

than a fact. I mean, that novelists are really very much like other people. They are very much like poets—only, of course, they make more money. But just as poets do not write novels for money, although they are driven to the writing of journalism for money, so I do not think novels are written solely for money by novelists. They may be written for what money can buy; but then all work is primarily a means of livelihood. Even poets accept remuneration, when they can get it. I fancy that a sincere investigation would disclose the fact that novelists are as a rule—except for those who proclaim their envious horror of success—as little mercenary as any in the community. But they, like poets,

are very dependent upon inspiration. And if inspiration does not come, I suspect that novelists (like poets) take a look out of the window to see what other writers have said or are saying. That they write merely for the market seems to me to be untrue. You cannot divide the world into noble poets and dishonest novelists. It may do on paper, but in fact it is an impossible thought. I wish I knew a thoroughly bad man. I wish I knew any man who was consistent, who would stay still while I did something more than guess at the truth about his personality. I would then anatomize him, and present him to our poet-critics as an effigy to be publicly flayed and destroyed.

SIMON PURE

SONGS OF LIGHT

By Pascal D'Angelo

1

THE wind strikes the pyramids of silence
 And they fall into fragments of glistening melody,
 And drift beyond the forests and hills
 Into sudden distant pyramids of gold.

The wind serpents around their glimmering pinnacles of silence,
 And whirls off into outer blue,
 And perhaps goes ruffling and panting
 To where the loose-tressed maidens of space
 Are floating on the winds of centuries.

2

THE sun robed with noons stands on the pulpit of heaven,
 Like an anchorite preaching his faith of light to listening space.

And I am one of the sun's lost words,
 A ray that pierces through endless emptiness on emptiness,
 Seeking in vain to be freed of its burden of splendor.

GEORG BRANDES

(This article accompanies the first of a series of portrait studies of famous living European authors by Ivan Opffer, the American artist, now in Copenhagen.)

IT was Goethe who coined the word *Weltliteratur*, or world literature, and justified the existence of the expression by his own writings. It is Georg Brandes more than any other one man who has approached the study of literature from the world point of view. He is the greatest synthetic critic now living. Born at Copenhagen, February 4, 1842, he began his career, 1865, as a writer by a series of studies on Danish authors of whom Hans Christian Andersen is the most widely known. His first real book, on Hippolyte Taine, appeared in 1870. On November 3, 1871, he delivered at the University of Copenhagen the first lecture in a course that was afterward to be expanded and published, in six volumes, under the collective title of "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature". It remains to this day the work by which Brandes is best known among those who frequent circulating libraries. The chief characters treated in it are Kleist, Châteaubriand, De Maistre, Byron, Shelley, Musset, Hugo, Balzac, Heine, and Feuerbach.

Of others on whom he has written books—the first books indeed that were written on them—Lassalle, Ibsen,

Nietzsche, and Max Klinger stand out. Brandes was the first to interpret Ibsen, just as he was the real and undisputed discoverer of Friedrich Nietzsche. The last letter Nietzsche wrote before his mental collapse was addressed to him. He has traveled widely, lectured in the principal cities of the world, and written no end of pamphlets, while his autobiography in many volumes and not yet complete is virtually a history of æsthetics since 1860.

Then there are his *magna opera*: "William Shakespeare" (1912), "Wolfgang Goethe" (1916), "François de Voltaire" (1917), "Julius Cæsar" (1919), "Michelangelo" (1921), each in two great volumes, documented, illustrated, informative, provocative, liberal always but radical never, though a half century ago exactly Brandes was asked to leave his country because his teachings were regarded as likely to undermine Danish society. The truth is, Danish society today rests largely on the foundation Brandes laid for it. And November last Denmark acknowledged this fact, publicly, officially, and fully.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD