

JUNE, 1923

MONTHLY

VOL. I. NO. I

# The Adelphi

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EDITED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

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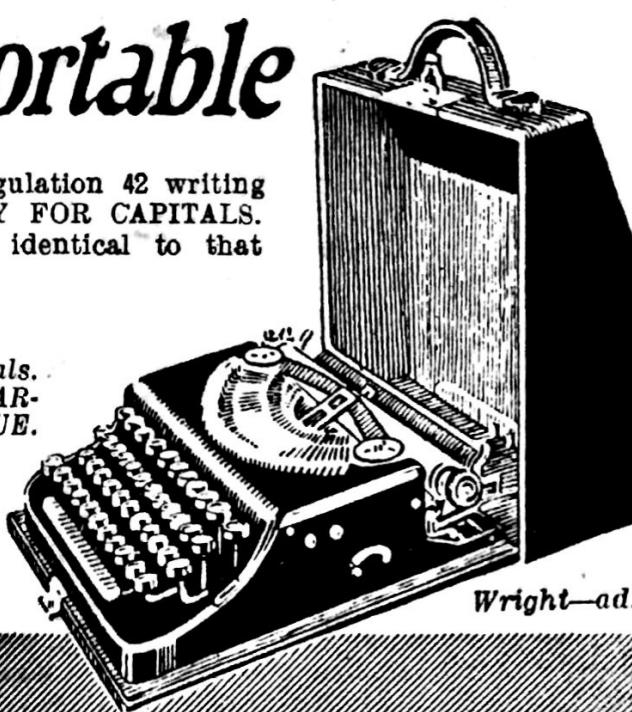
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**I**N common with (I expect) most publishers who have never organized a literary competition, I have often wondered if the offer of £100, or even £500, for a "first" novel attracts a large number of really good manuscripts. It is just possible that it does. On the other hand, I can scarcely believe there are many first-rate stories that have not already been snapped up by one publisher or another. At all events, too few really readable manuscripts by new authors come my way. I receive through the post several hundred stories every year; only a score or so of them are altogether bad, and most hold out a certain promise; but I doubt if, out of every hundred, there is more than one upon which an experienced publisher would care to risk his money.

Still, there is always good work being written by new men and women, and by good work I do not necessarily mean popular work. The history of our literature during the last hundred years demonstrates that a superlatively fine novel inevitably finds a wide public. So, of course, do many indifferent ones. Well, I want to discover that superlatively fine novel. If it does not exist, then I want to find as good a novel as does exist. I am prepared to pay £100 for it. That is to say, I will pay £100 *in addition to* a royalty of fifteen per cent. on all copies sold, with an agreement covering the world rights and bearing the usual clauses. £100 is not a very large sum? No, not very large. But I am not offering it for the novel that seems to me and my fellow-adjudicators the "best-seller", but for the novel of the greatest literary merit. Every year there are issued quite a number of admirable stories that, unfortunately, do not earn their respective authors even as much as £100; true they are not of the "superlatively fine" kind to which I have just referred, but they contain fine qualities. I do not want to publish a bad novel that will sell; but naturally I should like to publish a good novel that will recompense its author (and me) for our trouble. What I want to insist on is that my £100 will go to the writer who will send me before September 22nd the story that contains most literary quality.

My fellow-adjudicators will be Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. Osbert Sitwell and Mr. Gerald Cumberland. Every manuscript submitted will be examined by at least one of these adjudicators. That is important. In all competitions of this kind with which I am acquainted, the manuscripts are first of all read by men whose names are not disclosed to the competitors; these men sift out, say, a dozen of the best stories, and it is this dozen that goes to the judges for a final reading and award. My competition provides that no one shall be in the least concerned with the adjudication save myself and the three well-known writers I have named.

The rules? No manuscript should contain fewer than 80,000 words or more than 150,000. Each manuscript submitted should bear its title and a pseudonym, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the title, the pseudonym, and the author's address and real name. (The envelope accompanying the successful manuscript will remain unopened until the award has been made, but unsuccessful manuscripts will be returned, in rotation, as soon as possible.) Manuscripts should be sent immediately, if possible, but in any case not later than September 22nd, 1923, on which date the competition closes. All manuscripts must be submitted on the understanding that, in the event of their failing to win the prize, they are offered to me on the terms I usually arrange with new writers. No writer can be admitted to the competition who has already published a novel in book form.

The result of the competition will be announced as early as possible in the *Times Literary Supplement*.

I have no advice to offer in regard to subject or period. If you wish to write (or have already written) a story of adventure, let me see it—or a historical novel, or a psychological novel, or a detective yarn, or a novel of manners, or even a novel "with a purpose." All will have an equal chance of securing the prize.

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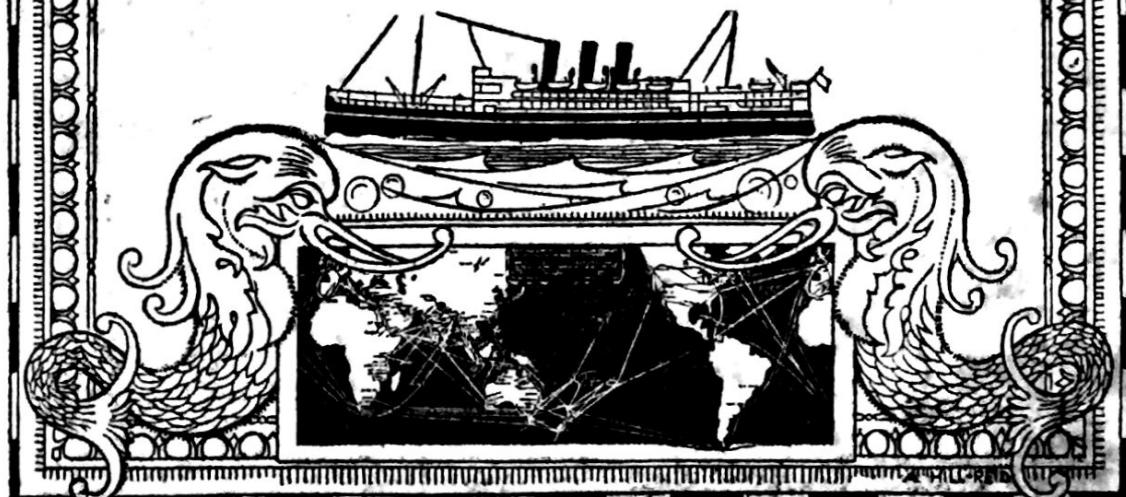
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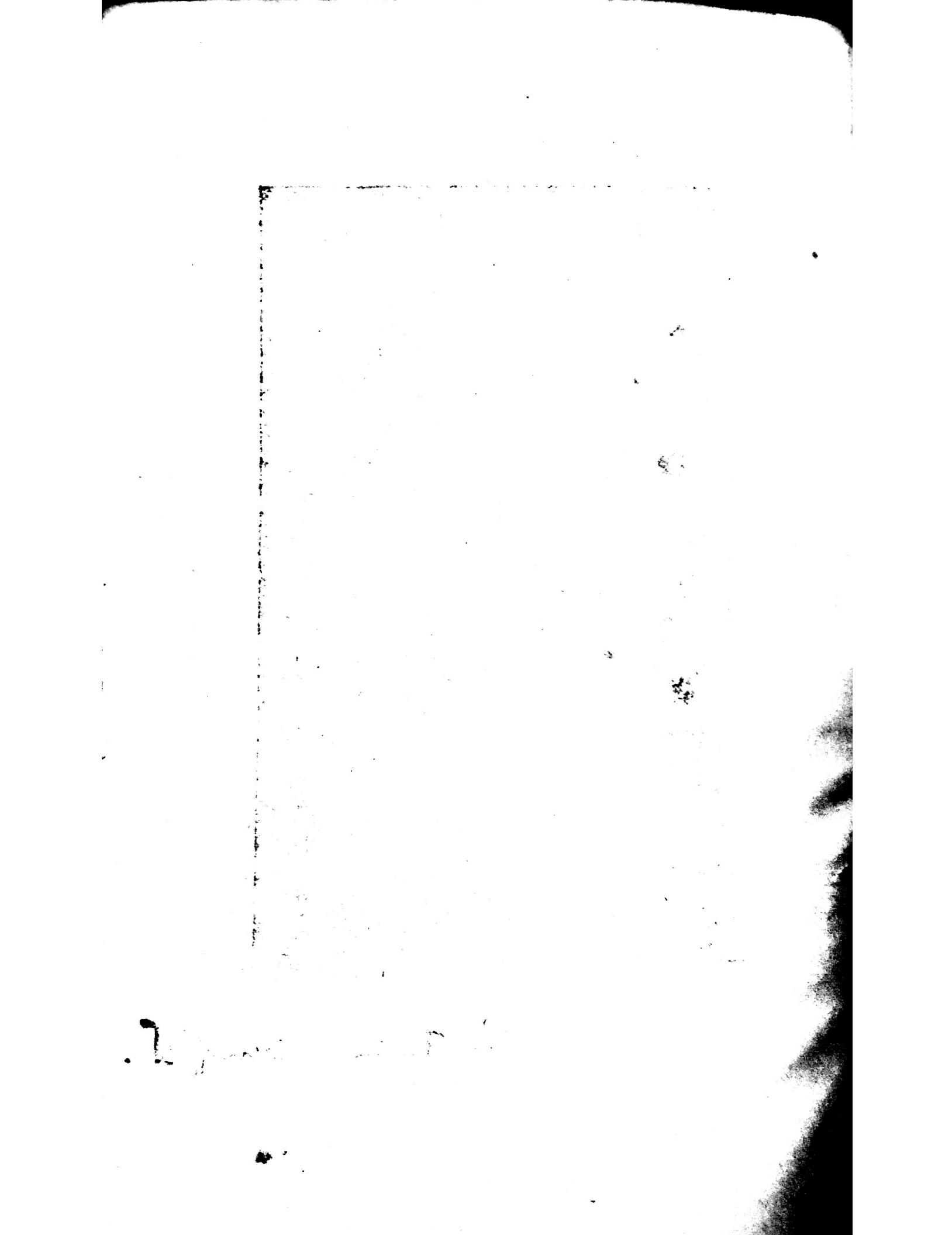
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Katherine Mansfield.



# The Adelphi

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VOL. I. NO. I.

JUNE, 1923

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## THE CAUSE OF IT ALL

*By John Middleton Murry*

NOWADAYS I once more ride on the top of a 'bus from Trafalgar Square to Hampstead. It is a favourite ride of mine ; it has always had the merit of taking me home. Suddenly I look down over the side at the crowd of people on the pavement corner at Camden Town, and I am astonished and frightened. Not always. Nine days out of ten I can do this thing with impunity. I look, but I do not see. But on the tenth something happens. I am aware of a dozen people rushing violently, as though possessed, towards the *Star* man's yellow poster. *The Thousand Guineas!* And I, who have drawn a blank in every sweepstake for which I paid my half-crown, who once went as a schoolboy to the City and Suburban and stood for an hour watching a bookmaker called "Fred Bacon of Putney"—he drank a bottle of Bass regularly at five-minute intervals—without daring to hand him the shilling I wanted to gamble, realize that I understand nothing about people at all.

The top of my 'bus becomes as the firm deck of a ship in an unknown ocean. For a moment the mere thought that I might have to descend into that crowd

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appals me. I am frightened. I say to myself that if I were really to get down, it would be all right. I have only to stop one of the men so blindly intent on learning the winner of the four o'clock race, to ask him the way to some street or other, and he will treat me like a human being and a brother. For a second he may even forget that he wants to know the winner, while he repeats : " Third to the right, second to the left, under the arch by the cabman's shelter—that'll take you *right* into it." He will stop to say it even a third time. I shall find it, in fact, quite hard to get away.

So it would be, I know, and so I argue myself out of my unreasoning fear. We are very much the same sort of people. If he were to ask *me* the way, I should find myself also repeating for the third time : " Third to the right, second to the left . . ." and he might find it very hard to get away from *my* civility. Yes, indeed, it's very difficult to choose between us. He cannot get through a day without the excitement of putting a shilling on a horse ; I cannot get through one without the excitement of wondering what it is all about. That was precisely what I was wondering when I took that ill-advised glance down on to the pavement at Camden Town. It was that which made me feel that there was a gulf between us. If I had told him my thought, he would have smiled compassionately. Now I see that if he had told me the winner of the four o'clock race, I should have found nothing better to do than to smile compassionately also.

And that is comforting. We are in the same boat, after all. And perhaps we are after very much the same thing. He seeks satisfaction for his soul in backing horses, I in wondering what men live by nowadays. His betting and my preoccupation are cousins at least. The chief difference between us, I suppose, is that his particular kind of dope, like insulin, needs to be injected every twenty-four hours,

## THE CAUSE OF IT ALL

except on Sunday when there is the *News of the World*, while I keep myself going by looking for something whose effect shall be permanent.

That is enough to go on with. I no longer have the feeling that we may be engaged in something futile and incomprehensible. I confess that it did seize hold of me. When I began to write these first few words of a new magazine, I was suddenly smitten with the terror that visited me when I glanced down on the crowd at Camden Town. There is a gulf between us : why make the vain attempt to bridge it? It was all very well (said my attendant demon) when you were occupied in trying to get THE ADELPHI organized. Then you ran from printer to paper-maker, from paper-maker to estate agent, and when you got home you passed the remaining hours in writing letters. You had no time to think about what you were doing. You were caught up in the practical business of realizing an idea you had months ago. But now that self-forgetful phase is over. You are up against it, chuckled my demon.

Furthermore, he whispered to me of the happiness I had thrown away—the full sight of the perfection of that spring I had waited for, when, as each February day brought still more rain, I said to myself : But how wonderful this May will be! I have not seen it. A spring that was precious to me beyond all other springs I have simply thrown away, in order to stump up and down the pavements of Fleet Street and the Adelphi. There never will be such another spring as this one I have rejected ; there never can be. When I went back, the other day, to the remote cottage I lived in through February and March, the apple trees were in full bloom. The place was changed ; I had not even seen the buds begin to open ; I had lost touch. I had promised myself that not a day should pass without my going to learn—something I needed to learn—from

## THE ADELPHI

watching each apple tree come into its own. Yet I should not have returned to the cottage at all, had it not contained a manuscript I needed for this magazine!

