

## FASCINATIONS OF THE PATHETIC FALLACY

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PRAGMATISM overrides the objection of many uninitiated sceptics that practically all our philosophies and religions take root and flourish in the fertile soil of certain human formulae aiming to show the composition of life and reality. These formulae are invariably the tokens of our mania for symbology, being made up from the simple physical, intellectual, social and empirical facts and fancies which throughout the historical course of civilization have become exalted through anagoge and metonymy or realistically projected as characters of the external world through hypostasis and predication. It offers too ready sanctions on mere conceivability, affection and utility, and recoils too readily from the brusque intolerables, antitheses and disjunctives of the inevitably non-human purposes and procedures of Nature. This, apparently, is a function of its pathetic fallacy, and like all man-made cosmic emotions and cosmic illusions, can never arouse a truly replical mind to name it either defensible or valid in its realism.

Various as our individual world-conceptions are, the majority of them still manage to share a common fault. This is that semi-weakness of intellect which makes us susceptible to the subtle fascinations of the pathetic fallacy. In the art criticism of the last half century Walter Pater and the hedonists were among the abject bond-servants of this fallacy, while Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites were among its most astute and implacable adversaries. In the philosophy also of the same period we find Prof. Clifford, Dr. Lewis and J. M. Guyau emphasizing the affective nature of all phenomenon while Dühring, Caird, Bradley and Bosanquet championed the reality of the actual. The solipsism of personal ideals will always seem just a little less competent and valid than the *warm* devotions of the relativist and just a trifle less pretentious than the *cold* austerities of the ineffable-absolutist.

So few of us, alas, seem inclined to admit the superhuman and often non-human element in external reality. It is an issue of personal honor and self-esteem with us to think that human nature is always capable of sidestepping the responsibility and indecorum of such intellectual negligence. And the more we beguile our sense away the less will we be really able to look each other in the face without blushing or laughing sheepishly. For we would know that others also knew the popular assumption of human nature's specious importance in the cosmic scheme of things.

However, the pathetic fallacy is something of a craven practice when followed as a short cut to philosophical procedure. It is, on actual analysis, found to be not even a good ironical device nor a successfully suave apologetic for less harmonious theories, for it is detrimental to our nobler mental exercises and metaphysical speculations. To be sure, it is a point of etiquette to gracefully admit that our poor infirmities of mind are all too real and symptomatic of a probable philosophical incompetence. But everyone knows that modesty as a policy in public is not the modesty of virtue in private life. It is pride's sham of an otherwise humble treasure. Flamboyant displays and dilettantic fascinations are still maintained in secret relish, and the trenchant audacity of non-automorphic thought, as well as the naive *savoir-faire* of honest personal conduct, is held in strict abeyance.

The common symptoms of a vulgarian age are decadence, mediocrity, materialism, extravagance, graft and selfish opportunism. Its whole effect upon an innocent bystander is that of disorderly conduct, servility, cunning, ochlocracy, hedonism and sprawling debauchery of both public and private morals. This makes it doubly difficult to find any honestly representative office-holder, any sincerely constructive reformer, in fact, any agent of moral validity signifying therapeutic heurisms in either the functions or the structure of a society suffering such a spiritual relapse. Modern civilization is gradually ceasing to be a homogeneous compound of goods and activities, aims and interests, cast in foreview of the old theopathic, already-perfect spirituality. There is now but little actual spirituality in it. It has, like chemists speak of radioactive compounds, degenerated into the various elements of dross or inferior quality often dignified under the name of instrumental functions or pragmatic values. Its goods have become means in service of ephemeral reputation and utility, not ends in token of eternal justice and integrity. It is only by way of an unavoidable apology that we still feebly acknowledge that *the end*, our destiny, is spiritual

development and realization, that everything we love or have or aspire to do simply constitutes a scale of mediacy to that end.

The common symptoms of all golden ages, up until the time they begin to show ennui and recession, are progress, genius, spirituality, thrift, integrity and altruistic social services. The effect on casual observers may not be as profound or lasting as that upon a devoted student, but it is usually a tone of sanction and support that echoes through whatever creed of genuine righteousness he may have had the good fortune to bring with him to the scene of his observation. He will have no cause to read into the context of his experience any sense of rancor or regret, any deceit or ugliness, any degeneracy, imperialism or shrewd exploit. Moral validity, in his view at least, must have tokens of excellence, distinction and promise; it must be constituted on evidence from the external world of melioristic tendency and altruistic co-operation, not pejorism and rhyomistic strife. Anyone but a fool will see why ethical principles should not be repudiated only to assuage the rabid criticisms of the physiological naturalists who are so ready to exaggerate the hegemony of fitness over qualities of worth and aspiration. The truly fittest never survive in the slaughter-pens of a vulgarian world, no matter whether the special industry be war or meat-packing.

