

Powys Notes

Fall 1994-Winter 1995: A Special Issue
on the Canadian Lecture Tours of
John Cowper Powys (1914-1915, 1930)

A Presentation of Material Recovered by Robin
Patterson from Canadian Newspapers

The Powys Society of North America

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Powys Notes

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An Introduction to Our Special Canadian Number

John Cowper Powys's career as a lecturer, first in England, then (from 1911 onwards) in North America, was his main financial support and primary source of fame—or notoriety—at least until the early 1930's. The pattern is perhaps unusual: everyone can think of famous authors who have had careers as lecturers *after* their success in print, but the pattern by which a successful lecturer becomes an even more successful novelist would seem to be rarer. All the more surprising, then, that Powys's lecture career has been studied so little: a well-researched account of JCP's life on the road would certainly illuminate his highly-refined and individualized modes of self-presentation and his sense of the New World audience for which his accounts of English life were on numerous occasions designed. On broader lines, if one knew more about the Powysian lecture career, one might be able to rethink—or indeed, to discover for the first time—the conventions of that now-decayed social form, the author's lecture-tour, once so prevalent in this fair land. (Having just come from a perusal of E. M. Delafield's *The Provincial Lady in America* [1934], which describes the discomforts of the English lecturer to the American women's club as part of an elaborate comedy of manners, the present writers find themselves particularly enthusiastic about the second possibility—though they do not wish to slight the importance of the first.)

Powys Notes has already presented one significant study of Powys's North American lecture career. We are pleased to follow Constance Harsh's essay on Powy and the Iris Club of Lancaster, Pennsylvania (1992, double issue on Powys and America) with Robin Patterson's archival recovery of his Canadian lectures, as reported—sometimes almost verbatim, sometimes in obvious paraphrase—by the newspapers of Ontario. It is unclear to the editors of *Powys Notes* whether anyone has even bothered to acknowledge, since the time of the original newspaper reports, the existence of Powys's Canadian visits. The emphasis in JCP's *Autobiography* (chapter 10, "America") is on Powysian experiences in great, teeming American cities where the lecturer holds enraptured huge audiences of several markedly different kinds. "I was at ease and happy with my girl-schools and normal-schools and far-away State Colleges. I was not at all alarmed by Women's clubs. I was thrilled by lecturing to Nuns and Novices. Most of all I was entirely

and freely myself in Synagogues" (428)—and even more freely himself, as he several times remarked, in Cooper's Union (New York), still, in the early years of this fading century, a haven for working-class education. Canada does not play a role in Powys's memories of his lecture-tours.

We have to make up our own minds, then, about what kind of weight the evidence of these Canadian newspaper reports should be given. They possess, it might be suggested, at least two kinds of value. In the first place, they constitute a full and fascinating picture of a Powysian lecture tour—actually several tours—undertaken during the first few years of World War I, just when Powys was beginning to make a career as an author (the publication of his argument with Hugo Muensterberg over the war was almost immediately succeeded by the appearance of *Visions and Revisions*, based largely on lectures, and Powys's first novel, *Wood and Stone*.) Secondly, they afford some clues as to what Powys might have made of Canada itself—and correspondingly, of what Canada might have made of Powys. A skeptic might ask: Who cares?, but to this thoughtless nay-sayer we immediately suggest several firm rebuttals. Canada in 1914 must have seemed to Powys a curious self-contradiction: as though England had been imported to the Northern hemisphere, given a New World roughness (and certainly a New World kind of weather), rendered an unfamiliar or perhaps even an uncanny reflection of itself. Powys's American tours are marked for JCP by the hungers of certain non-elite or anti-elite audiences—Communists, Catholics, Jews, the auditors he prefers. Canada, one supposes . . . Canada must have seemed a bit different than that.¹

In Ontario, at least, it was Powys's condemnation of jingoism and militarism, and his support of feminism and female suffrage that drew most hostility from his audiences and from local newspaper readers. Yet in other parts of Canada, during the same era, his position could well have met with a more sympathetic—or at least more mixed—response. In Québec, for example, the introduction of conscription in 1919 catalyzed mass protests by French Canadian men who refused to fight under and for the British crown. In Western Canada, at the same time, a powerful suffrage campaign won many significant victories. In 1916, the provincial legislatures of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta accorded women the right to vote in all provincial elections, and all Canadian women received federal voting rights in 1918. In the meantime, suffrage activists in Alberta set two empire-wide legal precedents. In 1917, two women elected to the Alberta legislature were the first female members of any house of parliament in the British Empire. In

1916, women's groups also secured the appointment of Alberta's first two female judges, specifically to hear women's cases. When the judicial authority of police magistrate Emily Murphy was challenged, on the ground that she was not legally a "person," she brought the "Person's Case" before the Privy Council in London, to win the 1929 recognition of women as "persons" with "rights and privileges" before the law, precedent-setting not only for Canada but for the whole empire as well.²

Yet if, during the period of WWI, the Canadian West appeared to lead Britain and the empire in enacting progressive social legislation, the cultural and literary situation of Ontario appeared correspondingly regressive. In a survey of the state of Canadian letters published in the last month of the nineteenth century, Robert Barr tells of "Six men of education and culture . . . [who] were taking dinner in a private room in a Toronto restaurant. Being cultivated persons, their talk naturally turned towards literature, and the good old stock question came up. If all the books were to be blotted out with the exception of the Bible and Shakspeare and one other volume, what should that one other volume be? . . . Here, then, are the authors preserved to us by the six men of cultured education in Toronto—Scott, Dickens, Carlyle, Kipling, Macaulay, Parkman, Thackeray, Ruskin, Elliott, Pope, Lecky, Stevenson, Browning, Tennyson, Goldsmith and Arnold, in the order named."³ Barr goes on to complain about the relative indifference manifested by his six cultured men towards contemporary Canadian literature; he laments also that if Walter Scott himself were to set up shop in Canada, he would undoubtedly starve to death for lack of patrons and literary institutions to support his work. "During all my school days in Canada, whether in the humble log chalet of the backwoods or the more imposing educational halls of Toronto, I never once heard the name of a literary man mentioned . . . The selections for the reading books were mostly chosen from English sources, and if we saw Canada at all, it was through English eyes." (p. 17)

Fictional pictures of Ontario literary culture at the turn of the century tend to reinforce this judgment. Barr's own 1917 novel *The Measure of the Rule* exposes the narrowmindedness and hypocrisy within the new teacher's colleges of Ontario; according to Barr, these institutions reproduce outdated social norms and school curricula, thus perpetuating a frozen and repressive cultural system. Sara Jeannette Duncan's brilliant comedies of manners *The Imperialist* (1904) and *A Canadian Girl in London* (1908) reveal a provincial Ontario society as deeply committed to the commercial project of

empire; though the Ontarians conceive of themselves as deeply English, Duncan makes clear that they are first of all more Scottish than English and secondly closer to the hated Americans than they would think. Several decades later, "self-condemned" to war-time exile in Toronto, Wynham Lewis experienced Canada as a "sanctimonious icebox." One hesitates to imagine what he might have said about the pre-WWI Ontario described so critically by Barr and Duncan (and so lovingly in Stephen Leacock's 1912 *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*).

It was largely as an outstanding practitioner of education outside established institutional channels such as those condemned by Barr that Powys was introduced to the Ontarian public. (The reader of JCP's *Autobiography* will realize immediately that this is a role which Powys would have savored.) On 20 February 1915, citing the precedent of Mechanics' Institutes in Great Britain, *The Evening Citizen* of Ottawa declared: "One of the finest fruits of modern democracy is the serious effort that it has put forth to provide educations for all classes of citizens. . . . During the past few years the people of Ottawa have been listening to lectures, such as Dr. Griggs', that might fairly be described as preliminary extension work. . . . Next Monday evening Prof. Powys, a man of wide experience in university extension lecturing in the United Kingdom, will commence a series of lectures on literature in Ottawa. Why should not these lectures be followed by a definite effort to make Ottawa a university extension centre? In this way higher education could be brought within the reach of hundreds, if not thousands, of those to whom it is now unattainable." Powys's effort is thus presented as a pioneering one, possessing not only novelty value but possibly useful as an example and harbinger of educational methods to come. As the *The Evening Citizen* somewhat vaguely foreshadowed, one feature of the new era in education would probably be a change in syllabus. "At a time when Carlyle has waned a little, when Browning has been found out, when Tennyson has become exhausted and when Emerson has been made practical, when the most modern are turning to the great ones of Italy and France, Goethe was found to be more modern than all, was the declaration of brilliant John Cowper Powys. M.A., of Cambridge." (18 February 1914, *The Evening Telegram*) The curriculum, then, is to be European or even international as well as Anglo-American; it is also going to be more modern in its emphases than the Victorian list of writers proposed by Barr's eminent six. As for Kipling—the one contemporary writer approved by those anonymous but weighty sages—he is to be demoted, a task which proved fraught with

difficulties, as the transcripts discovered by Robin Patterson suggest. Thirdly, there is going to be a change in style. Whatever Powys's drawbacks as a lecturer, he was not stuffy. The Ontario press appears to have accepted him both as an embodiment of Oxbridge-style learning and as a kind of quirky demolitions expert, intent on blowing up the faux-Victorian stuffiness to which those unfortunate Canadian audiences were evidently subject. Stuffiness would be replaced—indeed replaced—by a lively, paradoxical, seemingly improvisatory kind of talk which was exciting and often revelatory, even to those who, in the last analysis, must have had profound ideological reservations about Powys.

Were there any long-term effects of JCP's visits? He appears to have had a certain *succès d'estime* and, one must hope, a financial success as well; moreover, he was willing to return in 1930, by which point he must have been very tired indeed of the lecture business. However, the history of Canadian education after Powys will have to be meditated in some other journal than the present one: we simply do not know whether he left any significant marks on the Canadian literary culture of his day.

The following transcripts—preceded by Mr. Patterson's introduction and by his invaluable calendar of the lectures which Powys is known to have delivered in Canada—are offered to the reader of *Powys Notes* as perhaps the closest record thus far discovered of a course (or several courses) of Powysian lectures. The transcripts vary in quality and style, a point which will soon become obvious to any student of them, but the multiple reports on most Powys's Canadian appearances will allow an instructively comparative view of what several more or less alert journalists found striking in their visitor's manner and remarks. Some of this material reappears in finished and literary form in Powys's published works; much of it does not. The material is relatively raw, but on that very count crucially important to a full understanding of how JCP lectured and of what in his long career might have seemed attractive to so many audiences across North America.

A last few words, on editorial practice. Mr. Patterson provides a listing by city of the newspaper articles that he has discovered, a succinct and logical bibliographical method; the actual order of the articles, as they appear in this issue of *Powys Notes*, is chronological, providing what seemed to us the most interesting narrative of JCP's adventures and misadventures under the Ontarian sun. (Particularly instructive is the sequence of shockwaves set up by Powys's pronouncements on Rudyard Kipling, but the attentive reader will also note many other

illuminating crossreferences.) Most of the articles we reprint—virtually all of what Mr. Patterson has discovered—are in effect transcripts, probably from shorthand. Some readers will appreciate having several transcripts of the same lecture and thus being able to estimate what kind of changes have occurred between oral performance and written article. Others will prefer to browse. Finally, we have presented some of the shorter articles in single typographical blocks, with “/” indicating paragraphs as they appear in the original. Other, mostly longer articles are presented in a manner much closer to their original newspaper appearance.

We invite commentary on these lectures from knowledgeable or simply from engaged readers; even more enthusiastically, we invite suggestions for other lecture-sets which could be treated in the form of analytical essays or archival transcriptions like the present one.

We now turn to Mr. Patterson's commentary and archive.

—the editors (with Katie Trumpener, University of Chicago)

Notes

¹Although see also Michael Ondaatje's 1987 novel *In the Skin of a Lion*, which evokes a subculture of immigrant radicals and anarchists in Toronto in the period immediately following WWI.

²Linda Rasmussen, Lorna Rasmussen, Candace Savage and Anne Wheeler, eds., *A Harvest Yet to Reap: A History of Prairie Women* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1976). For a contemporary account of the linked campaigns for suffrage and pacifism in Western Canada, see Francis Marion Beynon's 1919 novel *Aleta Day* (recently reprinted by Virago Press).

³Robert Barr, "Literature in Canada," part two, *The Canadian Magazine*, XIV, 2 (December 1899), 130-136, rpt. in Barr's *The Measure of the Rule*, Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1973, p. 13.

We are pleased once again to acknowledge the financial assistance of Wilfrid Laurier University.

Since this issue is so long, we have had to postpone a number of announcements and shorter pieces, which will appear in the next number, out as soon as we can manage it, with essays on the new Porius and a reproduction of Timothy Hyman's marvellous painting of a Powysian Weymouth Sands.

Powys in Canada

John Cowper Powys's Canadian Lectures (1914-1915, 1930)

By Robin Patterson

Powys is a Welshman of 56 with a red wig, chiselled features, a stoop, a doctor's gown, handsome in a way and yet *manqué* with a queer look as of wild man or museum freak. He is a disconnected falsetto Anglican, not a Catholic, lives with a brotherhood who puts him up when in Boston—hates Puritans and the English Church, dotes on beauty and worship, is a dyspeptic who diets except on queer food at odd hours—likes to surprise, shock, and amuse, has no money—is charming personally—frank, warm, and clever. Lectured too long, of course, and made one or two very clever remarks—e.g., as to the difference between Shaw who is cruel and is enjoyed by middle-aged people—and Wilde whose cynicism is gay and amusing and is enjoyed by the young—also while protesting against the obscene interest the public might take—he developed that side of it—furiously and over and over again—till I almost made a speech at the end—to say how that 'those of us who had come out of that obscene curiosity (so much reprobated by Mr. P.) were *not disappointed*. . . . The trouble with him is he has become a hack. You see he's a queer dick himself, or else with his wit and brilliancy, reading, and enthusiasm he'd have shone in the church or at the bar or something—and so fate has shunted him off to lecture to barbarians—and it's told on his brains.

Chanler saw all this and developed the thesis himself. At one moment in the lecture the ourangoutang made me angry and I roared like a bull and shook the chandelier—quite unexpectedly to myself—but the episode passed and I recovered my equanimity. . . .

—John Jay Chapman, letter to Elizabeth Chanler Chapman

Powys's Canadian lecture career seems to begin in 1914: publicity material at the time of his first Hamilton lecture refers to his fame "as the foremost educational lecturer of England and America" (*The Hamilton Spectator*, 23 March 1914, p. 16), but does not mention any earlier Canadian tour. The earliest mention of Powys in a Canadian paper may be the almost identical announcements printed in *The Globe* (a morning paper) and *The Evening Telegram* for 29 January

1914: "The University Woman's Club of Toronto announces a course of four lectures of John Cowper Powys, M. A., of Cambridge, England, to be held in the Foresters' Hall [. . .]." The 16 February 1914 lecture in London, on "England, the Citadel of Individualism," appears to be his first Canadian lecture; there is a letter to Llewelyn of the date (1975 collection, pp. 141-142), written from Niagara Falls and anticipating the journey ("I don't feel very delighted at the prospect of riding twenty miles through Canada in a Trolley Car"). Powys's letters at this time show his obsession with Frances Gregg and perhaps he was thinking of her in that initial lecture, dealing as it does with the drudgery of domestic labor (compare the letter to Llewelyn of 21 January 1914: "tragic to see our Frances . . . entirely reduced to the berth of a domestic drudge"[p. 139]).

Most of the publicity material for the lectures appear in the "social" pages of the day: "On Dit" in *The Daily Mail and Empire*, "What Cornelia Sees" in *The Evening Telegram*, "Social and personal" in *The Toronto Daily News*, "Social Events" in *The Globe*, "In Society" in *The Hamilton Spectator*, "In Woman's Realm" in *The London Evening Free Press*. In some cases these columns provide the sole mention of a particular lecture. Only the Ottawa paper completely separated Powys from the social page. Whether social or otherwise, almost all of this material is anonymous, and I know nothing about the few people who are named—nor have I found out who "Cornelia" was.

Several of the lectures seem to be Powys's standards—"Goethe the Genius of Germany," "England and the Individual," "Ibsen or the Genius of the Scandinavian," etc.—used by him throughout the teens and into the twenties; similar titles crop up in later lecture ads in New York and San Francisco.

There are two paragraphs on his Canadian travels in *Autobiography*: he confesses that Canadians "remain baffling and mysterious to me," and that he "derived immense satisfaction from prowling round the walls of the Convents in Montreal" (New York, 1934, pp. 474-475). Some prowling around the microfilms of *The Montreal Gazette* has so far been unfruitful but I will keep looking.

It is difficult today to think of "Jack-the-zany-Jack-not-quite-in-the-box-Powys" as "Prof. Powys," yet this is how he must have appeared to tens of thousands who attended his lectures in the first thirty years of the century.

Judging by the 1915 reports—and I realize these are just reports and not the lectures themselves—there is more work to be done on JCP as war propagandist, at least.

Six newspapers were checked for Toronto—*The Daily Mail and Empire*, *The Evening Telegram*, *The Globe*, *The Toronto Daily News*, *The Toronto Daily Star*, *The Toronto World* (there are just three such dailies today)—and one each for Hamilton, London and Ottawa.

London, Ontario

Six lectures sponsored by The Women Teachers' Guild

16 Feb 1914: "England, the Citadel of Individualism"

23 Feb 1914: "Germany, the Fatherland of Efficiency"

2 March 1914: "The Republic of the Future"

9 March 1914: "Julius Caesar"

16 March 1914: "George Eliot and the Brontës"

23 March 1914: "Dostoevsky and Nietzsche, a Contrast in Russian Philosophy"

One lecture sponsored by the London Art Club:

23 March 1914: "French Art"

All are reported in *The London Evening Free Press*, as follows:

17 Feb 1914: "Let Women Vote, Allow Men To Do The Housework"

24 Feb 1914: "German People Really A Most Wonderful Race"

3 March 1914: "Anarchistic State Will Be Republic Of The Future"

10 March 1914: "Julius Caesar: The Greatest Of All The Classics"

17 March 1914: "George Eliot Was Clever, But Not Great Thinker"

24 March 24, 1914: "Master And Slave Taught Nietzsche, Says Literateur"

24 March 1914: "Mr. Powys At The Art Club"

Hamilton, Ontario

The Women Teachers' Association sponsored single lectures in 1914 & 1915:

24 March 1914: "Dickens, the Domestic Dionysian"

23 March 1915: "Nietzsche and the War"

The Hamilton Spectator has a report on the second of these:

24 March 1915: "Enemy Of Germany"

Ottawa, Ontario

Six lectures sponsored by Queen's University Alumni Association:

22 Feb 1915: "Goethe, the Pioneer of the Modern Spirit"
 1 March 1915: "Ibsen, or the Genius of the Scandinavian"
 8 March 1915: "D'Annunzio, or the Genius of the Italian"
 15 March 1915: "Tolstoi and Turgenieff, or the Genius of Russia"
 29 March 1915: "Balzac and de Maupassant, or the Genius of France"
 22 March 1915: "Dostoievsky, or the Soul of Russia"

All are reported in *The Evening Citizen*:

23 Feb 1915: "Prof. Powys Charms In First Lecture"
 2 March 1915: "Henrik Ibsen Cosmic Tramp"
 9 March 1915: "Virile Figure In Literature"
 16 March 1915: "Prof. Powys On Great Writers"
 23 March 1915: "Great Genius Of Russian"
 30 March 1915: "French Spirit In Literature"

Other articles in *The Evening Citizen*:

13 Feb 1915 (The Saturday Evening Citizen): "Great English Lecturer Coming"
 22 Feb 1915: "Goethe Subject Of Lecturer Tonight"
 8 March 1915: "Prof. Powys' Lecture"
 15 March 1915: "Lecture On Two Russian Authors"
 20 March 1915: "Philosophy Of Nietzsche" (front page interview)

Toronto, Ontario (1914)

4 lectures sponsored by The University Women's Club:

17 Feb 1914: "Goethe, the Pioneer of the Modern Spirit"
 24 Feb 1914: "Ibsen, or the genius of the Scandinavian"
 3 March 1914: "Tolstoi and Turgenieff, or the Genius of Russia"
 10 March 1914: "Balzac and de Maupassant, or the Genius of France"

1 lecture sponsored by the Alumnae Association of University College:

25 March 1914: "Bernard Shaw and G.K. Chesterton"

Newspaper reports:

The Daily Mail and Empire, 18 Feb 1914: "Goethe Genius Of Germany"
The Daily Mail and Empire, 25 Feb 1914: "Spoke On Ibsen"
The Daily Mail and Empire, 4 March 1914: "University Women's Club"
The Evening Telegram, 18 Feb 1914: "Brilliant Lecturer Here"
The Evening Telegram, 25 Feb 1914: "Woman's University Club"
The Evening Telegram, 11 March 1914: "Genius Of France"
The Evening Telegram, 26 March 1914: "Shaw vs. Chesterton"
The Globe, 26 March 1914: "Brilliant Lecture On Shaw And Chesterton"
The Toronto Daily Star, 4 March 1914: "Russia's Genius As Viewed By Mr. Powys"
The Toronto Daily Star, 26 March 1914: "Tells Of Fat Cavalier And Lean Roundhead"

Toronto (1915)

4 lectures sponsored by the Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage in Canada:

23 Feb 1915: "Nietzsche and the War"
 2 March 1915: "Meredith"
 9 March 1915: "Hardy"
 16 March 1915: "Kipling"

Extensively covered in the newspapers, including editorial comment and letters to the editor:

The Daily Mail and Empire, 25 Feb 1915: "Defended Nietzsche"
The Daily Mail and Empire, 3 March 1915: "Philosophy Of Meredith"
The Daily Mail and Empire, 10 March 1915: "Hardy is Upheld As Master of Style"
The Daily Mail and Empire, 17 March 1915: "Kipling Annoys A Sensitive Soul"

The Evening Telegram, 24 Feb 1915: "Nietzsche On Allies' Side"
The Evening Telegram, 3 March 1915: "Why John Didn't Go To Sleep"
The Evening Telegram, 17 March 1915: "Kipling As A Celt Sees Him"
The Evening Telegram, 18 March 1915: "Raps Powys The Peace Prattler"
The Evening Telegram, 20 March 1915: "Powys v. Kipling" (editorial)
The Globe, 25 Feb 1915: "Nietzsche, A Soul Moved By Pity"
The Globe, 3 March 1915: "Earth Worship Is Meredith's Philosophy"
The Globe, 4 March 1915: "Nietzsche Not Misunderstood," letter from Dyson Hague
The Globe, 11 March 1915: "Hardy Is Proclaimed Greatest Living Novelist"
The Globe, 17 March 1915: "Why Our Bard Is Now Mute"
The Toronto Daily News, 24 Feb 1915: "Nietzsche And The Great World-War"
The Toronto Daily News, 3 March 1915: "Meredith a Pagan, Says Mr. Powys"
The Toronto Daily News, 10 March 1915: "Hardy Shows Rustics Essentially Divine"
The Toronto Daily News, 17 March 1915: "Kipling Is Silent; Is He Pro-German?"
The Toronto Daily News, 18 March 1915: "It Bloweth" & "Safe" (editorials); "On The Side," by "J.E.M."
The Toronto Daily Star, 24 Feb 1915: "Nietzsche and the War"
The Toronto Daily Star, 25 Feb 1915: "Note and Comment" (editorial)
The Toronto Daily Star, 17 March 1915: "Critic Is Criticized"
The Toronto World, 24 Feb 1915: "Not The Founder Of German Kultur Today"
The Toronto World, 3 March 1915: "Meredith Prepared England For War"
The Toronto World, 10 March 1915: "Humanistic Element In Hardy's Writing"
The Toronto World, 17 March 1915: "Rudyard Kipling Is A Pro-German"

Reviews:

The Daily Mail and Empire, 6 Feb 1915: "Assorted War Literature," includes brief review of *The War and Culture*
The Daily Mail and Empire, 20 March 1915: "Provocative Rambles Of Jno. Cowper Powys," reviews *Visions and Revisions*
The Globe, 17 March 1915: "Books Of The Day," reviews *Visions and*

Revisions (mostly on Nietzsche)

Lecture in Toronto, 7 March 1930, on the ten best books, covered in:

The Evening Telegram, 8 March 1930: "Should Lead Double Life Says Author. John Cowper Powys Urges Living in Company of Good Books—names ten best"
The Mail and Empire, 8 March 1930: "David, Dostoevsky Two Ideal Writers. John Cowper Powys Makes Selection of Ten Best Books"
The Toronto Daily Star, 8 March: "John Cowper Powys Good Word-Painter. Welsh Orator Delivers Address in Yorkminster on Books Unknown to Most Canadians"

The Globe. 29 January 1914, p. 5. European Literature./"The University Woman's Club of Toronto announces a course of four lectures of John Cowper Powys, M. A., of Cambridge, England, to be held in the Foresters' Hall. The subject of the lecturer is 'The Spirit of Modern European Literature.' The first lecture will be on Tuesday, February 17, and the others February 24, March 3, and March 10. The patronesses are Lady Gibson, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Falconer, Mr. H. D. Warren, Mrs. Sidney Small and Mrs. George Dickson. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. John Small, \$2, Huntley Street."

