent, and, in certain respects, even more deeply engaging.

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That Ravel has succeeded at all in manifesting what is peculiar to him, is compelling proof of the strength of his genius. For he is ten years Debussy's junior, and were he less positive an individuality, he could never have realized himself. There would have come upon him the blight that has overtaken many of the younger Parisian composers less determinate than he, and made, like himself, of one stuff with Debussy. He would have permitted the art of the older and established man to impose upon him, and deformed his proper sensibility in attempting to model it upon the other's. But Debussy did not swerve or hamper Ravel any more than did his master, Gabriel Fauré. He was too charged with his own direction. From the very commencement of his career, from the time when he wrote the hesitating but still very personal "*Pavane pour une Infante défunte*," he had maintained himself against his great collateral, as then he maintained himself against what was false and epicene in the artistic example of his teacher. Within their common limits, he has realized himself as completely as Debussy has done. Their music is the new and double blossoming of the classical music of France. From the common soil, they each stretch out toward a different human perfection, and, just because of all they have in common, contrast the more with one another.

The intelligence that fashioned the music of Debussy was one completely conscious of itself, flooded with light in its most secret places set foursquare in the whirling universe. Few artists have been as sure of their intention as Debussy has ever been. Before this body of work, that is so clearly defined and lucid, so completely organized, so perfect, one

thinks perforce of a world created out of the flying chaos beneath him by a god removed from matter. We know precisely of what stuff the soul of Debussy is made, what its pilgrimage was, in what adventures it sought itself. We know precisely wherein it saw its visage reflected, in water "stilled at even," in the angry gleam of sunset on wet leaves, in wild and headlong gypsy rhythms, in moonfire, shimmering stuffs and flashing spray, in rain fallen upon flowering parterres, in the melancholy march of clouds, the golden pomp and ritual of the church, the pools and gardens and pavilions reared for its delight by the delicate Chinese soul, in earth's thousand scents and shells and colors. For Debussy has set those adventures before us in their fullness. Before he spoke, he had dwelt with his experience till he had plumbed it fully, till he saw clearly into it and around it and behind it, and only then, after he had mastered it completely, did he set it before us. And so we perceive it in its truest, most essential, most eternal aspect. The designs are the very curve of the ecstasy. They are sheerly delimited. The phrases are magically charged with significance. There is no matter in a composition of Debussy's that does not live, quiveringly, the life of the whole. The notes seem to bud out of one another, to follow each other out of some inner necessity, to have an original timbre, to fix a matter never known before, that can never exist again. Every moment of Debussy's composition is logical and yet new. Few artists have more justly said what they desired to say. It is because of the faultlessness of its articulation that this music is imperishable.

Ravel's art, too, is flawlessly chased. But its virtue does not lie in

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its formal excellence. It lies rather in the quality of the life that informs it. For Ravel's temper is darker, more instinctive, more passionate than Debussy's. Ravel has been vouchsafed a high grace. He has been permitted to remain, in his manhood, the child that once we all were. In him, the powerful and spontaneous flow of emotion from out the depths of being has never been dammed. And it is his warmth and naturalness and freedom that floods his art with miraculous light. Gracious and urbane as this music is, proper to the world of modern things and modern adventures and modern people, it still, in its every accent, in its dewy freshness and tenderness, in its mingled wistfulness and wonder, in every moment of its eventful and colored course, reflects the childlike clearness and singleness of the animating spirit, and its sense of the immanent. Life has remained a "radiance and a dream" for Maurice Ravel. The man who shaped not only the deliberately infantine *Ma Mère l'Oye*, but things as quiveringly simple and wonderful as *Oiseaux tristes*, as *Sainte*, as *Le Gibet*, as the passacaglia of the *Trio*, or the vocal interlude in *Daphnis et Chloé*, who speaks with the lucidity and infallibility of instinct that gives the *Sonatine* its abiding charm, has a power to feel that we have lost. The blinding, the hideous imprisonments and burials of the "visionary gleam," with which so many of us have been forced to purchase existence, have never been forced upon Ravel. He can still see the world "herrlich wie am ersten Tag." And yet, this music was fashioned in no ivory tower. It is deeply, honestly sweet, tender, pathetic. Ravel has felt the surge and beat of life. It is only that thanks to his purity of instinct, he