If we have any moral qualities at all they are certainly those of spiritual health, innocence, courage, probity, justice, sobriety and benevolence before any consideration of disease, depravity, cowardice, corruption special privilege, hysteria, greed or other would-be "necessary evils." This priority of value and consideration is the only spontaneous ground for deciding who are the morally efficient and who are the failures, the unfit. It is also the only defensible fact from which to derive an argument (which should never be weakly called an apologetic) for the quondam existence and minority power of moral validity in a vulgarian age. The honest decision of whatever questions this argument may raise is the first necessity of every political policy. The so-called open forum is a closed felon's cell of solitude and despair if it is so falsely conducted as to be in the least obstructive to the spiritual freedom of our heroic ethical struggles through periods of moral transition. Forgiveness and the non-resistance of evil bode well for those already above the petty and barbaric State functions of organized force and punishment, but they are moods cast in a sad plight when the popular mind is swamped under a deluge of vulgarian propaganda and selfish screeds of "success."

Like its worldly predecessor Babylon, Rome is a symbol of secular power and State government in this world. They were the most practical State perfections of their time. Their foundation was pagan, however, and hence allowed no function higher than the temporal nor any structure more durable than the secular. They did nothing that aimed beyond political utility and achievements significant of imperial power, but these are poor criteria of a State's morality if they have no deeper design or sanction than mere recourse to physical force and self-assertion. The classical opposition between Christian and pagan morality, as it was brought to the inevitable arena of decisive combat in Rome, was really a conflict between exalted ethical ideals and the selfishness of secular naturalism. A decisive departure crowned the growing exigency of opinion and a pronounced change was made in political theory and practice in the centuries immediately following the conquest of the pagan world by the Christian, for the State had to temper its old aristocratic monopolies and make a few concessions in the direction of representative government, uniform taxation, reform of judicial power, decentralized administration, etc. So that now we are accustomed to look upon the State as, after all, not an end in itself like the imperialist pagans believed, but a means to an end—the higher end of social realizations of spirituality rather than of force and vested authority.

The great moral conflict between the Roman Empire and proto-Christianity was one between State adjudication and punishment of sin, as a temporal and secular affair on the one hand, and the spirituality of Christ's compassion and remission of sin, as a divine dispensation on the other. The secular order, realized as the State, is founded on a code of duties calling for strict obedience and literal interpretations of law, while the moral order, realized as an unworldly Utopia and (excepting various cultural items) fairly well represented in original Christianity and social welfare, is founded on a more lenient survey of principles calling for spiritual interpretations of law and an inward repudiation of sin. The former relies on force and punishment to support its claims of prestige and sovereignty, while the latter relies on the conscience and good will of the individual to spontaneously follow the righteous path. The man who is virtuous only through external restraint and lack of favorable opportunity for committing sin is hardly one who would (although he could, *if he chose*) become a Christian.

The modern callousness of conscience and the glibly ambiguous rescripts of ancient moral texts to cover the personal finite interests

of our wild individualism may well be called the new paganism (Prof. James Seth), but they are far from being expressions of true morality and at times do not even express as much concern for duty and righteousness as did the pagan creeds. Our age is a complex of luxury and enlightenment showing occasional symptoms of want and woe. It is fast becoming an intricate maze of borderland morality where any clever modern soul could easily evade the forty-two avenging nemeses which assisted Osiris to pass just judgment on the deceased to see if his virtue was above partaking of the forty-two varieties of sin listed in the Per-Em-Rhu, or so-called "Book of the Dead." One glaring defect of the modern age is that we are growing unnecessarily superficial, frightfully hedonistic, and tragically selfish. And any prophetic moralist can readily see the whole itinerary of our mad descent to hell. Extravagant livery and high-salaried trumpeters cannot deceive the seer of truth.