The London Evening Free Press. 7 February 1914, p. 24. Professor Powys on "England The Citadel of Individualism."/"Professor Powys, M.A., of Cambridge, Eng., will give the first of his course of six lectures in the New Masonic Hall on Monday evening, February 16, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Woman Teachers' Guild. This wonderfully gifted lecturer uses neither manuscript nor notes, and 'his extraordinary command of language and undeniable personal magnetism' are the secret of his remarkable popularity with his audiences. Course tickets from Mallagh's or from teachers."

The London Evening Free Press. 17 February 1914, p. 4. Let Women Vote; Allow Men To Do the Housework/This, says John Powys, English Lecturer, Will Solve the Divorce Question./Wouldn't Disestablish the Church of England/Individual Liberty Would Be Menaced, He Declares—Invented and Designed for Protection.

"That the real escape from 'the irreligious blasphemy of

divorce' lies in getting rid of servants, having woman go forth to ballot and man remain at home to do the housework was the opinion ventured last night at the new Masonic Temple by John Cowper Powys, M.A., in the first of a series of lectures which he is to deliver under the auspices of the Women Teachers' Guild.

Mr. Powys lectured on 'England—the Citadel of Individualism,' being a dissertation on national ideals of life, and during the course of his arguments he advanced certain opinions that served to emphasize his expressed belief that a lecturer, or clergyman should speak the truth as it occurs to him without being influenced by what his audience would like most to have him say.

Individualism of Englishmen

Mr. Powys discussed the individualism of Englishmen from various attitudes, political, domestic and religious, giving some of his attention to suffragists, who, he declared, are actuated by the maternal spirit roused, the instinct to guard the rights and liberties of their daughters and of their sisters, who have been enslaved, abused and mutilated by those whom they refuse to obey. The subordination of life to property has been, he said, responsible for the greater number of political disturbances, and continues to be. Woman has taken a subordinate position to man because of his dominant will, his thick-skinned blustering and storming, in explanation of which Mr. Powys professed to discover in each Britisher lurking an enraged implacable caveman.

The lecturer declared rather facetiously that since visiting America it has appeared to him as shameful that the wives and daughters of Englishmen are compelled to slave after them in a manner which they do. Women of the Orient, he said, have the satisfaction of the knowledge that there is a certain enchantment, though diabolical, in their slavery, whereas the English wives and daughters are mere family drudges. This he declared to be the cruelest and most lamentable thing within his observation. As typical of the Englishwoman's position, he pictured a tramp walking freely forth unburdened while his wife trudged along behind with the pack.

Against Disestablishment

Concerning religion, he asserted that Englishmen are possessed of a mania for serving God after their own fashion. Though he stated that he believed himself to be in the minority he

expressed himself against the disestablishment of the Church of England. The Governmental connection, he said, keeps the clergy within control in a manner which would not be possible in a disestablished church. It is, he said, 'supremely absurd' to see the House of Lords passing up matters of religion and ascertaining who is the Lord and saints, and declared that from a religious standpoint he takes the Roman Catholic apostolic position. From a personal standpoint he asserted that an established church tends to protect the liberty of the individual and to preserve him from the possibility of a more powerful clergy.

Designed for Protection

The Established Church, he said, was invented and designed for the protection of the individual. Passing to the Non-Conformist sects, he declared again a preference for the Church of England, into which he said, cannot creep the more severe 'tyrant of public opinion,' though the Non-Conformist is free from the 'grotesque snobbishness of the little English church.' Mr. Powys declared his opinion that no Non-Conformist preacher may freely express what 'comes into his head,' and that he must be extremely sensible to avoid flying in the face of the strong opinion of his congregation.

In his summation of the Englishman's individualism, Mr. Powys declared that an Englishman is inherently stingy, not for the sake of being stingy, but because to spend money means to hazard liberty, or the possibility of retirement.

'An Englishman,' he said, 'hates work. An American adores it. An Englishman works for money, an American because he loves it.'"

The Daily Mail and Empire. 18 February 1914, p. 4. Goethe Genius of Germany/Theme of Lecture on Modern Spirit of European Literature./"John Cowper Powys, M. A., of Cambridge University, gave a lecture on 'The Spirit of Modern European Literature' at the Foresters' Hall, College Street, last night, under the auspices of the Toronto University Women's Club. 'Goethe' was the subject chosen to illustrate the points he desired to convey to his large audience. The poet was described as the genius of Germany and the pioneer of the modern spirit."

The Evening Telegram. 18 February 1914, p. 20. Brilliant lecturer here./ "At a time when Carlyle has waned a little, when Browning has been found out, when Tennyson has become exhausted and

when Emerson has been made practical, when the most modern are turning to the great ones of Italy and France, Goethe was found to be more modern than all, was the declaration of brilliant John Cowper Powys. M.A., of Cambridge, who lectured on that great German before the University Woman's Club last evening in Foresters' Hall. The greatest man since Julius Cæsar was only one of the eloquent tributes during Mr. Powys' illuminative interpretation of the man—whom he characterized as an Olympian, the master of egoism, and one who had done much to start the great modern craze for self-realization."

The Free Press. 24 February 1914, p. 5. German People Really a Most Wonderful Race/Progress Has Been Nothing Short of Phenomenal, Says Prof. Powys./Art, Literature, Life; All Developed Well./Second Lecture of Noted English Literati to Woman Teachers' Guild a Real Treat.

"'Germany, the Fatherland of Efficiency.' Such was the subject proper of John Cowper Powys' M. A., lecture before the Women Teachers' Guild in the New Masonic Hall last night. It was the second study in a course of six which Professor Powys is delivering in London.

The astonishing progress Germany has achieved within the last few decades has been phenomenal, declared the lecturer, and not alone in any one particular endeavor, although the thought and intellect of the people stand foremost, and most notably pre-eminent in the world's eyes. The nation, as a whole, has the most magnificent tour de force of any other people, and as profound thinkers and achievers of wonders stand more isolated than any other nation. They are, and continue to be, a people with their back to the wall and as such are to beware of. Napoleon was the only man who brought them to their knees and he but for a short period of time.

Intellectually and emotionally they are more distinctive than any other race of people. Their type is unmistakable for they are sentimentalists and philosophers with the intellect and the affections the predominant forces. The greatest poet since Shakespeare, Goethe, has been theirs; the only philosophers since Spinoza—getting back to earlier times, Plato—have been Germans; painters, musicians, in short, the most original geniuses the world has produced have been Teutons.

Poignant, piquant and pungent was the apt phraseology of the lecturer in describing their humor, which, though of a philosophic turn, was profoundly sympathetic and at the same time

sincerely wholesome. They laughed at living. Their humor was the euthanasia which tempered life, this 'comic tragic farce,' as the speaker called it. The suffrage movement had gained no impetus in Teutoland. No phase of it excepting what comic material the funny papers made.

Reason of Success

Germany owes its success to its utilization of the primordial energy of its people into organized unity and self-conscious assertion, and towards the direction of its own destiny, declared Mr. Powys. Its people had put philosophy into political and practical life and had thus organized energy to the best and most proper uses. In this they resembled the ideal energizing tendencies of Aristotle as told of in his philosophy, the energy which, although full and complete, was without fuss or turbulence and always led to efficiency.

The Germans were the healthiest people in the world. This much to be desired thing had only been obtained by an extraordinary amount of hard work and the least possible sleep. It is impossible to limit them, to circumscribe their energies, to fetter them, either by church infallibility or otherwise.

As a whole people they are an effusive race. Success in business has not hindered their equal progress in other life endeavors. They are the direct antithesis to Englishmen in their every circumstance. Their economic problems and organizations were touched of by the speaker. Poverty in Germany had been reduced to a minimum. Kaiser Wilhelm was a disciple of the late Joseph Fels' propaganda. The emperor enunciated the single tax idea before Mr. Fels had. The Eberfall system of economics was enlarged upon. It is the making of the rich responsible for the poor. Lloyd George, said Mr. Powys, had gotten the greater number of his 'reforms' from German systems already in use and proving successful. The housing problem—flats, tenements, et al.—was discussed, and Germany was shown to be far in advance in this regard to other countries in having solved to a more or less degree these intricate problems.

The bureaucracy of the country was held up as an example of what officials should and could be when properly organized and for a purpose. They had evolved a philosophy of travel second to none other in the world.

'The least political country in the world' was the terse summation of the empire as a whole and the people's outlook in

politics. They had their political organizations and their politicians, but both were secondary in the thought and minds of countrymen.

The speaker eulogized the eugenics, hygienics and good beer of the Teutons. The latter, he said, was ambrosia, and was a sane and wholesome beverage which never intoxicated, although one drank 30 or 40 steins of it.

Efficient Scholars

Particularly efficient were German scholars and teachers. These latter were veritable despots in their own realm and were not circumscribed in thought or action by 'government censorship, church authority, fussing founders or otherwise.'

'Free thought owes more to Germany than any other country,' said the speaker.

As to their manners, Mr. Powys contended that Germans were the kindest people in the world and as good manners logically came of kindness, their manners were likewise excellent. They were friendly, honest and openly animalish, and were en rapport with religion, art, literature and everything else known of in the world.

'They may be a laborious, a pedantic people,' concluded the speaker, 'but they can never be despised.'

The hall was nicely filled with hearers, all of whom greatly enjoyed the remarks of the clever speaker."

The Daily Mail and Empire. 25 February 1914, p. 14. Spoke on Ibsen/Mr. John Cowper Powys Had Words of Praise and Censure./"'Ibsen and the Spirit of Scandinavia' was the subject of the second of a course of lectures by Mr. John Cowper Powys, Cambridge, England, given in Foresters' Hall to the members of Toronto University Women's Club. The lecturer criticized the author's works one after another, praising some, condemning others. For instance, 'The League of Youth,' he said, was a book which ought to make Liberals blush. Throughout the lecturer showed a magnificent knowledge of the writings of Ibsen. The subject of the next lecture will be 'Modern European Literature' and after that 'Tolstoi and the Genius of Russian Balzac.'"

The Evening Telegram. 25 February 1914, p. 20./[From the column Among the Clubwomen] Woman's University Club. "Few more brilliant lecturers have ever been heard by Toronto audiences than John Cowper Powys, M.A., of Cambridge, who is giving the present series of the Woman's University Club at Foresters' Hall on Tuesday

evenings./His subject last evening was Ibsen, or the Scandinavian in Literature.' As a contrast to Ibsen allusion was made to Strindberg, the Swede, and George Brandes, the Dane. The hall was filled with a most enthusiastic audience."

The Free Press. 3 March 1914, p. 5. Anarchistic State Will Be Republic of the Future/So Says Professor Powys in Brilliant Lecture in Masonic Hall Last Night./Woman, Not Man, Unit of New State./Trend of Times Towards Socialism and Anarchy—Latter will Supersede Former.

"'The Republic of the Future.' Such was the subject of Professor Powys' lecture in the New Mason Hall, Queen's avenue, last night, and in his usual forceful, clearly phrased, logical English he pictured what, to his mind, would make up the coming state. This fanciful republic was cast under two general divisions, both making up the state proper. These were socialism and anarchy. Anarchy the speaker characterized as the philosophic term for extreme individualism, the *raison d'être*, in short, of individualism.

Not Ultimate

Although this republic forecasted by Mr. Powys would be the coming state, it would not be the ultimate, rather the antepenultimate. Later anarchists would rule absolutely and this republic would be the final earthly state or the penultimate, for the speaker left the impression that the hereafter made up the final state of all.

Mr. Powys' idea of this much-to-be-desired semi-final form of government and life was to the following purposes:

The socialistic state would be despotic, more despotic than either Syria or Babylon when these dynasties were at the summit of their greatness. Commission form of government would obtain. 'The representative form of governing had been tried, has been weighed in the balance and found woefully wanting,' said the speaker. 'Party government must cease; it is based on compromise and wrong in principle if nothing else. The cursed politicians are selected and elected by the people, but do not obey the popular behest.

The Socialistic State

'The socialistic state will comprise a great industrial army. The unskilled workman is to-day in greater peonage than the slaves

of ancient and mediæval times. In our new state machines will displace workmen altogether. The working hours will be cut and recut, and the energy expended now by manual labor will be superseded and will be performed by mechanical hands. This will give us leisure; leisure to realize our personalities; to think beautiful thoughts and evolve a philosophy of living never attained before; we will find ourselves.

'In the ideal state woman will be the unit, not man. Money will be done away with as a medium of exchange. Huge state departmental stores will be everywhere and printed slips telling of the hours worked and the amount of labor done, will take the place of gold and silver. Now woman's dependency on man mitigates against individualism. A man must think of his family and rarely is he allowed to voice his real sentiments, for so doing might react and to no good on those dependent on him.

'Mothers will draw the highest pay of all. Children will come under state jurisdiction when seven years of age and will be educated at state schools.

'Women will wear uniforms. Beautiful, gorgeous uniforms. The dress of China, of Asia, of France. Oh, many, many of France—will take the place of present habits. Individuality will be keynote of this state and as too much dress depresses and tends to smother individual personality, too much dress will not be.

'Free theaters will be everywhere. The great paintings of the greatest artists will hang in public halls and will be on view to everyone. Music will be free.

'The basic, the fundamental idea will be to discover and to realise self so far as this is possible and without interfering with the realization of other selves.

Socialism precedes

'The socialistic state will precede the penultimate or anarchistic state, which later will follow as natural sequence to the socialistic republic. Socialists are meek. We are told the meek shall inherit the earth. The many who believe in socialism are Christian people; they are laborious, good, moral, but lack the color, the flare [sic], the histrionic prose, the romance of the anarchist. Anarchists may be Luciferian, damned, angels in short, but they will give the Socialists a terrible time and when finally the ante-penultimate state is displaced by the penultimate, then will the real, much-to-be-desired, the true state be. Voluntary work, voluntary play, voluntary love—everything will be voluntary, and we will have all that time

for leisure and what goes with it. We need and will find ourselves.

'The ideal state finds its basis in something occult and supernatural. It is something alive, something more real than the world we live in. The modern notion is iron clad, hidebound; it is something thrust upon us. It is an insult and a heresy. We ourselves make the state. It is not a magical thing; not a miracle; no divinity hedges it about. It is blood of our blood, flesh of our flesh, spirit of our spirit; it is ourselves, the projection of our own will and ideas. There is nothing sacred about a state as a state. In itself it has no more sacredness than a spade. It is there for humanity and as humanity exists for itself, then the state exists for humanity.

'What are the signs and tokens which point to this future republic? Christianity is not universal. Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Confucianism, they are not universal. Is there anything prevalent throughout the world; some thing or things, ideas, beliefs, what you will, that obtain in every land. There are but two and they are socialism and anarchy. Everywhere they have their disciples. The trend of the time is towards these two great beliefs.

Trusts Growing

'Trusts are growing larger, and at the same time less in number. The little industries are being swallowed up by the bigger. Napoleonic geniuses are gaining control more surely and steadily as the years come and go. Soon one or two or three of these financial giants will control everything.

'Then will socialism come, for although there may be no progress in the world there is surely change. After socialism anarchy. When this last-named belief universally obtains, then will the real republic of the future be.'"

The Daily Mail and Empire. 4 March 1914, p. 7. Varsity Women's Club/Heard Interesting Lecture on Tolstoi by English University Professor./"'Tolstoi and Turgenieff' was the subject chosen by J. Cowper Powys, of Cambridge University, England, for his lecture on 'The Spirit of Modern European Literature' given at Foresters' Hall, College Street, last night, under the auspices of the Toronto University Women's Club. He described Tolstoi as the genius of Russia, and a man who understood human nature, but who, above all, had a grasp of the feelings of the mass of the Russian peasantry during the time of their greatest persecution, and who discerned their strong desire for a greater measure of freedom."

The Daily Star. 4 March 1914, p. 2. Russia's Genius as Viewed by Mr. Powys/Creed of Weakness Was Glorified by Feodor Dostoyefsky./Audience Applauds/Third and "Most Dangerous" of the University Club Lectures.

"The third and self-labeled 'most dangerous' of the series of lectures being given by John Dowper [sic] Powys of Cambridge, on the 'Spirit of Modern European Literature,' was evidently enjoyed last evening in Foresters' Hall by a capacity audience of literary enthusiasts. The lectures, which are given under the auspices of the University Women's Club, are proving intensely popular and will be concluded on Tuesday next with a talk on 'Balzac and De Maupassant, or the Genius of France.' The subject dealt with last evening was 'Tolstoi and Turgenieff, or the Genius of Russia,' though the principal theme of the address was Feodor Dostoyefsky.

Staidness of Englishmen.

In explaining the character of the Russian Mr. Powys drew that of the Englishman whose chief characteristic was the dread of 'making a fool of himself.' This is entirely lacking in the Russian who freely abandons himself to extremes of emotion in religious, political, and moral life. Fanaticism, which is the Englishman's terror, is the Russian's natural mode of expression. Therefore, in certain aspects of the art of interpreting life Russian literature goes where no other literature in the world has ever gone. All the wealth of the world and the sadness of the world and unutterable pessimism of the oldest civilizations with the joy of children of the earth are wrought in its pattern. It is a wonderful thing to stand and watch while antiquity passes and the future is borne.

The lecturer had a poor opinion of the essayists who had attempted to explain the titanic Tolstoi to the European mind.

'They are dry-as-dust respectabilities without a grain of life in their beings,' he said. 'Tolstoi was a nimrod, a mighty hunter before the Lord, and first, last, and always a pagan born of the earth. He was one of the greatest egotists who ever lived.'

Tolstoi as gilded youth.

The life of Tolstoi was rapidly divided into three periods and he was pagan in all three; first that of the gilded youth of St. Petersburg and Moscow. This, said the speaker, was a period of debauchery and orgies, filled with an intense determination to enjoy

life. It also included the terrible war experiences voluntarily undertaken by Tolstoi. And from this he went back to the earth which he embraced as a passionate child and was rewarded with a tenderness and largeness of mind, breathing the fragrance of pine woods till in idealizing the primitive man he possessed himself of his wonderful part Biblical, part Homeric, and all earthly strain. But with him always was the desire to invade, to ravish new worlds with his wonderful personality.

A Christian Anarchist.

Tolstoi was a Christian anarchist. He followed the literal word of the Master, and in these days of explaining and explaining away the Bible until to be a Christian is the same as not to be Christian, it is a relief to come back to a man who says to be a Christian is a kind of martyrdom; on the one side death and hell fire, and on the other side the great white rose of the redeemed, though Tolstoi did not believe in eternal life. The mansions in the sky seemed to him too good to be true. Man must serve for the sake of serving, though he is cast on the ash heap at the end.

At the last the unswerving probe of Tolstoi's mind for the truth led him to give up his all, as John the Baptist, and as his Christ, to go forth into the wilderness. His death at a small wayside station, alone, was as he would have chosen; the ultimate to him of truth-seeking.

Dostoyefsky's creed.

The work of Turgenieff was very lightly touched on. Tolstoi and Turgenieff were the aristocrats of Russian literature, while Dostoyefsky was of the proletariat. He was exiled to Siberia and sentenced to death, though an orthodox son of the Russian church, while the other two were beyond the pale of punishment through their aristocratic position. He was dreamy, poetical, and profoundly religious. Mr. Powys considered one of his most interesting works to be a description of the feelings experienced just before an attack of epilepsy. Another of his wonderful works is called 'The Possessed,' or, in its mother tongue, 'The Devils,' the subject being chosen from the Bible parable of the devils cast out of the man by Christ.

'We cautious, discreet, moral people might even learn our own religion from these sinners and those outside with the dogs. The quality in them which causes them to yield to weakness gives them a passport to certain joys forbidden those 99 respectable

persons who never see dreams. Extreme sinners and extreme saints have between themselves a peculiar kind of rapport. The extremely damned and the extremely redeemed. Both are mad, drunken and abandoned, and have extreme contempt for the world and the opinion of the world, and have not the least desire to be eminently respected in their native cities.

An Unchristian Gospel.