During these weeks of activity, when I have been editor, press-agent, advertising man, and business manager rolled into one, I have had no time to think at all. I have only known my demon was waiting for me the moment I had time to turn my head his way.

To-night he caught me. I must have known it was going to happen. After hoarding up this evening, setting it apart days ahead, for the purpose of writing the introductory article for this magazine, I suddenly said to my friends who were going to a dinner-party, "I'll come with you." I don't like dinner-parties. After long experience I have come to the conclusion that they are not in my line. I systematically elude them. Yet to-night I positively jumped at the chance of going to a dinner-party to which I had not even been invited.

Not because I am afraid of work. I have done as much work as most people, and indeed I rather like it. But simply because I was afraid of my demon. Afraid unconsciously, of course. If I had known I was trying to avoid him, I would have done my best to look him in the eyes. I have found it the best way.

As it was, I had got so far as beginning to change my clothes before I knew I was shirking. Then I put my coat on again, and on my way downstairs to a solitary supper, called out, "No, I'm not coming after all. I've got to work." There was some argument; but I held my ground. The door slammed with an empty echo.

Then, in the silent house, the trouble began. I felt very much alone. Well, that had happened before : I know how to deal with that. But I had to do something more, to begin to write, to justify THE ADELPHI, to write boldly, to unfurl and wave a flag. And my demon

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simply sniggered. What *is* the point? he said. What *can* you do? And then he gave up questions and played his trump card. He recalled my glimpse from the 'bus at Camden Town; he put my garden before me in all its beauty. It was clever of him; but he has lost the game.

No, when it comes to the point, the secret, deep-down point that sometimes takes years to discover, we know we are not isolated. That is enough. But we can say more. We believe in life. Just that. And to reach that belief, to hold it firm and unshakable, has been no easy matter for some of us. We have paid for it. Good!

But now we have it, we know it is a precious thing. We have to fight for it. We know it is worth fighting for, the only thing worth fighting for. We fight in our own way with our pens. But what we write with our pens in this magazine will have been paid for, honestly, by our lives, in the world of experience.

To fight, for people like ourselves, means to make sacrifices. You will meet with many names you know in this magazine. Probably you will buy it because you have learned to trust in one or other of them. But each one of these people whose name is familiar to you will have made a sacrifice by writing for THE ADELPHI. The writers, because they can make far more money by writing elsewhere, the men of science in that they turn aside from their researches to expound their ideas to those who are not familiar with them.

Oh, don't run away with the idea that this paper is run by charity. "You will live either by charity or advertisement," Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote at the end of a prospectus which I sent him. But there are some things which Mr. Bernard Shaw does not care to know. He is a clever man, infinitely more clever than I am; yet I may know one or two things that he does not

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know, because he does not want to know them. And one of these may be that there is such a thing as disinterested enthusiasm for an idea. Perhaps THE ADELPHI will prove it to him.

At present Mr. Shaw believes that I am "an energetic young journalist who has succeeded in persuading a capitalist to part with enough money to set him up as editor of a magazine." It's so plausible that even I had my moment of doubt. "Journalist"—yes, of course. "Young"—thirty-four isn't exactly old. "Energetic"—well, in a way. "Succeeds in persuading a capitalist"—the little that there is was offered unasked, by a friend to a friend. Still, as near to the truth as most statements are. And yet all wrong, utterly and hopelessly wrong.

This magazine is run neither by capital nor by charity nor by advertisement, but by a belief in life. I have not cajoled a single person to write for it. I have put the idea before them as straightforwardly as I could; and I have waited for the answer. I have told you part of Mr. Shaw's. The rest are secret; but I am content.

For lack of words I have been inaccurate. Belief in life is not, strictly speaking, an idea at all. It is a faith. A moment comes in a man's life when suddenly all the hard things are made plain, when he knows quite simply that there is a good and a bad, that he must fight for the one and make war on the other. And the good things are the things which make for life, and the bad things are the things which make for decay. He begins to know which is which. Oh, not with his head, that poor old head which has landed him in so many quagmires, led him into so many dazes and mazes, but with some faculty far simpler, far more living, far more exacting in its demands upon his loyalty than the mere intellect can ever be. And now what was an inclination

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becomes a necessity, what was a distaste becomes a hatred, what was a possibility becomes a passion.

I do not mean that all those who will write in THE ADELPHI believe in life in my way. Some of them do, I know ; and some of them reached their belief before me. There is a whole generation which has had to struggle for a faith ; there is an older generation which was not involved in that necessity. Perhaps these two generations can never quite understand each other. It does not matter. There is something better than understanding. There is this instant recognition that in spite of all differences and peculiarities we are on the same side—together for life, together against decay. That is good enough. We can ask for nothing more, for nothing better.

But don't go away with the notion that we shall be a tuneful and harmonious choir of the young and the old and the middle-aged, chanting incessant Hosannas to Life. There are, as I say, different ways, many different ways, of believing in life. I think I can recognize them when I see them ; but I should be hard put to it to invent a neat little intellectual definition to include them all. But here are some of them. You may simply believe that life, as it is, squalor lit by sudden splendours, splendour darkened by sudden squalors, is in itself glorious and enchanting and beautiful. Or you may believe that life as it is is terrible, a mere caricature of the splendid thing it might be. Or you may believe that the truth is precious and the lie is hateful beyond all other earthly things we know. Or you may believe that literature and music and painting at their pinnacle reveal to us Pisgah sights of a mode of existence more perfect and more candid than our own, a world we might inhabit, if only our minds would suddenly slip sideways across the thin abyss. Or you may believe that man has it in his

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power, if only he had the will, so to reshape his own inward being that mood and circumstance have no more dominion over him. Or you may believe that the serene world of science, that keen compulsive air in which the lie collapses instantly by its own rottenness, is the tabernacle of the Lord where man should delight to dwell for ever.

Any of these things, and other things like these, you may believe in, and by believing in them you will believe in life, *if*—. If you believe in them passionately, if you are prepared to make sacrifices for them, if, when the moment comes, you are prepared to *act* on their behalf.

THE ADELPHI is nothing if it is not an act. It is not a business proposition, or a literary enterprise, or a nice little book in a pretty yellow cover ; it is primarily and essentially an assertion of a faith that may be held in a thousand different ways, of a faith that life is important, and that more life should be man's chief endeavour ; that the writers who give us life, the men of science who seek to make our knowledge and command of it more central, and all those who try to express by the written word their conviction that man's conduct of life is his most pressing concern, are knit together by a common conviction that man must be true to his own experience.

Perhaps that is the secret, vague though the phrase may be. For there is the experience which comes from without, and the reaction to that experience which comes from within. Yet both are experience. To have learned through enthusiasms and sorrows what things they are within and without the self that make for more life or less, for fruitfulness or sterility ; to hold to the one and eschew the other ; to seek to persuade and reveal and convince ; to be ready to readjust one's values at the summons of a new truth that is known and

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felt ; to be unwearied in learning how to discriminate more sharply between the false and the true, the trivial and the significant, in life and in men and in works ; to be prepared to take a risk for what seems the finer and better thing—that is, perhaps, all we can do. Yet somehow, as I write the words, that “ perhaps all we can do ” seems a very meagre phrase. The endeavour to be true to experience strikes me at this moment as the most precious privilege of all. To have found a loyalty from which one cannot escape, which one must for ever acknowledge—no, one cannot ask for more.

All this, I know, is the most frightful give-away. Above all for an editor. But I am not an editor. I would do anything, I verily believe, rather than be an editor any more. Anyone who can do the job whose scope I have been trying to describe may have my place for the asking ; and I will help to pay his salary, because I believe that now, at this point of time, it has got to be done. Till he comes forward I will hold the fort. But I am only a *locum tenens* for a better man.

So I am quite undisturbed by the thought that I have given myself away. I really don't care a rap for the clever ones and the sniggerers and the people who say “ How amusing ! ” because they haven't anything truer to say. Once upon a time I was rather frightened of them. But now no more. I know that there are important things—and they are not among them. Except in so far as they corrupt the atmosphere.

Besides, it is as well that I should have given myself away pretty completely. First, because I don't want people to buy this magazine under false pretences. I want them to have an inkling of the kind of thing they may expect to find in it. All I ask is that if occasionally they get a shock, they should wait a day or two and try to make up their minds whether it may not, after all,

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have been a salutary and life-giving shock, before they stop their order at the newsagent's.

And the second reason why I am glad to have given myself away is that, as I see it in my mind's eye, this magazine will be the place where other and more important people than myself will give themselves away. When a man expresses his deepest convictions he cannot help giving himself away with both hands. And now is the time when those who have convictions must make their voices heard above the chatter of those who have none.

That is the end of this article, or homily, or outburst, or profession of faith. The end for this month. It will be continued. And so, I suppose, will this little postscript, appendix, or appendage. In this I shall tell you how the magazine is going on, what is going to be printed in it next month (that is, if I happen to know), whether it is succeeding beyond our expectations or falling short of them. Here I shall reply to people who criticize; and here I shall tell our readers what we expect from them. I dare say it will be a great deal. If they do us the honour of expecting a great deal from us, it is only right that we should retaliate.

Here, for a beginning, is the text of a private instruction I had drafted. It was entitled "Advice to Intending Contributors," and designed for those who had designs on these pages.

"When anyone feels strongly about something—other than politics, which has thousands of platforms and pulpits of its own—when he is convinced of the importance of something, then—and not till then—let him write for THE ADELPHI. Either an article of 1,500-3,000 words, or a note of 50-500 words. No matter what the subject, or how apparently trivial the occasion, provided he feels strongly about it and manages to communicate the reality of his feeling in

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his words, his contribution will be regarded. If some imbecility in a newspaper exasperates him, if some casual sight in the street excites him, if some reading in a forgotten or unknown book encourages and stimulates him, if he finds some interesting and valuable fact, then let him write a note. If THE ADELPHI itself annoys him, if he wants to contradict or argue with its contributors, let him write a letter. We shall print only what we think important in it ; but what we print will be paid for.

" Probably there are more people who can write well than can write short stories, or poems, or articles well. The real excuse for trying to do those things is that you can't help it. THE ADELPHI wants only those things that you can't help writing, because you will burst if you don't."

Finally, we shall try to discover one really good short story every month. We shall print any poem that seems to us as interesting as a good short story. Next month we shall begin to publish Katherine Mansfield's " Journal."

This month, you will find, under the title " The Contributors' Club," the first outlines of a feature unique in English journalism. Here the contributors to the paper will give vent to their personal opinions on books, on events, on life. Here they will be found saying what they want to say, not what they are asked to say.

On the last page there is a list of " Books to Buy " and " Books to Borrow." This list is drawn up on the principle that most of our readers have to think twice (or twenty times) before spending more than 7s. 6d. on a book. When we tell you to buy a book that costs more than that, you may depend on it that it will be worth making a sacrifice to have it for your own.

# THE SAMUEL JOSEPHS

*By Katherine Mansfield*

THE Samuel Josephs were not a family. They were a swarm. The moment you entered the house they cropped up and jumped at you from under the tables, through the stair rails, behind the doors, behind the coats in the passage. Impossible to count them: impossible to distinguish between them. Even in the family groups that Mrs. Samuel Josephs caused to be taken twice yearly—herself and Samuel in the middle, Samuel with parchment roll clenched on knee and she with the youngest girl on hers—you never could be sure how many children really were there. You counted them, and then you saw another head or another small boy in a white sailor suit perched on the arm of a basket chair. All the girls were fat, with black hair tied up in red ribbons and eyes like buttons. The little ones had scarlet faces, but the big ones were white with black heads and dawning moustaches. The boys had the same jetty hair, the same button eyes, but they were further adorned with ink-black finger-nails. (The girls bit theirs, so the black didn't show.) And every single one of them started a pitched battle as soon as possible after birth with every single other.

When Mrs. Samuel Josephs was not turning up their clothes or down their clothes (as the sex might be) and beating them with a hairbrush, she called this pitched battle "airing their lungs." She seemed to take a pride in it, and to bask in it from far away like a fat general watching through field-glasses his troops in violent action.

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Lottie's weeping died down as she ascended the Samuel Josephs' stairs, but the sight of her at the nursery door with swollen eyes and a blob of a nose gave great satisfaction to the little S. J.s, who sat on two benches before a long table covered with American cloth and set out with immense platters of bread and dripping and two brown jugs that faintly steamed.

"Hullo! You've been crying!"

"O-oh! Your eyes have gone right in!"

"Doesn't her nose look funny!"

"You're all red-an'-patchy!"

Lottie was quite a success. She felt it and swelled, smiling timidly.

"Go and sit by Zaidee, ducky," said Mrs. Samuel Josephs, "and Kezia—you sit at the end by Boses."

Moses grinned and pinched her behind as she sat down, but she pretended to take no notice. She did hate boys!

"Which will you have?" asked Stanley (a big one), leaning across the table very politely and smiling at Kezia. "Which will you have to begin with—strawberries and cream or bread and dripping?"

"Strawberries and cream, please," said she.

"Ah-h-h!" How they all laughed and beat the table with their teaspoons. Wasn't that a take-in! Wasn't it! Wasn't it, now! Didn't he fox her! Good old Stan!

"Ma! She thought it was real!"

Even Mrs. Samuel Josephs, pouring out the milk and water, smiled indulgently. It was a merry tea.

After tea the young Samuel Josephs were turned out to grass until summoned to bed by their servant-girl standing in the yard and banging on a tin tray with a potato-masher.

"Know what we'll do," said Miriam. "Let's go an' play hide-an'-seek all over Burnells'. Their back

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door is still open because they haven't got the side-board out yet. I heard Ma tell Glad Eyes *she* wouldn't take such ole rubbish to a new house! Come on! Come on!"

"No, I don't want to," said Kezia, shaking her head.

"O-oh! Don't be soft. Come on—do!"

Miriam caught hold of one of her hands; Zaidee snatched at the other.