has felt its values, recognized its sadness and simplicity and perennial wonder. And he has taken it into him, and brought it forth again in just proportion. It is this sensitiveness to the warmth of life, the rich apperception, that he has transmuted into art, that, more than his polyphonic style, more than all the dissimilarities of technique, distinguishes his work from Debussy's. For it seems to advance toward us radiant with the freshness of life. More fully than Debussy's music since "Pelleas" has been, it is eloquent of "tears in mortal things." And we turn to it, gratefully, from the myriad colors of the other, as we turn to all things into which the pulse and glow of human life has passed.

It has passed into all his work. The "icy" Ravel, the artist "à qui l'absence de sensibilité fait encore une personnalité" never existed, save in the imaginations of those puzzled by a music that attains its effect through reticence and chastity and limpidity. Even *Histoires Naturelles* and the opera-bouffe *L'Heure espagnole*, the works in which he gave his wit and irony play, are proof of the pervading emotion. For they are an expression of it made indirectly, the Heine-like effort of one eager to deliver himself from the tyranny of sentiment. The history of Ravel's art is not, like that of Scriabine's, the history of the burgeoning and assertion of a sovereign quality. For his proper sensibility was always pure and always dominant. It is as fresh and subtle in the *Quartet*, that was written as early as 1903, as it is in the more recent *Gaspard de la Nuit*. The sole difference between the later Ravel and the earlier is a certain added confidence and daring, the plenitude of power. The deeper exploration of musical means has afforded his per-

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sonality freer play, has unbound him. The gesture of the hand has grown lighter and more commanding, the instruments have become more obedient. And so he can write piano-poems like *Scarbo*, that arouse the full dynamic of the piano, and seem to bridge the way to the music of Leo Ornstein. Or he can set all that is spicy and elfin and aerial in the timbres of the orchestra dancing capriciously, as in *Valses nobles et sentimentales*. Or he can unchain the orchestra of *Daphnis* in the flaming dionysiac rhythms of the scherzo and finale. But the later style is not a new and separate one. It is only the earlier become more virile, more magisterial. And, no matter to what maturity Ravel may attain in the works he has promised us, the piano concerto, the setting of Hauptmann's *Versunkene Glocke*, the oratorio *Saint François d'Assise*, it will be only a development, not an improvement, of his pristine artistry. His work can only continue to be as flawless as the *Sonatine*, as *Oiseaux tristes*, as *Sainte*. When he wrote them, he was already completely self-possessed, a perfect artist.

For all its novelty and disconcerting boldness of procedure, his music is essentially traditional. It is closer to the absolutist ideal than Debussy's, for instance. But it is so not because he writes sonatas and minuets and pantoums and passacaglie, disports himself unconstrainedly in the severest forms. Nor is it because his orchestration, for all his color-chemistry, is more conservative than the other's, combining timbres rather than isolating them. It is rather because his form is less idiological. The form of Debussy's works, except, perhaps, that of his Quartet and that of the deliberately archaized

sonatas is, one would surmise, consciously conditioned. It is moulded, to a large extent, upon a mental image, a mental process. His music is, in reality, programme music at its most successful. Ravel's form, on the contrary, does not so much plot an idea, an image, as stand symbolic of it. It is instinctive form. It has become incarnate, not in the mind, but in the unconscious, and appears as pure and abstract design. The process is characteristic of Ravel's spiritual position. For he is closer to the bourn of life, more immediately an orifice for the dark, flowing, germinating region where the dynamics of the human soul lie lodged. And that makes his art more magical than Debussy's. It taps a vaster region, channels more vital emotions. Ravel has but to touch a note, and we uncloze. He has but to let an instrument sing a certain phrase, and things buried in the heart rise out of the dark, like the nymph in his piano poem, dripping with stars. His music, like the softly unfolding chord, the far glamorous fanfares, the human throats swollen with song, of the introduction of *Daphnis*, seems to thrust open doors into the unplumbed deeps of the soul, and summon forth from it the stuff to shape the dream. Little song written since Weber set his horns breathing, since Brahms transmuted the German forest into tone, is as witching. Over it, there might be set the invocation of Heine—

“Steiget auf, ihr alten Träume!
Öffne dich, du Herzensthor!”

