

terminated to present to the world the real, right thing!

I will quote, to conclude, the description of myself as it appears in *The Wings of the Dove* so that you may have some idea of what was James' image of the rather silent person who walked so often beside him on the Rye Road.

He was a longish, leanish [alas, alas!] fairish young Englishman, not unnameable on certain sides to classification — as for instance being a gentleman, by being rather specifically one of the educated, one of the generally sound and generally civil; yet, though to that degree neither extraordinary nor abnormal, he would have failed to play straight into an observer's hands. He was young for the House of Commons; he was loose for the Army. He was refined, as might have been said, for the City and, quite apart from the cut of his cloth, sceptical, it might have been felt, for the Church. On the other hand he was credulous for

diplomacy, or perhaps even for science, while he was perhaps at the same time too much in his real senses for poetry and yet too little in them for art. . . . The difficulty with Densher was that he looked vague without looking weak — idle without looking empty. It was the accident possibly of his long legs which were apt to stretch themselves; of his straight hair and well-shaped head, never, the latter neatly smooth and apt into the bargain . . . to throw itself suddenly back and, supported behind by his up-lifted arms and interlocked hands, place him for unconscionable periods in communion with the ceiling, the tree-tops, the sky. . . .

That, I suppose, was the young man that James rather liked. But I do not know that I would have surrendered to him, even for the pages of a book, *my* Milly Theale. . . . But then I shall never write such a wonderful, such a tender and beautiful book.



TRISTAN AND ISOLDE, ACT I

BY VICTORIA LINCOLN

OFFSTAGE the singing sailor has created
 A sea, a ship. The music will not rest,
 The cup is out, and now the two are fated.
 The wind drives hard from Ireland in the west.
 Their garments heavy with the rushing air
 They lean upon the wind. Reluctant, still,
 To loose a soul's integrity, they spare
 The isolate moment, hug the lonely will.
 She lifts her face. Their looks advance, engage.
 The sunlight breaks along the Cornish rocks.
 The gilded wooden cup falls to the stage,
 Rolls, clattering, beyond the prompter's box.
 The music past, we turn with casual breath
 To words, who long since drank the single death.

PROSTITUTION IN JAPAN

BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

THERE are today more than 50,000 licensed prostitutes in Japan. No other nation in history has ever succeeded in elevating the ancient profession to such secure position in national life, and continuing it into the modern era with the frank admission that society cannot be readjusted to meet the problems of abolition. Centuries ago the Japanese perceived that the natural force of certain appetites far exceeds the requirements of human happiness; but, instead of setting themselves to redress this disturbed equilibrium, they simply accepted the fact and sought to subject its consequences to official control. There is in the Japanese character an element of resignation which has no affinity with the stubborn moral resistance offered in the West to ills that are recognized as inevitable.

As the Confucian system of ethics regards the family as the very pivot of the state, a powerful motive has always operated to defend the Japanese domestic circle against the incursions of irregular passion. It is a notable fact today that, while Japanese women form no small percentage of the commodity moved on the so-called white slave marts of the East, the prostitute-emigrant of Nippon, wherever she goes, remains always the product of a curious, centuries-old system, as characteristic as the samurai and Hiroshige prints.

In native accounts the prostitute is even credited with deified origin. Legend has it

that when the god Kamo Myojin descended to earth on the Island of Nippon 3000 years ago, he brought prostitutes with him. Kamo Myojin himself had something of a Mosaic origin and perhaps came naturally by his fondness for dalliance: for his mother, so the legend goes, while still a virgin (according to her own account), was playing beside a Heavenly stream when a red-lacquered arrow came floating down, struck her, and did not float away. In time she felt an inspiration from this arrow and gave birth to a son — who was Kamo Myojin. Arriving on this earth, the god installed his accompanying prostitutes in a shrine at Settsu, and thence through the years, as in Greece and ancient Rome, prostitutes had an intimate relationship with shrines.

There was a time when all the women of a Japanese village were regarded as common property. Proofs of this still exist in the festivals of Kagai and Kijima in remote sections of the country, and a song of those early days persists: "Everyone's wife is mine and mine is everyone's". According to ancient accounts the practice was condoned by the deities as "good for the people's minds". But gradually, with the introduction of the Confucian system of ethics, monogamy fastened itself upon Japan and in the changing period the common property idea modified itself into a system whereby a number of women for a certain period were required to bestow their favors upon all who asked. This