There is a rapport between heaven and hell. Every weakness, drunkenness, insanity, degeneracy, every malformation, and the inability to be firm and resist, if one abandons oneself to it affords a certain illumination that cannot be experienced by any others. Give yourself up to weakness and you will get your reward, is Dostoyefsky's gospel. It may be unchristian, but it is extraordinarily human and consoling. There is an illumination out of pain, madness, and weakness, and the throwing open of one's arms to embrace suffering.'

The comfort drawn from this gospel, said the speaker, is that all those who are failures in this world have their reward, while the selfish, epicurean, discreet men and women of the world are really damned to a death in life.

Mr. Powys will lecture again on Tuesday next, visiting cities across the border through the week."

The Free Press. 10 March 1914, p. 3. "Julius Cæsar" the Greatest of all the classics/Professor Powys' Lecture in St. Andrew's Hall Last Night Was Another Treat./Play Will Live When Neurotics are Forgotten/Rome is the Heroine of the Production if There is a Heroine in It./"Professor Powys' lecture last night at the new Masonic Hall was 'Julius Cæsar.'/This play of Shakespeare the speaker classified as the greatest classical work since the time of the ancients, and all the more so as no hero, no love-making, no villain, no evil-minded person made up any measure of the entire drama. How it has been able to hold the boards, give pleasure and cause admiration in the breasts of all who have read it, seen it, heard it, is of peculiar significance. "'Julius Cæsar,'" said the lecturer, 'will remain when all the neurotic, morbidly maniacal plays of the present day have passed into oblivion and have been forgotten. The play is a magnificent tour de force.'/Mr. Powys insisted that Shakespeare was not an optimist but a divine pessimist./It must have been fascinating to watch Shakespeare when producing this work for the writing of it civilized the Bard of Avon. The entire

structure of the work was so antithetical to all who had been taught and believed. It was antagonistic to his deep-seated, insular ideas and opposition to what Cæsar typified, for Caius Caius [?] was the dominant, the infallible, the superman personality. Shakespeare revolts against the superman authority of the despot and only after considerable feeling about hints on the plan of making Brutus, a murderer, the pivotal point around which the [whole?] action centers. Brutus, Cassius and Judas Iscariot were made a trinity of friends by Dante, who pictured them as occupying a special place in hell looked after and cared for, and continuously by his satanic majesty. Not so Shakespeare. He glorifies Brutus./'Rome is the heroine of the play, if heroine there is. As the dramatist writes the genius of Rome takes hold on him and the External City gives unity, beauty and character of the play./'Shakespeare is really a modern writer, but in "Julius Cæsar" he becomes immodern as far as this is possible to an Englishman./Mr. Powys depicted Brutus as a noble mind, but somewhat of a Pharisee [sic], while Antony was given the parts of a poet-artist—a man of genius. Brutus' point of view was pathetic for he thought he could get the mob by appealing to their senses: to this, that, and the other. Antony was the wicked intriguer, the artful genius who knowing human nature as thoroughly was able to sway to his purpose, which fitted in with his design, the populi./Previous to study proper of the play itself the lecturer painted a realistic word picture of Shakespeare. Contrary to the accepted academic, scholaristic viewpoint Mr. Powys insistently iterated his belief that the dramatist was not an optimist but a divine pessimist and deplored the tendency of writers on Shakespeare to harp so continuously about issues not at all germane to the real man the living breathing personality of Shakespeare. Writers superseded intellectual truth to moral pragmatism and this was one of the most deplorable things of the age, said the speaker./'Shakespeare must be a secret vice, a drug, anything in fact but a study,' said Mr. Powys. 'The Baconian, the crypt, the grammatic theories are all lost sight of in the larger vision. It matters not who wrote the plays. It is the personality of the great artist as seen in his work we have to do with./'Where Shakespeare bit most, where he was most poignant, where he cut in deepest, there does one see his pessimism. A cry of protest goes up from everyone of the lacerated minds he laid bare to us men for inequalities in the laws of nature and the cruel perversities of the race. Read his masterpieces and then call him an optimist?/His was a strange admixture of reverence and profound skepticism and in this regard he discovered the viewpoint of every artist and some philosophers. His irony mingled with his wonder,

the wonder being whether or not there was really not more in supernatural philosophy than the positivists, the materialists and the philistines saw. The impossible he recognized as an element in life and saw in those nearest, the supposedly 'Can't Be,' the real children of God.' Shakespeare's was a cynical, reverential, ironical Catholic intelligence, strangely poetical, loving the concrete but behind all burning the pure, while light of intellectual truth.' / A large number heard the lecturer in the Masonic Hall. Two more subjects he has to talk on, then his course of six lectures will have finished."

The Daily Star. 11 March 1914, p. 18. "Genius of France" in a final Lecture / John Cowper Powys on the Literature of Balzac and De Maupassant. / "'Balzac and De Maupassant, or the Genius of France,' was the subject of the last of the series of lectures on the spirit of modern European literature delivered before the University Women's Club by John Cowper Powys, of Cambridge, before a large gathering of university people in Foresters' Hall last night. Mr. Powys is a lecturer of great ability, and, in last night's lecture, speaking extempore and not holding himself too closely to the two names included in his subject heading, he gave evidence of an unlimited scope in reading. Just why Mr. Powys spoke of Balzac and De Maupassant as the Genius of France was not at first apparent, his audience having their own opinions as to the claims of certain other French authors to some share in the apportioning of the nation's genius. But as the lecturer developed his theme and pointed out that the genius of French literature is above all its philosophy and its logic, and that Balzac and De Maupassant, in their heterogeneous pen productions, but expressed that philosophy of what Mr. Powys called reaction, and that logic, it became plain to his audience, that the two great names were most adaptable to a study of the moving genius of French letters. Balzac, with his vast production of novels, written under the most adverse physical conditions, tormented state of mind and often in the greatest hurry, still maintained throughout the philosophy 'of reaction,' and logic. Guy de Maupassant, in his short stories and novels, crystallized that logic and philosophy. / Mr. Powys said that women, Paris, politics, and religion were the principal themes of French literature. Regarding religion, he quoted the names of realists who were atheists and of mystics who were religious fanatics, and said that in the queer logical make-up of French mind, one was as religious as the other. French literature abounds in religion, and it would be hard to find a writer among the galaxy of French genius, whether atheist or Christian, who was not

impelled by the sincerest and fullest of religious feelings. / In a brief manner Mr. Powys summarized the qualities and the achievements of most of the greater writers of the past century, doubtless the most brilliant literary century in history."

The Evening Telegram. 11 March 1914, p. 20. [From the column Among the Clubwomen] "Genius of France." / "'De Balzac and de Maupassant, or the Genius of France,' was the brilliant commentary on French letters by which J. Cowper Powys, M.A., of Cambridge, brought his course of lectures before the University Woman's Club to a close. French literature, he declared, was distinctive as no other nation's was. It breathed wholly of the air of France, and particularly that of Paris. Its most striking characteristic was its concentration of human interest in the presence of the general situation. In beginning his lecture Mr. Powys ridiculed the British label of immorality as applied to French writers simply because they spoke of things Anglo-Saxons never mentioned. Why? Because the British race dared not say what it felt. He pointed out the wit and humor of French writers, and declared that it was known even to the ancients that really vicious people could not be humorous. Vice was simply lack of sense of proportion, which humor restored. French writers, even when professed atheists, were always religious, for they were almost without exception continually on the verge of conversion. Montaigne's attitude was 'What do I know.' Pascal declared the only escape for doubt was faith; ['] sprinkle yourself with holy water and render yourself stupid.' There was a passionate intellectuality about the French. They would fight against religion to death or they would die for religion. / As for de Balzac, who had made a drama of the world and placed every passion therein as the dramatis personæ, Mr. Powys denied the claim that his upper class portraits were not reliable. Then as for de Maupassant, Mr. Powys extolled him for the way he had turned his lantern upon the slums and dark places of the world. No short story writer had ever excelled his marvels."

The Free Press. 17 March 1914, p. 5. George Eliot Was Clever, But Not Great Thinker / So Contends Professor Powys in Lecture Last Night in New Masonic Temple. / Brontes Greatest of Love Story Writers. / Displayed Passionate Imagination in Works Not Secondary to Writings of Lord Byron. / "'The works of George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans) to the ordinary reader are metaphysically laborious and philosophically exhausting,' contended Professor Powys in his fifth lecture before the Teachers' Club of this city in the New Masonic Hall last night on 'George Eliot and the Brontes' and to read book

after book of hers is a tiring and collapsing enterprise. The woman, despite her thoroughly ethical viewpoint, is an interesting personality. The haggard, careworn countenance; the sensitive, sensual mouth; her free thought, her infidel, atheistic beliefs; the masculinity of face and femininity of heart, her curious monogonistic [sic] tendencies in that she eternally craved human sympathy and love—all in all a strange make-up. /In 'the Mill on the Floss,' the style is serious, rich, sinewy and magical. Her description of the midland country of England is beautifully written. She exaggerates too greatly, however, the virtues of the lower classes and displays a tendency to idealize them, although her appreciation of the bourgeoisie is well done. /'I don't like "Adam Bede." The principal character in the book is too priggish. George Eliot seemingly loved to create prigs, and Adam Bede is a monstrous one. /'In "The Spanish Gypsy" she is in best form. "Romola," contrary to the general opinion, is not a great historical novel. The work is neither witty nor diverting and ranks second to any of Scott's stories and numerous other writings of history. /'Don't take George Eliot seriously as a profound thinker. She was not such,' concluded Mr. Powys. /'The Brontes were the most wonderfully inspired literary geniuses, in relation to the love story, ever born' said the speaker. 'Both Charlotte and Emily had real personal genius and the creative imagination. They were plain, insignificant, demure, prudish, conventional; they had not critical or philosophic knowledge, neither did they know human nature, yet they wrote with a passion and blinding imagination greater than the poet Byron. No love story ever written can compare with Jane Eyre. Three things united in making them peculiarly fitted for their work: The Irish father, their Cornish mother, and the fact that they were born and lived in Yorkshire. Their writings came from the heart and for this reason take hold on one and create an interest found in no other stories.' /Next Monday evening Mr. Powys will give his concluding lecture in the series of six in London. In the afternoon he will deliver a lecture to the members of the London Art Club on 'French Art.'"

The Free Press, 24 March 1914, p. 8. Mr. Powys At the Art Club.

"Mr. John Cowper Powys, A.M., addressed the London Art Club yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. John Carling, the president, presided and said the club felt highly honored in having Mr. Powys with them to speak on the

subject of French Art.

Mr. Powys in beginning his lecture said the character of French art is still a debatable thing. Opinions differ greatly concerning it. 'I am most anxious,' Mr. Powys said, 'to bring you to my point of view concerning French art, others may come after me with entirely different views, undoing everything I say and leaving not a vestige of my point of view.

'To understand French Art, one must understand the history of France. As soon as one lands anywhere on the French coast, we are conscious of something, not the hot dry dust and the cyprus trees of Italy; not the rainy atmosphere of England. Lying between Germany, England, we find this land of mists and dreams of pomegranates and vines, of wonderful light, yet with a sad, dreamy, capricious note. We find here the Celtic element, the Latin note, the modern and civilized note, all blended. Three figures they are symbolical of French art. Joan of Arc, 'the inspired maid,' the very spirit of the French, doing the impossible and burned by the barbarous Philistines. Then that other figure of medieval period. So chivalrous, so courteous, so picturesque, attempting impossible achievements, full of amorous excitement and daring exploits. Then Henry of Navarre, mixture of beautiful intellect and splendid valor, his dreams beaten down by lost causes.

French art is the expression of a dream within a dream, an impossibility.

'I am going to strike a blow,' said the speaker, 'at a school of art you all know, one which is most correct, with no corruption, no drama. Millet's pictures are horribly possible. His peasants are so priggish, the incarnation of everything horrible. In this lecture Watteau is the central figure, everything leads back to him, his pictures are wonderful, full of imagination.

'No painter has ever been more harshly criticized by our English Ruskin than Claude. His pictures are remarkable, building piled on building, ships with red sails and blue water. Cleopatra and other figures painted as he saw them, he could improve on the colors of the rainbow, he painted the most impossible sunshine, but what does it matter. It is beautiful. To reproduce things as they are, that is not art, photographers can do that. It is the imagination that makes the artist paint things he sees in dreams.'

Poussin, Mr. Powys said, lived in Rome for some time, but was truly French. In most of his pictures, they are all pursuing pleasure, dancing under trees, metallic skies and strange brazen cups which seem to gleam all through the picture. No pathos, no sentiment, no tenderness, the most [?] pagan of all French painters.

The beauty of silver and white, artificial innocence, is shown in Corot's pictures, who gives us a vision of the world at perpetual dawn. Watteau is the most French, he leads through that sad country of never, that other France of the spirit. Coming to the modern school, Mr. Powys said the futurist critic had yet to be born. Matisse is the name which stands out prominently in this peculiar form of art. In France men lived for ideas and died for ideas: to understand their pictures, we must understand something of their nature.

At the conclusion of the lecture, Mrs. Carling moved, seconded by Mrs. Talbot Macbeth, a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker for his delightful lecture. The tea hostess for the afternoon was Mrs. Puddicombe.

Many of the audience remained to enjoy a delicious cup of tea and discuss the lecture.

Ellen Pelham"

The London Free Press. 24 March 1914, p. 12. Master And Slave Taught Nietzsche, Says Literateur/Dostoiesky [sic], on Contrary, Held to Opinion of Submission and Suffering/Professor Powys Gives Last London Lecture/Tendered Hearty Vote of Thanks at Conclusion of Sixth Address Before Women Teachers' Guild.

"Dostoievsky and Nietzsche, a Contrast in Russian Philosophy," was the subject of Professor Powys' sixth and last lecture before the Women Teachers' Guild in the New Masonic Hall last night. 'The intellectual development of the future,' said the speaker, "will come out of Russia, the most spiritual and intellectual country of the Slav. Menacing, startling, catastrophic and sublime are these people. They have a grandeur of imagination and a passion of soul found nowhere else. Other races are degenerate and worn out; they are Antaen and Herculean; they are near to earth. Their future is more astounding than present definite vision can conceive of or surmise. France always has and always will have the intellectual stimulus but to Russia is left the physiological and physical strain, for she will have the added aid of modern science to diffuse magnetism and to all corners of the world. Nietzsche and Dostoievsky are the signs and tokens of what the future is to bring. Something rich and strange is brewing in the country: a strange sap is rising and strange things are to happen.

'There is revolt and unrest throughout the world. The liberty of Parliamentary Government, suffrage, general

enfranchisement and democracy. Suppose all these ideas were wrong. Suppose they were doomed. What if democracy was a bad, a rotten experiment; also the present so-called broad-mindedness, which is merely another name for physiological atrophy, lack of intellectual interest, spiritual passion and cerebral flame.

'The two great philosophers I am telling of delve below the surface. They get away from the antimacassars, the oak sideboards and the Daniel Derondas of the early Victorian period.

'Nietzsche and Dostoievsky divide the world between them. Although opposite, they are strangely linked together, for one learnt from the other and by reaction.

'Dostoievsky holds that the main secret in life lies in submission, abandonment, yielding, suffering, being hurt, tortured, made a fool of, in being a fool, in making a fool of one's self; the abandonment of drink, of drugs, of religion, of sex, of the future. Nerves is the centralizing agency. Dostoievsky's people become things that are not in order to confound things that are; they lose their own lives to save them and die to win; the weaker they are the weaker they become. In flagellating, in cruelly torturing themselves they take on peculiar ecstasies. Theirs is the philosophy of submission.

'Nietzsche, on the contrary, holds that the secret of life is contained in hardness, in assertion, in domination, in the will to be cruel, to have and to dispense power. No abandonment here, but resoluteness, tyranny, inflexibility, self-entirety; no appeal is asked for, neither pity. In plain speech reaction is done away with and one becomes implacable, pitiless and has implicit courage in one's self.

'Nietzsche teaches there are two sets of people in the world, with different moralities governing each. They are the slaves and masters. The masters do not attain to their position through wealth or through birth, but through intellectuality. Nietzsche sees a world governed by intellect and it alone. The slaves are the ordinary people, the great masses. A secret conclave of mentally efficient oligarchs will sway the world and they will be supermen. Much more so than were Napoleon, Caesar or other like personalities. The common people will take the Ten Commandments as their moral code; the masters will have different standards. They will take what they want because they are strong, brutal and full of life. On one side will be seen satanic pride and all that goes with it; on the other that curious tendency towards sympathy.

'Dostoievsky was born with an exquisite sensibility: a passion and an auto-vivisection. He created a pagan intellect out of a Christian soul. He tortured himself into mental blackness, with the

horrible idea of a world recurrence without God or immortality and minus the escape from all which death might hold out. His great belief was that there must be sin, otherwise there could be no redemption.'

At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Powys was tendered a hearty vote of appreciation for the splendid manner in which he had conducted the lectures in his course of six."

The Toronto Daily Star. 26 March 1914, p. 13. Tells of Fat Cavalier and Lean Roundhead/John Cowper Powys Gives Lecture on "Shaw and Chesterton." /Serious, Not Grave/One Believes in Average Man, Other Plays Him for the Future./"'Chesterton makes an idol of the average man. He believes that humanity does not change much from age to age. He believes that men will go on enjoying monogamy, and beer, and the faith, and that they are right in enjoying them. Shaw believes that men can be evolved into something higher, to a stage where they will no longer want monogamy, or beer, or the faith; he believes that the men of the present must be hurt, and brow-beaten, and outraged, and fooled, and made stark staring nincompoops, for the sake of posterity. Chesterton is a fat Cavalier, Shaw a lean Roundhead./These are the conclusions of Mr. John Cowper Powys, who lectured last night on 'Shaw and Chesterton' in Convocation Hall concerning these two outstanding leaders of thought and letters in the English-speaking world. Everyone, unconsciously or not, is a Shaw or a Chesterton, according to Mr. Powys, either one who is an optimist, and accepts men, religion, and the world as they are, or one who bases his hope entirely on future generations, and is profoundly dissatisfied with present day people and present day life./Heretical Vivisectionist./'Shaw is the arch-heretic,' said Mr. Powys. 'There is nothing more painful to him than to be associated with other human beings. He belongs to no clique or coterie. He was a Conservative and became a Liberal, then a Radical, then a Socialist, then an anarchist, and finally, some would say, the devil. You think you have him, and hey presto, he's up the chimney./'At the bottom of Mr. Shaw's character is a vein of spiritual cruelty. Like some of the prophets of the past, he believes in flagellating humanity to make it better. He makes us suffer for the sake of our children's children's children. Everyone who reads his plays, or worse, his prefaces, is sure to have his feelings lacerated. With his analytical method he exquisitely vivisects his readers./Wife, Faith, and Toothpick./'Chesterton is always there. Indeed it would be difficult for one of his dimensions to escape. G. K. Chesterton is enamored of

humanity. His is the cult of the average man. He bows down before him and worships, sometimes by standing on his head, but still worships. He thinks the average man is right in his predilections and prejudices, and beliefs. He believes he is right in wanting the Catholic faith, in wanting his own house, his own wife, his own beefsteak, his own beer, his own toothpick, and thinks he should keep them./'Chesterton believes in love and in honor and the faith. He thinks that whatever the average man desires he should have, if he desires it innocently, and if the Church approves of it. He therefore defends the indefensible. He defends detective stories, melodrama, scavengers, policemen, and marriage. He is the champion of tradition and of orthodoxy. He even sets about teaching Christianity to Christians. This is disconcerting to the ungodly, to find that the faith has a defender not only pious, but witty."

The Evening Telegram. 26 March 1914, p. 24. Shaw vs. Chesterton./"Illuminated by the lightning flashes of John Cowper Powys' brilliant eloquence was modern English literature last night, when that lecturer from Cambridge contrasted George Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton before a large audience in Convocation Hall./In speaking of the tendency of modern writers to go beyond the edge even to the realms of insanity, Mr. Powys declared that he did not blame them for their levity as for their feverishness. They had a certain hectic strain that was hysterical./Shaw and Chesterton Powys labeled as the Puritan vs. the Roundhead. Shaw cruelly tortured humanity for its foibles for the sake of those who were to come. The race must be made better. Chesterton admired us and would leave posterity to the gods. Shaw pounced upon every idol that an honest man had and pierced it with his bodkin as if it were a soap bubble. Man's love, loyalty, faith were all pilloried by Shaw. Chesterton upheld the average man and made him the very centre of the universe. But, said Mr. Powys, Chesterton's very ador in his task made one suspicious of his claims for the average man. For, if he were the great thing Chesterton maintained, why did he need so much defence?/Shaw doubts everything, he isolates emotion and then dissects it. Cecily Waynfleet was his greatest heroine, for she fully lived up to his pet theory that no sensible woman ever fell in love. His greatest hero—if Shaw could be said to have a hero—was Julius Cæsar. For the cold seriousness of the great Roman who thought but for future men appealed to Shaw—it was so much like himself. Shaw had a mania for posterity; he was thinking only of our children's children's children: he believed in the departmental

regulation of the animal instincts. The life force was the one big thing in life to him. Nothing was more painful to Shaw than to have to associate with other human beings. His intellectual history was the history of a heretic. He was the man born to hurt the feelings not only of the godly, but of the ungodly. The very heretics are orthodox compared with him./His greatest heroes and heroines were magnificent liars. For the rest of his characters were stupid people and Shaw considered it strictly lawful to lie to such./Then passing on to Chesterton, the lecturer declared that while Shaw dispised [sic] the mediocre bourgeois [,] to Chesterton they were as the gods. He was enamored of the whole human race as seen in the average man. He was a great apologizer for the whole world. He defended the indefensible. He taught the Anglican and Roman Catholic alike their faith. He knew more theology than all the saints and teachers the churches had ever known. He was the humorous apostle of the faith and the ungodly even were struck when they beheld such wit in the tents of righteousness. As for Chesterton's faith, the lecturer declared it was something that had been brought into being in order to allow Chesterton to remain a Christian./In Chesterton, the lecturer beheld certain journalistic qualities that reminded him of Macaulay. His ability to make black white and while black was one. But for all Chesterton's admirations of the average man, he did not appear as sincere, he did not seem to believe in the average as did Charles Dickens./Again though Chesterton had such a gift for throwing a glamor over common things until 'my wife and my back garden' on his lips appeared as beautiful as an ode to a nightingale, still it was not. As an enemy to distinction Chesterton was magnificent, still not to have good taste was not to have great literature. Moreover, you could tell more of an author by his antagonisms and Chesterton's belittling of Thomas Hardy, the greatest living English writer and his extolling of Meredith, gave an interesting glimpse of the man./As for Wells, Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett, they like Shaw and Chesterton were empirical in their methods. They accumulated a vast amount of detail and real facts and squeezed their deductions from them. From Bennett one got a very grey, drab vision of life, from Galsworthy, a tender, noble style, while Wells was even a greater futurist than Jules Verne./In summing up Mr. Powys declared that Shaw was a lean, satyr-like John the Baptist eating locusts and wild honey, a sinister Mephistophelian ascetic. Chesterton was a Falstaffian, gargantuan, revelling giant, a plump saint. Shaw was the Puritan who would take away our cake and ale and our faith: Chesterton, on the other hand, believed in beer, plum pudding and

God, and Mr. Powys said we were all born either Shawian [sic] or Chestertonian./But in conclusion Mr. Powys declared he doubted the claims of each. Rather would he turn back to the heroic literature of the classics, where amid their eternal truth was found such wonderful knowledge of that great organ which neither Shaw nor Chesterton knew—the heart of man!"