"I don't not want to, either, if Kezia doesn't," said Lottie, standing firm. But she, too, was whirled away. Now the whole fun of the game for the S. J.s was that the Burnell kids didn't want to play. In the yard they paused. Burnells' yard was small and square, with flower beds on either side. All down one side big clumps of arum lilies aired their rich beauty; on the other side there was nothing but a straggle of what the children called "grandmother's pincushions," a dull, pinkish flower, but so strong it would push its way and grow through a crack of concrete.

"You've only got one w. at your place," said Miriam, scornfully. "We've got two at ours. One for men and one for ladies. The one for men hasn't got a seat."

"Hasn't got a seat!" cried Kezia. "I *don't* believe you."

"It's-true-it's-true-it's-true! Isn't it, Zaidee?" And Miriam began to dance and hop, showing her flannelette drawers.

"Course it is," said Zaidee. "Well, you *are* a baby, Kezia!"

"I don't not believe it either, if Kezia doesn't," said Lottie, after a pause.

But they never paid any attention to what Lottie said. Alice Samuel Josephs tugged at a lily leaf, twisted it off, turned it over. It was covered on the under side with tiny blue and grey snails.

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"How much does your Pa give you for collecting snails?" she demanded.

"Nothing!" said Kezia.

"Reely! Doesn't he give you anything? Our Pa gives us a ha'penny a hundred. We put them in a bucket with salt and they go all bubbly, like spittle. Don't you get any pocket money?"

"Yes, I get a penny for having my hair washed," said Kezia.

"An' a penny a tooth," said Lottie, softly.

"My! Is that *all!* One day Stanley took the money out of all our money boxes, and Pa was so mad he rang up the police-station."

"No, he didn't. Not reely," said Zaidee. "He only took the telephone down an' spoke in it to frighten Stan."

"Ooh, you fibber! Ooh, you are a fibber!" screamed Alice, feeling her story totter. "But Stan was so frightened he caught hold of Pa and screamed and bit him and then he lay on the floor and banged with his head as hard as ever."

"Yes," said Zaidee, warming. "And at dinner, when the door bell rang an' Pa said to Stan, 'There they are—they've come for you,' do you know what Stan did?" Her button eyes snapped with joy. "He was sick—all over the table!"

"How perfectly *horrid*," said Kezia, but even as she spoke she had one of her "ideas." It frightened her so that her knees trembled, but it made her so happy she nearly screamed with joy.

"Know a new game," said she. "All of you stand in a row and each person hold a narum lily head. I count one—two—three, and when 'three' comes all of you have to bite out the yellow bit and scrunch it up, and who swallows first—wins."

The Samuel Josephs suspected nothing. They liked the game. A game where something had to be

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destroyed always fetched them. Savagely they broke off the big white blooms and stood in a row before Kezia.

"Lottie can't play," said Kezia.

But anyway it didn't matter. Lottie was still patiently bending a lily head this way and that—it would not come off the stem for her.

"One—two—three," said Kezia.

She flung up her hands with joy as the Samuel Josephs bit, chewed, made dreadful faces, spat, screamed, and rushed to Burnells' garden tap. But that was no good : only a trickle came out. Away they sped, yelling.

"Ma! Ma! Kezia's poisoned us."

"Ma! Ma! Me tongue's burning off."

"Ma! Ooh, Ma!"

"Whatever *is* the matter?" asked Lottie, mildly, still twisting the frayed, oozing stem. "Kin I bite my lily off like this, Kezia?"

"No, silly." Kezia caught her hand. "It burns your tongue like anything."

"Is that why they all ran away?" said Lottie. She did not wait for an answer. She drifted to the front of the house and began to dust the chair legs on the lawn with a corner of her pinafore.

Kezia felt very pleased. Slowly she walked up the back steps and through the scullery into the kitchen. Nothing was left in it except a lump of gritty yellow soap in one corner of the window-sill and a piece of flannel stained with a blue-bag in the other. The fireplace was choked with a litter of rubbish. She poked among it for treasure, but found nothing except a hair tidy, with a heart painted on it, that had belonged to the servant-girl. Even that she left lying, and she slipped through the narrow passage into the drawing-room.

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The venetian blind was pulled down but not drawn close. Sunlight, piercing the green chinks, shone once again upon the purple urns brimming over with yellow chrysanthemums that patterned the walls. The hideous box was quite bare, so was the dining-room, except for the sideboard that stood in the middle forlorn, its shelves edged with a scallop of black leather. But this room had a "funny" smell. Kezia lifted her head and sniffed again, to remember. Silent as a kitten she crept up the ladder-like stairs. In Mr. and Mrs. Burnell's room she found a pill-box, black and shiny outside and red in, holding a blob of cotton wool. "I could keep a bird's egg in that," she decided. The only other room in the house—the little tin bathroom did not count—was *their* room, where Isabel and Lottie had slept in one bed and she and Grandma in another. She knew there was nothing there; she had watched Grandma pack. Oh, yes, there was! A stay button stuck in a crack of the floor and in another crack some beads and a long needle. She went over to the window and leaned against it, pressing her hands against the pane.

From the window you saw beyond the yard a deep gully filled with tree ferns and a thick tangle of wild green, and beyond that there stretched the esplanade bounded by a broad stone wall against which the sea chafed and thundered. (Kezia had been born in that room. She had come forth squealing out of a reluctant mother in the teeth of a Southerly Buster. The Grandmother, shaking her before the window, had seen the sea rise in green mountains and sweep the esplanade. The little house was like a shell to its loud booming. Down in the gully the wild trees lashed together and big gulls, wheeling and crying, skimmed past the misty window.)

Kezia liked to stand so before the window. She

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liked the feeling of the cold, shining glass against her hot little palms, and she liked to watch the funny white tops that came on her fingers when she pressed them hard against the pane.

As she stood the day flickered out and sombre dusk entered the empty house, thievish dusk stealing the shapes of things, sly dusk painting the shadows. At her heels crept the wind, snuffling and howling. The windows shook, a creaking came from the walls and the floors, a piece of loose iron on the roof banged forlornly. Kezia did not notice these things severally, but she was suddenly quite, quite still, with wide-open eyes and knees pressed together—terribly frightened. Her old bogey, the dark, had overtaken her, and now there was no lighted room to make a despairing dash for. Useless to call “*Grandma!*”—useless to wait for the servant-girl’s cheerful stumping up the stairs to pull down the blinds and light the bracket lamp. There was only Lottie in the garden. If she began to call Lottie *now* and went on calling loudly all the while she flew downstairs and out of the house, she might escape from It in time. It was round like the sun. It had a face. It smiled, but It had no eyes. It was yellow. When she was put to bed with two drops of aconite in the medicine glass It breathed very loudly and firmly, and It had been known on certain particularly fearful occasions to turn round and round. It hung in the air. That was all she knew, and even that much had been very difficult to explain to Grandmother.

Nearer came the terror, and more plain to feel the “silly” smile. She snatched her hands from the window-pane, opened her mouth to call Lottie, and fancied that she did call loudly, though she made no sound. It was at the top of the stairs; It was at the bottom of the stairs, waiting in the little dark passage, guarding the back door. But Lottie was at the back door, too.

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"Oh, there you are!" she said, cheerfully. "The storeman's here. Everything's on the dray—and *three* horses, Kezia! Mrs. Samuel Josephs has given us a big shawl to wear round us, and she says 'Button up your coat.' She won't come out because of asthma, and she says, 'Never do it again.'" Lottie was very important.

"Now then, you kids," called the storeman. He hooked his big thumbs under their arms. Up they swung. Lottie arranged the shawl "most beautifully," and the storeman tucked up their feet in a piece of old blanket.

"*Lift up!* Easy does it!" They might have been a couple of young ponies.

The storeman felt over the cords holding his load, unhooked the brake-chain from the wheel, and, whistling, he swung up beside them.

"Keep close to *me*," said Lottie, "because otherwise you pull the shawl away from my side, Kezia."

But Kezia edged up to the storeman. He towered up beside her, big as a giant, and he smelled of nuts and wooden boxes.

# TREES AND BABIES AND PAPAS AND MAMMAS

*By D. H. Lawrence*

I come out solemnly with a pencil and an exercise-book, and take my seat in all gravity at the foot of a large fir-tree, and wait for thoughts to come, gnawing like a squirrel on a nut. But the nut's hollow.

I think there are too many trees. They seem to crowd round and stare at me, and I feel as if they nudged one another when I'm not looking. I can *feel* them standing there. And they won't let me get on about the baby this morning. Just their cussedness. I felt they encouraged me like a harem of wonderful silent wives, yesterday.

It is half-rainy too—the wood so damp and still and *so* secret, in the remote morning air. Morning, with rain in the sky, and the forest subtly brooding, and me feeling no bigger than a pea-bug between the roots of my fir. The trees seem so much bigger than me, so much stronger in life, prowling silent around. I seem to feel them moving and thinking and prowling, and they overwhelm me. Ah, well, the only thing is to give way to them.

It is the edge of the Black Forest—sometimes the Rhine far off, on its Rhine plain, like a bit of magnesium ribbon. But not to-day. To-day only trees, and leaves, and vegetable presences. Huge straight fir-trees, and big beech-trees sending rivers of roots into the ground. And cuckoos, like noise falling in drops off the leaves. And me, a fool, sitting by a grassy

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wood-road with a pencil and a book, hoping to write more about that baby.

Never mind. I listen again for noises, and I smell the damp moss. The looming trees, so straight. And I listen for their silence. Big, tall-bodied trees, with a certain magnificent cruelty about them. Or barbarity. I don't know why I should say cruelty. Their magnificent, strong, round bodies! It almost seems I can hear the slow, powerful sap drumming in their trunks. Great full-blooded trees, with strange tree-blood in them, soundlessly drumming.

Trees that have no hands and faces, no eyes. Yet the powerful sap-scented blood roaring up the great columns. A vast individual life, and an overshadowing will. The will of a tree. Something that frightens you.

Suppose you want to look a tree in the face? You can't. It hasn't got a face. You look at the strong body of a trunk : you look above you into the matted body-hair of twigs and boughs : you see the soft green tips. But there are no eyes to look into, you can't meet its gaze. You keep on looking at it in part and parcel.

It's no good looking at a tree, to know it. The only thing is to sit among the roots and nestle against its strong trunk, and not bother. That's how I write all about these planes and plexuses, between the toes of a tree, forgetting myself against the great ankle of the trunk. And then, as a rule, as a squirrel is stroked into its wickedness by the faceless magic of a tree, so am I usually stroked into forgetfulness, and into scribbling this book. My tree-book, really.

I come so well to understand tree-worship. All the old Aryans worshipped the tree. My ancestors. The tree of life. The tree of knowledge. Well, one is bound to sprout out some time or other, chip of the old Aryan block. I can so well understand tree-worship. And fear the deepest motive.

Naturally. This marvellous vast individual without

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a face, without lips or eyes or heart. This towering creature that never had a face. Here am I between his toes like a pea-bug, and him noiselessly over-reaching me. And I feel his great blood-jet surging. And he has no eyes. But he turns two ways. He thrusts himself tremendously down to the middle earth, where dead men sink in darkness, in the damp, dense undersoil, and he turns himself about in high air. Whereas we have eyes on one side of our head only, and only grow upwards.

Plunging himself down into the black humus, with a root's gushing zest, where we can only rot dead ; and his tips in high air, where we can only look up to. So vast and powerful and exultant in his two directions. And all the time, he has no face, no thought : only a huge, savage, thoughtless soul. Where does he even keep his soul ?—Where does anybody ?

A huge, plunging, tremendous soul. I would like to be a tree for a while. The great lust of roots. Root-lust. And no mind at all. He towers, and I sit and feel safe. I like to feel him towering round me. I used to be afraid. I used to fear their lust, their rushing black lust. But now I like it, I worship it. I always felt them huge primeval enemies. But now they are my only shelter and strength. I lose myself among the trees. I am so glad to be with them in their silent, intent passion, and their great lust. They feed my soul. But I can understand that Jesus was crucified on a tree.

And I can so well understand the Romans, their terror of the bristling Hercynian wood. Yet when you look from a height down upon the rolling of the forest —this Black Forest—it is as suave as a rolling, oily sea. Inside only, it bristles horrific. And it terrified the Romans.

The Romans ! They, too, seem very near. Nearer than Hindenburg or Foch or even Napoleon. When I look across the Rhine plain, it is Rome, and the

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legionaries of the Rhine that my soul notices. It must have been wonderful to come from South Italy to the shores of this sea-like forest : this dark, moist forest, with its enormously powerful intensity of tree life. Now I know, coming myself from rock-dry Sicily, open to the day.

The Romans and the Greeks found everything human. Everything had a face, and a human voice. Men spoke, and their fountains piped an answer.

But when the legions crossed the Rhine they found a vast impenetrable life which had no voice. They met the faceless silence of the Black Forest. This huge, huge wood did not answer when they called. Its silence was too crude and massive. And the soldiers shrank : shrank before the trees that had no faces, and no answer. A vast array of non-human life, darkly self-sufficient, and bristling with indomitable energy. The Hercynian wood, not to be fathomed. The enormous power of these collective trees, stronger in their sombre life even than Rome.

No wonder the soldiers were terrified. No wonder they thrilled with horror when, deep in the woods, they found the skulls and trophies of their dead comrades upon the trees. The trees had devoured them : silently, in mouthfuls, and left the white bones. Bones of the mindful Romans—and savage, preconscious trees, indomitable. The true German has something of the sap of trees in his veins even now : and a sort of pristine savageness, like trees, helpless, but most powerful, under all his mentality. He is a tree-soul, and his gods are not human. His instinct still is to nail skulls and trophies to the sacred tree, deep in the forest. The tree of life and death, tree of good and evil, tree of abstraction and of immense, mindless life ; tree of everything except the spirit, spirituality.

But after bone-dry Sicily, and after the gibbering of myriad people all rattling their personalities, I am glad

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to be with the profound indifference of faceless trees. Their rudimentariness cannot know why we care for the things we care for. They have no faces, no minds and bowels : only deep, lustful roots stretching in earth, and vast, lissom life in air, and primeval individuality. You can sacrifice the whole of your spirituality on their altar still. You can nail your skull on their limbs. They have no skulls, no minds nor faces, they can't make eyes of love at you. Their vast life dispenses with all this. But they will live you down.