Generally, our inner lives are but so many spheres of influence mandatory to our intellectual, volitional and emotional functions. Even the formative period from ovum-conception through birth to adolescence, while not so purposive as the period from adolescence to maturity, is largely a loom on which we weave an individual fabric of more or less intelligent design from the woof of intellectual power and the warp of emotional bias. It is during this period, requiring constant guiding and worthy example, that spiritual direction is decided, whether thought and affection or ignorance and malevolence shall drive forth in ascendent control. Let us see what makes man's thoughts and feelings sometimes normal and constructive, sometimes deficient and destructive. Let us see why we have such weakness of character, such decadence of ideals, that the common expression of popular foible run in the modern phrase of slang, jazz, materialism, graft, political flapdoodle, social flapperism, boot-leg morality and risqué literature.

It is not yet clearly established just what causes some of us to be intelligent and good, while others are foolish and mischievous. But it does seem that all of us very early begin to show our choices and aims, propensities and desires. Children are hardly out of the cradle before they begin to reveal whether their lives are to be guided by cunning, selfishness and frivolity or by honesty, generosity and seriousness. Invariably we may find among adults an habitual development and incrustation of those early defects or fine points of character which marked their first efforts to talk, walk, eat or play. Whatever culture is accomplished afterward or otherwise is but a refinement and polish more or less externally applied to the

inherited and hence innate tendency. For this reason we can also invariably find throughout the whole period practically of a person's life that the emotional or volitional functions of affection and aversion are anterior to any intellectual or cultural functions such as are supposedly decisive in the daily manifestations of wisdom or folly, virtue or vice, generosity or selfishness, spirituality or materialism.

These are the lines of force thrown out from the opposite poles of innate emotional tendency, one acquisitive and the other inhibitory. All our fine points of moral stimulation are decided by affection, exemplified in love and friendship; all our clumsy items of conflict and repression are decided by aversion, exemplified in pessimism, misanthropy, war and hatred; while all our principal functions of thought and feeling are good or bad, generous or selfish, wise or foolish in the exact proportion that our spiritual threshold is high or low, critical or ignorant, discriminating or promiscuous.

The sphere of moral discrimination and practice does not take shape until many adverse experiences have taught us the illusion of folly and the utter futility of all wickedness. Good sense and virtuous conduct are phoenix-born from the dead ashes of corrected error and conquered sin. But even in the face of all the everlasting efforts of Nature and adverse experience to make us see the righteous way, many of us are too obstinate or myopic to reform. Folly, then, as an expression of negative morality, has a certain peculiarly human way of persisting; it has a considerable degree of ethical inertia which makes it difficult to overcome when we try to subdue it individually. But those whose threshold is not too artificially high to admit the benevolent uses of adversity soon learn the meaning of life and are accordingly more apt to relish righteousness, spontaneously seeking reform and improvement at least upon themselves. In either case, as things now stand, intelligence has fascinations for the sage quite as readily and as often as folly fascinates the fool. The wise man is like a careful Frithiof weighing all sides of a question in an honest search for truth, virtue and harmony; but the fool is like a reckless Fortunatus whose inexhaustible purse and insatiable wishing cap invite nought but trouble, anxiety and disaster.

Our two simplest elements being intellect and emotion, every spiritual function is built up from thought and feeling, and every practical function is based upon whether we are intelligent and balanced or foolish and hysterical. Complexities of both phases are often presented, but just about as often they are largely to be found arising from accelerations rather than from differentiations of the

simpler proportions. The inner status being either good or bad in the sense of being either normal or defective (including abnormal) in either the single or total parts of our nature. Thus we know that a functional disturbance of either the intellectual or emotional phases of our nature may take place without seriously affecting the other; often favorably reflecting upon it instead. While a compound disturbance of both phases simultaneously may serve to break down more or less permanently the normal person's power of mind and character, it is usually found that one or the other has a slight margin of vitality and recuperative power, and hence will become the ascendent phase.

I believe, however, that we do not see as much mental or intellectual deficiency as we do emotional or psychopathic deficiency, although any victim of insanity or hysteria is usually found also morally delinquent owing to defects of both intellect and emotion, conscience and volition. Mob violence always depends upon emotional excitement more than upon intellectual weakness, although the latter is an equally culpable accessory to the irresponsible action. Disturbances of super-activity, as in the uncontrolled excitement of war hysteria, riots and revolutions, usually outnumber those owing to lethargy, subnormality or atrophied formation. If a person is cold and proud and austere the spiritual threshold of his intellect is not necessarily high, but the threshold of his emotion is surely to be found exclusive and egocentric. While if he is hyper-emotional and violent it indicates a low threshold too promiscuous in affective tendency, but often an intellectual threshold too high for the entrance of either self-examination or external efforts at control.