The Globe. 26 March 1914, p. 3. Brilliant lecture on Shaw and Chesterton/John Cowper Powys has a personality as well as a subject./"The lecture delivered at Convocation Hall last evening might briefly be set down as: 'Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton plus John Cowper Powys.'/That there were such actors on the stage of modern life as Chesterton and Shaw many in the audience had heard before, and they now realized that another tyro had entered the arena in the person of the lecturer himself. The feature of the evening was not the lecture, but the lecturer./Mr. Powys is tall and ascetic in appearance, though not pale. He has an Indian cast of face. His hair is black, shocky and carefully uncombed. He wandered absently on to the platform and without the least preamble or apology launched on his theme as if he were about to recite a Greek tragedy, and for an hour and a half kept up an amazing fusillade of epigrams and adjectives./He said we were all born either Shavian or Chestertonian, and at the last day when the sheep and the goats are separated, the ones on the right hand will be Chestertonians and those on the left will be followers of Bernard Shaw./The lecturer described Mr. Shaw with more adjectives than any ordinary dictionary contains. One could imagine him revelling in Roget's Thesaurus of words and synonyms. He said that Shaw was a lean, satyr-like John the Baptist eating locusts and wild honey—a sinister Mephistophelean ascetic. Chesterton was a Falstaffian, gargantuan, revelling, giant, a plump saint. Both of them in striking contrast like the fat and lean king in Pharaoh's dream. Shaw was the Puritan who would take away our cake and ale and our faith; Chesterton, on the other hand, believed in beer, plum pudding and God. Shaw had a mania for posterity: he was thinking only of our children's children's children, he believed in the departmental regulation of the animal instincts. While Chesterton stood for free love, monogomy [sic], roses and kisses—righteous kisses, he did not care for posterity—let the gods see to that./Mr. Powys concluded his brilliant lecture by saying that neither of these men were right; they did not deal with eternal situations; neither of them understood the heart of man."

The Daily Mail and Empire. 6 February 1915, p. 15: from column on "assorted war literature." / "'The War and Culture' (Copp Clark) is a pamphlet in reply to Dr. Hugo Muensterberg's 'The War and America.' The author, John Cowper Powys, very satisfactorily tears to shreds the Harvard professor's chief arguments. An interesting chapter is that devoted to a comparison of German and Russian culture. 'Sudermann and Hauptmann,' the author remarks, 'are famous names, but who would name them in the same breath with Tolstoi, Turgenieff or Dostoievsky? . . . Turgenieff has more style in his little finger than Hauptmann, Sudermann, Hæckel and Eucken in their whole bodies.' Mr. Powys also uses effectively the silly speeches and articles of Dr. Bernhard Dernburg as a means of poking some sly fun at Dr. Muensterberg, showing how these two leading German apologists have fallen foul of one another's arguments, the one, for example, seeking to justify the teachings of Treitschke, while the other seeks to convince us that nobody in Germany ever heard of Treitschke."

The Evening Citizen, 13 February 1915, p. 11. / Great English Lecturer Coming. / "John Cowper Powys, one of the most brilliant interpreters of literature now living, will deliver a course of six lectures in Ottawa, commencing on Monday, February 22nd, and concluding on Monday, March 29th. Mr. Powys is well known throughout Great Britain and the United States as a public lecturer on literary subjects. His style is vivid, epigrammatic and compelling. He has an amazing power of presenting to his hearers the inmost secrets of the great masters of literature from many lands. He is a graduate of Cambridge University and has completed 15 years of service on the lecture platform. For some time he was a staff-lecturer on literature for the Oxford University Extension Delegacy. During four lecture seasons he lectured on English literature in a number of the chief German cities, an experience which enabled him to learn much of German character and life. He is now completing his tenth lecture tour in America. The Ottawa course will be devoted to 'Modern European Literature;' the titles and dates of the lectures are as follows: [...]"

The Evening Citizen. 20 February 1915, p. 16. University Extension Lectures. / "One of the finest fruits of modern democracy is the serious effort that it has put forth to provide educations for all classes of citizens. The percentage of illiterates in democratic countries is perhaps lower today than it has ever been. Not only has the training of the primary school grades been made available for

practically everyone, but earnest thought has been given to the question of higher education. For many generations the great universities of Great Britain and the United States existed merely to benefit a chosen few, who either by reason of caste or wealth were able to attend. Within the past fifty years, however, a marked change has taken place. / At the instance of certain Mechanics' Institutes in the cities of Leeds, Birmingham and Nottingham, in 1873, Cambridge University was persuaded to furnish courses of instruction in those cities. In 1876, the London Society for the Extension of University teaching was established and continued its existence until 1902, when its work was taken over by London University. In 1878, Oxford entered the field and was soon followed by other leading British universities. So popular did the movement prove to be, that twenty years after Cambridge had been memorialized by the Mechanics Institutes, as many as 60,000 were attending extension lectures and 5,000 were standing for final examinations in Great Britain. / Canada, however, has not yet made any systematized efforts at extension work. The professors of all the leading universities do, from time to time, offer lectures on various subjects that are included in the university curricula, but no definite centres of instruction have been selected, nor are certificates of credit granted. The extra-mural system of Queen's University is perhaps the nearest approach to extension work that we have in this country. / During the past few years the people of Ottawa have been listening to lectures, such as Dr. Griggs', that might fairly be described as preliminary extension work, for after all, in this work much missionary work has to be done. It is first of all necessary to awaken the desire to learn in those who are not compelled to attend school. Next Monday evening Prof. Powys, a man of wide experience in university extension lecturing in the United Kingdom, will commence a series of lectures on literature in Ottawa. Why should not these lectures be followed by a definite effort to make Ottawa a university extension centre? In this way higher education could be brought within the reach of hundreds, if not thousands, of those to whom it is now unattainable. / Prof. Powys is being brought to Ottawa under the auspices of the Queen's University Alumni Association. It is expected that the assembly hall of the Collegiate Institute will be well filled Monday evening when the subject will be 'Goethe, the Pioneer of the Modern Spirit.'"

The Evening Citizen. 2 March 1915, p. 9. Henrik Ibsen Cosmic Tramp / Prof. Powys Describes Great Norwegian as Such in Wonderful Lecture.

"Some new light into the wonderful works of Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian dramatist, poet and novelist, some fresh visions into the philosophy of this intellectual anarchist, this strange character of a hyperborean race, were given last night by Professor Cowper Powys, in his lecture on Ibsen and the genius of the Scandinavian, the second of a series of six he is giving on Modern European literature, under the auspices of Queen's University alumni association, on Monday nights in the Collegiate Institute.

Prof. Powys is no ordinary type of lecturer. Both in delivery and method of handling his subject he is unique. He can ascend to the most charming heights of rhetoric with infinite ease and grace. He classified Ibsen as the leader of modern feminists, a true intellectual and spiritual adventurer, an intellectual anarchist, the most cold-blooded artist the world has ever known, a great poet, a cosmic tramp, a selfish and greedy wayfarer, the champion of egoists, etc.

Rarified Air Helps?

In the last 50 years the peninsula has given the world a literature of the most extraordinary kind. There may be some psychological connection with the climate of Scandinavia that is responsible for this literature. The rarefied air of that country is, perhaps, a peculiar stimulus to human intellect. If this is so, Canada may look forward to the production of some great literature by its people said the lecturer.

Ibsen was the first of the modern feminists. He demonstrated that he was of the old, Viking stock by his spiritual and intellectual adventures. In a measure, he has become old-fashioned because most of us have grown up under his influence. We have become accustomed to live with Ibsen in an intellectual climate. He was one of the three greatest Scandinavians in the realm of literature in modern times at least, the other two being Strindberg and George Brandes, the former a Swede, the latter a Dane.

Strindberg a Betrayer

Strindberg is regarded as the great anti-feminist, though his wife said he was not, explained Prof. Powys. However, Strindberg did betray the treacherous, exquisite, palpitating creatures. He traced their lurkings, their grouchings, their bouncings; he burrowed into the labyrinth of the intricacies of that fascinating thing—a woman's soul. In 'The Confessions of a Fool,' his

exposition in this direction was particularly severe. George Brandes was credited by the speaker as the writer of the best works in Europe, with the exception of Goethe and Shakespeare.

An Intellectual Anarchist

Ibsen, though a feminist, was an intellectual anarchist, asserted the professor, returning to his hero for the evening. His intellectual bombs are still exploding all over the world, causing many a human catastrophe. 'I like to associate Ibsen with the peculiarities of his race. He always seems to me to be drunk on Scandinavian mythology.'

His first three plays were curious productions. These were Emperor and Galilean; Brand; and Peer Gynt. In Brand, the author went beyond his own art. Prof. Powys said he could not lecture on a Scandinavian without resort to blasphemy; yet his blasphemy was not very serious when he seemed to promise that his audience could stand a little. 'It may be blasphemous to say, but Ibsen undertook to weigh Christianity and Paganism in the balance in the Emperor and Galilean.'

Art Came First

With Ibsen art came first. He could use everything for the purposes of art in the most cold blooded way. As a matter of fact he may be regarded as the most cold blooded artist in the world. Then the physiological appearance of the dramatist was commented on. His face suggested a battering ram. His eyes, like those of a Mongolian, looked like gimlets; and his countenance seemed to suggest him battering at the wall of truth and the eyes peering through the hole after part of the wall had been knocked away. He resembled in appearance an intellectual tradesman. He was a cosmic tramp, an intellectual hobo, a naughty selfish child, a greedy wayfarer and so on.

This genius of Norway dealt out his dynamite as if it were so much sugar. Every two years he put a new play on the market. He was the most lonely of the men of 'genius.' 'Peer Gynt' ranks equal with some of Shakespeare's works as a piece of poetry.

Rap At Clergymen et al.

The philosophy of 'The Doll's House,' the most quoted of Ibsen's plays, was outlined by the lecturer. Briefly, it is that the

individual is the most important factor in the world. In speaking on 'Pillars of Society,' which tells the story of an intriguer and wire puller, who subsequently acquires enough moral courage to tell the truth, and the moral of which is that liberty and truth are the most important things in the world. 'We dare not tell the truth in this age,' said Prof. Powys. 'If clergymen were to tell it half of them would soon be out of their pulpits. The rascals who don't tell the truth are often those who get to the highest places in church and state, and live not only double but quadruple lives.' This statement occasioned a burst of applause from the audience.

Thinker With a Method

Ibsen was not a philosopher with a system, but rather a thinker with a method. He was a consistent anarchist of the soul. He had a thinking power for the supernatural. Those people who lay stress on the symbolism in art neither understand art nor the genius of life, said the professor. References to 'The Enemy of the People,' 'The Lady from the Sea,' 'The Wild Duck,' and other plays were given.

The lecture was another intellectual treat and the large audience were sent away in possession of some of the innermost secrets of another of the world's greatest geniuses in literature and drama, imparted by a profound and remarkable student. Mr. Andrew Hayden was chairman."

The Evening Citizen. 23 February 1915, p. 5. Prof. Powys Charms in First Lecture/Goethe, the Famous German Poet, the Subject of Brilliant Address by Cambridge Man.

"For over one hour and a half last night an audience that almost filled the Collegiate Institute hall to capacity, listened to a German praised and extolled, and enjoyed and appreciated the praise, in spite of the fact that just now practically all Germans, dead or alive, seem to be in such bad odor among nearly all the British peoples and with the peoples throughout half the world for reasons too obvious to be here set down.

Professor John Cowper Powys, M. A. of Cambridge University, England, gave the first of a series of six lectures on Modern European Literature, under the auspices of the Queen's University Alumni Society, when his subject was Goethe, that incomparable German poet and critic. The lecture was an intellectual treat, given by a man with a remarkable, peculiar, yet

wonderfully attractive personality, whose command of language seems boundless.

The Lecturer

Prof. Powys is a genius himself. He is a tall, almost gaunt looking figure, who emphasizes his interpretations with dramatic gestures and a style of delivery original and appealing. His like as a lecturer has not been seen or heard in Ottawa. It seems a safe prediction to say that standing room will be at a premium at the other lectures he gives here, for his ability and magnetism will undoubtedly be heralded abroad before he returns next week.

A Real Superman

He declared Goethe to be a real superman, a veritable Delphic oracle the greatest egoist that ever lived, a divine child, the great pantheist, a man too great to be thoroughly understood, and several other compliments of a more or less degree were paid to the great German. Goethe was a great critic, a great clairvoyant who more than any other man was intimate with the forces of nature. His name carries a thrill with it. He wrote strange things like the utterings of a Delphic oracle. He was the most suggestive figure of all great men and the least understood. Goethe was too great to be understood. He had no definite philosophy, though he used a little of Kant's and Spinoza's. Every attempt to interpret Goethe's philosophy has been rather a failure, said Prof. Powys. No one has said the true thing about it.

Had Richest Religion

The lecturer proceeded to outline in a most graphic and illuminating word picture, Goethe's pursuits in his childhood at the picturesque and beautiful old home he was born in at Frankfurt on the Main. He was a child with a temper, for once he became so violent that he threw some crockery, when in a rage, into the street outside his house, with, of course, disastrous results. Then later the great poet grew out of atheism into the richest religion that ever dominated a human soul. He was the most religious of all the great poets.

To those interested in astrology, Professor Powys called attention to the fact that Goethe was born under Lucifer, so he was a Sun child; a young Olympian Zeus. No man had so many love

adventures. It is impossible to moralize on his love affairs.

"I implore you to remove the idea that Goethe was a wicked man, a kind of Don Juan, a base seducer," said the lecturer in an appealing and almost pathetic tone, as if the very thought that any one should presume to think that way of his hero was painful to him. "you have only to read his poems to know otherwise." In recalling his love adventures he renewed his youth in the most innocent and shameless way and one cannot be familiar with the rudiments of human psychology to think of Goethe as a wicked or base man in his recitals of his love episodes."

An Apollo of Beauty

The love affair with Fredericka, who was referred to in a variety of rather satirical terms was commented on. As a boy Goethe was an Apollo of beauty. When he went into a cafe there was no more drinking of lager beer while he remained in the place for people simply paused in their enjoyment to admire him. When he grew into manhood he was still a striking personality. Napoleon said when he saw Goethe, "There is a man!"

A Good Doctrine

His chief doctrine was to teach people to be gracious, gentle, chivalrous, beneficent, kind, courteous and so on. It was in Italy that he really found himself. He returned to Germany from a visit to Rome and other cities a little more stiff than he had been before, determined to build up the pyramid of his existence as he saw best. He was different from all other poets. If he had come to Ottawa he would have spent most of his time on the highest point in the city examining the hills across the river or the geological strata on the cliffs. On the other hand, the modern poet would be found drunk in the deepest cellar.

Classical Civilization

Following his return to Germany from Italy he also set about building up classical civilization. He was ever ready to help young authors. He was a realist, a great pantheist. When in a scientific mood, for Goethe was a great scientist, as well as a great poet and critic, he wanted a Pantheistic God. When in a poetical mood he wanted several gods and when his moral nature required a god he had room for that, too.

Prof. Powys' illuminating lecture was immensely enjoyed. Mr. Andrew Haydon was chairman."

The Toronto World. 24 February 1915, p. 7. Not the Founder of German Kultur Today/"Before a large audience at the Y. W. C. A., Guild Hall, John Cowper Powys, M. A., last night delivered the first of a series of lectures on various writers and the war. For last night's talk Mr. Powys took Nietzsche, who has been given the credit of being the founder of present German kultur. The speaker characterized this as a crime, for it was against this very thing that Mr. Nietzsche brought all his artillery into play. He thanked the University of Bonn for giving [sic] Nietzsche an opportunity of publishing his books without any interference on the part of Germany./In dealing with present-day war poetry, Mr. Powys stated that he had never before seen so much poor poetry in his life. Everybody had tried it, and out of all that he had read only two poems could be given a place as poetry. The one was that written by a famous German, and is characterized as the famous 'Chant of Hate' [?], while the other was written by a railway porter at the station of Bath, England."

The Toronto Daily Star. 24 February 1915, p. 8. Nietzsche and the War./"In an event so stirring as this war, Mr. John Cooper Powis [sic], in his lecture last evening on 'Kultur and the War,' questioned on which side Nietzsche took his pen. Certainly on side of the allies. To think otherwise was an intellectual blunder. He was a Pole with strong leanings to Russia; a lover of Greek, and influenced with French of the 16th century. Napoleon and Goethe were his supermen./Mr Powis made a passionate appeal to study Nietzsche from a spiritual standpoint. He was in reality a saint with a mind full of pity for the misery in the world./Among those present were [there follows a long, long list—perhaps including literally everyone who attended the lecture]."

The Evening Telegram. 24 February 1915, p. 18. Nietzsche on Allies' Side/Why Slavic Pole Who Wrote "With German Empire Came Death of German Mind"/Could Be Nowhere Else.

"'Is any philosophy responsible for the war? Can any philosophy be responsible for the war? Can any one single individual be held entirely responsible for the war? Are any ideas as drastic as that? Is Nietzsche responsible?"

Such were a few of the perfect volley of questions which

John Cowper Powys, B. A., of Cambridge, poured forth upon his audience at the Guild Hall last evening. And if there were any in that hall who wondered what that gatling gun lecturer would do, in view of the revelation of the past six months, with the man whom he so lauded here last winter. [. . . ?]

They did not have long to wait. Here was what Mr. Powys hurled at them:

'If Nietzsche were alive to-day he would be not on the side of Germany, but on our side.

'It is an insult, an outrage the cruelest of intellectual blunders to declare Nietzsche responsible for this war,' declared Mr. Powys. 'Yet not a single critic or newspaper has dared to tell the real truth. To breathe such they considered it a heresy. Yet if the great struggle is studied deeply it will be found that back of all diplomatic blunders are found more subtle causes than mere earth born ones. We may bow to economic reasons which have been given, but there are nobler reasons than these. There have been noble currents of emotion stirred, which are mightier causes than those by which mere buyers and sellers would explain the war.

'At the root of everything lies race instinct which, though animal, still is noble, which, though cruel, still is noble, which, though blind, still is heroic. And it is because of this arousing of the race that this is a time of instinct rather than of reason.

'What nonsense even the greatest of our great thinkers have been uttering. I have never read worse poetry than that of the last few months. There have only been two that I would call great. One of them was written by a porter on the Great Western Railway at Bath, the other was the "Hate Song," by a German.

'But what confusion has there been among the greatest names. The upheaval has gone so deep, things have become so inchoate, that human reason breaks down, it can no longer deal with things as they are. No intelligence can deal with it all. Never in history has there been such confusion!

'For when God speaks and the earth is riven, little human brains, even the greatest of them are too small to deal with things. Only genius like the prophets of old can do that. As for our great men of England how frivolous, how irreverent, how unessential, how lacking in seriousness have they sounded. Where are Hæckel and Eucken now? As for Anatole France, he is dumb, Rostand can say little, Mæterlinck with all his mysticism fails himself, he pleads, cries, whimpers and protests as any of the rest of us weaklings can do.

'In none of the modern writers can we see that peculiar Old

Testament grandeur, that Old Testament austerity, that Old Testament majesty, that Old Testament instinct for great and catastrophic events. No, the only thing that approaches this is to be found in Nietzsche.'

Then Mr. Powys went on to declare that much of the present misapprehension of Nietzsche had been brought about by Mencken's biography of him. But it was impossible to reconcile Mencken's picture of Nietzsche as the exponent of German methods of warfare and German culture with facts.

Examining deeply Nietzsche's works, in his 'Thoughts Out of Cæsar,' published just after the war of 1870, one could find denunciations of German efficiency and culture. Against these Nietzsche had brought forth a veritable artillery and had swept them clean. He had pilloried the filibustering, swash-buckling, lager beer drinking national ideal. This German with the Slavonic name had insulted German methods, German culture, nay even the German empire itself as no other has ever done. Did people forget that it was Nietzsche who had declared: 'With the German Empire had come the death of the German mind!'

Though educated in the most Spartan-like Prussian military school in Saxony, Nietzsche remembered that his forebears had been Polish nobles. Slav, rather than Prussian, was he, and Greek civilization appealed to him rather than Prussian culture.

Civilization was Nietzsche's idea of culture. He did not believe culture came of things learned, of heads filled with fact, or of the mere mechanism of knowledge. Culture, to him, was the man himself; it was personality, character, distinction. Above everything else Nietzsche protested that culture was character rather than of [sic] knowledge.

Surely in the face of this and remembering that Nietzsche had become a naturalized Swiss and had been so amply paid by the University at Bonn that he was able to print his opinions regardless of any one's favor, it was absurd to think of him as a German leader. That Germany regarded him as a foreigner was seen in the fact that since he was a naturalized Swiss he could not fight in the war of 1870, but merely acted as a Red Cross nurse. It was this experience that no doubt helped to fill him with a disgust for German methods of warfare.

As for those who regarded Nietzsche as an apostle of war, or as one who would sweep pity from a world, Mr. Powys declared when Nietzsche spoke of war he referred to a spiritual war. To take any other meaning from his words was to be a stark-staring idiot. As for regarding Nietzsche as a destroyer of a world's pity, the lecturer

declared how absurd was this, when a study of his life revealed that he died of pity daily. it [sic] was agony for him to think of the misery of the world and it was this that had eventually driven him mad.

As for the charge of sensuality against Nietzsche Mr. Powys but ridiculed it. He pictured him as an ascetic, a celibate, one who lived apart, why the very gaudiers [sic] in Venice called him 'the saint.' A sensualist is rather the well fed one who goes to church on Sunday morning and then spends the day a-feasting.

Nietzsche had felt the brutality of the Prussian soul. He had turned to Russia where was found the truest intellectuality, and if Nietzsche loved anything more than Russia it was France. He would say with Goethe: 'How can I hate French culture when I have got so much of mine from it.'