The normal life of one of these big trees is about a hundred years. So the Herr Baron told me.

One of the few places that my soul will haunt, when I am dead, will be this. Among the trees here near Ebersteinburg, where I have been alone and written this book. I can't leave these trees. They have taken some of my soul.

Excuse my digression, gentle reader. At first I left it out, thinking we might not see the wood for the trees. But it doesn't matter what we see. It's nice just to look round, anywhere.

So there are two planes of being and consciousness and two modes of relation and of function. We will call the lower plane the sensual, the upper the spiritual. The terms may be unwise, but we can think of no other.

Please read that again, dear reader ; you'll be a bit dazzled, coming out of the wood.

It is obvious that from the time a child is born, or conceived, it has a permanent relation with the outer universe, a relation in the two modes, not one mode only. There are two ways of love, two ways of activity in independence. And there needs some sort of equilibrium between the two modes. In the same way, in physical function there is eating and drinking, and excretionation, on the lower plane ; and respiration and heart-beat on the upper plane.

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Now the equilibrium to be established is fourfold. There must be a true equilibrium between what we eat and what we reject again by excretion : likewise between the systole and diastole of the heart, the inspiration and expiration of our breathing. Suffice to say the equilibrium is never quite perfect. Most people are either too fat or too thin, too hot or too cold, too slow or too quick. There is no such thing as an *actual* norm, a living norm. A norm is merely an abstraction, not a reality.

The same on the psychical plane. We either love too much, or impose our will too much, are too spiritual or too sensual. There is not and cannot be any actual norm of human conduct. All depends, first, on the unknown inward need within the very nuclear centres of the individual himself, and, secondly, on his circumstance. Some *must* be too spiritual, some *must* be too sensual. Some *must* be too sympathetic, and some *must* be too proud. We have no desire to say what men *ought* to be. We only wish to say there are all kinds of ways of being, and there is no such thing as human perfection. No man can be anything more than just himself, in genuine living relation to all his surroundings. But that which *I* am, when I am myself, will certainly be anathema to those who hate individual integrity, and want to swarm. And that which I, being myself, am in myself, may make the hair bristle with rage on a man who is also himself, but very different from me. Then let it bristle. And if mine bristle back again, then let us, if we must, fly at one another like two enraged men. It is how it should be. We've got to learn to live from the centre of our own responsibility only, and let other people do the same.

To return to the child, however, and his development on his two planes of consciousness. There is all the time a direct dynamic connection between child and mother, child and father also, from the start. It is a

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connection on two planes, the upper and lower. From the lower sympathetic centre the profound intake of love or vibration from the living co-respondent outside. From the upper sympathetic centre the outgoing of devotion and the passionate vibration of *given* love, given attention. The two sympathetic centres are always, or should always be, counterbalanced by their corresponding voluntary centres. From the great voluntary ganglion of the lower plane, the child is self-willed, independent, and masterful.

In the activity of this centre a boy refuses to be kissed and pawed about, maintaining his proud independence like a little wild animal. From this centre he likes to command and to receive obedience. From this centre likewise he may be destructive and defiant and reckless, determined to have his own way at any cost.

From this centre, too, he learns to use his legs. The motion of walking, like the motion of breathing, is two-fold. First, a sympathetic cleaving to the earth with the foot : then the voluntary rejection, the spurning, the kicking away, the exultance in power and freedom.

From the upper voluntary centre the child watches persistently, wilfully, for the attention of the mother : to be taken notice of, to be caressed, in short, to exist in and through the mother's attention. From this centre, too, he coldly refuses to notice the mother, when she insists on too much attention. This cold refusal is different from the active rejection of the lower centre. It is passive, but cold and negative. It is the great force of our day. From the ganglion of the shoulders, also, the child breathes and his heart beats. From the same centre he learns the first use of his arms. In the gesture of sympathy, from the upper plane, he embraces his mother with his arms. In the motion of curiosity, or interest, which derives from the thoracic ganglion, he spreads his fingers, touches, feels, explores. In the

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motion of rejection he drops an undesired object deliberately out of sight.

And then, when the four centres of what we call the first *field* of consciousness are fully active, then it is that the eyes begin to gather their sight, the mouth to speak, the ears to awake to their intelligent hearings ; all as a result of the great fourfold activity of the first dynamic field of consciousness. And then also, as a result, the mind wakens up to its impressions and to its incipient control. For at first the control is non-mental, even non-cerebral. The brain acts only as a sort of switchboard.

The business of the father, in all this incipient child-development, is to stand outside as a final authority and make the necessary adjustments. Where there is too much sympathy, then the great voluntary centres of the spine are weak, the child tends to be delicate. Then the father by instinct supplies the roughness, the sternness which stiffens in the child the centres of resistance and independence, right from the very earliest days. Often, for a mere infant, it is the father's fierce or stern presence, the vibration of his voice, which starts the frictional and independent activity of the great voluntary ganglion and gives the first impulse to the independence which later on is life itself.

But on the other hand, the father, from his distance, supports, protects, nourishes his child, and it is ultimately on the remote but powerful father-love that the infant rests, in a rest which is beyond mother-love. For in the male the dominant centres are naturally the volitional centres, centres of responsibility, authority, and care.

It is the father's business, again, to maintain some sort of equilibrium between the two modes of love in his infant. A mother may wish to bring up her child from the lovely upper centres only, from the centres of the breast, in the mode of what we call pure or spiritual

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love. Then the child will be all gentle, all tender and tender-radiant, always enfolded with gentleness and forbearance, always shielded from grossness or pain or roughness. Now the father's instinct is to be rough and crude, good-naturedly brutal with the child, calling the deeper centres, the sensual centres, into play. "What do you want? My watch? Well, you can't have it, do you see, because it's mine." Not a lot of explanations of the "You see, darling." No such nonsense. Or if a child wails unnecessarily for its mother, the father must be the check. "Stop your noise, you little brat! What ails you, you whiner?" And if children be too sensitive, too sympathetic, then it will do the child no harm if the father occasionally throws the cat out of the window, or kicks the dog, or raises a storm in the house. Storms there must be. And if the child is old enough and robust enough, it can occasionally have its bottom soundly spanked—by the father, if the mother refuses to perform that most necessary duty. For a child's bottom is made occasionally to be spanked. The vibration of the spanking acts direct upon the spinal nerve-system, there is a direct reciprocity and reaction, the spanker transfers his wrath to the great will-centres in the child, and these will-centres react intensely, are vivified and educated.

On the other hand, given a mother who is too generally hard or indifferent, then it rests with the father to provide the delicate sympathy and the refined discipline. Then the father must show the tender sensitiveness of the upper mode. The sad thing to-day is that so few mothers have any deep bowels of love—or even the breast of love. What they have is the benevolent spiritual will, the will of the upper self. But the will is not love. And benevolence in a parent is a poison. It is bullying. In these circumstances the father must give delicate adjustment, and, above all, some warm, native love from the richer sensual self.

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The question of corporal punishment is important. It is no use roughly smacking a shrinking, sensitive child. And yet, if a child is too shrinking, too sensitive, it may do it a world of good cheerfully to spank its posterior. Not brutally, not cruelly, but with real sound, good-natured exasperation. And let the adult take the full responsibility, half-humorously, without apology or explanation. Let us avoid self-justification at all costs. Real corporal punishments apply to the sensual plane. The refined punishments of the spiritual mode are usually much more indecent and dangerous than a good smack. The pained but resigned disapprobation of a mother is usually a very bad thing, much worse than the father's shouts of rage. And sendings to bed, and no dessert for a week, and so on, are crueler and meaner than a bang on the head. When a parent gives his boy a beating, there is a living passionate interchange. But in these refined punishments, the parent suffers nothing and the child is deadened. The bullying of the refined, benevolent spiritual will is simply vitriol to the soul. Yet parents administer it with all the righteousness of virtue and good intention, sparing themselves perfectly.

The point is here. If a child makes you so that you really want to spank it soundly, then soundly spank the brat. But know all the time *what* you are doing, and always be responsible for your anger. Never be ashamed of it, and never surpass it. The flashing interchange of anger between parent and child is part of the responsible relationship, necessary to growth. Again, if a child offends you deeply, so that you really can't communicate with it any more, then, while the hurt is deep, switch off your connection with the child, cut off your correspondence, your vital communion, and be alone. But never persist in such a state beyond the time when your deep hurt dies down. The only rule is, do what you *really*, impulsively, wish to do. But

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always act on your own responsibility sincerely. And have the courage of your own strong emotions. They enrich the child's soul.

For a child's primary education depends almost entirely on its relation to its parents, brothers, and sisters. Between the mother and child, father and child, the law is this : I, the mother, am myself alone : the child is itself alone. But there exists between us a vital dynamic relation, for which I, being the conscious one, am basically responsible. So, as far as possible, there must be in me no departure from myself, lest I injure the preconscious dynamic relation. I must absolutely act according to my own true spontaneous feeling. But, moreover, I must also have wisdom for myself and for my child. Always, always the deep wisdom of responsibility. And always a brave responsibility for the soul's own spontaneity. Love—what is love? We'd better get a new idea. Love is in all generous impulse—even a good spanking. But wisdom is something else, a deep collectedness in the soul, a deep abiding by my own integral being, which makes me responsible, not for the child, but for my certain duties towards the child, and for maintaining the dynamic flow between the child and myself as genuine as possible : that is to say, not perverted by ideals or by my *will*.

Most fatal, most hateful of all things is bullying. But what is bullying? It is a desire to superimpose my own will upon another person. Sensual bullying, of course, is fairly easily detected. What is more dangerous is ideal bullying. Bullying people into what is ideally good for them. I embrace, for example, an ideal, and I seek to enact this ideal in the person of another. This is ideal bullying. A mother says that life should be all love, all delicacy and forbearance and gentleness. And she proceeds to spin a hateful sticky web of permanent forbearance, gentleness, hushedness around her natur-

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ally passionate and hasty child. This so foils the child as to make him half-imbecile or criminal. I may have ideals if I like—even of love and forbearance and meekness. But I have no right to ask another to have these ideals. And to impose *any ideals* upon a child as it grows is almost criminal. It results in impoverishment and distortion and subsequent deficiency. In our day, most dangerous is the love and benevolence ideal. It results in neurasthenia, which is largely a dislocation or collapse of the great voluntary centres, a derangement of the will. It is in us an insistence upon the one life-mode only, the spiritual mode. It is a suppression of the great lower centres, and a living a sort of half-life, almost entirely from the upper centres. Thence, since we live terribly and exhaustively from the upper centres, there is a tendency now towards phthisis and neurasthenia of the heart. The great sympathetic centre of the breast becomes exhausted, the lungs, burnt by the over-insistence of one way of life, become diseased, the heart strained in one mode of dilation, retaliates. The powerful lower centres are no longer fully active, particularly the great lumbar ganglion, which is the clue to our sensual passionate pride and independence, this ganglion is atrophied by suppression. And it is this ganglion which holds the spine erect. So, weak-chested, round-shouldered, we stoop hollowly forward on ourselves. It is the result of the all-famous love and charity ideal, an ideal now quite dead in its sympathetic activity, but still fixed and determined in its voluntary action.

Let us beware and beware, and beware of having a high ideal for ourselves. But particularly let us beware of having an ideal for our children. So doing, we damn them. All we can have is wisdom. And wisdom is not a theory, it is a state of soul. It is the state wherein we know our wholeness and the complicate, manifold nature of our being. It is the state wherein we know

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the great relations which exist between us and our near ones. And it is the state which accepts full responsibility, first for our own souls, and then for the living dynamic relations wherein we have our being. It is no use expecting the other person to know. Each must know for himself. But nowadays men have even a stunt of pretending that children and idiots alone know best. This is a pretty piece of sophistry, and criminal cowardice, trying to dodge the life-responsibility which no man or woman can dodge without disaster.

The only thing is to be direct. If a child has to swallow castor-oil, then say : " Child, you've got to swallow this castor-oil. It is necessary for your inside. I say so because it is true. So open your mouth." Why try coaxing and logic and tricks with children? Children are more sagacious than we are. They twig soon enough if there is a flaw in our own intention and our own true spontaneity. And they play up to our bit of falsity till there is hell to pay.

" You love mother, don't you, dear? "—Just a piece of indecent trickery of the spiritual will. The great emotions like love are unspoken. Speaking them is a sign of an indecent bullying will.

" Poor pussy ! You must love poor pussy ! "

What cant ! What sickening cant ! An appeal to love based on false pity. That's the way to inculcate a filthy pharisaic conceit into a child. If the child ill-treats the cat, say :

" Stop mauling that cat. It's got its own life to live, so let it live it." Then if the brat persists, give tit for tat.

" What, you pull the cat's tail ! Then I'll pull your nose, to see how you like it." And give his nose a proper hard pinch.

Children *must* pull the cat's tail a little. Children *must* steal the sugar sometimes. They *must* occasionally spoil just the things one doesn't want them to spoil.

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And they *must* occasionally tell stories—tell a lie. Circumstances and life are such that we must all sometimes tell a lie: just as we wear trousers, because we don't choose that everybody shall see our nakedness. Morality is a delicate act of adjustment on the soul's part, not a rule or a prescription. Beyond a certain point the child *shall* not pull the cat's tail, *or* steal the sugar, *or* spoil the furniture, *or* tell lies. But I'm afraid you can't fix this certain soul's humour. And so it must. If at a sudden point you fly into a temper and thoroughly beat the boy for hardly touching the cat—well, that's life. All you've got to say to him is: "There, that'll serve you for all the times you *have* pulled her tail and hurt her." And he will feel outraged, and so will you. But what does it matter? Children have an infinite understanding of the soul's passionate variabilities, and forgive even a real injustice, if it was *spontaneous* and not intentional. They know we aren't perfect. What they don't forgive us is if we pretend we are: or if we *bully*.

# THE ESTUARY

*By H. M. Tomlinson*

## I.

IT was decided that someone must stand by the boat. There was an uncertainty about the tide, and there might be a need to moor her elsewhere. The other two members of the crew did not propose a gamble to decide which one of the three of us should stay with her while the other two went into the town. I was told off as watchman, at once and unanimously, and it was clear that in this the rest of the crew knew they were doing the orderly thing. Their decision was just. It was I who was to be left. It is the lot of the irresolute to get left, though sometimes the process is called the will of God. The boat, with me in it, was abandoned. The two of us had to make the most of each other for an indefinite time.