And, like the music that ushers in the last marvellous scene of *Daphnis*, it seems to waken us from the unreal world into the real, and show us the overarching blue once more.

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"By Henry Handel Richardson"

The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney—you will irritate the hero if you pronounce his name with an accented second syllable—has just been issued in this country through the Henry Holt Company. It is by Henry Handel Richardson, with no other novels to his credit listed on the title page. Because of this publisher's oversight, we shall leave Richard Mahoney and his fortunes for a space, and go back nine years, to a long and remarkable first novel.

In 1908, in London, William Heinemann published *Maurice Guest*, by Henry Handel Richardson. The following year Duffield brought it out in this country. I do not know how entirely the book failed in England: I doubt if, in America, four hundred people have yet read *Maurice Guest*.

It is a book with an unusual history. Though it was immediately appreciated in England by a few discriminating critics and men of letters, it met with generally hostile or unintelligent criticism both there and here. It was not widely reviewed; it was usually dismissed either as "a novel of probable interest to musicians," or more rigidly as "the story of a young musician of no strength of character, overmastered by a morbid passion for a worthless Cleopatra, whose sufferings terminate in his suicide!" So far and no further has the Anglo-Saxon critical faculty advanced since the early days of *The Quarterly Review*. Its name has been kept alive here and in England only by a small group of people who have spoken of it in season and out—such a group as grew about Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* during the seven years following its ill-fated first

edition of five hundred copies. But though *Maurice Guest* failed to gain an Anglo-Saxon audience, it is widely known on the continent. By 1912 its quarter-million word length had been translated into French and German. A later Russian translation has been made. In the New York Public Library the German translation is obtainable; no English copy is catalogued. The English edition may be had still; in this country the book is out of print; known after nine years only to a few.

And yet *Maurice Guest* is one of the very great novels. In its finish, its brilliancy; in its insight, its poignant transmutation into words of emotion, aspiration, love, degradation, failure, hate; in its scope, its constructive energy, its power; in its extraordinary massing of selective detail that builds under and through and over two years of diverse lives, it stands as one of the most remarkable first novels ever written. It is conceived on a huge scale; its material the formless matter of life, its theme the eternal conflict between matter and spirit, body and body, soul and soul. It is executed without sentimentality and without satire. Its integrity of artistic purpose would have availed nothing for accomplishment if it had not rested on an incredibly vivid, actual knowledge of life, if it had not been born of a vision into life that explains experience—a sensing of the shoreless waves that lie behind and beyond humanity and give it its only lasting beauty.

Slowly, imperceptibly at first, with the utmost subtleties of reserve, his background musical Leipzig of the 1890's with its Conservatorium and Gewandhaus, its little streets, its

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cafés large and small, its ball-rooms, its ponds and pools covered with ice or fringed with spring, its houses and its secret rooms of houses, the author works through a labyrinth of intersecting lives and strips them bare of all their fancied beauties. It is the story of Maurice Guest, of Heinrich Krafft, of Eugen Schilsky, and of Louise Dufrayer. In a lesser but no less complete way it is the story of Ephie Cayhill, Madeleine Wade, Avery Hill. In addition there are a dozen minor characters, all drawn to finely proportioned scale, all of them working inevitably, as the Conservatorium and cafés of Leipzig, its streets and pools and parks work toward the ultimate revealing of Maurice and Krafft and Schilsky and Louise Dufrayer. It is the story of a boy's first, ideal, intense passion for a woman old to love, whose life is hung about with ragged remnants of involved old loves. It becomes the story of a love that loathes as Maurice slowly begins his stupid, innocent ravelling of the complicated loves of Louise and Krafft and Schilsky, and insanely tears away all the veils behind which human passions lurk. It ends in unconquerable passion that destroys.