If Nietzsche were alive to-day, Mr. Powys declared he would be found on the side of France, the defender of civilization. Anything more remote from Bernhardt than the glacial brilliance of Nietzsche could not be found. As for the outrage of declaring Nietzsche a leader of Prussianism Mr. Powys declared such a mistake had happened by many English and American, to say nothing of Canadian professors, stealing aphorisms from his works and using them without the context. As for those easy-going critics who attacked Nietzsche for his disbelief in Christianity study would show even them he were nearer the Garden where Sweat became Blood than they."

The Toronto Daily News. 24 February 1915, p. 11. Nietzsche and the Great world-War/Outrage to Place Him Beside Men Like Bernhardt and Treitschke/Declares Mr. J. C. Powys/Thoughtful Analysis of Forces Responsible for Titanic Struggle.

"After so many of the herd and the spokesmen of the herd have had their fling at the philosopher of the Superman, it is a pleasure to hear the justification of Nietzsche from the lips of one of the cognoscenti. Mr. John Cowper Powys lectured last night on 'Nietzsche and the War' in the Guild Hall. His most emphatic disapprobation was aimed at that crass stupidity and philistinism which confounds Nietzsche's spiritual ideals in the slightest degree with the materialistic atavism of the present war. 'It is an outrage and a barbarism,' he declared, 'to put Nietzsche the Saint alongside of swashbuckling, naive and artless brute-children like Treitschke and Bernhardt. There is nothing in common between them. Nietzsche is spiritual and subtle. They could not understand one

page of Nietzsche. He lived in a spiritual world of ideas which will live long after all the submarines and Zeppelins are gone and forgotten.'

Mr. Powys in the beginning of his address referred to the war as an expression of race instinct, brutal and atavistic, but heroic and noble. He cited the confusion of the great thinkers. 'The great names have betrayed themselves in the face of a world catastrophe.' He had never read so much bad poetry, weak, trivial poetry as the war poetry of the present. Only two men had done work of authentic worth. One a porter in the Great Western Railroad at Bath and the other the author of the German poem of hate. 'Human reason breaks down before the atavistic vortex of war,' declared the lecturer. 'It is a matter of instinct.'

Like Ancient Prophet

Only the Old Testament prophets could properly interpret such a struggle as the present, and Nietzsche was the only one of the moderns to approach the prophets in grandeur, austerity and instinct for the awfulness of these events. The English writers were ridiculous and lacking in seriousness. It was the same with the Hæckels, and the Euckens. Mæterlinck's mysticism failed him, and he was whimpering like a child while his country lay in ruins. It was so even with Anatole France.

How far, and how, was Nietzsche responsible for the war? Not at all in the opinion of the lecturer. If he were here now he would be on the side of Sacred Russia and France, whom he had always loved above Germany. 'He would have regarded the present war as an offense against the only civilization in the world, the civilization of France,' declared the speaker. Mr. Powys repudiated the interpretation of Nietzsche [sic] given by Mr. H. L. Menchen [sic] as the 'one great spiritual blunder of our age, the failure to recognize that Nietzsche [sic] is spiritual not material, and that he does not in the slightest represent Prussia nor Prussia him.' It was Nietzsche who, when Germany was drunk with the victory over France, impaled in his 'Thoughts out of Season' the washbuckling [sic] of the Prussian as the Philistine of culture. It was against German culture that his most formidable artillery was directed. 'No one has insulted German ideals and the German Empire itself as Nietzsche has done,' declared the speaker.

The Unpardonable Sin

The superman is not the Blond Beast, but the classical ideal of distinction, beauty, magic and grace. Nietzsche was the Philosopher of the Mediterranean rather than of Prussia. It was he who said that 'The German Empire was the death blow to the German mind.'

'Nietzsche went mad,' said Mr. Powys, 'because he made the impossible attempt to lay on humanity a more exacting, more spiritual yoke than that of the saints themselves.' Nietzsche himself was a true saint. 'We must dissociate from German culture four names,' declared the lecturer, 'Goethe, Schopenhauer [sic], Heine—who was more French than the French themselves—and Nietzsche. They belong to Europe. To raise one's hand against one of these even in the moments of our most furious atavism is the unpardonable sin.'

The lecturer pointed out some facts that were significant of Nietzsche's non-relation to the war. He was a descendent of Poles and he was intensely proud of his noble Polish ancestors. He had also Slavonic blood in his veins and advised people to cease reading German and read the Russians. He loved the pure despotism of Russia, and the Pan-Slavic dream with its spiritual content, the dream of the world under the spiritual dominion of the White Christ out of Holy Russia, the victory of the Russian soul. 'Only of one man does Nietzsche admit that he had anything to learn,' said the lecturer. That man was the Russian, Dostoevsky.

Made War on Pity

'The statement that "a good war justifies any cause" refers to a spiritual war, not material,' said the lecturer; 'and anyone who fails to recognize this is a fool from the standpoint of criticism.' Nietzsche was a celibate, an ascetic, a monk, 'yet the average sensual man goes about telling you that Nietzsche is dangerous. He is dangerous to the average sensualist, who goes to church, eats heavy dinners and has many children. Beware of the ineffable ass who tells you Nietzsche is dangerous. He was nearer Christ in denouncing him than the average sensual, ethical man is in worshipping. It was Nietzsche who declared that "There was only one Christian, and He died on the Cross."'

It was Nietzsche's pity that made him make war on pity. He died of pity daily. He was an intellectual sadist [sic]. He took a voluptuous pleasure in self-torture, in flagellations, in self-

vivisection. The Cross was burned into Nietzsche's brain. He went mad from reaching after an impossible spiritual ideal and he gloried in its impossibility. He implored the consumptive women at St. Maurice not to read his books. Far from the brutality of the blonde beast his ideal was rather that of Cæsar Borgia, whom he admired chiefly for his subtlety."

The Globe. 25 February 1915, p. 7. Nietzsche, A Soul Moved by Pity/John Cooper [sic] Powys Gives New Picture of German Philosopher./"John Cowper Powys, M. A., had a deeply interested and appreciative audience at his lecture in the Guild Hall Tuesday night on 'Nietzsche and the War.' It is said that an author whom nobody reads has an absolutely safe reputation, but Nietzsche [sic, here and hereafter] seems an exception, for he has certainly been blamed and condemned at second-hand and third-hand by many who regard him as the apostle of military domination and the philosophic promoter of German aggression./Mr. Powys gave a brief but illuminating glance at the mental atmosphere of Nietzsche's time, and of the men who have contributed to modern thought on the deeper problems of humanity. A great soul moved by pity for the world by the spirit of the martyr and the insight of the seer, is a more inspiring picture than the familiar conception of Nietzsche as the foe of all the virtues and the denier of human duties and obligations. The lecturer is of those who help toward an understanding of Nietzsche's message to the world."

The Daily Mail and Empire. 25 February 1915, p. 5. Defended Nietzsche/Mr. Powys Declares He Was Opponent of German Culture./"According to John Cowper Powys, M. A., no man is so thoroughly misunderstood or his teachings more misinterpreted than Frederick Nietzsche. To put him in a class with Treitschke and Bernhardi is an outrage. If Nietzsche were alive today he would not be on the side of Germany in the present war; he would be with Russia. After making this statement the speaker proceeded to give his reasons. In a book written two years after the Franco-Prussian War, called 'Thoughts Out of Season,' Nietzsche pilloried the German kultur. Being of Polish descent, and a nationalized Swiss, he could not fight in the war, but went with the Red Cross. Here he injured his health for life and gave up his professorship at Basle. Thanks to the generous pension he received, he was able to publish his own books irrespective of the German people. His culture was more than culture—it was civilization. One must disassociate from the grotesque German kultur the four great men of Germany,

Goethe, Schopenhauer, Heine and Nietzsche, for they were the 'children of Europe' rather than German./However the audience may have felt with the speaker regarding the subject of his lecture, they all heartily agreed with him when he said that the present war had produced the worst poetry he ever read./The second in the series of lectures by Mr. Powys, given under the auspices of the Association opposed to Woman Suffrage in Canada, will take place next Tuesday evening in Guild Hall, where Mr. Powys will speak on 'Meredith.'"

The Globe. 4 March 1915, p. 4. Nietzsche not Misunderstood./To the Editor of *The Globe*: "Mr. Powys, the Guild Hall lecturer, is possessed undoubtedly of brilliancy and eloquence, but we think that in his anxiety to be fair to Nietzsche in his Guild Hall lecture he has not been fair to truth. If Nietzsche was an anti-militarist and earnestly opposed to Pan-Germanism he was at the same time the apostle of a truculent Prussianism by his infamous beatitude: 'And ye have heard men say, Blessed are the peacemakers. But I say unto you, Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jehovah, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jehovah.' But, apart from all that, as a violent anti-Christian and a ruthless destroyer of faith in God and the Bible, his dominating authority in Germany and the world was awful. By his repudiation of the fundamental rules of the Bible and religion he became in Germany what George Bernard Shaw, his English echo, is in Great Britain to-day, a pestiferous national influence./Dyson Hague."

The Hamilton Spectator. 4 March 1915, p. 11. To the Editor/As To Egoists./ "To the Editor: I see by the press that Toronto is enjoying a great treat just now. Mr. Powys is giving a course of lectures on George Meredith, and has already convinced Toronto's few intellectual men and her many intellectual women that George Meredith is the greatest English writer. Bravo. We always knew that Meredith was England's greatest novelist, and took a pardonable pride in this fact, because Meredith always boasted that 'his mother was an Irishman.' We do not blame Toronto for indulging in such esthetic pleasures at this time, for the men at the front have all the 'joy of the battle,' while we whose lot it is to 'bide by the stuff' have the loneliness and the fret. But, sir, it will be a sad pity if Mr. Powys shall confine himself to the romantic characters of Meredith and miss the great, tragic personality which, above all his other portraits, immortalizes the genius of the novelist. I refer to the Egoist. A few nights ago I had the pleasure of speaking to some fifteen hundred of

our soldiers in the dairy building at the camp. My own crude picture of our arch-enemy, Kaiser Wilhelm, was immensely appreciated by the men, and I enjoyed the realization that I had helped a little bit to show them the vulnerability of the Goliath they are going out to meet. But, sir, if Mr. Powys and the esthetes of Toronto would go over to the camp of an evening and in the light of his clear and convincing style, Mr. Powys would exhibit to the boys Meredith's picture of *The Egoist*, it would be a source of merry laughter and of mental illumination to the soliders that would help them to see the comic side of this tragedy and be ten thousand times better than Tipperary as a stimulant./Here is a peek at the portrait:/Imps have their freakish wickedness in them to kindle defective vision—malignly do they love to uncover ridiculousness in imposing figures. Wherever they catch sight of egoism they pitch their camps, they circle and squat, and forthwith they turn their lanterns, confident of the ludicrous to come. . . . They dare not chuckle while egotism is valiant, while sober, while egoism is valiant, nationally serviceable. [sic] They wait./'Aforetime a grand old egoism built the house. It would appear that ever finer and finer essences of it are demanded to sustain the structure; but especially would it appear that a reversion to the gross original, beneath a mask and in a vein of fineness, is an earthquake at the foundations of the house./'Better that it should not have consented to motion, and have held stubbornly to all ancestral ways, than have bred that anachronic spectre. The sight, however, is one to make our squatting imps in circle grow restless on their haunches as they bend their eyes instantly, ears at full cock, for the commencement of the comic drama of the suicide. If this line of verse be not yet in our literature—/'Through very love of self, himself he slew—'/let it be admitted for his epitaph./Now, Mr. Editor, when Mr. Powys sticks the kaiser's moustache on that figure, both philosophy and prophecy are fulfilled./Might I suggest that the Women's Canadian club could give us all a bit of good cheer if they would invite Mr. Powys to Hamilton?/S. Banks Nelson"

The Hamilton Spectator. 6 March 1915, p. 6. To the Editor/Powys and Nietzsche [sic]./"To the Editor: I observed in your paper of Thursday evening a letter from Dr. Nelson, in which he suggests inviting J. Cowper Powys to Hamilton. I am glad to state for the information of Dr. Nelson and others, that arrangements have already been made to bring Mr. Powys to our city. He is coming under the auspices of the Women Teachers' association, Tuesday, March 23, and will lecture on Nietzsche and the War in Centenary

church school room. Last year he delighted a large audience, when he gave his inimitable lecture on Dickens, and no doubt many more will be glad of the opportunity of hearing him on this occasion. Yours truly/Bertha Savage/President, W. T. A."

The Daily News. 3 March 1915, p. 11. Meredith a Pagan, Says Mr. J. C. Powys/He Reminded Britons They Must Still Fight Great Nations./"The philosophy and art of Meredith were given a lucid exposition by Mr. John Cowper Powys, M. A., in his second lecture in the Guild Hall last night. Meredith's effect upon the reader was stimulating, as Henry James was soothing, said the speaker. Meredith spurred one to intellectual activity and away from selfishness. He never let Britons forget that they had to fight great nations. He promoted boxing because it was a great military asset. He was essentially a Pagan, ignoring Christianity and worshipping the earth force, and denying a future individual existence to the soul. Man's reward for a strenuous life was to live on in his descendants. These thoughts, of Hellenic profundity, were yet expressed with lucid simplicity, said the speaker. For those unfamiliar with Meredith, however, he recommended 'Harry Richmond' as the least severely intellectual and most imaginative of the writer's books."

The Globe, 3 March 1915, p. 8. Earth Worship is Meredith's Philosophy/John Cowper Powys's [sic] Brilliant lecture on great novelist./"John Cowper Powys, M. A., in his Guild Hall lecture on George Meredith last evening, personified the strenuous intellectuality and impelling challenge of his subject. But between the lecturer and his audience there was none of that translucent amber film of style, here and there opaque, that this master of English fiction keeps between his literary creations and his readers, intensifying while it obscures every character, every situation, every plot and every motive./The lecture was lucid and illuminating."

The Toronto World. 3 March 1915, p. 5. Meredith Prepared England for War/John Cowper Powys, M. A., Continues His Lectures on Famous Writers./"John Cowper Powys, M. A., seemed much more at home when giving his second lecture at the Guild Hall, Y. W. C. A., last night. The speaker compared Meredith with Henry James, keeping the different styles of the two writers before his listeners. He stated that James acted like an antiseptic which eased a pain, whereas Meredith always seemed to slap one in the face, calling him lazy and telling him to become a man./More than any other English

writer, Meredith prepared us for this great war, and never let us forget that we had to fight great nations.' Frize [sic] fighting was one of his greatest pastimes, because, he said, prize fighting was a great military asset. One of his books was devoted to the comparison of Austria and Italy."

The Daily Mail and Empire. 3 March 1915, p. 9. Philosophy of Meredith/John Cowper Powys Gives Second of Series of Lectures./"Last evening in Guild Hall, John Cowper Powys, M. A., gave the second of his series of lectures to a crowded house. His subject was 'Meredith,' and for an hour and a half he treated his audience to an intellectual feast./The philosophy of Meredith, he said, was easier to describe than any other, for his thoughts were tangible, with Hellenic profundity, but with lucid simplicity were they expressed./Meredith prepared us for a great war, his books are the kind that hit like a blow in the face, they have the effect of drilling and pounding one into good form. Through the evolutionary struggles of the ages Meredith felt that England should not resign her 'prize-fighting tendencies.' Referring to his Pagan philosophy the speaker said it was as if Meredith had been buried for 2,000 years and brought back to earth. To him Christianity did not exist, it was a negligible thing; Meredith worshipped the soul of the earth. In conclusion, in speaking of Meredith's belief that this life ended all, one might ask the question, Why must we make this effort in training, why be strenuous in intellect if you die like a dog? In Meredith's words, the answer was, 'Live in your offspring, as I live in mine.'"

The Evening Telegram. 3 March 1915, p. 18. Why John Didn't go to Sleep./Even Though He Just Hated Meredith, Mr. Powys Kept Him Awake.

"Cynthia took John to hear the lecture on 'Meredith' last night at the Guild Hall. John said he loathed Meredith, and that he'd be sure to fall asleep listening to any man who tried to explain him. But Cynthia declared she'd do without a spring hat if John couldn't keep awake at a Powys lecture, so with hope in his eye John set forth. But when it was all over, John said it would be a pleasure to pay for the giddiest Easter bonnet she could find.

He didn't even try to go to sleep, for when he got to the lecture he saw Mrs. Think-She-Thinks had brought her husband, who happens to be John's deadliest enemy. And right then and there John had a picture of himself paying a milliner's cheque, for he

said to himself if Tom Think-She-Thinks could keep awake he wouldn't have the pleasure of seeing him asleep. So they just blinked and glared at one another until Mr. Powys really got warmed up. And when it was all over John said he wouldn't mind going to hear a man again who talked about books as if they were live things.

'You know,' he said to Cynthia, 'that Powys man's done to literature what the American food cranks have done to the whole wheat when they turned it into predigested breakfast foods. His lectures are sort of pre-digested brain food, and just as dyspeptics can eat whole wheat, so a fellow can swallow even the haziest writer after Powys has served him up. It all seems so easy. You wonder why even a stupid fellow like yourself didn't find out before what such books were all about.'

Cynthia just laughed, but she declares what kept John awake was the opening attack of Mr. Powys. For when he pointed out that Meredith really belonged to the mid-Victorians or even early Victorians, she said John sat up as if he expected to get some ideas on new spring models, right then and there. And Cynthia said it almost reconciled one to crinolines to hear that the same period that doted on things under glass, antimacassars and mahogany sideboards could give us the greatest writer of English fiction. Now a person who had to wear Victorian clothes needn't feel that she was necessarily a candidate for an idiot asylum. And the way Mr. Powys ridiculed the idea that mid-Victorians were less intelligent, less clever or less witty than we are made a person feel some respect for the days of their parents after all.

No person could ever dare confess that Meredith bored them after that Powys lecture, so Cynthia declares. And those people who always declare that he makes them think of Henry James will have to be very quiet too. For Mr. Powys says though both men are strong on style that is their only similarity. He declares that Henry James is as a delectable Turkish bath, while Geo. Meredith is as a brilliant fireworks display against the blackness of night.

Henry James' sweet uncutousness is as an anodyne for the people who make a religion of good taste. He is the exquisite painter of pictures for the people who never have done anything, who never will do anything and who never could do anything but worship the æsthetic. His heroes are golden youths who wander up and down the capitals of Europe doing nothing but enjoying the exquisite things that money can buy, and cultured tastes revel in. These heroes are always extremely rich and extremely good, (despite the

fact that real life reveals so few such) and the greatest wrong that Henry James can picture is the abominations of bad taste. According to him the world's most hideous evil is bad taste. His heroes live in a world where the only thing is good taste and the proletariat does not exist.

How different is George Meredith! He is the only English writer who has really prepared us for the present struggle, declared Mr. Powys.

His were novels with problems, his were novels that bade us think. His message was 'Arise, awake, England!' He foresaw an evolutionary struggle of the races and a survival of the fittest. He believed in the ultimate supremacy of Britain for her fighters must be the greatest, for in them were found the patient endurance of the Saxon with the imaginative fire and spirit of the Celt. Meredith would have aroused and quickened us to greater efficiency in the council room, the barracks and the field. He encouraged prize fighting because he regarded it as a military asset. A nation should see to it that its muscles were kept fit! To read Meredith was to be aroused and quickened, to be made felt that you were but a weak whimpering coward who must gather yourself together and go out and play the man.

Again no one since Disraeli had made a philosophy of politics. No one since Disraeli had so associated politics with life or had made them so thrilling. And above everything else Meredith was a philosopher, such a philosopher as no other English writer had been.

As for those who spoke of Meredith's attitude toward Christianity, Mr. Powys declared he was essentially a Greek. For him the present was as two thousand years ago, and Christianity was but a negligible quantity. Meredith's philosophy was the soul of the earth. He regarded humanity as moved by its soul just as Shaw held 'Life Force' as the director. With Meredith ethics came first, truth came afterwards. Meredith's plea to humanity was for 'more brain and still more brain.' To conquer the world one must have brain. To be strenuous with the brain was enough. As for immortality to live in one's offspring was all Meredith saw for humanity. Personal immortality he looked on as but a personal vice. We must even give up life if need be to serve posterity.

'Give these women more brains,' was Meredith's cry. Suffrage could be decided to-morrow if women had more brains, was Meredith's verdict.

According to Meredith the great dragon of humanity was selfishness. To slay it the comic spirit should be loosed upon the

earth. Man was the most unselfish object in the world, therefore Meredith had even invented a new woman, a clever, witty, an impetuous boy-girl which would cure this evil.

Mr. Powys declared that a Meredithian person would be too strenuous to live with continually. And even though the lecturer classed Meredith as the greatest English writer, he declared that with the exception of 'Harry Richmond,' his books all left a bad taste in the mouth. But even then so does valuable medicine.

Cornelia"

The Evening Citizen, 8 March 1915, p. 5./Prof. Powys' Lecture./ "John Cowper Powys will deliver his third lecture on Modern European Literature in the Collegiate Institute Assembly hall at 8 o'clock this evening. It is of interest to note that the subject of tonight's lecture, the great Italian poet and dramatist D'Annunzio, is at the present time writing a series of war chants urging his countrymen to enter the European war./In his lecture on D'Annunzio, Prof. Powys describes the reversion in modern Italian writing to the passion, color, poetry, and imaginative earnestness of the earlier Italian renaissance. D'Annunzio's work has done much to regenerate the literature of his country, raising it from the dead monotony that had characterized it for many generations. He is therefore in a peculiar sense, 'the genius of the Italians,' and as he is still at the height of his intellectual powers, even greater achievements may be expected of him./Prof. Powys' lecture on Ibsen a week ago made a lasting impression upon his hearers. Seldom, if ever, has an Ottawa audience been treated to such a vivid word picture of a great man's life and message. Seldom have they heard such a fusillade of adjectives and epigrams, such a unique display of brilliant oratory and incisive literary criticism. All students of literature should make it a point to hear Prof. Powys tonight."

The Evening Citizen, 9 March 1915, p. 7. Virile Figure in Literature/Prof. Powys' Lecture on Gabriele d'Annunzio, Italy's Modern Writer.

"If there were any supersensitive, hyper-aesthetic, ultra-conventional or rigidly proper folk in the large audience at the Collegiate Institute hall last night it is probable that they regarded Prof. John Cowper Powys, who lectured on Gabriele d'Annunzio, the present-day novelist and poet, the third of a series on Modern European Literature he is giving under the auspices of the Queen's University Alumni Society, as a wanton iconoclast, as a cruel

hypercritical critic of the modern would-be greats in literature, and as an ally of pagans.

It is certain that the lecturer wielded the axe of criticism with most unmerciful zeal in certain directions—perhaps rightly so. Present day writings, such as one finds in the magazines, were described as trash, rubbish, balderdash, wind, smoke and a few other uncomplimentary names.