Perhaps the boat, being a boat of character and experience, had no confidence in her protector, because after a spell of perfect quietude, in which I thought she slept, without warning she began to butt the quay-wall impatiently. She was irritably awake. But I was not going to begin by showing docile haste when a being with such a name as *Brunhilda* demanded my attention so insistently. Instead, I leisurely filled my pipe and lit it, took half a dozen absent-minded draws at it, and then went forward idly and lengthened the mooring-line. The boat fell asleep again at once.

Our line was fast to a ring-bolt, which possibly was in the old stonework of that quay-wall when the ships which moored there were those that made of a voyage

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to America a new and grand adventure. That ring-bolt was rust, chiefly. Its colour was deep and rich. With the sun on it, the iron circle on its stem might have been a strange crimson sea-flower pendent from the rock over the tide. A precipitous flight of unequal steps ran from the top of the quay down its face to the water. The steps continued under the water, but I don't know how far. They gradually dissolved. Of the submerged steps I could not count below the sixth, and even the fourth and fifth were dim in a submarine twilight. The tread of the midway step, which was near my face and just below it, was uncertain whether it ought to be above water or sunk. Sometimes when I looked that way it was under a few inches of glass, and as I looked the glass would become fluid and pour noiselessly from it. Once when the glass covered it I noticed an olive-green crab was on the step, set there, as it were, in crystal. When he darted sideways it seemed unnatural, and as if he were alive and free. But it was just when he moved that I began to suspect that many affairs, an incessant but silent business of life, were going on around me and under the boat.

The water was as still and clear as the air. It seemed but little denser. It was only the apparition of water. It was tinted so faint a beryl that I knew when my fingers touched it only because it was cold, and the air was hot. When first I glanced overside it was like peering into nothing, or at most at something just substantial enough to embody shadows. So I enjoyed the boat, which was tangible. The bleached woodwork of the little craft had stored the sun's heat. Perhaps, though, it was full of the heat of past summers, even of the tropics, and its curious smells were its memories of many creeks and harbours. It had been a ship's boat. In its time it may have been moored to mangrove roots. It had travelled far. I don't know when I enjoyed a pipe so much. The water was talking to

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itself under the boat. We were sunk three fathoms below the top of the quay, out of sight of the world. I could see nothing living but a scattered area of sea-birds resting on the tide. One of the birds, detached, a black-headed gull, was so close that the pencilled lines of his plumage were plain. He cocked an eye at me inquiringly. He came still closer, of his own will or through the will of the tide—there was no telling—and we stared frankly at each other; and I think I may believe he admitted me as a member of whatever society he knows. Not a word was said, nor a sign made, but something passed between us which gave everything a value unfamiliar but, I am confident, more nearly a right value. This made me uncertain as to what might happen next. I felt I was the discoverer of this place. It was doubtful whether it had ever really been seen before. I had accidentally chanced upon its reality. As to those stone steps, I had been up and down them often enough, in other years, but I had the feeling they were new to me this morning, that they turned to me another and an unsuspected face. It was in such a moment that I first saw the crab at my elbow, and when he darted sideways it was as if he were moved by a secret impulse outside himself, the same power which moved the gull towards me, and which pulled the water off the step.

I looked overside to see whether this power were visible, and what it was like. There were six feet of water between me and the wall; and as the sunlight was screened there by the boat's top, but was, at the same time, passing under its keel, I could see to a surprising depth. The steps that were submarine were hung with algae; near the surface of the water their fronds were individual and bright, but they descended and faded into mystery and the half-seen. Some of the larger shapes far below, whatever they were, seemed to be in ambush under the boat, and what they were waiting for in a

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world so dim, removed, and strange, I preferred not to consider, on a fine day. Those lurking forms—they might have been no more than nether darkness itself becoming arborescent wherever sunlight could sink down to it and touch its unfashioned murk into what was lifelike—were eternally patient and still, as confident as things may be which wait in the place where we are told all life began. Midway between the keel of the boat and that lower gloom a glittering little cloud was suspensory. East atom of it in turn caught a glint of sunlight, and became for an instant an emerald point, a star in the fathoms. But I was not the first to detect that shoal of embryonic life. A pale arrow shot upwards from the shadows at the cloud, which instantly dispersed. That quick sand-eel missed his shot.

The cloud was alive ; the water and the dark forest below were populated. The impulse which kept the water moving on and off the step—by now it was using another step for its play, for the tide was falling—continued to shoot flights of those silver arrows into the upper transparency. They flew out of the shadows into the light and were back again quicker than the eye could follow them ; and as casually as though they had known this sort of thing for aeons, the morsels of life suspended in the upper light parted and vanished, to let the arrows through, and then, as by magic, the glittering morsels reformed their company in the same place. No number of darting arrows could destroy their faith in whatever original word they once had been told.

There drifted into the space between the boat and the quay-wall a vitreous hemisphere, a foot across. It had a pattern of violet hieroglyphics in the centre of its body. Its rim was flexible, and in regular spasms contracted and expanded, rolling the medusa along. The creature darkened as it rolled into the shadow of the boat, sank under me, and was suddenly illuminated, like a moon, as it entered the radiance beneath. It was

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while watching it that I noticed in the water some tinted sparks which I was ready to believe came of the quality of the sea itself, for I could see the water was charged with a virtue of immense power. When the jellyfish had gone I watched one of those glims, for it was not doused at once, but merely changed its colour. It moved close to the boat. The sparkling came from a globe of pure crystal, which was poised in the current on two filaments. The scintillating globe, no larger than a robin's egg, floated along in abandon in the world below my boat, sometimes bright in elfish emerald, and then changing to shimmering topaz. Scores of these tiny lamps were burning below, now that my eyes were opened and were sensible of them ; they had been suddenly filled, I suppose, by the power which pulsed the algae, which had turned the medusa into a bright planet, shot the arrows, opened my own intelligence, and given sentience to the other atoms of drifting life. The water was constellated with these little globes changing their hues, and I remembered then that Barbellion said a ctenophore in sunlight was the most beautiful thing in the world. . . . There was a shout above me. The crew had returned. It demanded to know whether I was tired of waiting.

### II.

We pushed out, and the oars shattered the mirror and the revelation. Above the quay the white streets appeared, mounting a quick incline in regular strata. They did not reach the ridge of the hill. That was a wood dark against a cloud. Downstream, at the end of the ridge, our river is met by another, and together they turn to face the sea, a gulf of confused currents and shoals in an exposed region of sandy desert, salting, and marsh, which ends seaward in the usual form of a hooked pebble bank. Beyond the bank is a bay enclosed by two great horns of rock, thirty miles

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apart. The next land westward, straight out between the headlands, is Newfoundland. A white stalk of a lighthouse stands amid the dunes, forlorn and fragile in that bright wilderness, a lamp at our door for travellers.

We went upstream. The sea here penetrates into the very hills. The exposed coils of roots and the lower overhanging branches of oaks in precipitous valleys, which in aspect are remote from the coast, are submerged daily, and shelter marine crustacea ; the fox-gloves and ferns are just above the crabs. Where we grounded our boat, six miles from the lighthouse, the western ocean might have been as distant as Siberia. On this still midsummer afternoon our lonely creek was the conventional picture of the tropics, silent, vivid, and far. The creek—or pill, as the natives of the west country call it in their Anglo-Saxon—is, like all the best corners of the Estuary, uninhabited and unvisited. Perhaps the common notion of the tropics, a place of superb colours, with gracious palms, tree-ferns, and vines haunted by the birds of a milliner's dream, originated in the stage scenery of the *Girls from Ko-Ko* and other equatorial musical comedies, to which sailors have always given their hearty assent. That picture has seldom been denied. What traveller would have the heart to do it? The sons of Adam continue to hope that one day they may return to the Garden, and it would be cruel to warn them that this garden cannot be entered either through the Malay Straits or by the Amazon. We ought to be allowed, I think, to keep a few odd illusions in a world grown so inimical to idle dreaming. Let us preserve the picture of the tropics with our portraits of great statesmen and other pleasing contemporary oleographs. The jungle in reality is rather like mid-ocean where there is no help. The sea is monstrously active, but the jungle is no less fearful because it is quiet and still. It is not coloured.

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know, because he does not want to know them. And one of these may be that there is such a thing as disinterested enthusiasm for an idea. Perhaps THE ADELPHI will prove it to him.

At present Mr. Shaw believes that I am "an energetic young journalist who has succeeded in persuading a capitalist to part with enough money to set him up as editor of a magazine." It's so plausible that even I had my moment of doubt. "Journalist"—yes, of course. "Young"—thirty-four isn't exactly old. "Energetic"—well, in a way. "Succeeds in persuading a capitalist"—the little that there is was offered unasked, by a friend to a friend. Still, as near to the truth as most statements are. And yet all wrong, utterly and hopelessly wrong.

This magazine is run neither by capital nor by charity nor by advertisement, but by a belief in life. I have not cajoled a single person to write for it. I have put the idea before them as straightforwardly as I could; and I have waited for the answer. I have told you part of Mr. Shaw's. The rest are secret; but I am content.

For lack of words I have been inaccurate. Belief in life is not, strictly speaking, an idea at all. It is a faith. A moment comes in a man's life when suddenly all the hard things are made plain, when he knows quite simply that there is a good and a bad, that he must fight for the one and make war on the other. And the good things are the things which make for life, and the bad things are the things which make for decay. He begins to know which is which. Oh, not with his head, that poor old head which has landed him in so many quagmires, led him into so many dazes and mazes, but with some faculty far simpler, far more living, far more exacting in its demands upon his loyalty than the mere intellect can ever be. And now what was an inclination

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cock, and fritillary and white butterflies. On the fore-shore, where a tiny stream emerged from this silent riot, a cormorant on a pile was black and sentinel. King-fishers passed occasionally, streaks of blue light. It was the picture of the tropics, as popularly imaged, but it was what travellers seldom see there.

(*To be concluded.*)

A DISTINGUISHED SWEDE.—At the recent dinner of the international P.E.N. Club a member of the Swedish committee which awards the Nobel prize for literature was placed between two English writers of the younger generation. Perhaps it was the first time a member of the Nobel Committee had been visible to the naked eye in England. Naturally, they seized so rare an opportunity. They pressed the claims of Thomas Hardy on the distinguished Swede ; they pointed out that Hardy was acknowledged on every hand as the greatest living poet and novelist of England. The distinguished Swede smiled indulgently. Oh, yes, he knew Thomas Hardy's works—very pleasant little Victorian stories. He had read them all. But a great writer ? They would pardon him, but as a distinguished Swede who naturally knew the difference between a European and a national reputation. . . . They did their best to pardon him ; they looked at the shape of his distinguished head. Then, moved by a determination to get to the bottom of the mystery, they asked him if he would be so kind as to tell them the name of an English book and an English writer whom he did admire. The distinguished Swede was ready. “ There is a very good book,” he said, earnestly, “ which I have read—the *Sonia* of Mr. Stephen McKenna.”

# THE WOOD DEMON

*By Anton Tchekhov*

[A letter from Anton Tchekhov to A. S. Souvorin, October 18th, 1888, concerning a play which Tchekhov intended to write in collaboration with Souvorin. The play was written by Tchekhov single-handed, and eventually became "Uncle Vanya."]

I have received the beginning of the play. Thank you. Blagosvietlov will go in whole, just as he is. You have done him admirably ; from his very first words he is boring and irritating, and if the public has five consecutive minutes of him, it will get just the impression we want. The spectator will say to himself, "Oh, do shut up ! " Blagosvietlov must have a double effect on the audience—of an intelligent man with the gout and a grievance, and of a tedious piece of music which has been playing for hours. I think you'll see how far you've succeeded with him when I've sketched out the first act and sent it to you.

Of Anoutchin I shall leave only the name and "all that." His conversation needs greasing. He is a soft, oily, amorous nature, and his talk is soft and oily, too. You've made him abrupt, not genial enough. This godfather must exude old age and indolence. His listening to Blagosvietlov is pure indolence ; rather than argue he'd infinitely prefer to have a snooze, or hear stories about Petersburg and the Tsar and literature and science, or feed in pleasant company.

I'll remind you of the plan of our play.

(1) Alexander Platonitch Blagosvietlov, a member of the Privy Council, with the Order of the White Eagle

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and a pension of four hundred a year. The son of a clergyman and educated for a priest. He has got to his position by his own personal efforts. Not a blemish in his past. Suffers from gout, rheumatism, insomnia, and noises in the ears. His property came with his wife. Has a positive mind. He can't stand mystics, dreamers, cranks, poets, or fanatics. He doesn't believe in God, and looks at the whole world from a business point of view. Work, work, work—all the rest is nonsense or humbug.

(2) Boris, his son, a young student, very sensitive and honest, but utterly ignorant of life. Once he imagined himself to be a Social Revolutionary and arranged to dress like a peasant, but he looked like a Turk. Plays the piano admirably, sings with feeling, writes plays in secret, is always falling in love, spends a lot of money, and invariably talks nonsense. He does very little work.

(3) Blagosvietlov's daughter. But don't call her Sasha, please. Since "Ivanov" I'm tired of that name. If the son is Boris, let the daughter be Nastya. (We'll erect an everlasting monument to Boris and Nastya.\* ) Nastya is twenty-two or twenty-four. She is well educated and can think. She's tired of Petersburg, and of the country, too. She's never been in love. Indolent, fond of philosophising, lies on the sofa to read a book. Wants to marry, but only for the sake of a change and not to be left an old maid. Says she could only fall in love with an interesting man. She'd be pleased to marry Poushkin or Edison, but she'd marry an ordinary decent man only out of boredom. Still, she'll respect her husband and love her children. When she's met and listened to the Wood Demon, she surrenders herself wholly to passion, to the uttermost lengths—hysterics and silly, senseless giggling. The powder, made damp by the Petersburg marshes, dries

\* Souvorin's two children were called Boris and Nastya.

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in the sun and explodes with terrific force. . . . I've thought out an extraordinary declaration of love for her.