As vividly as Maurice, Louise Dufrayer is vitalized. Here is a woman who lives wholly in her emotional life, drawn with a clarity of comprehension that disdains to spare her at any point, with an intimacy before which anything short of genius would have faltered. There are scenes that seem written in mingled brain stuff and blood, and others that hold the ethereal essences of color, sound, scent, touch, and living speech.

By sheer force of its bigness the story moves resistlessly across its lavish background of music and ancient city, through idle talk, philos-

ophizings on art and life and people, and seemingly inconsequent incident. It is only toward the end, when the choruses go off, and Maurice, Louise, and Krafft are left to play out the latter tragedy together that one realizes by what fine art, through what miraculous massing of all this lavish detail, he has come to know in fuller intimacy than unilluminated life would give him, these people.

The Getting of Wisdom is Henry Handel Richardson's second book. It appeared in 1910. After *Maurice Guest* it reads like a mere study, some brief sketch in pencil for a colorful picture to follow, or perhaps the prologue to an unwritten book. It is of a girl in her early 'teens struggling to find her soul and save it alive at an Australian school for girls. It is another study of youth and environment, environment this time without loveliness. Instead of Leipzig and the Gewandhaus, the Ninth Symphony and life lived to rhythm, it is bleak Australia. There is the same poignant insight, the same remarkable gift for breathing the breath of life into places as well as people. But it is a minor book.

And so we come at last to *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney*. The English edition indicates what the American edition omits; that this is the first of a series of Australian novels: Book I of *Australia Felix*. Again a great and crowded canvas; again Australia—Australia of the 1850's and 1860's; again an inspired mass of selected detail that seems deliberately chosen to make the land and period live as vividly as the people of the book. It is Australia during its crude period of development, when the first world-rush to its gold fields began, and all sorts and conditions of adventurers, derelicts, and honest men

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with painful pasts came together on this old-new continent. Here are Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Chinamen, Americans, ticket-of-leave men, Jews, Turks, and Lascars, all hurled together in a greedy rush after wealth without work and without payment. There is a "Proem" that might be called "Australia." In a shaft on the Gravel Pits a man had just been buried alive "in a grave that fitted him as the glove fits the hand." Above him stretched a desert of pale clay, stripped of timber and feverishly disembowelled in man's wanton search for gold. In the pre-golden era this scarred and wasted valley had been a lovely grass land threaded with a limpid river. Now clay and water lay together in glutinous filth, taking quiet and relentless toll of men's lives as they sought sullenly for yellow metal. It was the subtle revenge of the ancient, barbarian country on these lustful prisoners to the soil they ravished, working like dogged beasts in unquenchable hope of vast and sudden wealth. "Now she held them captive—without chains; and lying stretched in the sun like some primeval monster, her breasts freely bared, she watched with a malignant eye the efforts made by these puny mortals to tear their lips away."

To this land, sadly misrepresented to him by the English press of the period, Richard Mahoney, young Irish surgeon, came in what he called "the cesspool of 1852." He tried to dig for six months; then, with his last pinch of gold-dust he bought a barrow of merchandise, and established a general store, in the wood and canvas settlement that was Ballarat. Himself a hot-headed and mystical Irishman, he chooses by nice instinct a practical and merry little materialist for a wife, who promptly goes about

her heaven-ordained task of setting him up properly in practice. *Maurice Guest* was a tale of temperament and youth, and passion; this is a story of discipline and mated marriage. Happy love is bondage also: this Mahoney discovers. But the materialism of the two combined—Polly and Australia—finally turn his Celtic soul to revolt. He is forty-five; if he is ever to throw up Ballarat and settle in England it is now or never. Polly's happiness is knitted up in this land; reduced to essentials—and Mahoney pares the problem to the bone—it means one soul's welfare against another's. One of them must yield. Of the two which was likely to make the best recovery? Mahoney answers promptly: "Polly!" and the move is forthwith made. After eighteen years under the Southern Cross the Celt in Mahoney must go adventuring again; the inner prisoner must be set free from this land where he had remained as alien as any Jew of old who wept beside the waters of Babylon. And when Mahoney and his wife sail through the Heads, bound for England, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney* and Book I of *Australia Felix* end abruptly.