As Near in Ottawa as Elsewhere

'The newspapers of today do not write classics, but they come as near to it in Ottawa as anywhere else, said the professor in an obviously satirical tone. He implored his audience to be severe with the inferior kind of literature that is to be found stacked high in every kind of bookstore. H.G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, G.B. Shaw were criticized if not condemned to a certain extent. 'God knows that Shaw's writing is not the grand style,' he declared as he lifted these three authors up in comparison with d'Annunzio. Rudyard Kipling was referred to as "that scoundrel Kipling" because he dubbed the Italian laborers as "dagoes." This was taken as a slight and insult against the hero of the evening; also against other great "dagoes" such as Julius Caesar, Michael Angelo, Savonarola, et al. Modern education was ridiculed and the customary fling was taken at Christian Science.

Favor Italy Going To War

But the lecture was perhaps the most brilliant ever given in Ottawa. To attempt to give an impression of its brilliancy, to try to convey the charm and beauty of the language used by Prof. Powys in his worship of d'Annunzio, who was termed the pagan of pagans, the Latin of Latins, the Italian of Italians, through the medium of cold type, seems almost absurd. 'No wonder d'Annunzio is urging his country to go to war on the side of the Allies. He realizes that it is a struggle between the eternal, classical civilization, with its charm, its irrevocable completeness, its polish, its urbanity and its poise, against the laborious, lugubrious, hyperborean drilling and efficiency, which represents the German ideal of civilization,' said the lecturer at the outset of his remarks.

Passion For Inventions

D'Annunzio, like all the great Latins, has a passion for

inventions. He was one of the first to risk his life in an aeroplane. He has been in a hundred submarines and was one of the first Italians to own a motor car. Then turning to the genius of this most conspicuous of Italian writers of today, Prof. Powys confessed that he was going to narrow his talk down to savagery and heathenism, and he would like the audience to become virtually heathen for an hour. There was no use to deal with windy verbiage in dealing with the Latins. They hold by concrete things; they are a race of artists; they hold to real beauty; they have a certain finality to their sentences. The sentences of d'Annunzio have a metallic ring about them that makes us think of the sentences of Horace.

The audience probably expected something terrible to follow after the lecturer's warning or appeal, but their expectations in this direction were not realized. Reckless and fearless pagan as d'Annunzio was portrayed, he was made to stand out, by the skill of Prof. Powys, as a wonderful and virile figure in the literary world, as a real master of the grand style.

Make Hair Stand Up

An extensive and fascinating review of *The Triumph of Death* was given. If one would be initiated into the pagan world the charm of the dreadful, odious, repulsive, forbidden details must be realized, as they are given in this book. If one would like the flesh on his spine to creep, or the hairs on his head to stand up like the quills on a porcupine's back read *The Triumph of Death*.

In commenting on the lovers in the book a disquisition on the Latin love was given. The Latins love and hate so recklessly that one is entwined with the other. When one loves in this fashion he takes his lover by the hair, drags her to a cliff, flings her over, she clings to him and they both go down to death. We, of the Anglo-Saxon race are too scared to love like that.

Would Shock Married Folk

Algernon Swinburne was classified as the only pagan of English poets. 'The curse of modern life,' said the lecturer, 'is the superficial system of education which creates vague moral sympathies, indefinite religious aspirations and imitation after imitation, resulting in a most unsatisfactory aspect. It licks us into shape to read d'Annunzio. He takes even a pagan view of women, but he has the great style which is exclusiveness. The pious and married people would find him intolerable, lacking in all sense of

proportion, shameless because he has narrowed everything down. The shamelessness of his egotism is astounding. We on the American continent and in Britain are always thinking about our cuffs and dress. We are always conscious of ourselves. This the Latin never is. He is as unconscious of himself as the gods. They call the Italian laborers 'dagoes' as that scoundrel Kipling calls them. They were civilized when we were wallowing about in the swamps. Julius Caesar, Michael Angelo, Savonarola was a "dagoe" said the professor in an indignant tone. The amorous egoism of a Scotchman is intolerable but the amorous egoism of an Italian is adorable.

'The Flame of Life,' 'The Victim,' 'The Virgin of the Rocks' and other works by d'Annunzio were touched upon. The proper way to think of this great author is to think of the renaissance. Most of us today lack the fine edges of austerity and exclusiveness which is the grand style.

Next Monday evening Prof. Powys will speak on Tolstoi."

The Toronto World. 10 March 1915, p. 2. Humanistic Element in Hardy's Writings/John Cooper Pawys [sic] Gave Criticism of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," at Guild Hall./"A spirit of eternal interest in life' characterizes the works of Thomas Hardy, stated John Cowper Powys last night in his lecture on Hardy's works at the Guild Hall./'As a dramatist he is particularly human,' said the speaker. 'In his dramatic works his women characters are particularly likeable on account of their distinctly feminine qualities.'/Hardy's drawings and illustrations were also dwelt upon at length. 'They reveal his spirit more than his works,' he said, 'and they are particularly true to life.' Tess of the D'Urbervilles was held to be the author's greatest work, as it was particularly optimistic, whereas the later works of the author were said to be distinctly pessimistic."

The Daily Mail and Empire. 10 March 1915, p. 4. Hardy is Upheld As Master of Style/Novels and Poems Warmly Eulogized by Mr. Powys./"In his lecture on 'Hardy' last evening John Cowper Powys divided his writings into three periods. His novel 'Under the Greenwood Tree' was of the light, airy comedy style, with its realism purged. In his books of 1860 he anticipated the realism of Zola, but eliminated the grossness. Then came the transition from this graceful, poetical writing to a limited pessimism. His types of men and women are of the simple countryman and maiden, but gods and goddesses, Homeric in type or even Biblical in extreme simplicity, which is a mania with Hardy. He excels all modern writers in portraying the ideal woman; he is Greek in his exclusion

of the transitory. In his writings one comes to the permanent and the essential; he narrows down all to the eternal situation. 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' is without doubt his masterpiece, and in this middle period were three other great works, the four making his best. After these came his later ones, 'Jude the Obscure' and 'The Well-Beloved.' Reference in the beginning was made to the fine poetry of Hardy, which truly betrays a writer. His Wessex poems are also illustrated by himself, showing the genius of Hardy."

The Toronto Daily News. 10 March 1915, p. 10. Hardy Shows Rustics Essentially Divine/Mr. J. C. Powys, in Lecture, Divides His Work Into Three Periods./"Thomas Hardy excels all modern writers in the portrayal of the ideal woman, said Mr. John Cowper Powys in his lecture on Hardy at the Guild Hall last night. He draws the simple people of the countryside: but, seizing on the essential things in them, he transforms them into gods and goddesses, Homeric or biblical in their extreme simplicity and elemental qualities. He manifests an eternal interest in life./Mr. Powys divided the novelist's work into three periods, one typified by 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' a period of light, airy comedy style, purged of realism; the second, represented by the books of 1860, anticipating the realism of Zola without its grossness; and the third, in which he passes from this graceful, poetical spirit to a limited pessimism. 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' his greatest work, belonged to the middle period. Among the greatest of the later books were 'Jude the Obscure' and 'The Well-beloved.' Hardy's poetry, and his own illustrations, reveal his true spirit, and are particularly true to life, said the speaker."

The Globe. 11 March 1915, p. 8. Hardy is Proclaimed Greatest Living Novelist/John Cowper Powys Gives Fascinating Analysis of his Work./ "Challenging subtlety covered by satisfying enthusiasm and directness had an appreciative reception at the Guild Hall lecture Tuesday evening as Mr. John Cowper Powys, M. A., discoursed on many features of Thomas Hardy's literary art. A picture of Dorset and the Wessex country, English life untouched, least spoiled by visitors from anywhere, was sketched in a few bold strokes, and its spirit was revealed in the work and art of Hardy, unhesitatingly styled the greatest living novelist./While not expecting another novel from his pen, the lecturer looked forward to more work in the field of poetry, a clearer revelation of the author's personality. Hardy's art was supreme in the revelation of his characters through qualities eternal in human nature. His women are goddesses though

earth-born, not the developments of transient fashions in thought or habit, or by external circumstances necessarily ephemeral, but moved by feminine impulses recognized as unchanging from the dawn of time./'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' was regarded as the author's greatest work, a work of the middle period, which saw the creation of the 'Return of the Native,' 'The Mayor of Casterbridge' and 'The Woodlander.' 'Jude the Obscure' was regarded as the author's betrayal. Finding the systems of things so cruel he must cry out against something—must personify the universe."

The Evening Citizen. 16 March 1915, p. 7. Prof. Powys on Great Writers/Tolstoy and Turgenev and Their Works are Described.

"If the war has done no other service to the race it has taught us that Russia is not the land of the knout and lash, of despairing revolution and brutal oppression of popular tradition. Last night at the Collegiate Institute, Professor John Cowper Powys did something more than dispel impressions born of ignorance. He liberated a flood of new light on to the giants of Russian literature. And is not Russian literature the giant of the literature of the world? The lecturer left that feeling.

The subject of Prof. Powys' lecture was 'Tolstoy and Turgenev; or the Genius of Russia.' There was a large audience. He spoke in his best dramatic manner, displaying that great spontaneity and vehement earnestness which have characterized the previous three lectures. One thing is certain. Prof. Powys worships the giants. And he worships with a passion that can only come to him who has succeeded in embracing and absorbing the very spirit of his masters. Next week he will speak of Dostoieffsky, whom he called 'the Russian of Russians.'

Vodka and the War

Prof. Powys began with some references to the war. He thought that however Russia emerged from the struggle it was bound to increase the Russian influence—not towards the East, but towards the West—towards Canada and America. 'Therefore,' said the lecturer, 'it would be well for us to prepare ourselves for this great intellectual and spiritual event, and examine what we have of Russian thought and Russian spirit.' He next turned to the vodka prohibition in Russia. 'You see,' he said, 'there are some advantages in a despotic government. We cannot do that in England, nor America, nor Canada. Think of what it means. These incompetent

workers, these blurred and indistinct thinkers; they work better, they dress better, they even cease beating their wives, and they think—and think liberal thoughts.'

Tolstoi, said Prof. Powys, turning to his subject, represented the body of that shadowy personality that we call holy Russia. Turgenev represented the intellect, the artistic soul of Russia. Dostoevsky the spirit itself. And concerning the last named, he said he owed more to Dostoevsky than any other writer. 'He is one of the supreme artists of the world,' he declared. Tolstoi was the greatest influence in the world since Goethe. 'Only sceptics and dogmatists are able to retain their sense of proportion in the presence of this man. The rest of us are hypnotized, mesmerized, swept off our feet, violently angry at ourselves. He succeeds in disturbing people, disconcerting people,' the lecturer said.

The Three Periods

There were three periods in Tolstoi's life. But the body dominated throughout all. First was his gilded youth. In that he had a lust, a lust for the dangerous life, and behind that a lust for blood. He had a lust for sport. He craved physiological activity, and he loved nature. The second period was when he had settled down, 'after he had married so well.' He was the little father, the patriarchal chief of the moujiks of his estate. In that period we had 'Peace and War' and 'Anna Karenina,' one about war and wounds, blood, ravaging, pillage and starvation; the other the reverse—love. Always the body dominated. In the third period he became what he was—the dominator of the world, the converter.

Christianity Anarchy

And when an honest man gets converted, there is confusion, the lecturer said. 'Those sitting in the seats of the mighty are hypocrites and humbugs and insidious rascals,' he added, and there was applause and scattered laughter. Tolstoy was the faun, the satyr, the pagan converted. 'You have to be a pagan to be worth converting,' he said. The gospel of Tolstoy is that Christianity is anarchy. He thought that only fools and knaves do not recognize its essential anarchy. He was a spiritual anarchist, and all spiritual anarchists are attracted to him. 'Tolstoy took the word of God literally. Not one dared take the word of God literally today. Tolstoy reads it, and goes away, and tries to obey it. 'Why,' said Prof.

Powys, 'if we did that, there would be the maddest confusion. But it would not be our affair. This is the affair of the Maker. Our affair is to obey.'

'Turn the other cheek.' Tolstoi accepted that literally. 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to he that hath none.' Tolstoi said that meant give and ask no questions—even to a tipsy beggar—and not merely subscriptions to charitable organizations. 'I tell you Tolstoi is typical of the whole of Russia,' said the lecturer. 'Russia is a country of noble and dramatic extremes.' Tolstoi was a pacifist. Not as we understand it. Carnegie would not approach the outer circles of Tolstoi's pacifism. And his grand teaching was that we belonged to the earth—planetarians. Men first—Russians or Canadians afterwards. And he was the original apostle of the simple life.

Turgenev

Prof. Powys next spoke of Turgenev. Turgenev the Parisian, the westerner. He was a giant, like Count Tolstoi. His pessimism was profound, abysmal. Progress? Immortality of the soul? What were these things? Let them go, it will be the same 500 years hence. That was Turgenev. Nothing matters. And just here the lecturer again took a tilt at that trinity—Shaw, Bennett, Wells, adding Galsworthy. 'He was a consummate artist, his style so beautiful that Shaw, Bennett, Wells—Mr. Wells—even Galsworthy, whose style has a certain distinction, did not approach Turgenev when he wrote one single sentence. It is more exquisite, more subtle than Guy de Maupassant. He knows what not to say. And, alas, how few know that.' The art of Turgenev reached further into the soul of Russia than the others."

The Evening Telegram. 17 March 1915, p. 18. Kipling as a Celt Sees Him

"Why do not public lecturers keep up-to-date? Just because John Cowper Powys, B. A., Cambridge, has been so busy talking to peace adoring women's club in the United States, at so much per night, he evidently has not had time to read the daily papers of late. But then perhaps a gentleman who has to deliver lectures on the entire literature of the world can hardly be expected to keep in touch with fellow-Britishers, even at this time. However, Mr. Powys might have saved much of his breath had he read Kipling's recent speech in which the Empire's poet said: 'This is a time when civilians

should do as little talking as possible, and what writing they do should be confined to their cheque books!’

Does not that sentence explain why some people are now talking about the ‘muteness’ of Kipling. Mere scholars shudder at his recent efforts. But unlike the spouters of patriotic piffle Kipling believes that this is a time when actions speak louder than words. The lonely sentry in the trenches beneath the black midnight sky of France is now more eloquent than the most sonorous verses of sad-eyed poets. This is a time when real men are moved by voices from within. True poets are now dumb before the magnificence of common men’s heroism. They would as soon talk against the roar of a Niagara as wail out verses in such a presence. The time for talking is gone.

‘Kipling is silent now because he is conscious that the peculiar cult of which he is master lacks an audience!’

So quoth John Cowper Powys, B. A., last night. Lacks an audience does Kipling?

As last nights [sic] mouther of phrases in his college gown tossed this to his audience we thought of humble British orderlies and washers of dishes we had seen down at Valcartier. Grey-haired men, men who had served twenty years in Britain’s vanguard! Yet they were going out once more, not with the glory of colonels. For a colonel is often but a cheap thing these days. But these men were going out as corporals, as orderlies. And what did they quote to the tender young captains with whom they were going forth? Why they repeated thrilling words of the Kipling that they loved. ‘Vulgar ditties’ would Mr. Powys dub them, but down at Valcartier we heard unlettered weather beaten old Britishers, aye, even Irish men, repeat Kipling’s verses with a reverence that peace-lovers would reserve for the Bible itself.

It was of this Kipling that last night’s lecturer said: ‘Why in this crisis has Rudyard Kipling as a literary figure fallen into the background. Is it due to ill-health or lack of creature genius, is it because a Liberal Government is in power, is it because he feels his peculiar cult now lacks an audience?’ Why has a man so eminently qualified to be poet-laureate written with such extraordinary feebleness on the death of the nation’s hero, Lord Roberts.’

Such was the shower of questions which Mr. Powys rained upon his audience at the beginning of last night’s lecture. Then he quoted Tennyson’s verses on the death of Lord Wellington, and again asked why the man who was born to be a great national poet in the hour of battle had uttered only pitiful little angry verses,

which would be an insult to credit to a 6th form Harrow school boy.

But while recognizing the mystery surrounding current psychological catastrophes in the lives of individuals were sometimes beyond explanation, John Cowper Powys B. A. ventured to explain Mr. Kipling. He ventured the guess that the disappearance of Kipling as a national poet had come about because the present war was not a war in which in his heart Kipling was in sympathy.

Mr. Powys declared that the creative ideals for which the allies were struggling were not those of Kipling’s but were antagonistic to him. Personal liberty, true democracy and the advancement of political equality were the ideals of the allies. But to survey the political writings of Kipling was to find that he lost no opportunity of attacking the liberty of the individual which was the keynote of the allies’ struggle.

For was not Russia the most democratic in the true social sense of all the world’s countries? Was not France the home of liberty, equality and fraternity?

Then at the risk of offending his audience the lecturer declared in no uncertain tones that the real ideal of Rudyard Kipling was the ideal of Bernhardt and Treitszke [sic] the idea of the of the enemy. Kipling’s ideal was the ideal of Potsdam. He worshipped pipeclay, efficiency, order, discipline, drill and the drill-sereant. He would destroy urbanity, refinement, epicurean pleasure and would have us give ourselves up to the State. He continually bade us keep our powder dry, he fairly reeked of pipeclay and a spritual goosestep.

However, it was interesting to hear from Mr. Powys that Rudyard Kipling represented a cause already killed, for in the present war we were fighting against militarism. Kipling’s New Imperialism which was that of Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain had now become the Old. The main idea under which the present war was being fought was that of Gladstone. The sound of guns at the Dardanelles was enough to make Disraeli turn in his grave. But Gladstone had sympathized with the Balkans, with Serbia, Bulgaria and Garibaldi. He had believed in the little races. And Lloyd George (so Mr. Powys declared) was but carrying out Gladstone’s will.

Small wonder was it Kipling stood mute before the world’s new Empire which was a confederacy of spirit. In it nations were banded together in one cause. It was not so much an Empire as a confederacy of nations. Thus was the old Empire of Chamberlain, Rhodes and Kipling dead. For did we not see Russia, the home of

revolutionists, in counsel with France, where sat Socialists in the very Cabinet conferring with Lloyd-George. And Powys rejoiced that Lloyd-George was now upholding the splendid old traditions of England, the friend of the little nations. As for Kipling, he pleaded for an old Roman Empire, an empire of sheer force of navalism just as another upheld militarism.

Powys denounced Kipling's 'white man's burden' idea. He called it insolence to the great Eastern races and wondered what our present Japanese allies thought of it. What an insult such a phrase had been to the immemorial traditions of India, whose old sages had more wisdom in their little finger than our college professors had in their entire system.

As for Kipling, the lecturer confessed his favorite picture of him was as a bespectacled man in khaki confronting the wise old sphinx, even as his friend, Col. Roosevelt, had done. As proof of Kipling's worship of force, Mr. Powys recalled the fact that he had no more ardent admirer than the Kaiser, who had sent him a message of condolence during his illness in America.

The lecturer recalled Kipling's abuse of Russia, whom Mr. Powys declared was the ally we most needed at this hour because she was the most spiritual of the nations, for was she not nearest the soul of the East?

Mr. Powys further declared that Kipling had made it its [sic] practice to abuse every intimate spiritual movement in the world. Above all he had pilloried Ireland. Mr. Powys here explained he held no brief for the Irish—he had lived too long in the United States for that. But he roundly denounced Kipling for his persecution of the old Ireland in Ireland. Many of the most romantic and passionate ideals had been ridiculed by Rudyard Kipling. Had he not attacked all the passionate flower of Irish tradition, which blossomed forth in Lady Gregory, Yeats and Synge, who had given poetry which had not been equalled since Shakespeare's time.

Most bitterly did Mr. Powys denounce Kipling for picturing such Irish as charlatans, rascals, mountebanks, cowardly assassins and murderers. He had persecuted such men as Tim Healy and that Irish Mirabeau, John Redmond. A player to the gallery, superficial, brutal imperialist, and merely a journalistic, not a true, painter of the Irish was how Mr. Powys showered [sic] Kipling.

As for his treatment of the East, the lecturer declared its true spirit had never been revealed to Kipling. He had a genius for catching local color which was all on the surface. He regarded the religions of India as but a spectacle. The Mahatma or Buddha was but an object of ridicule, was not even his wonderful Kim but a

satire? His India was but a place for the white man where they could keep the natives in subjection. His barrack room stories reeked of cigar smoke and of that beloved atmosphere which Englishmen revel in at dinner tables after the ladies have withdrawn. As for 'Mandalay,' the lecturer took it very seriously. He became as violent as an old-fashioned temperance orator might have over those terrible lines about shipping him 'east of Suez, where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst.'

To hear Mr. Powys exclaim that he yet preferred the Ten Commandments to the 'Recessional' would make one think that poor Kipling had tried to set up 'Mandalay' in place of the British Constitution.

However, even Powys would confess that Kipling's short stories revealed great genius, but it was chiefly that of a superb journalist. And, said Mr. Powys, the journalist writes himself out sooner than any other artist. However, next to Guy de Maupassant even Mr. Powys conceded Kipling stood first. Nothing since the Old Testament had been so simple, so direct, so gripping, so heart-rending as had been Kipling. 'The Phantom Rickshaw,' and 'Without Benefit of Clergy' were particularly extolled. But Mr. Powys denounced Kipling as the only mysognist [sic] among the great leaders in literature. Was he not thoroughly opposed to the higher education of women and did he ever have sympathy with any of them unless they were dressed up as boys, or were black or out-casts.

At times last evening we wondered why somebody in the audience didn't take Mr. Powys out and lynch him. But we suppose he must have felt somebody going to do it for at least three times he exclaimed: 'Just here I feel like recanting everything I have said against Kipling.' But he did not recant, but would proceed to quote something which he declared breathed all the magnificent spirit of the Old Vikings themselves. Then the lecturer would go on to complain of the muscular, breezy 'priggishness' of Kipling, or declare that the whole culture of the middle and classic ages could be wiped out and Kipling would never miss them. For all he represented by the days of the patriarch and the old-time God of Battles. To him the Catholic church had never existed.

Then the lecturer went on to ridicule Kipling's craze for technical words and his mania for Scotch engineers, drill sergeants and submarines. Compared with the exquisite Pierre Loti and his Latin culture Kipling was but an Anglo-Saxon vulgarian.