(4) Anoutchin, an old man. He thinks himself the happiest man in the world. His sons have made their careers, his daughters are married, and he's as free as the wind. He has never been to a doctor, never had a lawsuit, never been decorated, forgets to wind up his watch, and is friends with everybody. He eats well, sleeps well, drinks plenty of wine, with no after-effect, doesn't grumble at his age, can't think about death. Once upon a time he used to feel depressed and grumble, to have a bad appetite and be interested in politics, but he was saved by a single incident. One day, about ten years ago, at a meeting of the District Council he had to make a general apology to everybody present. After which he immediately felt jolly, regained his appetite, and, being a subjective nature and social to the marrow of his bones, came to the conclusion that absolute sincerity and something like a public repentance is a remedy for all diseases. He recommends the remedy to everybody, Blagosvietlov included.

(5) Victor Petrovitch Korovin, a young squire of thirty to thirty-three, the Wood Demon. A poet, a landscape painter, extraordinarily responsive to Nature. Once, while he was still a schoolboy, he planted a little birch tree. When it grew green and began to shake in the wind, when it began to whisper and give a little shade, his soul filled with pride. He had helped God to create a new birch tree! Through his act there was one more tree on the earth! This was the beginning of his own peculiar creativeness. He embodies his idea, not on canvas or paper, but in the earth; not with lifeless paint, but with living organisms. . . . The tree is beautiful; but that's not everything; it has its own right to live, it is as necessary as water, the sun, or the stars. Life on earth is inconceivable without trees. Forests

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condition the climate, the climate influences the character of man, &c., &c. There can be neither civilization nor happiness if the forests fall under the axe, if the climate is rough and hard and the people, too, are rough and hard. . . . The prospect is terrible! He pleases Nastya not with his idea, which is alien to her, but with his talent, his passion, the wide range of his thought. . . . It pleases her that he has swung his mind over the whole of Russia and across ten centuries of the future. When he comes running up to her father, sobbing and with tears, and implores him not to sell his forest to be cut down, she laughs for ecstasy and happiness : at last she has met the man. She never believed in him before when she saw him in her dreams or read of him in books.

(6) Galahov, of the same age as the Wood Demon, but already a Privy Councillor, a rich man, with a high position in a Government department. A bureaucrat to his marrow, he cannot possibly get rid of the bureaucrat in himself, for it is inherited from his grandfathers and in his flesh and blood. He desires to live from the heart, but he cannot. He tries to appreciate Nature and music, but he does not. He's an honest and sincere man, who realizes that the Wood Demon is superior to him, and frankly admits it. He wants to marry for love, thinks he is in love, tunes himself up to a lyrical key, but nothing comes of it. He likes Nastya as a beautiful, intelligent girl, as a good wife—and nothing more.

(7) Vassily Gavrilovitch Volkov, a brother of Blagosvietlov's late wife. He manages Blagosvietlov's estate. (He ran through his own long ago.) He is sorry that he hasn't embezzled. He didn't expect his Petersburg relatives would be so unappreciative of his virtues. He thinks he is not understood ; they don't want to understand him, and he's sorry that he hasn't embezzled. He drinks Vichy and grumbles. His

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deportment is very dignified. He is emphatic that he is not afraid of generals. He shouts.

(8) Lyuba, his daughter. Her mind is set on things of the earth. Chickens, ducks, knives, forks, the cattle-yard, the prize given by the *Neeva* newspaper, which would be put in a frame if she got it, entertaining guests, dinners, suppers, tea—that's her sphere. She takes it as a personal insult if any one wants to pour out tea instead of her, and says to herself, " Ah ! I'm no longer needed in this house." She doesn't like people who spend a great deal of money and do no definite work. She worships Galahov for his positiveness. She must come in agitated from the garden and call shrilly, " How was it Mary and Akulina dared to leave the young turkeys out all night in the dew ? " or something like that. She is always strict. With people and ducks as well. Really domestic women are never over-pleased with what they've done. On the contrary, they try to make out that their life is slavery. " There's no time, God forgive me, for a moment's rest. Every one sits around with their arms folded." Only she, poor dear, has to wear herself to the bone. She lectures Nastya and Boris for their idleness, and she's afraid of Blagosvietlov.

(9) Semyon, a peasant, the Wood Demon's assistant steward.

(10) Feodossyi, a pilgrim, an old man of eighty, but not yet grey. A soldier under Nicholas I., served in the Caucasus, and speaks the native language. A congenital optimist. He loves anecdote and jolly conversations, bows to the ground in front of every one, kisses their shoulder, and insists on kissing women. A lay brother of the Mount Athos Monastery. During his life he has collected 300,000 roubles, and sent off every farthing of it to the monastery. He himself lives by begging. He'll call a man a fool and a scoundrel without any regard to his rank or position.

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That's the whole programme. Not later than Christmas you will receive my material for the first act. I shan't touch Blagosvietlov. He and Galahov belong to you ; I renounce them. Most of Nastya is yours, too. I can't cope with her by myself. Boris isn't difficult to manage. Up to Act IV. the Wood Demon is mine, but in Act IV., until his conversation with Blagosvietlov, he is yours. In that conversation I'll have to see that the general tone of the character is kept—a tone that you won't catch.

In Act II. (the guests) you begin again.

Feodossyi is an episodic character, who, I think, will be needed. I don't want the Wood Demon to be left alone on the stage ; I want Blagosvietlov to feel that he is surrounded by a lot of cranks. I've left out of the plan Mademoiselle Emily, an old Frenchwoman, also in raptures over the Wood Demon. We must show how Wood Demons affect women. Emily is a nice old woman, a governess, who has not yet lost her electricity. When she gets excited she mixes up French and Russian. She's a patient nurse to Blagosvietlov. She's yours. I'll leave blanks for her in Scene I.

I see Alexey (Souverin's son) every day. From being an architect he's turned into an inspector. Bogoliepov has become still more godly. . . . To-day one of the clerks, talking to me, called him "Sunday."

If Jesus Christ had been more radical and said, "Love thy enemy as thyself," he wouldn't have said what he meant. Neighbour is a general conception, and enemy is a particular one. The real misfortune is not that we hate our enemies, who are few, but that we don't sufficiently love our neighbours, who are many—fish enough to fill a pond. Christ might have said, "Love thy enemy as thyself" if he had been a woman. Women like catching up bright, striking, particular applications out of general conceptions. But Christ,

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who stood above enemies and did not notice them, a virile, balanced, and wide-thinking nature, hardly attached any significance to the difference that exists between the particular instances of the conception "neighbour." You and I are subjective. For instance, if we are told something about animals in general, we at once call to our minds wolves and crocodiles, or nightingales and deer. But to a zoologist there is no difference between a wolf and a deer; to him the difference is too insignificant. You have gained a wide grasp of the conception of "newspaper business"; particularities in it, which agitate the public, seem to you insignificant. You have mastered the general conception, and therefore you have succeeded in your newspaper business, whereas those who have mastered only particularities have come to grief. It's the same in medicine. The man who cannot think in a medical way, but bases his judgment on particulars, denies medicine. But Botkin, Zaharin, Virchov, and Pirogov (clever and gifted men, of course) believe in medicine as other people believe in God, because they have lived their lives with the general conception of "medicine." It's just the same, too, with literature. This hunting for "tendencies" has its origin precisely in man's incapacity to rise above the particular.

But this makes the third sheet. It is late. Please forgive me. My love to all your family.

I am perfectly well.

Your A. T.

Don't say anything to anybody about the play.

(Translated by S. S. Koteliansky.)

# ON BEING ONESELF

*By J. W. N. Sullivan*

It often takes a long time for a sensitive, respectful youth to realize that he is one definite person and not an epitome of the human race. We are making no reference here to the entertaining little puzzle propounded by some psychologists as to whether a man can be regarded as a person at all. When we are talking about real human beings, and not about Mr. A. and Mr. B. of the text-books, we know that an analysis which finds that there is no such thing as what we ordinarily mean by a person is merely an analysis that has left something out. We are not referring to a special kind of youth who has been bewildered by the behaviourists, but merely to the youth who has a normal amount of diffidence and modesty.

A young man comes into an intellectual world which he sees, first of all, as a collection of magnificent objects. These objects are all approximately labelled. There is a hierarchy of great names and great achievements—a hierarchy nearly as impersonal, universal, and rigid as a law of Nature. There is something of the museum hush about these exhibits ; they are so obviously imperishable ; they will be so carefully preserved. And everything conspires to make one just simply accept the persistent suggestion that they constitute a different order of being from the things in the street outside. One's duty, in front of these objects, is to admire them, and the admiration, it is understood, should be proportioned to their merit. The great achievements are associated with the great names, which form, in reality,

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nothing but mnemonic helps. This early world is a world which is static and apart.

In some cases this attitude persists. There are quite a number of cultured people whose interest in the arts is not very different from the stamp-collector's interest in his specimens. Such people have made a sort of collection of "the best that has been thought and said" and, at frequent intervals, they spend an hour or two with these treasures. They have their own kind of expertness, also ; a correct taste is quite as technical an accomplishment as is a knowledge of all the varieties of Bermuda stamps. One notices, with such people, a curiously suave impersonality. They are never violent or crude in their judgment ; they suffer from no aberrations. They never change an opinion ; they refine it and make it more expert. And indeed, there is nothing to change in their opinions. It is settled, it is part of the established order of things, that the achievements associated with the great name Dante, for instance, are among the finest objects in the collection. Perhaps an even finer group of objects is in the case labelled Shakespeare. The value of these objects is not a matter dependent upon the caprice of private judgment. They serve, rather, as a test of their critics. Your standing as a cultured person depends upon your reactions before each of these cases. If, for instance, you find Dante dull, you commit a solecism. Even Matthew Arnold laboured to make this point clear. He was irritated by "provincial" judgments in literature. Opinions which did not support the established order he called "saugrenu" and hinted that this was a truly terrible word for anybody to earn. He also recommended, as a protection against this word, that one should carry little chips from the exhibits, as it were, about with one. If you were left alone with some new thing you might inadvertently like it. An excellent incantation, in that case, was to repeat two lines from Dante.

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Immediately the museum would rise up about you, and that atmosphere of eternal calm and inhuman finality would, nine times out of ten, prove altogether too much for the new thing. That it was not a fit object for the museum would at once become apparent, and you would realize you had had a merciful escape.

Well, the sensitive and modest young man does, to begin with, try to come into line. He realizes that his sympathies ought to be both wide and delicate, and he persuades himself that this is what they are. He accepts the hierarchy without question. Often a considerable amount of discipline is necessary. He discovers that he has unregenerate moods, moods when he much prefers H. G. Wells, for instance, to Dante. He learns to accommodate these moods ; he permits himself these moments of relaxation ; he feels that he can afford to do this if he continually bears in mind that Dante does, after all, appeal to the highest part of his nature, that when Dante *does* interest him he interests him in so intense and high-class a way that all lapses become excusable. It is like a public servant who, in his private capacity, does not mind the humourous, affectionate assumption by his friends that he is a thief and a liar but who, if accused of the slightest irregularity in his conduct as a public servant, feels that the really serious and holy places of his heart have indeed been outraged. And so our young man begins to develop a sort of private and public capacity in these matters. He opens his Dante, when he does open him, with a kind of solemnity. He knows that what he is going to experience is something of the very highest class. It is nothing very vivid, perhaps, but even if one could call it boredom it is a boredom which is truly august. It is certainly something very different from mere *amusement*. But presently he begins to make his own private distinctions amongst the great names. He finds that some of them, of indisputable magnitude, really interest

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him as much as the authors he reads in his laxer moods. Amongst the figures in the hierarchy he finds some whose interest for him is not entirely dependent on their standing. And as he realizes this he gradually comes to see that some great achievements mean very little to him. This is a significant moment. This is the beginning of the young man's discovery that he is not, after all, an epitome of the human race, that he is not really a plastic substance that can be moulded into the most approved form, but that he somehow has a life and needs of his own. A little accession of courage, and he may admit to himself that Dante bores him.

But the next step in self-realization may be delayed if our young man now encounters that very curious modern phenomenon, the intellectual snob. It must be remembered that the hierarchy will still be a tremendous thing in the mind of our young man. He is vaguely aware that he must readjust himself towards it, that he is in process of disturbing the established order in favour of some arrangement of his own, but he is not yet fully conscious of the principle of classification that he is adopting. He is dissatisfied, but self-distrustful, and at this moment, we will suppose, he encounters the intellectual snob. A new world is revealed to him, or rather, he becomes aware that there are worlds within worlds. The hierarchy he had been brought up to revere is not, after all, the last word. The whole thing, he sees, is much more subtle than he had ever supposed. He had believed, for instance, that Dickens was the great author, and Flaubert another, but that sort of ranking, he now learns, is almost ludicrously crude and elementary. There is the *artist*—a conception of the most exquisite subtlety. Flaubert was an artist, while Dickens was merely a genius. The revelation is overwhelming. This is a path which only the privileged may tread. There is nothing static in this world; unlimited progress may be made. By the time our young

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man could no more read Dickens than he could eat a haggis he has by no means reached the highest plane possible. The criterion becomes even more subtle and refined. Even Flaubert is seen to be crude. A more exquisite perfection, speaking from the point of view of perfectly pure and, as it were, distilled art, may be found in some early Italian poet or modern South American essayist. To these heights of appreciation few can soar, but to become a member of one of these inner critical rings confers the same kind and intensity of pleasure as to be addressed familiarly by a duchess. If our young man is a sufficiently negative sort of creature he will now become and remain a snob. Or it may be that he will become a snob through sheer lack of interest. If he is one who has no strong reactions in these matters he may find that this particular parlour game, with its concomitants of prestige and that delightful sense of being able to look down on a large number of people, will suffice to fill his vacant hours. He will find that his esoteric allusions, and his assumption that he is one of the elect, enable him to make a large number of more simple people exquisitely uncomfortable and shame-faced. This gives him an agreeable sense of power.

