

ART, PROMISE, AND FAILURE

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

IT is a heartening thing to observe the interest displayed in the exhibition of Chinese art at the Montross Gallery.

It may mark a shifting of public attention away from the usually shallow admiration of the drawings of Japan to a conscientious study of the really great art of the East—the Chinese. Of late years we have been surfeited with innumerable prints of the painters and draughtsmen of secondary inspiration, whose work is wholly decorative and seldom reveals an *arrière pensée* for purely æsthetic emotion. Japanese plaques, panels, screens, vases, prints, wind-bells, dolls and tea-sets have become so familiar to us through tea houses, auction rooms, curio stores, *brocanteurs'* shops and bourgeois interiors, that we no longer pay serious heed to them, but accept them as an established factor of our visual existence. All these things are indicative of the adulterated taste of the dilettante in art, and shadow forth, as no other manifestation has ever done, the adolescence of appreciation reached by persons who enjoy art *en passant*.

On the other hand, we have seen far too little of the art expression of the Chinese. They were the puissant masters of linear form of the Orient, as well as the organizers of volume expressed by tone and line. Besides, they were the far-East artists whose work expressed most intensely the philosophic spirit of their nation. When we compare the inherent and conscious artistry of a Ririomin with the little more than decorative *souci* of a Hokusai, we can at once sense the difference between the feminineness of art expression in Japan, and the profound and thoughtful impulses of older China. The Montross show holds much of interest and instruction, such as no artist or genuine lover of art could afford to miss. However, these pictures are most unequal in merit: some of them impress me as mere bits of clever craftsmanship—imitations of misunderstood greatness. But the vital work is there, and can be found without difficulty.

What an impression of crudeness we receive when we turn

from the linearly simple, yet rhythmically complex, paintings of these masters, to the infantile expression of the newer movements of to-day! From Chinese art to Picasso seems a long step. Yet the impulses underlying both are the same, despite temperament, epoch, nationality and medium. What the Chinese did wonderfully and unsurpassably with line, the masters of the Renaissance did with line-volume and tone; and what such titans as Rubens, Rembrandt, El Greco, Giotto, Tintoretto and Titian perfected by new discoveries and deeper analyses, has come down to us to-day, made more beautiful, more significant and pure, in the first bloom of a new cycle's primary expression. To hold that the art of to-day (and by the art of to-day I mean the work done by the men who have not been seduced by the poesy and sentimentality of optical photography, but who are in process of creating new concrete symbols wherewith to express psychological and æsthetic principles)—to hold that this new art is as developed as the art of India, China, Italy or even Japan, would be to indulge in grotesque enthusiasm. But I do hold that from the art of to-day there have sprung authentic masterpieces which are not dependent on means alone, but on basic conceptions—works, in fact, which, by their very complexity and the consciousness of their outlook, and by the high intensity of the emotion they evoke, are greater than scores of canvases painted by the older men whose names are household words—names which, through constant reiteration by museum guides and academic critics, have come to be regarded as sacred. Out of this friction of movements and struggles, of recriminations and pamphleteering, the spark of complete regeneration will arise and make viable an art, which, forty years ago, was nine-tenths dead.

The prophecy runs that this great war will wipe out these new "isms" and "cults" and leave the old, the glorious, the traditional, once more supreme. These new theories of unrest will seem trivial even to their originators, so say our modern Elijahs. But let us, for a moment, recall the abuse that was hurled at the Impressionists just before 1870. The same reactionary cries we hear to-day were abroad in the land then. The Franco-Prussian war, so the world was told, would do away with the absurd and impossible efforts of Pissarro and Cézanne.

But what actually happened? The worthless academism was cleaned out, and the vitality of the new men was strengthened. That war utterly relegated the claptrap of the schools to the schools themselves, and such prophets as Cabanel, Bouguereau and Benjamin Constant awoke to find their words a mockery. I realize fully that there will always be those who prefer pleasurable torpor to mental activity, and who will find their delight in Botticelli and Vermeer. There will always be those who will listen to Tschaikowsky and Chopin in preference to Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms. And so will there ever exist those untutored brains which will react enthusiastically to Manet, Japanese prints and poetic German symbolism in art. But the great world of high æsthetic endeavor is moving on along the lines of its inevitable evolution, and each day it is gathering impetus and increasing its area of achievement, despite the blind men and defectives in its path.