Then just as we were wondering why Scotch engineers and British submarines should have been used to bring such a libeller of

their beloved Kipling to safety in America for a profitable lecture tour, Mr. Powys took a turn for the better. He declared that perhaps his dislike of Kipling was due to his spleen, to his Celtic strain (why wasn't he honest enough to say Fenian), and to his Latin tendencies. Then he went on to say Kipling had also enraged him by his treatment of Sussex. His pet doctrine was also that of work which Mr. Powys further confessed did not personally appeal to him. Then he broke forth into a vertiable frenzy for after all if Kipling had been the first one to make heroes of the policemen and pioneers of the world, perhaps he should have our devotion. For after all were not the Scotch engineers, etc., the men who protected 'us ranters.' While they toiled and fought 'we little lecturers, connoisseurs, splitters of æsthetic hairs,' dwelt in safety.

Then after an eloquent tribute to 'the Junglebook' Mr. Powys declared he could even swallow Kipling when he remembered that line: 'We are all one blood,' written by such a writer for the little children.

—Cornelia

P. S.—If Mr. Powys is really looking for Mr. Kipling's audience let him look down the trenches."

The Toronto Daily News, 17 March 1915, p. 7. Kipling is Silent; Is He Pro-German?/Mr. J. C. Powys Declares His Ideals to be Prussian/A Foe to Liberty/A Written-out Journalist, His Work Reeking of Stale Cigars.

"Kipling is silent on the war. Why? Before Mr. John Cooper [sic] Powys, M.A., delivering his last lecturer at the Guild Hall last night the bard of the barrack-room stood arraigned for and convicted of pro-Germanism.

'Why is it that this great poet has fallen to the background so badly in these days of national trouble?' asked Mr. Powys. 'Why is it that the poem which he wrote on the death of our great hero, Lord Roberts, was of such a nature that any sixth form schoolboy could have written it? It is not illness. It is not old age. I can find only one reason and that is that this is not a war of his heart. Mr. Kipling is not in sympathy with the cause of this present conflict. Mr. Kipling in all his poems has attacked individual liberties, and that is what we are fighting for to-day. He has never lost an opportunity to attack this.

'His ideal is the Prussian ideal, so that the reason he has fallen so far back is because his ideals are those of the enemy. He has no use for "liberty, equality and fraternity," which the allies are

fighting for. Drill and discipline is the one idea of Kipling's poetry. We must give ourselves up on account of the state. Mr. Kipling is an Imperialist, a new Imperialist, a class with which are connected Rhodes, Chamberlain and Kipling, which class, thank God, is dead and buried. The Emperor of Germany is one of Kipling's strongest admirers, because he recognizes him as an Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic poet.'

Prefers the Commandments

Mr. Powys does not like Kipling. He declared last night that he could get more real enjoyment from reading the ten commandments than from the Recessional, which, said he, oscillated between the environment of Gideon and his sword and the bravado of a ship's engineer.

Kipling to Mr. Powys is a written-out journalist, searching not for literary material, but for copy. His Barrack-room Ballads, nothing but condensed profanity; his tales of India are superficial—a little knowledge, a little genius (Mr. Powys grants him that), and the mixture pervaded with the odor of strong drink and the reek of stale cigars.

The Jungle Book alone will make the author immortal, said the lecturer: but his 'Just So Stories' were 'poor tales for adults.'"

The Toronto World. 17 March 1915, p. 3. Rudyard Kipling is a Pro-German/John Cowper Powys Makes Bitter Attack on Englandss [sic] national poet./"Lovers of England's national poet, Rudyard Kipling, had a shock last night when they heard John Cowper Powys deliver a bitter attack against him at the Guild Hall. Mr. Powys did not hesitate to consider for one moment the possible feelings of his audience, who did not appear to agree with the speaker./'Why is it that this great poet has fallen to the background so badly in these days of national trouble? Why is it that the poem which he wrote on the death of our great hero, Lord Roberts, was of such a nature that any sixth form schoolboy could have written it? It is not illness. It is not old age. I can find only one reason and that is that this is not a war of his heart. Mr. Kipling is not in sympathy with the cause of this present conflict. Mr. Kipling in all his poems has attacked individual liberties, and that is what we are fighting for today. He has never lost an opportunity to attack this./'His ideal is the Prussian ideal, so that the reason he has fallen so far back is because his ideals are those of the enemy. He has no use for "liberty, equality and fraternity," which the allies are fighting for. Drill and

discipline is the one idea of Kipling's poetry. We must give ourselves up on account of the state. Mr. Kipling is an imperialist, a new imperialist, a class with which are connected Rhodes, Chamberlain and Kipling, which class, thank God, is dead and buried. The Emperor of Germany is one of Kipling's strongest admirers because he recognizes him as an Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic poet.' Mr. Powys spoke most bitterly on the manner in which Kipling had outraged the Irishmen by the way he wrote of them."

The Globe. 17 March 1915, p. 3. Why Our Bard Is Now Mute. / Political and Literary Criticism of Rudyard Kipling by John Cowper Powys, M. A. / "Why, in this crisis, has Rudyard Kipling, as a literary figure, fallen into the background? Why has a man so eminently qualified to be poet laureate written with such extraordinary feebleness on the death of the nation's hero, Lord Roberts? These were the problems essayed by John Cowper Powys, M. A., in the concluding lecture of his Guild Hall course last evening. While recognizing the mystery surrounding psychological catastrophes in the lives of individuals as beyond explanation, he ventured the guess that this was not a war with which Rudyard Kipling was in sympathy. The lecturer paid an inspiring tribute to the cause for which the allies were fighting[—?] the great creative ideas, the personal liberty, the true democracy, and the advancement toward political equality. Toward this ideal Rudyard Kipling was not only unsympathetic, but antagonistic. His outlook for Britain was that of Berhardi and Treitzsche [sic] for Prussia. His ideal was the obliteration of the individual in the presence of the State—discipline, order, efficiency, industry, activity, and military dominance. What was once the new but is now the old, dead and buried imperialism found exponents in Cecil Rhodes, Joseph Chamberlain and Rudyard Kipling. The new Imperialism, the cause for which the people were giving up their lives, was enlisting radicals, socialists and revolutionists."

The Daily Mail and Empire. 17 March 1915, p. 4. Kipling Annoys A Sensitive Soul/Originality of His Writings Distasteful to Lecturer Powys. / "John Cowper Powys, M.A., concluded his series of lectures in Toronto last night, when he addressed a large audience in Guild Hall on Rudyard Kipling. / While admitting that Kipling is a literary genius and a strong, virile writer, Mr. Powys has taken a dislike to his works; in fact, he declared that he could obtain more sound enjoyment out of reading the Ten Commandments than even

Kipling's 'Recessional.' This poem Mr. Powys severely criticized, and, while, he said, he found germs of genius in it, he compared it to the militant verse which is so popular in the Germanic states. Kipling knows nothing of the culture of even the middle ages, he declared, and his poem 'The Recessional' oscillates between the environment of Gideon and his sword and the bravado of a ship's engineer. / Denuded of the profuse adjectives and its flowery language Mr. Powys was of the opinion that Kipling, to use a colloquialism, was a 'has been,' a clever journalist who has written himself out. His 'Barrack-room Ballads' are nothing but condensed profanity, with a touch of genius, while his stories of India are superficial and are pervaded with the odor of strong liquor and stale cigar smoke. While they did not intoxicate the lecturer with their odoriferousness, they certainly greatly offended his sensitive, artistic temperament. / In dealing with Kipling as a writer of children's stories Mr. Powys found his 'Jungle Book' something marvellous. This, and this alone, will make the author immortal. His 'Just So Stories,' however, were described as 'poor tales for adults.' In short, Mr. Powys found Kipling as a British writer, with a Teutonic mind, whose God is the God of Force and of Potsdam. Unlike Hardy, he is not national but a cosmopolitan, and instead of searching for literary material he is on the hunt for copy. In fact, he even had the audacity to patronize the County of Sussex, the place of Mr. Powys' birth. The lecturer admitted that this might be the possible reason for his great antipathy for Kipling."

The Toronto Daily Star. 17 March 1915, p. 10. Critic Is Criticized / W.J. Tyrrell Defends Work Which Kipling Has Done. / "At the lecture of John Cowper Powys, M.A., in the Guild Hall last evening the lecturer took a pronounced view as to Kipling, the popular English author, ascribing to him, as shown in his work, the Teutonic color of mind, and the worship of force, pipe clay, and profanity. He was described as a clever journalist who had written himself out. / 'The artistic temperament of the lecturer,' said Mr. W.J.E. Tyrrell, 'does not quite value at full worth the more practical type of men who do things. As he said, the men whom Kipling honors stand on the ramparts. But it must be remembered that the other type, the men who are able to live in comfort and erect those charming castles in the air, and elicit those many-colored bubbles, can do so because men whom Kipling understands protect them. Men of the lecturer's class are apt to forget how much they owe to the other kind of men, and speak contemptuously of those who do the world's practical

work and carry the white man's burden.'"

The Globe. 17 March 1915, p. 4. Review of *Visions and Revisions* in column, *Books of the Day*.

"As described by the author on the title page, this book of 'tentative and provocative essays' indicates 'the personal reaction of my own mind under the stimulus of the famous masters,' rather than 'any ex-cathedra decisions.' The author is well known as a lecturer, and in this volume one gets the full aroma of the Cowper Powys platform style. Confining his essays to those great artists whom he admires, the volume becomes really a 'book of literary devotions,' as he himself expresses it. His favorite list includes Rabelais, 'the sanest of all the great writers;' Dante, 'the woman's great poet'; the 'gentle Shakespeare'; El Greco, 'the true precursors of our present-day Matissists and Futurists'; Milton, Charles Lamb, Dickens, Goethe, Matthew Arnold, Shelley, Keats, Nietzsche, Thomas Hardy, Walter Pater, Dostoevsky, Edgar Allen Poe, and Walt Whitman.

An admirer of Nietzsche

The most remarkable chapter, perhaps, is that on Nietzsche, the mad philosopher, who finds in the author a great admirer and champion. Mr. Cecil Chesterton and the author debated the question in New York recently, and there seems to be little doubt that on the subject of Nietzsche at least Mr. Powys differs from most English-speaking people in his conclusions regarding this 'intellectual Sadist,' whose theory of the Superman is the foundation stone of modern Prussian egotism. 'The idea of the Superman,' says the author, 'is a great and terrible idea, sublime and devastating; this idea of the human race yielding place to another race, stronger, wiser, fairer, sterner, gayer, and more godlike!' There is a tantalizing elusiveness on the part of the author when he defines Nietzsche's creed. Take this, for example: 'Even, therefore, in the sort of "wickedness" he evokes, Nietzsche remains Christ-ridden and Christ-mastered.' Or this: 'True Christian as he was at heart, he never cared greatly for Truth as Truth. It was in the interest of a Higher Ideal, a more exacting, less human Ideal, that he crushed it down. The Christian spirit in him set him upon strangling the Christian spirit—and all in the interest of a madness of nobility, itself perforated with Christian conscience.' Again, Nietzsche was

driven 'to seek something, if possible, nobler, austerer, gayer, more innocently wicked than Christianity.'

Up in the Clouds

We are told his spiritual contest was 'a deliberated self-inflicted crucifixion of the Christ in him as an offering to the Apollo in him.' What does it all mean? Why doesn't Mr. Powys come down to earth—the great, shrewd, wise, all-enduring Mother of us all, who knows so much and remains so silent? A key to the attitude of mind of the author may be found in the following quotation:—"It occurs to me sometimes that if there had been no "German Reformation" and no overrunning of the world by vulgar evangelical Protestantism it would still be possible to bring into the circle of the Church's development the lofty and desperate Passion of this 'saintly Antichrist.'" And yet later on we are told that 'the real secret of Jesus' and 'the real secret of Nietzsche' 'do not differ in essence.'

Author's Obscurantism

To the average intelligent person who takes up this study on Nietzsche it reads like a Chinese puzzle. The true art of the essayist is not to mystify and obscure. It is only an added insult to the intelligence of the reader to suggest that Nietzsche's doctrines 'will remain the sweet and deadly "fatalities" they have always been—for the few, the few, the few who understand them!' Of what use to the world is an analysis of the philosophy of Nietzsche if only a privileged few may understand the Nietzsche-Powys cult? It may assuage the ruffled pride of the reader who tries to unravel the mystery of this Powys Cubism to learn that 'every critic has a right to his own æsthetic principles,' and that 'this poor reflection' of the great figures in literature passes, as they pass, image by image, eidolon by eidolon, in the flowing stream of my own consciousness.' Well, let it pass at that.

The Real Nietzsche

If the reader wants to know the real Nietzsche, the bitter enemy of Christianity, who taught that life is the issue of a 'will to power,' and that 'Christian altruism is the mob egotism of the weak,' who regarded nationalism as something to be crushed in the gradual evolution upward to the Superman, he should read the 'Oxford Pamphlets,' Vol. IV., 'Nietzsche and Treitschke,' by Baker

(Oxford Press), and Professor Cramb's 'Germany and England' (The Musson Book Co.). Nietzsche stood for the new German religious movement—the triumph of Corsica over Galilee, the overthrow of Christianity by Napoleonism."

The Evening Telegram. 18 March 1915, p. 22. Raps Powys The Peace Prattler/Does Kipling Admirer Who Has Sailed The Seas For Over 30 Years.

"This morning's mail brought us the following letter from Captain J.C. Smith, who has spent 30 years at sea. Surely it answers in no uncertain way the ridiculous query, 'Why is Kipling so mute now?' To read Captain Smith's letter is to feel more keenly than ever that Kipling did his talking at the time it was most needed—he talked before the world's struggle was upon us.

Kipling silent now! Not while Tommy Atkins' step sounds on British soil or off, or his gun rings out as a silencer of baby-killers. Not while a Jack Tar step sounds on the deck of the big grey ships that sail the seven seas, or while Britons on land can still sing, 'Britannia Rules the Waves.' Who made the humblest Tommy Atkins or Jack Tar feel that he was the very heart of it all? True genius, they tell us, is the art of seeing the use of common things. Surely Kipling's understanding of the men who go down in ships, aye, even in transports, stamps him as a veritable genius.

As for those pitiable so-called intellectuals who see in Kipling a glorifier of militarism, why do they not move to abolish the fire halls? For it is just as absurd to consider having hose on hand to put out fires a danger as it is to consider preparations to uphold freedom against slavery as an encouragement of war.

Illustrated papers show Madame Curie at work in a laboratory near the firing line. If that great French woman scientist wishes to do the world the greatest service at this time why does she not travel to the United States and seek to discover the international peace germ. It is endangering the lives of some of the world's best known citizens at present. Once they are attacked reason leaves them, they behave almost like mad dogs in August. They straightway believe words can bring peace!

Why do they not look back through history? Then they will find that peace or freedom comes through self-sacrifice, not through words. Men talk in vain for freedom, it is won by deeds, not words!

This is a time when these busy peace conversationalists should remember that the only reason they are able to daily utter the rubbish they do is that through the long centuries brave British men

have died that freedom, yes, even of speech! might be won. Alas! what poor use some, even of Anglo-Saxon blood, are making of a freedom so dearly won! Here is Captain Smith's letter:—

Dear Madam—I'm glad to see that someone had something to say for Ruddy. To such peace prattlers as Powys, Britain owes all her troubles of to-day: to such as Gladstone, the trouble in South Africa. If the country had listened to Kipling, Roberts and numerous others who saw the writing on the wall, there would have been no war to-day, for Britain would have had a million men ready to place in the field at the opening, a fact of which none were more aware than Germany, who made count on that knowledge. With a million Britishers in the field there would have been no retreat from Mons. The Germans would have been forced back on the Rhine and Britain would not have been pushed to the limit to provide equipment, arms and ammunition, nor would she have had to go outside for assistance. The United States would have paid some of that \$500,000,000 in gold instead of trade. To such peace advocates as Powys, Britain may put down the cost of this war: a small share of which Powys will try to evade. Instead of berating Kipling, he ought to be at the front guiding the boys to that happy land of which he knows so little. The spiritual part in this war has slipped a cog. There is no one who understands the inner workings of Tommy or Tar better than Kipling. They understand him more in five minutes than they would Powys, B.A., in a year. I've spent over 30 years at sea, and I've yet to read anything more touching to those who have been there than Kipling's 'The Cruise of the Bolivar.' Yes, if Powys wishes to find Kipling's advice go to the trenches with 'Soldiers three.' When this war is over Kipling will have something to say of it, and in the Kultur that the boys will understand. Tommy Atkins is a puzzle to all the world, but not to Kipling. If you could put a thousand Kiplings in the front with Atkins, Tommy would go through Germany like a terrier through a rat pit, while a million Powys, B.A., on their knees would make no impression. Kipling is right when he says that Atkins should have his brass band, not that he needs it, but to give him encouragement which he does need. After the war, Kipling will tell you how those men have suffered this winter in those sewers, while the peace element were ensconced in down, of which they would not have been there to enjoy, but for British navalism! If Britain were all of the Powys strain, they would not have had straw to lay upon, some other kind of dog would be

prowling around those isles. So much for the Bachelor of Arts Hearts.'

CAPT. J.C. SMITH

Cornelia"

The Toronto Daily News. 18 March 1915, p. 6. On the Side/By J. E. M./ [What follows is a selection of Powys-related items from this column.] "While the war continues we still have cause for thankfulness. Mr. John Cowper Powys' Lecters on Littachoor are over./Speaking of Brother Powys, may we be permitted casually to intimate that in our opinion one of Job's three friends was a Peripatetic Lecturer on Literature—probably Zophar the Naamathite. For when that gentlemanly Demosthenes had finished speaking, Job said: 'No doubt but ye are the people and wisdom shall die with you.'/A Memory./(Dedicated to Mr. John Cowper Powys, the eminent Auth-/ority on Kipling and/all his Works.)/The Dresdens and the Yorcks depart./The Molkes cease their rabid fire/And sink beneath the crested wave/To sleep with Nineveh and Tyre./But others, let us not forget,/Are floating yet, are floating yet."

The Evening Telegram. 20 March 1915, p. 18. Powys v. Kipling./"John Cowper Powys, B. A., mentions Kipling with Macaulay as a horrible example of a journalist who writes himself out. Even a journalist who writes himself out is not necessarily inferior to a driveller and a dabbler who never knew how to write himself in./John Cowper Powys, B. A., says that Kipling is a pro-German. The suggestion inspires the thought that Rudyard Kipling never was, is not now, and never will be a pro-German as truly as his detractor is a pro-fool. John Cowper Powys, B. A., and his notions are not worth mentioning, being as unimportant and evanescent as so many soot spots on the polished marble of Rudyard Kipling's genius."

The Evening Citizen. 20 March 1915, p. 1. Philosophy of Nietzsche/Prof. John Cowper Powys Gives Views of Deceased German Philosopher.

"Prof. John Cowper Powys, the eminent literary critic who is giving a series of lectures in the Collegiate Institute hall, under the auspices of the Queen's University Alumni Association, in an interview with a reporter of *The Citizen*, gave an interpretation of the philosophy of Wilhelm Nietzsche, the German philosopher, who

has recently been discussed at great length in some circles, because of his views on war as expressed in his writings.

'The popular conception is that Nietzsche advocated militarism, that he preached the same doctrines as Treitschke and Bernhardi," said Prof. Powys as he settled himself more comfortably in a big armchair in the sunroom of Dr. Adam Shortt's home, where he was the guest.

'Suppose I give you a few facts about Nietzsche before I outline my interpretation of his philosophy. He was born in Rocken, Germany, Oct.15,1844, and died August 25, 1900. His education was obtained at Bonn and Leipzig and soon became known as a brilliant writer of philosophical tendencies. Troubles of the eye and brain compelled him to retire on a pension in 1879. In 1888 he was pronounced incurably insane. He did not recover his sanity before he died.

Was Spiritual Anarchist

'Now to discuss the philosophy of this spiritual anarchist, for that is just what he was,' said Prof. Powys. 'He did not believe that the state existed for the people, neither did he hold with Bismarck's view that the people existed for the state. After the Franco-Prussian war he attacked Bismarck for his views. Nietzsche would say that the state existed to produce an intellectually superior minority and the masses of the people existed for the same purpose.

'The popular conception of Nietzsche's philosophy is due to the fact that paragraphs from his works are taken as an interpretation of his whole philosophy, and, after all, the popular conception may be more or less justified on this ground since consideration of the whole context of his works are not often considered. He taught that people must be hard, not physically, but spiritually. One reason why he is so generally misunderstood is that he apparently contradicts himself so often. If he were alive today I have no doubt that he would be on the side of the allies if he thought that German Poland would be liberated from Prussian rule, but he would approve of the war to a certain extent because it would promote, as he thought, noble instincts in the human race. It is certain that he would not now approve of German militarism; this he never did. He claimed that the Germans knew nothing about culture. The only Germans he admired were Goethe, Schopenhauer and Lessing.

Good For Masses

'It isn't right to say that Nietzsche favored the elimination of the Christian religion. He believed that that the Christian religion was a good thing for the masses for under it they would be fairly happy and contented, but his select minority should have whatever religion they fancied. His view was that there would always be poverty in the world, but he would have the poor people made happy by reasonable arrangements, thus keeping them from revolting. The majority of intellectual aristocrats, however, should revolt among themselves whenever it was deemed necessary.

'Socialism was condemned by Nietzsche, and so was state officialdom. His sole object was to develop a race superior to man. "Der mensch ist etwas das überwunden werden soll" "Man is something that must be surpassed," he said, also "Man is a bridge from beast to superman, across the abyss."

Despised Royalty

'He depised all Royalty: with the exception of Frederick the Great, for whom he had a limited respect. Napoleon he admired. He wanted the aristocracy of blood and wealth substituted by an aristocracy of intellect, but on this aristocracy he would place a heavy burden. They would need to have a Spartan like training in order to make them almost perfect morally. This select minority would be allowed to do things that ordinary people would be shocked at, but they would do them having full command over themselves. He favored an intellectual war, as well as a physical war, but it is not right to say that Nietzsche's view of warfare was simply one of physical force; that is why, I say it is a mistake to class Nietzsche with Treitschke and Bernhardt. He always spoke reverentially of the Christ, but he attacks the sentimentality and hypocrisy of people who call themselves Christians. He held that there was only one Christian and He died on the cross.

'Nietzsche will never have much of a following because he contradicts himself too often. Most of his admirers are in Italy and France, two countries he loved better than Germany. He maintained that the Latins knew what civilization should be, something the Germans didn't know and never would. There you have my interpretation in a nutshell of the philosophy of Nietzsche,' concluded Prof. Powys."

The Daily Mail and Empire. 20 March 1915, p. 17 Literary News and

Views/'Provocative' Rambles of Jno. Cowper Powys.