Henry Handel Richardson cannot write of chance maids in Leipzig or Chinese peddlers in Ballarat without making them flow with life. Environment seems to offer almost as great temptation as people for the exercise of this gift, and in this latest book the author has strongly and deliberately yielded. From the proem to the end Australia's personality shares honors with Richard Mahoney's. Huge remainder of a huger continent, she lies stretched in the sun, in all her ugliness and beauty, taking her belated turn at man's brutal civilization of a new land; quiescent, but

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more powerful over the men tearing at her heart than they over her for decades to come.

This is not a book that is likely to make its first wide appeal to the average reader. It is a book without a plot; concerned with a period, a land, and a group of people in whose commonplace lives nothing happens dramatically. There is uneventful marriage, birth, death; the getting of money and wisdom; relative happiness, and suffering stolidly endured. This and no more on the surface. But beneath, working subtly with the mind and soul stuff of men, moves a master's unfaltering hand, shaping these shadow bodies of men out of the dust of unlovely flesh and common incident into foreseen, unswerving design.

When *Maurice Guest* appeared nine years ago, no one had ever heard of Henry Handel Richardson. Until a year or two ago the pseudonym suc-

cessfully masked the sex, and continues to mask the identity of the English woman who is the author of *Maurice Guest* and *Richard Mahoney*. But the pseudonym will serve. "By Henry Handel Richardson" should not much longer remain an unfamiliar phrase to readers. *Richard Mahoney* lies under the eyes of the reading world today, and whoever fails to read this and the other books of *Australia Felix* to follow will miss the joy of early recognition of a great and yet unknown master of fiction. But *Maurice Guest*, which should be known by now from end to end of the English-speaking world, and whose publication automatically placed its writer among the comparatively few English writers to be reckoned with, cannot be had except by way of fortunate find in second-hand bookshops. It is worth any pains of searching.

EDNA KENTON.

Notes on Books

PRIZES AND SURPRISES

The easiest way to collect a lot of poor poems is to offer a prize for the best one. And the easiest way to see how poor they actually are is to turn to the prize-winning example. This is usually not so much the fault of either the poets or the judges of the contest as the instigators. Judges are fallible and noted for their lack of discrimination; poets are often human and may commit many an esthetic crime when a hundred dollar bill is flaunted before them. But after all the pathetic failures, the planners and perpetrators of such contests should know better. A recent, neatly-bound volume ("The Newark Anniversary Poems." Laurence J. Gomme), is an eloquent illustration. It is a collec-

tion of verse "inspired" by the 250th anniversary celebration of the founding of the city of Newark, N. J. Or, to be more exact, it is a collection of verse prompted not so much by the event itself, as by an announcement of the Committee of One Hundred that it was offering a series of prizes for poems about Newark. Newark evidently believed with the rest of America that the way to get anything, from an army to poetry, is to advertise for it. And its faith seems to have been justified—it got "results." Aside from the minor consideration of quality, it received over 900 poems and, as the preface proudly informs one, "forty-two states and five foreign countries participated in the competition." The geographical habitat of

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the prize-winners furnishes a rather humorous commentary that may serve instead of a criticism of the poets. Out of the entire fourteen, just one celebrant of Newark was born in that city, and even he no longer lives there. The others hail from such affiliated centers as Pittsburgh, London, Brooklyn and Tuscaloosa. Of course no one would expect a native of San Francisco to indite a thrilling ode to a city he has never visited—even for fifty dollars; and, consequently, we have what everyone would expect. From the first prize, "Smithy of God," with its crude plagiarism of Vachel Lindsay's accent, idiom and stage directions, to the concluding "Broad Street" with its echoes of everybody, there is not one arresting idea, not one original passage, not one spontaneous or refreshing line. Did I say not one? I miscalculated. There are at least twelve. And they are all in a poem by Ezra Pound that surprises us as much as it must have astounded the committee that received it. The poem is entitled "To a City Sending Advertisements" and the beginning and end are as follows:

"But will you do all these things?