A well-known critic recently said that all this "crazy stuff" (meaning modern painting) was on its last legs when he was in Europe. Well, I have been in Europe since he was—in fact, I was there for eight months after the outbreak of the war—and I found that those "last legs" were growing stronger every day. I saw Matisse, back from the front for a few days, and he desires nothing so much as to be at work again. Morgan Russell is now doing his best pictures in Paris. Delaunay fled to Spain so as to paint in peace. Picasso is still busy. Picabia, Duchamp, Nadelmann and many more have come to America to pursue their studies. Everywhere I went I found enthusiasm and heard glowing plans for post-bellum exhibitions. The "war number" of *Blast* was just recently issued, as vortiginous and "crazy" as ever. Only in academic quarters does any cloud seem to have settled. History is repeating itself, not only as to the prophecies, but as to their falsity. Let this critic who predicts the downfall of modern painting ask Mr. Alfred Stieglitz if there is any noticeable diminution in the enthusiasm of the new artists for the new work. Mr. Stieglitz is in a position to know. There is twice as much modern painting being shown in America now as there was a year ago. Just last month we witnessed the two best exhibitions of modern work by Americans

ever seen in this country. This month I am writing of four one-man exhibitions of the new painting, three of which are at galleries that a few years ago would have repudiated the work they are now heralding. Van Gogh is also to be seen, and by the time these words are in print Cézanne's water-colors, the most **advanced of that painter's** accomplishments, will be on exhibition. Then there are other "modern" shows, some already on the walls and others booked for the near future, which are crowding out the old-fashioned academic painters who swamped us a few seasons back. Furthermore, there is a movement on foot to permit all artists of any ability to expose freely and without cost to themselves at many galleries! In truth, the "last legs" are sturdy and are growing daily. Let no one be deceived by those yearners for the past, who, with the self-complacency of ignorance, tell you that youth is dead, that achievement is over, and that high striving is lunacy.

Last month I spoke of two pictures by Man Ray and said that his color was not displeasing. This month I have seen a whole exhibition of his works, and can say further that his color is at times most pleasing. Indeed, it is rich in those colorful and attractive greys which have come to be an etiquette with numerous members of the newer schools. That there are several different inspirations in Ray's works is of importance only to the æsthetician. With this painter they indicate a striving for greater significance of expression in the bending of certain methods to his own ends. He is an artist in process. There is nothing final about any one of his pictures. He is searching for an ultimate personal expression, and his influences are sufficiently unconscious to permit of the retention of his self-respect. He has garnered much from reproductions but what he has absorbed will, in time, free him from the shackles of the student, for it will teach him the things he should avoid. After all, an art education is necessary only to point out to the serious painter the faults of his teacher and to force a clear way through the quagmire of others' mistakes. I believe Man Ray will take this personal route to good work, even though at present he is handicapped by an ignorance of the fundamental principles of all great æsthetic expression.

What we sorely need is a school of instruction in composition, or a book, replete with diagrams, explaining to artists the foundation on which all true art is built, and why. Such text-books as we now have are, without exception, superficial, objective and injurious. They mistake pattern for form, delimited spaces for volumes, outlines for lines, balance for composition, surface harmony for organization, and two-dimensioned linear sequence for rhythm. Not one of these books has touched on composition which goes deeper than Japanese art and the mosaicists of Ravenna. Even Clive Bell's *Art* halts on the hither side of the simplest profundity. Lacking such a guide to the rational basis of his efforts, the painter strays into the half-light of transcendental theories, and all his life he struggles with imaginary spectres. The lesson that all these modern men must learn is the oldest in painting and, indeed, in any of the arts: namely, that æsthetic emotion is possible only from a reaction to tactile form. Scientists and psychologists like Lipps, Karl Groos, Titchener, Külpe and Fechner have, through innumerable experimentations, made impossible any denial of this conjecture. *Æsthetische Einfühlung* (Lipps), *Innere Nachahmung*, and *Æsthetisches Miterleben* (Groos) are no longer speculative phrases, but specific explanations of the organic functions of emotional apperception. The superficial sentiment aroused by familiar scenes or dramatic arrangements are only the pale reflexes of the intense drama of everyday existence. It is alone from the plastically perfect ordination of volumes that æsthetic empathy springs. Mere distortion or novelty has only the passing attraction of curiosity.

Unhappily, many men, such as Davies and Walt Kuhn, think that a peculiar surface makes for significant art, that a picture done in pure color and containing bizarre deformities constitutes newness. The same error animates modern prosody. Incompetent prose writers are rapidly becoming poets to-day because of the seeming latitude permitted them by *vers libre*. You may turn to any popular magazine and find disintegrated prose masquerading as poetry. Yet, these abortive adversaria are no more senseless than the majority of "modern" paintings. Their authors have merely mistaken a new order of government for

anarchy. Perhaps it is this idea of art anarchy—also believed in by the public—that has stood in the way of a more intelligent appreciation of the new forms. The average spectator, believing modern painting to be chaotic, imagines it easy to do. The reverse, however, is the truth. No old painting is more tightly drawn together than are some Picassos; no subject of the masters fits its frame better than in a Matisse; and the relations of forms and lines in a Cézanne are as intricate and complex as in a Rubens. But, because of shallow imitators, who have no knowledge of what they are doing and who rush into modernity merely to keep themselves in the spotlight, the public has come to look upon the new movements as incredible nonsense, and therefore as something to be laughed at.

That Ray imitates is no sign that he will always imitate, for back of his eclecticism is a marked degree of comprehension. Some of his smaller canvases recall, as to color and forms, the pre-Cubist work of Picasso. They do not possess the stupendous *commodité de la main* that the Spaniard possesses, but they are competent admirations of that great leader. In other of his pictures, one divines the fact that Ray has at one time admired Picabia but has quickly passed beyond him, for, let it be said, his work is more artistic than Picabia's. He is still treating his form from an objective standpoint, that is; he deals with nature, distorted, simplified, arranged and flattened. In some pictures he has striven for the linear fluctuations caused by angles precipitated toward each other. In others, he has sensed the instability of normal sight and the impossibility of painting objectivity by reproducing its silhouette, and has tried, by using a double outline, to achieve a two-eyed vision which will envelop his subject. This optical problem, which has been worrying artists since da Vinci's statement of it in his *Trattato della Pittura*, was solved in Cézanne by the use of color as a functioning element. In still other of Ray's canvases, such as the one reproduced in his catalogue, he has harkened to the injunctions of Futurism, and has made the usual sequence of movements so dear to Severini and Boccioni and so effectively manipulated by Picabia. In all of such pictures there is a prettiness of decoration which, when Ray has progressed further, will disappear and give place to volume.

At present they reveal clumsiness of line and visual heaviness. Subjectively, there is no weight and counter-weight.

I believe that criticism should be neither a hunting for faults nor a panegyric over good qualities, but rather a cool and rational exposition of an artist's merits and defects and, if the efforts merit it, an indication of the way which leads to a larger conception and a more profound vision. Ray most certainly deserves such criticism. His talent and avidity and experimental curiosity are a healthy sign of unrest and an eloquent expression of a desire to move forward. As he stands now, his color is meaningless, save as rich pattern. His forms are, as he himself admits, two-dimensional; and while such works as No. 17 are childish, and there is no excuse for pictures like Nos. 30, 29 and 14, there are in his exhibition charming frames that show great talent: I speak particularly of his landscapes, Nos. 24 and 27. But Ray must not forget that, besides balance of line, there must also be balance of every element of his color. In some of his works the richness of color has run into a uniformly hot scheme which loses all attraction after the first dazzling glance. He is, though, far more chromatically sensitive than Stern, whose outline is like stretched wire and just about as æsthetically satisfying; and if his great promise can be headed toward organization, we may expect significant things from him later on.

To switch our attention from Man Ray to the exhibition by Lachman at the Reinhardt galleries is a dreary and depressing operation. In Lachman we have a painter of very small talent, one whose work breathes a decadent self-content and is singularly free from æsthetic or artistic ideas. He is an Impressionist, with all the heaviness and insensitivity of a Germanic Bazille. He apparently has sat long before nature, and, while struggling with the means which were so exquisitely sensitive in the hands of Monet, he seems to have been unable to forget the chromolithographs that might have hung in the parlor of his boyhood home. He has achieved what I have always thought impossible, namely: painting impressionistically and recording none of the atmosphere of the out-of-doors.

