

whole matter. For the first time in English there were lyrics that read from one end to the other, in a straight simple sentence, with no diflection of word-order.

And perhaps for the first time in the islands a great and known poet stood aside and made way for writers with a cleverer stage knack than himself; and even London had seasons of a theatre that was not wholly idiotic or pusillanimous, or merely a charlatan's rag bag, patched up with tatters of Nietzsche, Ibsen, or with top dressing of Oscar.

So that the award has been an admirable award, and whatever one's mistrust of collective and incorporated intelligence one must admit that the Nobel awards have been in general well made; everyone disagrees with one award or another, but the list of recipients is neither pomposus nor ridiculous. A wreath of this sort has its limitations; the award could not preserve M. Maeterlinck's writings, nor gain an audience for M. Spitteler. If one noted that the award to M. France was unproductive, and that the upkeep of active writers is more important than the laying of laurels on the doorsteps of their elders, that stricture bore rather on the conditions of the prize than on the action of the Swedish academy.

The decadence of Maeterlinck had showed them the danger of crowning young men. A danger that should not be a complete deterrent but which the hostile critic must allow for. And if, to recapitulate, the award had not gone to Yeats it might well have gone to another Irishman, and if it can not, for some national reason, go for two consecutive years to the same nation; one might nominate James Joyce as representative of the republic of letters, or of the Heimatlos; who are, at this moment as respectable a collection of writers as is found in any one country.

If not for next year, for some year not too distant, for looking over the list of possibilities there seems no unlimited number. There is, admittedly, Mr Hardy; and the Italians would, since Fiume and his war service, offer D'Annunzio; and France has no writer of first magnitude; and I think none who could get a french quota of votes, unless by some desperate wrangle. And there is Mr. Conrad Korzeniowski? Heimatlos or proposed by Poland, or by England? and who is not quite in Joyce's class as an author.

IDEALISM

In the discussions that have taken place here in Paris about Joyce's "eligibility" this word has been used as if in some way it would debar the author of "Ulysses". That is buncomb.

If Idealism means anything. If it implies anything more than a bandying of catch-words and shibboleths, and an attempt to force a personal panacea upon others; it should mean what?

Surely the highest idealism is that which tries to make others more aware of the relations between one thing, or one state of mind, and another; to make them more aware of the cosmos in which they exist.

And if "Ulysses" has any existence, it exists as a great work of Katharsis.

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An insidious voice says "It has never gone to an American". Again buncomb. There has been only one American during the prize's time, of suitable magnitude; and one can hardly see Henry James in the act of receiving the medal. One can hardly see him in the act of realizing the existence of Sweden. One can still hear