But if our young man has more in him than that he will find, after a time, that the higher snobbishness is merely hampering him. He will revert to his earlier problem with a mind clarified by these exercises. The spell of the traditional hierarchy will be broken. Having been through so much he will no longer shrink from being classed as a man who "knows what he likes." His chief concern will be to find what it is he really does like, to stand by that and never to deny it. He will no longer be afraid of his personal bias. Santayana has said that there comes a time when a man realizes that all life for him has narrowed to one mortal career. A more important moment is when he realizes that he is one particular person. Both moments are realizations

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of limitations, but it is only after such moments that the man can achieve anything real. With the realization that one is not a catholic, receptive agent, with the realization that one is a limited but definite person, comes an entirely different attitude towards people and achievements. They are not now good or bad, judged by some impersonal standard ; they are helps or hindrances. The academic classification may still, in a way, be accepted, but it is not a matter of vital interest. Life becomes dynamic, not static. Great names and great achievements become living, moribund, or dead—living or dead, that is to say, in relation to the principle of life that one feels within oneself. And the arts, instead of being collections of objects called works of art, become manifestations of living impulses. We distinguish the friendly, the less friendly, and the inimical in these impulses. Some give a greater momentum and richness to the mode of life we ourselves are fashioned to live by ; others pollute life, the life that matters to us ; others, again, we are merely indifferent toward. We see the irrelevance of the usual classifications of men, whether they be by nation, class, occupation, or what not. We have been fashioned to work towards a certain goal, to make actual a certain way of living, to hold some things in reverence, and some other things in contempt, to fight for some things and against others. We live in a world where we find hardly anything that is truly indifferent. We can almost say that those who are not with us are against us.

Gorky says of Tolstoy that he took from people and things what added to his own harmony, and neglected the rest. A man does this with everything in life, the arts and sciences, love, citizenship, sport. In all these matters there are certain aspects which are proper and native to him, and others which are not. But to do this he must first become aware of his own harmony ; otherwise he is really as undiscriminating as a jackdaw. And

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at the present day it is unusually difficult for a man to realize what sort of man he is—to be himself, as they say. There are so many insistent voices, there are so many more or less organized groups, there are so many mere swindlers. There is a vast apparatus of suggestion in the modern world. There is hardly any department of modern life which is not full of thieves who have broken through to steal. To distinguish between the true and false, the emancipated and the corrupted, requires exceptional delicacy and integrity. This almost inextricable blending of the base and the noble is particularly prominent in the arts. It is so easy now, in literature or in music, to be smeared by unclean things. Many a young man and woman has been seduced into sitting at the feet of what they supposed was some modern Voltaire, and found that the wit and the grace covered nothing but a stupid sneer. Or they may have found that the indignant denouncer of the wrongs of suffering Europe was really nothing but a cheap little careerist. There is so much of that sort of thing now, and it is so plausibly done. Perhaps the cleanest thing in the modern world is science. It is a difficult atmosphere for charlatans, the prizes for careerists are very small, and it is not a happy medium in which to express corrupt emotions.

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MEN LIKE GODS.—Mr. Wells's novel should convince even a critic as jealous of his criteria as is a patrician of his family code that, so far as Wells is concerned, he had better chuck it. The usual standards will not work. The usual standards are generally wan and helpless when disrespectful genius ought to stand still to be measured, but instead of that prefers to sport about in an inhuman way, enlarging and diminishing and changing shape, which is annoying to those whose habits are settled.

And Wells is the most remarkable phenomenon in English literature since Dickens. Everybody knows his books. Whether we belong to the circle which gravely discusses James Joyce, or whether we read, without subsequent anxiety or discussion, Tarzan and Miss Dell, we know Wells. He is as necessary as the Post Office and as popular as the picture-palace. He is in the nature of things, like Charlie Chaplin and football. He takes us all in. He occupies the blessed planet. He is read in Moscow, Tokio, and Paris. He is only a writer, but his name is as familiar as that of a really great man like Lloyd George.

But then Wells is not merely a teller of tales, any more than was Dickens. He has the power to charge the multitude with new ideas—to make Demos conceive. What the square miles of Rothermere print cannot do, he can, and he does. He pictures dramatically for the crowd its critical perceptions, which are new and unformed, but vaguely trouble it. We hear Wells, and it is as though he had called us to life. We are inarticulate no longer. Our unimportant hopes and doubts and fears cease to be unimportant, lonely, and peculiar, for they are evidently shared by many, and are considered to be deeply significant. What is Wells's place in literature? We don't know, and we don't care,

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but we rejoice that he lives in our time ; and anyhow, which modern book is likely to last longer than *Mr. Polly*? And how will the folk centuries hence know what we were like unless they read Wells? In what other books of our own time are our surmises, our nascent revolts with traditions, our timid questioning of the future, our secret amusement over much that our fellows appear to accept gravely, so blithely and accurately imaged? Wells, in fact, is us.

So was Dickens. Dickens peopled his books with familiar characters, often—some say too often—with their saliences hilariously exaggerated. Wells fills his books with our common ideas, with our troubled questioning of life, with our seeing and hearing, with, as it were, examples of the growing buds in the popular consciousness. His *Men Like Gods* is what many people have wanted to say of modern society and its institutions, as that society shows with the war behind it ; but modern society was that war, and the war was that society, therefore we could only make a picture of it that was a gloomy, indistinguishable mass. But when genius attempts the impossible, it accomplishes it with such ease and certainty that we are left wondering why it was we had never thought of that way of doing it. The author of *Men Like Gods* takes us, and places us against the background of a merely clean and sensible world—which he calls Utopia—and the result is startling. It is not gloomy. It is disastrously funny.

We have always known that figures like Lord Balfour and Mr. Winston Churchill were essentially comic ; that a community in which the light was right would receive their posturings and heroic melodrama with mirth. But the light has never been right for that, for it has been coloured lime-light, worked from the wings for their benefit. When, however, Mr. Wells, with no attempt to disguise them, takes those two admired public figures and several more of their sort

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and places them, with their Earthling hats and clothes, ideas, gestures, and speech, in a country that is free from stupidity and dirt, and especially free from ugliness of mind, and where violent behaviour and eloquent oratory are recognized as symptoms of disease, our laughter begins. These Earthling figures, puzzled and angry in Utopia, which they reached by accident, are such speaking likenesses of our public heroes that a reader is, at first, a little shocked by Mr. Wells's audacity. They might have walked out of Whitehall straight into the book, for they live and speak there.

The implication is clear. The art of Mr. Wells is such that we do not recognize it as art at all, but as life itself. After we have come to that conclusion there is no more to be said.—H. M. TOMLINSON.

GUSTAV HOLST'S "THE PERFECT FOOL.—A classic theatre ; a beautiful auditorium crowded in every part with people of whom quite a fair proportion know what they are about when they listen to an opera. Royalty in the Royal box, with luscious flowers offered by a management conscious of the occasion. The first night of the British operatic season, and the first performance of a new opera by Gustav Holst, a mature British composer whom we all admire very much, some of us enthusiastically, religiously. Apparition of Eugene Goossens, young, pale (not from fright, but from habit), knowing the whole job, expert, highly gifted, comprehending, self-reliant, inspiring confidence, in a word—our pet. We stand up. *God Save the King*—with some of the instruments decidedly off the beat at first. We sit down. A "Fugal Overture,"—not that the fugality of the thing was very plain to me. A pause. It is nearly as exciting as the start of Beckett v. Carpentier. The curtain rises. . . .

Less than an hour and a-half later the matter is over and the auditorium empty. And in the dingy foyer and

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on the grand staircase of the vast and historic house, to be kept lighted for another hour so that the initiated may discourse at length to one another upon what they have just witnessed, the quidnuncs, journalistic and others, are pacing up and down chattering tentatively and wondering what in God's name they ought to say ; and the knowledgeable, possessing taste, standards, convictions, are moodily silent. For the applause at the end, though generous and prolonged, lacked passion.

However, there was no mystery at all about the affair, except for the quidnuncs, most of whom, playing for safety, rushed off to Fleet Street and wrote high-falutin' laudation as hard as they could for thirty minutes. Holst had had an idea for a musical skit, which skit was to take off all current opera from perhaps Donizetti to perhaps Stravinsky. Yes, it was a most excellent idea, in which around the magic-potion theme circled magicians, troubadours, parsifals, wanderers, erdas, princesses, and spirits. And he had laid out the plan of it pretty well for the stage, displaying a certain scenic sense, which only failed him in one or two not unimportant details of construction. (Nobody, for instance, in the whole auditorium believed for a moment that the magician would really have been such an ass as to recount the powers of his potion to a talkative old woman, or, having done so, to leave the colossal beaker unguarded for about a quarter of an hour.)

But Holst was not well served by his producers. The high moments of the potion-drinking, with superb opportunities for ridiculing the first act of *Tristan*, were ruined by ineffective handling ; ditto the nascent love of the princess for the parsifal. The scenery had nothing skittish, and displayed that exasperating admixture of black curtains and crude, oleographic realism which so gravely impaired the production of *Tristan* last year. The costumes were acutely Covent Gardenish, and not a bit skittish. The ballet was conventional and vapid

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(to adorable music). The lighting, I admit, was skittish—and I hope intentionally so.

The evening might have safely survived these drawbacks, if Holst had been well served by himself. He was not. I should be buried for ever in ridicule if I announced : “ I will write the libretto of an opera, and as I have my notions about music I may as well write the music too.” Yet this, *mutatis mutandis*, is almost what Holst did. He has, of course, the general intelligence of a fine creative artist, but when it comes to the point, he is a mere amateur at libretto writing. (He is worse even than the Wagner who committed the libretto of *The Twilight of the Gods*.) He simply does not possess the sense of words. He knows what is funny in life, but he does not know what is funny on the stage. He doubtless feels humorous and means to be humorous, but he cannot “ get it over.”

Further, all the performers seemed to be puzzled, seemed not quite to know what they were expected to aim at. They were rarely humorous, and never humorous with distinction. I would not blame them. They had an impossible task. If the joke as a whole fell flat, as it did, the reason was that it was bound to fall flat because it was conceived on the wrong scale. Successful skits should not have the scale and apparatus of epics. You cannot in a skit effectively break a leviathan on a titanic, slow-revolving wheel. What you have to do is to make him squirm with a lively hatpin. The tempo was too deliberate, the machinery too enormous, the pother too grandiose. The mountain was there all right, but the mouse was not even ridiculous. Nevertheless, the British National Opera Company did well to produce *The Perfect Fool*, and has thereby acquired merit. *The Perfect Fool* is incomparably the best modern British opera. So there you are, and you are requested to make what you can of the situation.—ARNOLD BENNETT.

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THE NOVEL OF CONVENTION.—I have read somewhere that Mr. George Moore claims credit for having destroyed the novel of convention. If Mr. Moore, confusing himself with the Time-Spirit, did in fact make this surprising statement, we can easily understand what he meant by the novel of convention ; but all the same the story that anybody has killed it is untrue. Directly we begin to write we are forced to accept and to follow a convention of writing. It is impossible by means of words to describe any single object with precision : we have to make a mark and to call it by the name of the object, trusting thereby to rouse in the reader's mind an image of it. And in the case of the novel this necessity for recognized convention is not to be overcome. Even the voluminousness of Mr. Joyce's *Ulysses*, or the interminable floating reflections of Miriam upon the subject of Miss Dorothy Richardson's old friends, are not solutions of the problem, because, with all their skill, their interest and acuteness, they are somehow " off " reality. They occasionally produce the illusion of mood, but they do not produce the illusion of life, in the sense that one does not live in them. In reading these books we experience nothing ; we give our attention only to the author's method. We read as we read the dictionary. I take it that no great novelist has ever thought first of technique, although many modern writers have thought much of it ; because the great novelist is ready to take any story, any frame or general assumption regarding life, and by ignoring these details and by concentrating upon essentials to create a masterpiece. In England the novels that are perhaps the most highly conventionalized of all—the novels of Jane Austen—are those from which many sensitive persons are nowadays extracting the most intense emotional reality. It comes to this, that if the writer is so self-conscious as to wish to write a particular kind of novel, or to write it in a

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particular "form," or in such a way as to attack an accepted convention of novel-writing, he is putting into his technique concentrated energy which ought to be giving warmth to the work of his imagination. It is not in respect of its convention or its defiance of convention that a novel is good or bad ; it is solely in respect of the force and colour, the light and candour, of the author's originality ; and his power to imagine character or situation. To say, therefore, that the novel of convention has been killed, whether by Mr. George Moore or the Time-Spirit, is to betray misconception of the novelist's art. This is not to destroy a convention, but to create a living thing.—FRANK SWINNERTON.

A BOOK ON BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA.—A very amusing, instructive, and distressing book I have been reading is Mlle. Odette Keun's *My Adventures in Bolshevik Russia*. It is her own translation of her *Sous Lénine*, and no one could have translated her better. "Bolshevik Russia," she writes, "has broken my heart," but a heart so bold and a mind so fresh and vigorous as hers must have immense recuperative powers, and I refrain from any expressions of pity. As a criticism of things Russian her story is as true and devastating as Gerhardi's wonderful first novel *Futility*, and that is saying a very great deal. Her humour never fails. When the dirt and barbarism becomes intolerable she gets out her travelling indiarubber bath and baths herself, publicly and reproachfully. I will attempt no summary of what she has to tell because all intelligent people will soon be reading her. But I will certify that all I saw in Russia in 1920 tallies with her descriptions. And it is not only under Lenin that she has suffered. Her comments on the British military mind in action in Georgia and Constantinople will be wholesome reading for every patriotic Englishman. For many reasons I doubt if there are libraries attached to our officers'

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messes. But I wish that in some way this edifying—and quite easily read—little book could be put into the hands of all young officers going abroad to positions of responsibility. I do not think these young men get enough tonic reading nowadays. I suspect them of overmuch dalliance with the novels of women writers of the softer, more admiring school. And then they happen upon a Mlle. Odette Keun and they do not realize how awfully she will tell about it when it is all over.—H. G. WELLS.