You, with your promises,
You with your claims to life.

Will you see fine things perish?

Will you always take sides with the
heavy;

Will you, having got the songs you
ask for,

Choose only the worst, the
coarsest? . . .

Will you choose flattering tongues? . .

If your professors, mayors, judges?
. . . ?

Reader, we think not . . .
Some more loud-mouthed fellow,
slamming a bigger drum,
Some fellow rhyming and roaring,
Some more obsequious back,

Will receive their purple, be the
town's bard,

Be ten days hailed immortal;

But you will live or die

By the silvery heel of Apollo."

Here Mr. Pound's lines take on the quality of criticism that is not only keen but clairvoyant.

Let us pass to less local and more commendable exhibits. First in the group of little books by little publishers is "The Shadowed Hour," by John Erskine (The Lyric Publishing Co.), a volume that is unassuming and deceptive. For, in these sixty small pages, we find a surprising range and a sudden, unexpected power. The variety is the book's greatest weakness, for a volume so small should have a definite unity, an integrated and almost direct appeal. As it is, the interest is scattered. Such a poem as "The Sons of Metaneira" only makes us wish that Prof. Erskine would leave the ornamenting of Greek myths to those redecorators who add little to the original and build no structures of their own. He should give us more of such vivid and creative works as "Satan" and "Ash-Wednesday." This last poem is one of the most notable contributions of the poetic year; it is thoughtful and yet full of color; scholarly without being scholastic; profound yet never pedagogic. To miss it is to fail to make the acquaintance of a deep-thinking singer, one of the few poets in America who can philosophize and remain a poet.

In "Songs of Grief and Gladness," by Ezekail Leavitt (The Williams Co.), we have hints of what, in the original, may be a forceful and fiery speech. But the utterance is robbed of individuality in these clouded and generally commonplace translations. Beneath the inverted English and stock poeticisms, one feels a spirit torn

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between the arrogance and martyrdom of the Jew, between rebellion and resignation. Many of the poems are bitter echoes of Heine's *Vergiftet sind meine Lieder*—but the poison never corrodes what is most racial in the poet; it simply strengthens his oriental passion and semitic pride.

"Present Day American Poetry," by H. Houston Peckham (Richard G. Badger) has in its ninety pages more self-contradictions than one would expect to find in a volume three times its size. Just as soon as Mr. Peckham has impressed one by his sane and sensitive perceptions in the opening essay, he launches into incredible judgments and amazing banalities in the following article on "The Foremost Poet of Our Day," the supreme *maestro* being no less an immortal than Alfred Noyes! Again, after a pertinent paper on "Wanted: A New Spirit in Literary Criticism," he takes up a dozen pages in an attempt to prove "The Return of Objectivism in Poetry"—evidently blind to the obvious fact that never since the book of Job was written has literature been so introspective, so personal, so frankly egotistic.

"Songs for Courage," gathered by Zoe Beckley and Joseph Gollomb (Barse and Hopkins), is dedicated, appropriately enough, to John Masefield, and its motto seems to be that portion of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" that begins

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough."
The little book is full of a strong and unsweetened tonic; an excellent antidote to those doses of cloying optimism that are beginning to surfeit even our marshmallow-munching *litterateurs*. The variety of authors and sources is astonishing. Here are contributions that range all the way from *The Masses* to the New York Jour-

nal, from Nietzsche to Robert W. Service, from Buddha and Ralph Waldo Emerson to Algernon C. Swinburne and Herbert Kaufman; from Walt Whitman to Walt Mason! If all of these cannot spread the contagion of courage, the reader may consider himself immune.