Both are blind bondservants and dolorous devotees to the insidious fascinations of folly. They seem never to discern that it is their own intellectual and emotional delinquency which is the label of their defect. Sages of contentment alone seem capable of seeing that it is the mania for worldly interests, acquisition of wealth and power, luxury and parasite extravagance which marks every vulgarian age and smothers every spiritual force which aspires to nobler things than the merely industrial and the class materialism of ephemeral private gain. But the foolish never seem to see nor care why the fine arts and occult verities of man's truer civilization are always lost in the jungle life of modern messeantry where all is shallow artifice and transitory utility. If a fool does not see in the recent vulgarian debacle in our literary professionalism how thoroughly demoralized both the market of demand and the studios of supply (not to mention the decadence of journals supplying that

demand) have become, how can we expect him to relish the reconstructive analysis of the eternal conflict between environment and character that is presented in Prof. Hocking's volume on *Human Nature and Its Remaking?* He cannot simply because he is fascinated by things far less exalted than self-development. He is a vulgarian and doesn't know it.

Much ado has been made over Plato's conception of the human soul as a composite image of a many-headed monster, lion and man which metamorphoses through all the gamut of moral possibility. The soul has a rational and eternal element which should be kept pure and superior to the constituent passional and animal elements if there is to be any wisdom or righteousness in the person's life. But if, as with the majority of us, these elements are in violent and aimless conflict, it is of vital importance to our spiritual welfare that we seek to harmonize them and put them in their proper order of authority and relative influence. Moral progress in public life, like the spiritual development of wisdom and virtue in the private conduct of individuals, is just such a harmony and unification of our psychic, intellectual and physical functions. Fichte's monistic morality is really the background giving sanction and support to all the plural manifestations of the Good, even though Prof. Dewey's social morality appears only in the arena where discipline and interest are in constant conflict. There is no moral necessity that all our personal interests and disciplines should be the same, but it is both morally and philosophically *desirable* to claim efficacy for those viewpoints which see the essential oneness and ideal brotherhood of all humanity.

## II. PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Figurative Foreword): The highway engineers were building a road from Natal to Thanatos, and had already cut through many gravel banks, made various fills and bridged occasional streams. But now they had come to a rugged hillside round which, to keep the specified grade, they needs must cut sufficient ledge for traffic. Above were many shattered cliffs and great nomad boulders precariously placed which threatened the safety of construction and of subsequent travel. No one would attempt to scale the hazardous walls, and the work seemed to be in for an unavoidable delay. But one day, a small boy throwing stones gave an initial downward roll to an avalanche which swept away all danger and made foundation for a sturdy rampart on the curve.



Thus has a natural hazard overcome where artificial means had failed. But all the travellers who came that way took credit from the boy and gave it to the highway engineers.

The recent rapprochement between science and religion in the western world had one leading feature that does not seem to have been sufficiently analyzed and appreciated. This feature was the question of moral validity in an age admittedly prosperous and progressive in science, but one fast losing grip on all but the more vulgar aspects of religion and morality. It also was a question presenting other problems whose arguments in hope of reaching a solution helped to prove why it is very important that we accustom our ears to notice the tendency of current affairs and opinions, even when these are devoted largely to the ephemeral and utilitarian issues of livelihood and conduct.

Many elements make up every movement for better or for worse. The one under present discussion was not only brought on primarily by the idealistic revolt against materialism or the philosophical assault on humanism and its anthropomorphic pantheons; but there were the revival of original moral codes, the revaluation of the humanities in a new aesthetic interpretation, the non-human departure in logistics, not to mention the occasional diverting squabbles over archeological finds, spiritism, ethical culture, revised economic distribution, and the rationalia of various vitalisms which indirectly affected the final outcome. Even purifiers of language crowded under the universal halo which for a time hallowed all the listening air, for those of us who were within verbal reach of even the outer circle can still remember that the atmosphere was not all pleasant smoke wreaths and pachak. With Della Cruscan scruples and devout demean the purist always worships mere verbal chastity and fights eristically against the crass vernacular of both written and unwritten laws. It makes no difference whether he be linguist, moralist, or philosopher. Thus, later on, we can recall that there were some few attempts at sublimating the question into terms of truth and aspiration, but the vulgarian predicates, like Banquo's murder, would out, and the vortex of controversy only served the more readily to whirl them toward the outer rim of disbelief.