**BIG BUSINESS AND THE UNIVERSITIES.**—The commercialization of our daily life proceeds apace. Where the last age regarded men like Mill and Huxley as its leaders, our own is being taught that the fountains of wisdom are the protagonists of business enterprise. University societies compete for speeches from Lord Riddell and Lord Leverhulme; they are being made a Marcus Aurelius for the undergraduate. Presently, doubtless, we shall have Sir Eric Geddes as a University Chancellor. Yet as guides to the art of living there is something lacking in these prophets. They speak as descendants of Samuel Smiles. They scatter their little maxims about the glory of private enterprise, the duty of early rising, the folly of altruism in a civilization built upon competition. They exalt the volume of trade without ever looking beyond the scale of living into its substance. They assume that the making of a great fortune is equivalent to the conferment of benefit upon the public. They lack all sense of the State. Literature for them is some tag clapped on to a peroration. Knowledge means the amassing of information that can be expressed in terms of increased profits. Of that passionate inquiry into truth for which the university exists they neither know nor care. The professor they regard as an amiable dilettante unrelated to the serious business of life. Research they judge in terms of the

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improved industrial process to which it gives rise. The universities will do well to remember that it is better to be poor than cheap. If they look up to the business superman for their endowment or their ideals, there will be an end to their freedom. They will become institutions controlled in their teaching and deprived of their spontaneity. Their students will seek not the discipline of mind but the professional technique. They will be judged not as they serve truth but as they enrich commerce. America has already paid a heavy price for assuming that business talent is the same thing as intellectual ability. We should profit, before it is too late, by her example.

It cannot, indeed, be too often emphasized that it is not the function of universities to teach that practical success in life of which men such as these are illustrations. There will always be a plethora of people to worship their type of solid and tangible eminence and their useful knowledge. Universities are concerned partly with teaching the discipline of mind and partly with the great art of discovering and imparting "useless" knowledge. They invoke as their only true goddess a passionate curiosity in the face of a mysterious universe. To satisfy that impulse is not less truly an end in itself than self-preservation. The justification of science and philosophy does not lie in better machinery and greater wealth. It lies in themselves as ends necessary to the fulfilment of life. The acolytes of science are those who realize that thoughts are weightier than things. As they preach that faith, so they guard a fortress less accessible, perhaps, but ultimately greater than fortune. And by so guarding it, they keep alive the yearning which is the ultimate motive-power of civilization. For the increase of civilization comes not when a contract goes to England rather than to Germany, but when, as with Einstein or Darwin, some dark hinterland of science is brought within the range

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of human understanding. What the university must seek is the men who will devote themselves to that search. It can promise them no reward save the zest of inquiry ; it cannot even proffer the joy of discovery. But by insisting upon the value of impalpable and incommensurate ideas, it more surely hands on the torch of conscious life than when it trains accountants and lawyers and men skilled in the bastard art of salesmanship. The preservation of that unpractical austerity is the more urgent now when things of the mind are asked to justify themselves in terms of a cash return. If the universities yield to that Philistinism they will have surrendered the keystone of the arch of knowledge.

HAROLD LASKI.

THE IRONY OF E. M. FORSTER.—I am not very fond of irony, or of ironists. Too often it conceals not a criticism and an attitude, as it should, but merely a snigger. But there are moments when an ironical sentence completely carries me away, and it seems to me that irony, when practised by a master, is the finest of all critical methods. The implications it can carry ! The compression it necessitates ! It is like a tiny pebble dropped into the smooth water of one's consciousness. Ripple follows ripple to the extreme verge.

There is a great deal of the most pregnant irony in E. M. Forster's *Pharos and Pharillon* (Hogarth Press, 5s. net)—a little book of essays on Alexandria old and new which is not merely a book of essays but a book. But the irony attains a perfection that is absolute in the account of the miraculous origin of the Septuagint. In Pharos, says Forster, Ptolemy "shut up seventy rabbis in seventy huts, whence in an incredibly short space of time they emerged with seventy identical translations of the Bible. Even when they slipped they made seventy slips, and Greek literature was enriched by the possession of an inspired book."—J. M. MURRY.

# MR. JOINER AND THE BIBLE

*By The Journeyman*

I am not very eloquent in literary (or in any other) discussion. Unless my man knows me and I know him well, my spasmodic irrelevancies slowly sink into utter silence. I can present my case far better to a blank sheet of paper than to the blank visage of a human being. And more often than not I go away to chew the cud of retrospection and to indulge in an orgy of what the best people call *esprit d'escalier*.

The other day I fell into such a debate. "I have now reached a point," said my opponent, "where I am interested only in the literature which aims at exerting power, at influencing men's actions." Since he happened to be a man whose words do directly influence men's actions, I could understand him well. Were I in the same case, I should doubtless be of the same persuasion. But I am not; so I went my way ruminating home.

On my way I remembered that quite recently Mr. H. G. Wells, being asked to name the twelve most important books, deliberately defined them as the twelve books which have had the most powerful and most visible influence on the lives of men. That was wise of him. Those twelve most important books have a way of keeping you awake of nights, unless you hobble the nightmare with a definition. Mr. Wells, having pegged him down, was able to go blithely and

## MR. JOINER AND THE BIBLE

properly on with the making of his list : the Bible, the Koran, the sayings of Confucius, and the rest. At which Mr. W. J. Turner, of the *New Statesman*, was so angry that he forgot he was supposed to be writing musical criticism, and, after quoting a paragraph of Mr. Wells, almost foamed at the mouth. "What indescribable drivel!" he cried. That was rash of him. First, because "indescribable" is a dangerous word for a critic to use. If it *is* drivel, he ought to know how to describe it. That is just his business as a critic. Secondly—and more seriously—because Mr. Wells simply does not write "indescribable drivel." He may have committed many offences, but that is not one of them. To say that anything of his is "indescribable drivel" is to be found guilty of perfectly describable drivel oneself.

Mr. Turner's feelings ran away with him. But why? What was there to be annoyed about? His behaviour might almost have suggested that Mr. Wells's statement was true, and that it had proved too painful to the *amour propre* of a poet and a musician. Poets probably think that poets ought to have power. And yet, though I myself have written poetry, I am not so sure of this. Certainly, if they had, we should have to be a little more drastic with bad poets than we are. Instead of putting them in anthologies, we should be putting them in gaol. At all events, the common opinion of mankind to-day is that poets are pretty harmless people, even when they happen to be musical critics as well.

But that does not dispose of the question. Since Mr. Turner was unfortunately made incoherent by his indignation, we must invent somebody else to take his place. . . . He is invented. His name is Mr. Joiner. He is a quiet little man with a slight stammer when he

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is in unfamiliar company ; he wears pince-nez and green Harris tweeds ; and he is a member of the minor Civil Service. He reads THE ADELPHI. THE ADELPHI, in fact, is written for Mr. Joiner, because he is one of the people worth writing for. Mr. Joiner reads Shakespeare ; he also reads Wells ; he goes to the Beethoven Fridays at the Queen's Hall. I have an idea it was he who first lent me Trotter's *Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War*. He has grey eyes, nondescript, non-committal eyes. His favourite books are *The Oxford Book of English Verse* and *David Copperfield*, but he also likes *Tristram Shandy*, the more so, oddly enough, because he reached the age of twenty-six before he knew what the first chapter was really about. But Mr. Joiner has got married himself since then. His wife is still pretty, though she is fatter than you would have expected her to be if you had known her, as I did, when she first met Joiner at the Prom. Her name is Rosie. Mr. Joiner was reading H. G. Wells's article to Rosie after Saturday night supper.

" What I like about Wells," said Mr. Joiner when he had finished, " is, he makes you think."

Rosie tried to assume the look of one who has been made to think. She frowned for a moment, then decided she didn't want to be wrinkled before her time, and began to put the plates together instead.

" Never thought of it that way before," said Mr. Joiner.

" Nor did I," said Rosie, truthfully. " Never ! " And to avert the danger of having to say something that was not so true, she retired with the tray to the scullery. She didn't even ask Joiner to help her with the washing-up.

In fact, she was pleased that Joiner should remain alone, just then.

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## THE ADELPHI

So Joiner sat in an arm-chair thinking. That red-brick Roman Catholic Church they were building at the end of Edith Road—the Bible did that, he supposed. But did it really? He'd heard that R.C.s didn't give much for the Bible. Neither did anybody else, for the matter of that, as far as he could see. There was that fellow Britwell, who chucked up his job in Somerset House, to go and be a missionary in China. Silly thing to do, seeing that Giles's *Chinese Civilization* made you feel that China didn't need much in the way of missionaries. If Britwell had been a doctor, a medical missionary, there might have been more sense in it. But then he'd got religion. Mr. Joiner never could understand a man getting religion. Hard-faced men most of them were, too, or they had a sort of breezy-sloppiness like that young curate who called from St. Agatha's.

No, he couldn't see that the Bible counted for very much nowadays. In the Middle Ages, though. . . . Mr. Joiner had time to bask in a sudden, splendid, and scarlet vision of himself, with bell, book, and candle, excommunicating M. Poincaré for daring to march into the Ruhr, before he suddenly remembered that in those days no one could read the Bible at all. Jolly good things, translations!

Still, you couldn't get rid of the Bible quite so easily. He'd read somewhere that more copies of the Bible were sold every year than of all the rest of the books put together. That was a bit exaggerated : must be. But it must have a tremendous circulation. Queer thing Northcliffe didn't get hold of it. A Bible with ads—pages and pages of ads! Funny Northcliffe never thought of that. Perhaps he did. Perhaps there was a law against it. Blasphemy? *Lèse Majesté*? No, that wasn't a crime in England. High treason? Mr. Joiner vaguely remembered a Royal coat of arms on the

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title-page. He hunted among his books to make sure. Not that he really expected to find a Bible among them. But he felt he ought to act as though it might be. They had one somewhere about ; he'd seen it somewhere lately. A Sunday School prize it was. He wondered where it could be.

"Rosie!" he called.

Rosie emerged from the kitchen, wiping her hands upon a towel.

"You don't happen to know where the Bible is?"

"The Bible!"

"It's all right, dear, I haven't got religion. I just want to have a look at it—if you know where it is."

"It's in the bedroom."

Mr. Joiner was suspicious.

"Do you read it?" he asked.

"Sometimes," she said, shyly. "When I'm waiting for you. It's a nice book to read in bed. You can begin anywhere. You don't mind, do you, Tom?"

"Good Lord, no! Jolly good book. One of the very best. Didn't you hear Wells saying so?"

Rosie had not heard. She never did hear what Mr. Joiner read to her. Without replying she ran upstairs. While she was gone, Mr. Joiner's thoughts were inquisitive. When she handed him the book,

"What bits do you read most, Rosie?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, all sorts—about Benjamin, and David and Jonathan, and Jesus and the little children, and there's the Prodigal Son. I like that best," she said.

"You don't mind if I borrow it—only for a minute or two?"

At the door of the parlour Mr. Joiner turned. "Rosie!" he called. "You might find me that bit about the Prodigal Son." She found it for him.

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## THE ADELPHI

Mr. Joiner sat back in his arm-chair. He heard Rosie climb the stairs, and the sound was sweet to him. It always had been, ever since they came to an understanding ; but to-night somehow sweeter than before. Then he looked at the title-page. *Cum Privilegio Regis* —By Privilege of the King. That explained it. A jolly good job, too. A Bible with ads didn't bear thinking about, somehow. Then he began to read the Prodigal Son. He read it twice, and a third time. And for the third time there was a great tug at his heart when he reached the words of the elder son :—

“ Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment : and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.”

And he said unto him, “ Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again ; and was lost, and is found.”

Queer thing, that. It got you somehow ; simply got you.

There had been other things which “ got ” Mr. Joiner. In Shakespeare, principally. When they “ got ” him, they stuck in his mind. So now he began to say softly to himself :—

And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.  
For ever and for ever, farewell, Cassius !  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Yes, there was the tug at his heart again. Those noble Romans could do it. The thought brought back yet other lines—strangely precious these, a secret treasure of his, about which no one knew, not even Rosie.

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Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart :  
We'll bury him ; and then what's brave, what's noble,  
We'll do it after the high Roman fashion  
And make death proud to take us.

" And make death proud to take us," Mr. Joiner repeated. And, as always before, when he had said it to himself, as he had said it so often, on his way to his chief's room at the office, a sudden thrill shot through his spine. No, he did not care what happened. His very backbone was proud. Let them sack him ! He possessed something that could never be taken away.

" The Bible and Shakespeare, Shakespeare and the Bible," he murmured. " It's the same sort of thing."

And then, as he turned out the gas, he felt that it was a wonder and a miracle, no less, that he was going to bed, to sleep with the woman he loved. What more could he ask ? Only this, he thought : that they two might also die together.

" And make death proud to take us," he said to himself, as he climbed the stair.

Then when he had got into bed beside Rosie, he took her, half-asleep, into his arms. " That's a wonderful story, darling," he whispered. " That about the Prodigal Son." Then he kissed her as he had not kissed her for years.

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## THE ADELPHI

The gist of his argument was that only the Latin nations were the creators and discoverers ; the Germanic peoples had not created anything original, they had only interpreted and refashioned what the Latins had created. The conversation turned to concrete instances. "With the Greeks," said Dostoevsky, "the whole power of their presentation of the deity in the beautiful human being is expressed in the Venus of Milo ; the Italians presented the true Mother of God in the Sistine Madonna. But what is the Madonna of the best Germanic artist—Holbein? Is it a Madonna? It is a washerwoman, a bourgeoisie! Nothing more!" Someone said, "What about Goethe's *Faust*? Isn't it the focusing of the deep creative German spirit in an original manifestation?" "Goethe's *Faust*?" replied Dostoevsky. "It's only a re-echo of the Book of Job. Read Job and you will find everything that is of value or interest in *Faust*." "In that case," said my father, "the Sistine Madonna is also an echo of the ancient world, of the classical conception of beauty." "How? In what respect?" said Dostoevsky. "In every respect," said my father. "In the whole treatment, in every fold of the drapery . . ."

My father had got no farther than this unfortunate word, when Dostoevsky jumped up, seized his head in his hands, and began to pace the room, his face distorted, repeating with indignation and fury, "Drapery! . . . Drapery! . . . DRAPERY!" The company held their breath. Dostoevsky sat down in silence, and almost immediately left.

"My father," explains Brullof fils, "as a painter, had looked at the picture from the point of view of form. But to Dostoevsky such a point of view, above all in a matter connected with religion, was inadmissible. The Sistine Madonna and drapery! . . . That was why he got into such a frenzy. My father, however, always used to end the story : "But how remarkable

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