L. U.

THE BELGIAN RENAISSANCE

Until 1890 Belgian literature did not exist for the outside world. Before 1880 it virtually had no existence at all. It is the product of a movement, a renaissance, in many ways parallel with that of Ireland though largely, like the Flemish art of the fifteenth century, a result of commercial prosperity. It is an extremely luxuriant literary life that G. Turquet-Milnes sketches in "Some Modern Belgian Writers" (Robert M. McBride and Co.), virtually no traces of which, aside from Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, and Lemonnier, have reached this country. One man and one magazine, Max Waller and *La Jeune Belgique* brought the movement to a head; an entire literature so to say emanated from that single spring, that one group which included not only the three writers named above but also George Eekhoud, Rodenbach, the brothers Destree, and van Lerberghe, all of whom, and certain others, are admirably discussed in this little book.

TOLSTOY'S DIARY

Tolstoy's was perhaps the most introspective mind of modern times. It is a sort of paradox, therefore, that his journal is not one of the great journals. The single volume just issued by A. A. Knopf ("The Journal of Leo Tolstoy, 1895-1899") is, of course, intensely interesting, and a book that everybody will want to read. But it is plain that Tolstoy did not take it very seriously. Why?

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Because the mood of the journal-writer was habitual with him and found expression in all his writings? The great journals, whatever their intention, have been life-works; they have been the fruit of many inhibitions. . . . Tolstoy's journal is exclusively religious, to judge from this present volume at least, of his old age; the artist, the psychologist, the poet scarcely appear in its pages. One of its interesting features, however, is the large number of passages after which he has written "unclear and probably untrue," so tentative and obscure much of his thinking evidently was. How beautiful many of these pages are, on the other hand, scarcely needs to be said. They belong to the ripe, autumnal period of "Resurrection."

A THEATER FOR POETRY

The revival of poetry in America, or perhaps we ought to say the first birth, is an established fact, of which there is some new evidence almost every day. The latest is the Poetry Theater League, the aim of which is to restore poetry from the printed page to its ancient place as the mother of the drama, offering opportunities to have it staged with costumes, scenery, and music and interpreted by artist-reciters. This is its main purpose, which is to be actively carried out at once, the first New York programme of the League, consisting of poems and poetic plays, being announced for November. But aside from this, the League undertakes a number of other offices for the advancement of poetry. It will organize poetry societies in universities and settlements, and it will arrange lectures and readings for the poets themselves and otherwise help to bring poets and poetry forward. The League has taken rooms at 366 Fifth Avenue, New York.

INTERESTING PUBLISHERS

From our paragraph on Young Publishers last month we omitted the most interesting of all, the firm of Boni and Liveright, whose "Modern Library" is by far the happiest enterprise in recent publishing. This collection of modern classics, attractively issued at sixty cents (although cloth would be a hundred times better than limp leather) is already too well known to need any praise of ours, and the new issue of eighteen more September titles, including books by Nietzsche, Anatole France, Schnitzler, Dunsany, W. D. Howells, and others, promises well for the future. But now Messrs. Boni and Liveright announce that they are to conduct a general publishing business, and their statement is so interesting that we feel we ought to mention it: "Our aim," they say, "is to publish only new books with a permanent value—books which will be as vital in twenty-five years as they are today. Our standard of accepting a manuscript will be based wholly on its enduring merit, and we will issue no transient or merely popular work. In short, we have set for ourselves a definite literary ideal; and intend to make our imprint stand for something genuinely worth while to the discriminating book-lover. We know we will never get rich—but that is not primarily our ambition. We believe that there is a sufficient number of the better-class readers in America who will co-operate with us to such an extent that we will not altogether fail." There are a few, but certainly very few, publishers who take this position, which we like to think is characteristic of the younger generation. Publishers who do take it are so much the friends of everything *THE SEVEN ARTS* stands for that we think it only just to make this statement.



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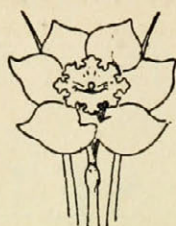
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