More recently, however, religious faith has fortunately had the good sense and open-mindedness to take science into its cloistral embrace. They are simply the twin daughters of man's spiritual progress anyway, so why not accommodate their mutual need, the one to anagogize and inspire, and the other to lend dignity and verification to our hopes, our dreams and aims. Creeds and customs of

temporary restraint are useful for the day which gives them birth, but they are merely insects of the season's pool compared with those eternal verities of man's transfiguration known as sincerity, faith, meekness, compassion, generosity, justice, and everlasting integrity. These are the keywords to life's supreme majestic code, and those who know them as most intimately active in the daily speech of thought and conduct also know the magic sesame of love and health and endless benediction.

The way we think and conduct ourselves, then, is always the expression of our individual religious faith; it always reveals with unmistakable significance and accuracy whether we are selfish or generous, thrifty or extravagant, devout or blasphemous, intelligent or foolish, reliable or fickle. Thus, if we believe that money is the pivot of life, then all our hopes and plans will revolve about that finite point. If we look only to the favor of worldly circumstance for our private safety, then our religious devotion will be vacillating and opportunistic, and we will entertain the expedient policy that our material possessions or influence will give us preferment. But if we pin our faith to Deities beyond the petty creeds and canons of this world, to a Destiny non-humanly prescribed, and to a code of values impersonal and unselfish, our conduct and our mode of thinking will by natural consequence become straightforward and devout, erect and free, humble and unworldly, noble and secure. No one, however, can escape the inevitable choice, the mortal as well as moral *either-or* of virtue and degeneracy, refinement and vulgarity, for here and now is the grand arena of life already surrounding us, where moral (if not mortal) combats between saints and rascals are perennially being waged, where philosophers and fools joust to a finish, and where courage and decision are not in opposition to the good and true.

Moral validity, when it really obtains as an actual credential of human conduct, has nothing in common with any modern version of Kulturkampf, nor does it feel any pang of prudery in foreview of a thorough examination. It has too well-founded a faith in things eternal to weakly submit to the raucous belligerence of ephemeral cultures of finite interest. And above all, especially in its latest role as arbiter of what is now popular in art, literature and other minutiae of irrelevance, does it dispense with all the mystic formulae of Kaaba lore, pedantic allusion, Byzantine cipher-writing, futurism as well as the passé, for it has sanction and support in conceptions more eternal than the Gnostic Demiurgos of demure creation and ecstatic agency. Right and good and truth have birthright in Reality.

A good man is devout and virtuous because it is right so to be, not because he has mercenary palms that itch to grasp rewards hereafter. A wise man is intelligent and observant of propriety because these are the tokens of integrity, not because he fears the loss of some ephemeral prestige through incompetence or folly, and surely not because of mere utility.

Our vulgar world has vast delinquency in aim and bows in *crève-cœur* worship of contentious gain. Our slickest knaves are mimics of devout concern, and outgrieve all those *nouveaux riches* of "a certain vaunted Democracy" who were surprised to find that mystic sex distinctions have been made in the accurate geometrical construction of the Sardinian Nuraghi. If they had only looked up prehistoric totemism in "The Golden Bough," all the stormy atmosphere of phallic worship connected with those old truncated monuments would have been clarified and quieted. But they seem never to realize that any age is vulgarian only by dint of moral defect, and becomes delinquent from the moral norm simply through incapacity for aspiration and nobility of action.

Morality is rendered attractive and convincing when it is romantic and emotional, when it emerges as a simple spontaneity of good will and rectitude, not when it is scientific, intellectual or expedient. Shrewd righteousness is subject to suspicion because it is adroit and calculated, while through true rectitude and benevolence we show our conduct to be credibly sincere because it is innate, carefree and has a generous naiveté bordering on the purity of innocence. The Golden Hammer told us long ago that "a man should *be* upright, not merely be kept erect by penalty of law."

The personal element, then, is the crux of the situation, showing that the validity of virtue and the adequacy of moral decision depend solely upon our inner nobility of character; never upon the popular expediency or prestige derived from external circumstances. There is a public morality, to be sure, but it is held accountable for what it does just the same as individual conduct—in fact, it is but a pluralism of individual responsibility and conduct. The same deeds are no more righteous nor any less culpable in public life than in private; nations have identical relations to observe and identical obligations to meet as individuals have. Even in the vulgarian world outside the spiritual hermitage of our nobler aspirations (a world which is periodically shrouded and smothered under its vast but illusory repertoire of greed and war, clever artifice and stupid delusion) clear-seeing men find that the eternal verities still hold supreme and without respect of persons still decide our fate upon this mun-

dane orb. It is by process of inexorable law that we suffer for our transgressions and find happiness only when we really deserve it.