During the past five years I have seen thousands of works which are better in Lachman's own style, works more sensitive

and more talented. This painter appears to have reached a definite goal of his own setting where he has decided to rest his experimental labors. In his expression there is exhibited no desire to progress, no indication, in fact, that he is cognizant that there is room to evolve. His technical accomplishments impress one with the belief that beneath them lurks that complacency which only a complete ignorance of profound art can produce. His exhibition is well worth seeing, if only as an example of the quicksands into which a meagre, misdirected talent will lead. The diluted "poetry" of Leon Dabo's Whistlerian poster-pictures constitutes a similar warning to analytic painters. In the skating-pond of artistic endeavor, Lachman and Dabo are the danger-posts. There is an intelligent movement afloat to woo inartistic painters from "high art" to craftsmanship, and it would be well for many of our native artists to heed the call of the profound Doctor who instigated the movement.

Last month I had occasion to speak of Davey, who had a canvas in the Montross show, as softly poetic and Englishly sentimental. Since then I have seen a room of Daveys, and my original opinion has been strengthened. Davey comes to us from Henri, who is descended from Manet, who in turn comes from Velazquez. In the evolution from Velazquez to Davey, Franz Hals has put in appearance also. His *progressus* follows that line of painting which exists for the sake of medium and character—a once powerful and salutary performance. Its need has gone now, however; its duty is done; but its embers still glow in the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. Davey, I believe, will be its last exponent to achieve fame. I was dumbfounded, when I first viewed this collection of his works at the Macbeth Gallery, to see what, to me, appears to be an accumulation in one man of all those qualities held dear by "society" as well as by the bourgeoisie. The unthinking "patrons of art" admire the simple reverberators of emotion like Manet, although he is a little austere. They like Henri, although he is a trifle brutal. They like Hals, despite his flagrant vulgarity. Velazquez comes very near being perfect to these people, although he could be more democratic.

Davey possesses what these other painters lack. He is not brutal, but pretty and tender like a feminized and weaker Henri. He is not vulgar, but has a veneer of daintiness not dissimilar to the lace cover on milady's dressing-table. Furthermore, his art is democratic. He has just the adequate refinement, the necessary charm, the requisite plebeian appeal which will satisfy the wealthy buyers' craving for likenesses of themselves about the walls. Davey's color, they will no doubt argue, makes him modern; therefore they will suffer no qualms about their tastes being reactionary. Needless to say, his works, æsthetically, are inferior to their inspirations. They lack the accentuation of salient traits, known as "character," so sought after by the potential Sargents in the Art Students' Leagues. They certainly are not painted so well as a Velazquez; and the acute vitality of Hals is never present. As patterns, they fall far short of Manet. And yet, these shortcomings will never be noticed, because Davey possesses that strong quality which dazzles and blinds the critic and buyer alike—the quality of gloss and finish, large brush strokes, and prettiness of effect. Even so, they are more emotional than the much overrated Speicher and the swash-buckling Bellows. I predict for Davey a great demand. He has undoubtedly chosen painting as a profession, and he has succeeded in his profession. Mr. William Chase, whose mustachios, I am inclined to believe, are as noted as his high lights, should look to his laurels. It will take all his ancient force to keep popular step with this new disciple of the people's taste.

In the next room Hayley Lever is shown. This "advanced" painter is an Impressionist who retains much academism; and his disguise of raucous and inharmonious color cannot hide this patent fact. Here we have more "effects," though not pretty like Davey's. Some of his water-colors are so metallic in their color that they recall Signac's pseudo-scientific canvases; and his technique occasionally brings to mind the enthusiastic hashures of the crazy Van Gogh.

At "291" we have a man of entirely different calibre. Bluemner is a serious searcher after reality. For this, let us praise him. He is working out a problem which he says will take him twenty years to solve. His problem is to express, by

abstract means, an almost photographic representation of nature's effect on us. Already he has undoubtedly made advances towards his goal. My first impression, on entering the room, was one of being before a number of colored photographs. Not that his works in any way resemble photographs; but such is the flashing reaction got from them. His painting is done in broad planes of almost pure pigments, heavily outlined and tonally contrasted. His themes are all landscapes in which are houses and streams and factories. His color, as such, is unpleasant, and his drawing insensitive, although he feels an emotion before his subject. For Bluemner there is little criticism possible. He is in process and, as yet, has not entered fully upon his life route. The most we receive from his work now is a sense of sincerity in purpose. This, of course, is not enough.