The laws of God and Cosmos must be abided by and revered in order to be known; and folks of feeble faith or faculty shall soon meet judgment and regret their incapacity. There is no modern problem of the classical sociology which drew sharp lines marking off the rights and relations of *meum et tuum*; it is a proven fact that practically everyone preaches brotherhood aloud, but privately holds to the Hannibal code of *Soc et Tuum* instead. Every situation, however, has its own peculiar make-up and opposing elements, its *caractères données* of good and bad, heroic and villainous, noble and vulgar. A woman may be as amatory as a Lesbian gynophile, and yet be not beyond emotional redemption. A man may be attracted by the obscene suggestiveness of the Rathayatra festival of the Juggernaut procession, and yet soon realize that his response is altogether foreign to the pure Krishnaic sublimations of religious feeling.

Our own great edifice of Christian love and forgiveness is by no means as yet a universal passion of the soul. For its simple faith is often set aside in the western world, making way for the dark dugouts and isolated igloos of an uncouth savagery. We cannot sometimes see that our fulsome pride of mind is quite inadequate to secure the pledge of aid from any lesser vicary than that of Calvary, for the briefest manifestation of God's laws and love is often more phenomenal and inexplicable than St. Elmo's swift fire-ship whose weird illuminations awe the seamen round New Brunswick's bleak sandbanks. Many of our finite and ephemeral interests would be cast aside were we once deliberately to take action on that famous maxim of Plotinus that "The Cosmos shall endure when man and all his works have passed away."

But two millenniums of specious progress have made us self-centered and restless, hedonistic and superficial. Devotees of Polyanna might call the Russian novelism of Duma days banal and depressing, but Ibsenists and scenarions of the ivory-tower school would call it tame and liken it to the English stage refectations of pre-war aristocracy or the reconstructive art rechauffés of the post-war Drama League. Nevertheless, there is still a growing interest, untempered by the adverse propaganda of capitalism against Bolshevism, in learning how plain-spoken were Gorky and Dostoievsky when they analyzed the crimes of society in all its violence and debauchery, or with what naive technique Tolstoi and Turgenev were self-critical and offered long mystic prayers on the vitality of religion as a salv-

age from death's weird purgatory. It is not commonly known that the sorrowing but courageous realism which Turgenev adapted to modern life was long ago anticipated and given dramatic expression by Sophocles, the sombre soul of Delphos unabashed. But it is lately becoming known that Gorky's revolt against modern Russian "cultures of cruelty," decrying the innate and diabolical finesse to which they have reduced their brutality and agreeing in substance with the historical pejorism voiced by the anonymous author of the book entitled, "Progress as the Evolution of Cruelty," well illustrates why Christian morality in Russia, no more the romantic 19th century hero-worship of literary moujiks and simple-minded villagers, is now so implacably opposed to everything classical and "high-minded," having sympathy only for whatever is consistent with decadence and proletarian mediocrity. No wonder Russia is fast falling into a sensual naturalistic morality.

This literary unrest and agitation served to prepare the *Intelligentsia* for the fatal blood initiations of 1905 and 1917 when the under-dogs, *Narodniki*, took a hand in political dispositions. It also encouraged rather than temporized the ruthless Russian revolt which was later directed against French musical impressionism and American emotionalism (not to mention capitalism), a revolt showing well to the fore in the compositions of Rimsky-Korsakov and in Prokovieff even more so than in his teacher Stravinsky. Here we have but a series of musical reincarnations of the subtle anagoge put upon material themes by the anarchist trio of romantic, realistic and naturalistic expression. It was still hardly less violent and morally subversive than anything that ever appeared in Russian literature, with the possible exception of Belinsky, Tyuchef, Tolstoi and a few other philosophers.

Even today in the coal fields and railroad centers of our own progressive (?) America the same old Czaristic pogroms of foul lechery and base treachery overrule men's social spirit and seem never capable of seeing that every Frankenstein industrialism usually found forcing its way cruelly through countries already grown corrupt, already rendered weak and helpless and hysterical through poverty and folly which are invariably brought on by a false and unjust economic distribution—such a treacherous industrialism, I will say, always captures the eye of the vulgar and snares the feeble-minded and unwary. Material luxury and political extravagance become the rule, and before the mad procession has continued for long the imperial wizards of life's economic bourse are threatened by their own body-guards, and the under-dogs begin to plot

doulocracy. From within the surroundings of such problematic conditions as mark our modern life it is only with the utmost faith, demanding that we overlook many things that must have led Tagore to announce his high expectations of American culture and spiritual strength, that we can prophesy a pleasant or progressive future.

The bribed efforts and monetary inspiration of modern poets, who have just enough genius to make their verse piquant and tantalizing, lend but little spiritual background to their poetic perspective and ultimately show cause why they perform but meagre function in support or furtherance of human culture. For this reason many geniuses, otherwise so promising, have been swallowed up and lost in the fatal maelstrom of mercenary motive. They are apparently completely estranged from the romantic simplicity and exotic charm of happy-sorrow voiced by the Chinese poets Po Chu-I, Li T'ai Po and Tao Yuan-Ming who used their sloe-wash brushes to symbolize the grief of genius under the disillusionment of worldly life. And those other erratic if not erotic thinkers who light their torches with the midnight flame of Greenwich love and keep them burning only in the damp uncanny gloom of luxury, dissipation and sexual excitement—these will never share the genius that was Arthur Rimbaud's in his librist *Illuminations* or that which Wordsworth revealed in a great *Prelude* that was really the epilogue to a long and clean life's philosophical *Excursion*.

The soft amenities of modern art are scarce indeed compared with the stern recitals of requirement offered suavely enough by the publicans of taste but gruffly *demand*ed by the importuning pot-boilers of decadence and shrewd spoliation. If we could only harken to the amiable notes of anecdote and satire in documents so diverse as Sir John Lubbock's "Use of Life," Saint-Saen's "Musical Memories" (sic semper Rossini et Victor Hugo), and Mark Twain's unpublished sociological diatribe "3000 Years among the Microbes" (with apologies to Ambrose Bierce and St. George the Fabian) I am sure the greater part of our modern vendomaniac literature could be left unread if not censored off the market.

The venturesome postichée who simply revels in whatever sham makes up the current fad is not fit company for youthful minds and even casts a cloud of discontent round those supposedly more sober. I cannot help wondering what a cruel mischief was set upon the world when Pandora opened up her box of cares and woes. What a miserable text of sham and shibboleth we find was foisted upon the world's half-blind attention as we now look back upon the murky days five years ago when the very flower of America's young

manhood was so quickly whirled into the maelstrom of war. We now remember with clearer vision that even those who were just coming of age were soon conscribed and, like the helpless Holluschickie of modern industrialism, were considered fat and fit for slaughter. The worst feature of the tragedy was not that they were killed or made to suffer, but the savage fact that their hides were taken to warm the body plutocratic!

Even though we do live in a fickle and vulgarian age, it is not ours to basely yield when potentates of food and water frown; it is not ours to feebly bow in weak submission upon the crooked mat of economic tyranny. It is not our concern when crafty statesmen take their coveted spoils without resort to force of armament. Were we to hold ourselves in leash, instead of letting clever knaves incite our wrath or play upon our selfish creed of gain, a goodly measure of the world's conflicting efforts would be made more useful and contented. Taken apart from what their peoples think or say, two statesmen wrangling over territory or commercial rights remind me of the cheap comedy of two chesty "cullud jemmun" who were once overheard unmercifully flyting each other with all the blustering Billingsgate of shipyard Scotchmen. But they never came to blows while left alone, and might have been "argufying" yet if some policemen had not made it imperative that they adjourn their typically diplomatic meeting.

Any person with a mind for rational experience knows how difficult it is to make practical application of moral texts to the conduct of life, not only public but even in the privacy of his own motives and activities. A certain idealism and discipline are always required besides mere interest in social welfare. The realization of our Christian faith in actual Christian work and achievement is all that will validate and prove our morality genuine. One result at least being that in the end of all our efforts at composing this often seemingly incorrigible world, if we are honest seekers after truly philosophical values in science, religion, art, ethics and government, we will always recognize why Galtier outshines Bergson, why Croce is more enduring than Soffici; we will observe how easily Bosanquet draws carleques of phosphorus around deserted Wells, while William James is looked up to as being more the exemplar of America's practical idealism than either the Good Gray Poet or Concord's Magic Flute!