Many critics hold that good intentions are interesting and that, when a man expresses personality of vision, he is of importance. This is too broad and elastic a precept for one to go on. The opinions of all people may differ slightly from those of their neighbors, but if one spent his time searching out and listening to these petty divergencies, he would undoubtedly die in ignorance. So it is with painters. The *significance* of opinions is all that should interest us—the result of an artist's directed creative ability, his greatness of expression. The mere truth of a thing does not, in all cases, arouse our admiration. If one should convoke the populace to a great amphitheatre in order to expound the fact that New York City is in the State of New York, or that houses were generally erected for the sake of habitation and storage, the populace, while recognizing the truth of such statements, would only resent the impertinence of the man who had wasted their time.

The sincerity of some painters is analogous. Their ideas are their own greatest joy; and if the results in concrete expression are not inherently great or interesting, why should their weakness be condoned and their intentions apotheosized? What is demanded of art is not good intentions, but significant results; and Bluemner has not yet arrived at these results. It is understood, of course, that he deserves less obloquy than the facile men who paint as a trade; but are these latter performers not

beneath consideration? A man who is frankly a craftsman and does not pretend to "art" is far more useful and productive: he at least gives something in return for his pay-envelope. The men who stand in the way of serious artists, masquerading as creators and scoffing at the things they do not understand, are merely impostors. Let us scorn failure, recognize sincerity, respect promise and revere achievement.

Among the purely artistic illustrative works of the world, synthetic as to mental attitude toward both subject-matter and treatment, few stand higher than those of Gauguin. Literary, as all these works necessarily are, his are merely starting-points, impetuses toward flights of the imagination on the part of the spectator—flights in which there is a yearning for hot, tropical foliage, adventures in unfamiliar lands, the spell of exotic countries, the allurements of strange peoples. Gauguin made his pictures with this psychological desire ever in mind. Consequently, they are highly emotional. To compete with an artist like this Indian-Frenchman on his own ground, even though one be a better artist, is a thankless enough task. But to attempt to run parallel with him when one lacks all his bigness and freedom and liberty and has only a small talent for pattern, is worse than futile.

This latter task is just what Stephen Haweis has set himself. In his exhibition at the Berlin Photographic Gallery there are 124 works in oil and water-color, ranging from servile imitations of Whistler to inspirations from the early juvenile work of the Italian Futurists. Haweis cannot be criticized from the standpoint of significant painting, although his preface would lead one to believe he aims at profound work. Always he is the dainty, light-fingered illustrator, more at home in water-color than in the more masculine medium of oils. Some of his work has, strangely enough, the whimsical prettiness of the fairy-book illustrations of Arthur Rackham. His drawing of the human figure has been coned from the prints of the Japanese. It has become with him a facile trick, a repetitious operation that is little better than a habit of linear pronunciation. In the application of these tricks, Haweis's simplifications are always the same (how unlike Matisse!); and they are devoid of æsthetic

interest because they are simple and nothing more. When we see his expressed love for the Japanese Whistler, Condor, the fan maker, and Rackham we know immediately the quality of his temperament and talent.

Such pictures as *Florentine Gardens* and *Papeete at Night* serve only to accentuate his feminine gift of charm and attractiveness—a gift, alas! too common among Anglo-Saxons and highly decadent Latins. When Haweis tries to depict light he fails because of his lack of fearlessness in using bold colors. The beautiful fishes and sea vegetation of which he speaks in his pamphlet, are, as a general rule, painted in greys, and, as a result, we receive little idea of their purity and beauty. In his more advanced frames, where he has cut palms trees and multiplied arms for the sake of kinematic movement, his vision is crude and chaotic. Will painters never learn that only through subjective processes can movement be expressed on a static surface? Haweis's undersea effects fall short even of Sorolla's, and some of his water-colors, when similar to Homer's, are not in a class with the latter painter. It must be admitted, however, that some of his work has impelling charm in a flat, pretty and insignificant way, and that it is admirably adapted to fans, screens and vases. In this line of applied craftsmanship Haweis would do some exquisite things; and I cannot help hoping that the time will come when I shall see these useful articles made more beautiful than they are to-day by the men of such genuine talent as Haweis undoubtedly has for this task.

In the past I have written much against Van Gogh, and yet after struggling through the cloying prettiness and stupid diableries of some recent American painters, the work of this Dutchman comes as a welcome respite. A great artist—no! But a colossus, none the less, when compared with the Zorachs, the Sterns, the Lachmans, the Speichers and the Haweises. There are some excellent examples of his work now on view at the Modern Gallery—a very early study of a peasant woman, like an Israels, but far better, and not dissimilar to a Daumier; a landscape full of air and enthusiasm, done toward the tragic end; a large portrait of a woman, one of his very best canvases; and another landscape, a snow scene, which is like a more solid

and impetuous Monet. For those who care to rest in the shadow of secondary greatness and high fervor this little gallery is a mecca. At least Van Gogh had convictions and was not a stodgy imitator of others. His faults were not children of a mind which followed inferior men. He knew what he wanted to do, and achieved his end. That it was not greater is not due to an ignorant harking after false gods, but because his goal was the highest one his fanatical mind could visualize. His great love of concrete nature as an unsurpassable reflection of the divine will, was his conscious æsthetic stumbling-block. He had force, but it was the force of personality and enthusiasm, not of the intelligence. As a man we must love and pity him. As an artist, he was a fanatic who, through lack of other outlets, chose painting as a safety-valve for a deep and unorganized emotion.

Of Child Hassam, the ardent devotee of the generation of 1870, there is little to say, save that he is the best of his clan to be seen in this country. He has just as much composition as most of his predecessors, and his color adheres to the gamut of Monet. I, for one, have grown tired of those pictorial approximations to nature's cliffs and waves and woods, from which the profounder artistic qualities are absent. Personally, I prefer a good photograph or, still better, nature at first-hand. Impressionism has outgrown its utility, not to say its originality. The study of light, once so necessary to naturalistic decoration, has been completed forever by Renoir. Hassam's work will bring back the familiar scenes of European galleries of twenty years ago.

But what possible excuse can painters advance for clinging to the antiquated methods of an experimental era which has served its usefulness? Impressionism was but a step in the evolution of new means—a preoccupation with the problems of *pleinairisme*. I cannot imagine anyone to-day choosing to cross the western desert in a canvas-top pioneer wagon when a luxurious transcontinental railway is available. Yet, the adherence to the primitive means of a defunct art epoch is no mere reactionary. All true art aims to express the same æsthetic emotion through rhythmic forms, and when a painter has access to methods which will intensify his expression, he is denying progress

and handicapping his vision when he refuses to make use of them. We are still receiving books on the Barbizon school! And many of our most talented painters are unaware that Impressionism is a corpse. I doubt if, in any other line of human endeavor, there exists so colossal and abysmal an ignorance of the underlying factors of progress. We are in the midst of the splendid beginnings of a new Renaissance in art—an epoch whose means and discoveries have opened the door on an infinitude of possibilities. But painters are still clinging to a musty and unvital past, serenely unconscious of the great march of events. Let our young men, just blossoming into the strength of their talent, heed the signs.

UNDERSTANDING GERMANY *

MAX EASTMAN

PERHAPS the most important thing we can do in America at this moment is to understand Germany. Most of us, who are not of German birth, desire the defeat of the Kaiser's arms. And we desire this because we love liberty, and the German people do not seem to love it. They submit themselves devotedly to an imperial master, and they live in an atmosphere of negative commandments under the rule of a feudal caste. We dread lest their victory should mean the spreading of that atmosphere and that way of living over the world.

It is not to be doubted, however, that the babies of Germany are born with as strong a love of liberty as the babies of Anglo-Saxondom. They are not of a different race. What we call races, in our loose conversation and journalism, are not races at all, but merely groups of people who live under certain traditional ideas. And the people who live under German ideas have the same native desire to feel free that we have.

Luther is worshipped in Germany as the champion of liberty for the individual conscience against the dictates of the Roman Church. Goethe's *Faust* is the classic of the mind's liberation from dogmatic scholarship. Kant's philosophy is a monumental apparatus for establishing "God, freedom and immortality" in the face of mathematical law and the causal determinism of modern science. Schiller's "Hymn to Liberty" is almost a domestic song. Heine cast loose from every bond that he could think of in his day. And Nietzsche thought of more. He cast loose from the bond of Christian ethics. There is no fuller record of the ideal love of liberty than is furnished by these heroes of Germany's culture. And until we feel ourselves kindred to the Germans in this deep impulse, we shall not understand them.

When a man loves a woman, and he can not have her in the fashion of the flesh, he becomes so much the more enamored of her spirit, and builds up a little universe of ideal and emotional experience in which she is the queen. It was so that Dante loved

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