"John Cowper Powys, who has been described as the English Derringer and Lord of the Superlative Adjective, has thrown off the shackles of literary conventionalism and appeared before the world the avowed author of one of the greatest curiosities written in a decade. Under the title of 'Visions and Revisions' (G. Arnold Shaw), Mr. Powys, with appreciable modesty, has selected seventeen of the greatest authors, dramatists and philosophers and has devoted 289 pages to an uninterrupted flow of eloquence in an endeavor to initiate the reader into the secrets of his innermost æsthetic soul.

It may be said to the credit of Mr. Powys that he boldly admits his titanic aspiration, for in the preface he courageously says: 'In this book of tentative and provocative essays, I seek rather to indicate the personal reaction of my own mind, under the stimulus of the famous masters, than to utter any ex cathedra decisions.' By this naive confession the writer rises to the pinnacles of heroism, for he boldly makes the admission that his work is both 'tentative and provocative.' And the reviewer heartily acquiesces with his statement. The complete book is something 'tentative' and is 'provocative' even unto profanity.

In a haze of superfluous adjectives and flowery sentences Mr. Powys joyfully rambles through his 289 pages, chattering about this phase, and that phase, of his æsthetic soul with a gossiping proclivity that would make an ordinary, well-regulated sewing circle turn green with envy and gnash its teeth in helpless rage. But to the enthusiastic and tireless endurance of Mr. Powys this feat is merely commonplace, and upon floundering through the conclusion of each essay the unfortunate reader is left wallowing in a quagmire of fanciful phrases and miraculous metaphors without a hope of successfully extricating himself, while the writer serenely catches that mysterious thing known to colloquialism as 'his second wind,' turns over another page, and with ghastly jovialty [sic] gallops jubilantly off to a fresh start.

Exhibiting the true instinct of the artistic temperament, the agile mentality of Mr. Powys does not concern itself with the doctrines taught by his favorite authors; instead, he devotes his energies into making a searching examination of the deepest recesses of their souls. The net result of Mr. Powys' passion for psychical Sherlock Holmesing is fully in keeping with the Powys style of writing; it is something unique, a trifle surprising, but essentially amusing when not boring. An excellent example of his

method of 'soul deduction' may be found in the floral pen tribute paid to Nietzsche.

And right here, we may remark that while Mr. Powys shows that he is suffering from an acute attack of admiration for Herr Nietzsche, he is also afflicted with violent intellectual cramps whenever a portrait of the Kaiser greets him; it appears that the Lord of Germany jars upon the sensitive nerves of the Lord of Superlative Adjective. And yet the Kaiser is but another Lord who has a profound veneration for the memory of Nietzsche, and his philosophical teachings. How can Mr. Powys and his artistic temperament, which cannot appreciate Kipling, not even his 'Just So Stories,' countenance such a literary alliance? How can Mr. Powys explain such a terrible literary anomaly? While this might appear impossible, to a writer of Mr. Powys' ability it is something hardly worthy of consideration. It is his artistic temperament! There is the secret! Mr. Powys' sensitive intellectualism enables him to bridge the chasm; permits him frantically to 'cavort' about the country deriding and hating the Kaiser and at the same time honoring and loving Nietzsche.

After painfully groping through the verbal flower garden which Mr. Powys makes bloom so luxuriously around his essay on Nietzsche, we find that this literary clairvoyant has delved far beyond the mediocre capabilities of all philosophers who have studied Nietzsche; we find that he has excavated and sifted the writings of the noted German philosopher until he has bared his soul. There he found his most cherished literary secret, which he has now generously scattered broadcast to the entire world. Nietzsche was at heart a devout Christian!

To an authority of Mr. Powys' capabilities, the writings of Nietzsche mean little. The fact that he railed at Christianity: that he dubbed Christ 'the leader of that little Jewish sect'; that he pronounced St. Paul a scheming charlatan who commercialized religion; that he wrote 'The Antichrist' and promulgated the doctrines of the 'Super-Man'; that he preached the gospel of power and might and blood and iron, and deluded the Teutonic nation with his pernicious teachings, a folly for which they are now paying dearly, is nothing to Mr. Powys. He sees seared on the soul of Nietzsche the flaming brand of the Cross and the burning words, 'The Crucified.'

Listen to this:

'We must visualize Nietzsche not only as the philosopher with the hammer, but as the philosopher with the chisel. We must visualize him, with such a sculptor's tool, standing in the presence

of the crucified figure of himself; and altering one by one its natural lineaments, Nietzsche's own lacerated "intellectual nerves" were the vantage ground of his spiritual vision. He could write "The Antichrist" because he had killed in his own nature "the thing he loved." It was for this reason that he could pour vitriol upon its "little secrets," and hunt it to its last retreats.' And to quote further: 'The Christian spirit in him set him upon strangling the Christian spirit—and all in the interests of a madness of nobility, itself perforated with a Christian conscience.'

All told, Herr Nietzsche's experience as a Christian must have afforded him a might interesting and exciting time, if we accept the result of Mr. Powys' little flyer into psychical research.

While space will not permit the taking up of Mr. Powys' seventeen essays in detail, it will suffice to mention that they include many of the greatest masters, such as Shakespeare, Goethe, Rabelais and Dickens. Some of the present-day writers are among them, although Kipling is missing. However, his antipathy to Kipling has already been aired in Toronto, and as Kipling is essentially a verb and a noun writer, we need to say no more of this quarrel with the versatile author of 'The Recessional' and 'Kim,' and a host of other strong and virile literary achievements. Some idea of the Powys' style may be given by the following, which is the concluding paragraph of a 'garden of roses' essay devoted to Keats: 'But what matter! Let us pay the penalty. Let us pay the price. Is it not worth it? Beauty, O divine, O cruel mistress! Thee, thee we must worship still, and with thee the acolytes who bear thy censers! For the secret of life is to take every risk without fear, even the risk of finding one's self an exile, with 'no shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming' in a land 'without memories, without altars, without Thee!'

The foregoing dissertation upon 'Beauty' is a quotation taken at random, and is even surpassed by many passages in the various essays, especially where the Powys' style becomes enraptured, when describing Goethe making his munificent gift of hot sausages to Frau von Stein, or where the great Germany poet muses by the Lake of Galilee. These monumental incidents in the Teutonic master's life, he says, 'are pictures of noble and humorous memory, which reconcile one to the comedy of living.'

After wading through 'Visions and Revisions,' the reader cannot but feel thankful that Mr. Powys succeeded in purging his mentality of these blooms of eloquence, and thereby achieved a meritorious piece of economy by anticipating a huge doctor's bill. But it does not seem quite the fair thing to us that he should have

inflicted his acute agony upon his unsuspecting admirers. However, if Mr. Powys believes in commercialising his genius, he cannot complain if his readers should accept him in the light of an unconscious humorist, and find much to laugh over in his psychical contortions and chrysanthemum style of eloquent prose."

The Evening Citizen, 23 March, 1915, p. 5. Great Genius of Russian/
Prof. Powys in Fifth Lecture of Very Interesting Series.

"Another great genius of Russia, the greatest of all Russians—Feodor M. Dostoyevsky—was the subject last night for the fifth of the series of illuminating and erudite lectures Prof. John Cowper Powys, M.A., is giving in the Collegiate Institute hall, under the auspices of the Queen's University alumni association. It was equally as entertaining and elevating as any of the other lectures, and shed more light on a people that in spite of all the present-day opportunities for education are still grossly misunderstood.

Prof. Powys during his remarks took occasion to apologize for some critical observations he made against Christian Science three weeks ago. He admitted that he then took a rather unfair advantage, and said that he desired to offer an apology for what he had said since he had learned that his criticism had caused offence in some quarters. 'Some people seem to get a cheap pleasure out of making fun of Christian Science,' he stated, 'when as a matter of fact we are all Christian Scientists to a certain extent.'

George Bernard Shaw, H.G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy were again given a little rap. In attempting to understand women they do not approach the outer court of a woman's soul in comparison with Dostoyevsky. Even Joseph Conrad, with his wide knowledge, is incomparable with the great Russian.

Scored Kipling Again

Kipling, too, got his weekly rub from the lecturer. Compare Kipling with his idea of the British Empire with the Slavophile idea of Empire and the former is put to shame. There is not a word in Kipling about the conversion of the world to Christ, yet this is the predominating idea with Dostoyevsky.

A far greater Russian than Tolstoi or Maxim Gorky was Dostoyevsky, the great novelist and philosopher. Though banished to the mines in Siberia and made to endure the most outrageous punishment, yet he never complained. He had that Russian sense of

fatality in all things and, like every Russian was prepared to go to the limit in any direction believing it was an inevitable fate. He was the great novelist who understood saints of which there are many in Russia today. It is the only country in the world, except, perhaps Spain, that has a living faith in saints.

The Russian ideal of life is sanctity. 'Saints and sinners always understand one another,' said Prof. Powys, 'to the chagrin of the 99 just persons who need no salvation.' This was delivered in a fine ironical tone which the audience appreciated.

What British Are Afraid Of

Dostoyevsky does not associate physical health with sanctity like the present day preachers. Students of religion know the old time saints never were healthy like so many Y.M.C.A. boys. He regarded sin as part of the fatality of life and had a profound belief in the invisible world. We talk of it, but do not believe in it with a vivid reality. Eternity meant more to Dostoyevsky than mortal success. It is a characteristic of all his characters and of all Russians to seek the ecstatic. This is one thing the Britisher is afraid to be. He is more concerned about his collars and cuffs; about his personal appearance.

Dostoyevsky was born in Moscow in 1821. His father was a poor army surgeon so that, compared with Tolstoi and others he was really a proletariat. His books were written dangerously by one who lived dangerously for those who think dangerously. He never was an active revolutionary, but always a reactionary. The only time he lost his temper was when a friend, during a conversation, denied the divinity of Christ.

Russia's Noble Obsession

The lecturer said that the thought of the invisible world is Russia's noble obsession. From Herbert Spencer's point of view this is a vice, but what a noble vice. It is the subject for conversation with the Russian troops in the trenches at the front at the present time. The British troops, on the other hand, are probably more concerned about talking of England, home and beauty. When this genius of Russia died a veritable procession of the dead in life went to his funeral, which was a kind of orgy for the extremists, yet it represented the feeling of the real Russia. Every conceivable kind of people went to the funeral, so great was the admiration for the man.

Passing on Prof. Powys charged Nietzsche, the German

philosopher, with stealing his analysis from the great Russian and a number of other ideas, too. To get an intelligent view of the philosophy of Dostoyevsky, one should take the opposite view to Christian Science. His philosophy springs out of disease. Just as Christian Science says that there is no disease and that pain can be willed away, so Dostoyevsky takes a contrary view. To take the taste of pragmatism out of one's mouth, read this Russian novelist.

The lecturer at this point apologized for his previous unkind references to Christian Science.

Recommended with Temerity

In commenting on his hero's view of death, Prof. Powys held that man sometimes has a mania not for life but death. It is a good thing that some of us are interested in literary and other intellectual pursuits, otherwise we would all be happy plum-pudding eating baseball players. According to Dostoyevsky every kind of abnormality was an illumination. The same qualities that land one on the gallows may lead him to become a saint, but this should not be taken as a recommendation to anyone to become a criminal. Dostoyevsky's books were recommended with considerable temerity, for wisely read they may lead to heavenly paths, but on the other hand may lead to the eternal bonfire. Those unfortunate fools who want a happy ending to the books they read should not approach them. There is so much that is Christian in all his works, but the intelligent reader also realizes that he is walking on holy ground hedged around with pitfalls.

Prof. Powys said that when coming to New York recently from England he was lying in an upper berth in his cabin, feeling very sea-sick, reading 'Crime and Punishment.' He was so charmed with the book that he exclaimed: "This is the greatest author in the world!"

'Have some more ginger, pop!' said the obviously less aesthetic occupant of the berth below, who, too, was suffering from sea-sickness.

An interesting review of 'Crime and Punishment,' 'Possessed,' 'The Idiot' and other works of Dostoyevsky were given."

The Hamilton Spectator. 24 March 1915, p. 16. Enemy of Germany/ That is Place Assigned Nietzsche [sic] by J. Cowper Powys. / "Nietzsche and the War as expounded by J. Cowper Powys, B. Sc., attracted a large number of students to the Sunday school

room of Centenary Methodist church last evening. The lecture was held under the auspices of the Women Teachers association. Mr. Powys, who is a most dramatic and convincing speaker, attempted to destroy what he terms the mistaken impression that Nietzsche, the great German writer and philosopher, was the mouthpiece of the German empire. Rather, the speaker asserted, was he a bitter enemy of Germany and German customs. Menke, a Teutonic writer of Baltimore, Md. [sic, H. L. Mencken], made many attempts to prove that Nietzsche's philosophy was put into practice by Germany. It was Mr. Powys' humble opinion that the number who thought as Menke did was growing smaller and smaller. Nietzsche was an avowed enemy of pity in any form, classing it as weak sentimentality, weakness and cowardice: a complaint of the nerves rather than of the heart. The great writer was fearfully misunderstood, he contended, in Canada, and the United States. Nietzsche was not responsible for this war, but Nietzsche was a sharpener of weapons—was favorable to war and the war spirit. Giving a brief resume of the deceased philosopher's life, Nietzsche, he averred, inherited neurotic tendencies from his father, who was a Lutheran clergyman. He schooled himself in aristocratic tendencies, attended a Prussian military school at Rahr, studied in the University of Leipzig, and acquired a mania for the Greek tongue. He also ruined his health, acting in the Red Cross interests during the Franco-Prussian war. Mr. Powys asserted that Nietzsche's first works, which were attacks on the German empire, furnished sufficient proof that he was not sympathetic to Prussia. It was as if Germany were in the dock and Nietzsche was its chief accuser. He held German hypocrisy up to universal scorn. At the conclusion of the lecture, a vote of thanks was tendered the speaker."

The Evening Citizen. 30 March 1915, p. 9. French Spirit in Literature/ Prof. Powys concludes Interesting Lecture Series at the Collegiate.

"'Young girls, those creatures with ribbons in their hair, dominate much of the Anglo-Saxon literature of the present time,' avowed Prof. John Cowper Powys last night in his lecture on Balzac and de Maupassant or the genius of France, the last of a series of six lectures on modern European literature given in the Collegiate Institute hall under the auspices of the Queen's University alumni association.

'I refuse to submit to the authority of the young daughter—those creatures with ribbons in their hair' he emphasized after ridiculing the lack of courage for truth and beauty displayed by

authors in Britain, Canada and America; and also by society generally in these countries and following a eulogy for the courage and pessimism of the French writers and French people both past and present.

The young girl rules the Anglo-Saxon intellect, its books are written for her. In this country and wherever British influence predominates we ought to get the moral courage to storm the spiritual trenches in the road to the soul of truth and beauty. We are too responsible; we need to be more irresponsible. The only reactionary philosopher in Britain today is G. K. Chesterton and he is little more than a wag. The lecturer ridiculed the prudish regard of the Anglo-Saxon for respectability and morality over truth and beauty. His remarks were more confined to the genius of France than to the works and philosophies of Balzac and de Maupassant.

The lecture was as brilliant an effort as any of the other five. It was marked by classical and spontaneous diction, by bluntness and sincerity, by an exposition of philosophy that was perhaps a little difficult for the average Anglo-Saxon mind and heart to absorb wisely and harmlessly all at once.

Influence of French Spirit

Prof. Powys said the influence of the French spirit is manifesting itself at the front in the present war among the troops of France. They are fighting with a courage that is different in kind to the courage of any others. The British courage is a moral thing. The Russian mystical and spiritual. The German devoted and scientific. The French courage is a magnificent, reckless, invincible irony. They are fighting in the most intelligent manner, much more so than any of the other participants in the war. They realize how monstrous war is: they are possessed of the most disillusioned intelligent sanity. They are not intellectual optimists, only women, children, fools and preachers are such. The French are incurable pessimists, all great artists and philosophers were pessimists. They know that love and honor, that life, that everything is an illusion. In Paris Bernard Shaw is considered a grotesque figure because he is trying to overthrow the old idolatries.

Spoil Life With Morality

In France they understand, like the Athenians, that life is an art. We spoil life with morality, the Germans with efficiency, the Russians with the ever present thought of the invisible world.

French literature makes us brave and gay. It destroys the sleepy illusions in which we live.

Balzac and de Maupassant were the parents of all modern French literature, which deals with two extremes: the infallibility of authority such as the Roman Catholic church on one hand and the reckless anarchy on the other. These two authors are the descendants of other writers with the same regard for these two extremes.

Not For Women

Referring to Rabileau's [sic] books, Prof. Powys declared they were not for women but for grown up people; for scholars and gentlemen. There is an irresponsibility about all French literature. It is not concerned, like the Anglo-Saxon literature, about the young lady. Healthy things, he said, are often in the way of progress of the human race. It is the unhealthy and the wicked people that have done the great things for the world.

We are going to win this war by physical courage, but are we going to have the moral courage to remove the nonsense that is impeding our progress, nonsense that is not so much hypocrisy as stupidity. The intellect should be responsible to nothing and nobody. It should pursue truth and beauty at all costs. G. K. Chesterton is the only British writer who dares to defend marriage. All the others attack marriage. We dare not go to the limit of defending our own morality. We have no philosophers who are reactionaries.

The philosophy of Balzac was reactionary. He regarded all people as greedy children who must be kept in place by some authority, such as the church. He believed that the political world should be ruled by an iron hand. He had little style, but wonderful humanity was expressed in his works.

De Maupassant has a style that comes down like a guillotine. No French writer ever had such a knowledge of humanity. He was a pessimist. His short stories were recommended. Some of the stories in Balzac's and de Maupassant's books were outlined, as well as a number of other past and present writers."

The Evening Telegram. 8 March 1930, p. 41. Should Lead Double Life Says Author. John Cowper Powys Urges Living in Company of Good Books—names ten best.

"'Every Torontonians ought to lead a secret and double life,'

admonished John Cowper Powys, celebrated litterateur and creator of 'Wolf Solent,' last evening in Yorkminster Church, where some 1,500 people heard him designate the 'Ten Best Books Known to Mankind.'

Mr. Powys did not, however, wish his remark to be taken in the generally accepted sense. He was referring to an existence apart from the 'trials and preoccupations' of the world, inward, intellectual, spiritual life in the company of good books.

He spirited his listeners away to a remote desert island, where they would be permitted to read no more than ten books between the time of their arrival and the day of their death.

'And is not all life such a desert island?' he asked.

Mystery of Life

Ruling out all pious literature as 'unsuitable to the lonely meditations of the laymen;' scientific works because they converted one to a doctrine; and political and economical treatises on the grounds that they would be useless on a desert island, Mr. Powys opined that a book 'connected with the mystery of life rather than a book about society' would be more in keeping with his ideal.

'And Heaven help us if we took ten best sellers. They will not bear rereading. We'd be finished the whole lot in three months,' he declared.

'We want books that suggest rather than complete and round off, satisfying every one of our human instincts. We want books that touch life at a great many points, that arouse our egoism, feed our emotional nature and intellect,' he added.

Mr. Powys, in enumerating each of the ten masterpieces selected, dwelt briefly on the features of each. Choice number seven was Shakespeare's King Lear, from which the lecturer recited that soliloquy of Lear immediately preceding his madness. He proved to be a superb actor, and his "bit" received ovations from all present.

Goethe's Faust

He also quoted effectively from Goethe's Faust, number eight on the list, and several classics.

'The greatest novel ever written is Dostoevsky's "The Idiot,"' he announced as his ninth selection.

Marcel Proust's fifteen-volume novel, 'Remembrance of Things Past,' was honored as the tenth choice. Horace's Odes were mentioned fourth, and Horace himself cited as an example of the

line, 'We can yet have a kind of wisdom, fools that we be.' Dante's 'Inferno' and Cervantes' 'Don Quixote' were fifth and sixth.

The Psalms of David, in any unexpurgated version, were the first to receive recommendation. The Blind Poet, Homer's 'Iliad' in prose translation, and the 'Prometheus' of the great tragedian, Æschylus, were the remaining two.

In his list, Mr. Powys pointed out, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, English, Russian, and Jewish literature were all represented. He was strong in denouncing the evils of poetic translations of any of the works mentioned."

The Mail and Empire. 8 March 1930, p. 7. David, Dostoevsky Two Ideal Writers. John Cowper Powys Makes Selection of Ten Best Books. / "King David's Psalms come first on the lot of the 'Ten best books,' which John Cowper Powys, English poet, essayist and novelist, would recommend for the library of a man condemned to live on a desert island. Mr. Powys made his suggestions to a large audience in Yorkminster Baptist Church last night. / After the Psalms, he enumerated the rest of the 'best ten' as follows: 2. Homer's Illiad; 3. Æschylus' Prometheus; 4. Horace's Odes; 5. Dante's Inferno; 6. Don Quixote; 7. Shakespeare's King Lear; 8. Goethe's Faust; 9. 'The Idiot' by Dostoevsky; 10. Marcel Proust's volumes, 15 in number. / In the first place, Mr. Powys said, he would rule out all pietistic literature, although he chose the Psalms of David to lead the list. / 'I would rule out the sayings of Jesus, because they are written in our hearts. We need not take the letter of the text, when the substance is or ought to be inscribed in our souls,' he said. / Politics, science, philosophy, would be banned on this desert island, where man would only care for books that he could read and read again. / 'Style and style alone makes a book eligible,' he continued. The speaker emphasized the influence of genius which through words could carry man into a new world, a world of fragrance and beauty where he could be sustained in spite of loss of friends and failure to attain his ambitions. / 'I would choose books that satisfy every one of our human instincts, the sensual, sensuous, emotional, pure intellect and the egoistic instinct,' he remarked. / 'Every one ought to lead a double life,' he continued. 'Treat society with ironical submission, but sink down into yourself and your ten best books, which must partake of the nature of a confessional—an immortal dialogue.' Man must find peace in this inner sanctuary connecting him with the great mystery behind life. / Introduced by Rev. W. A. Cameron, Mr. Powys declared that

Toronto's 'high level of culture' was convincingly demonstrated by the hundreds who had braved the rainstorm to hear his discussion."

The Toronto Daily Star. 8 March 1930, p. 4. John Cowper Powys Good Word-Painter. Welsh Orator Delivers Address in Yorkminster on Books Unknown to Most Canadians./By Augustus Beidle./"John Cowper Powys, Welshman, poet, demi-philosopher, belles-lecture-ist, lectured for an hour and a half in Yorkminster church last night on the Ten Best Books in the World. A large order, even for Yorkminster. Had he chosen the ten worst book, he might have been even more interesting./But Powys is word-painter enough to make a romance out of a bluebook. He has Disraeli's faculty of illumination, with a Gladstonian style. He is the second lecturer at Yorkminster this season; Will Durant being the first. He has changed since he lectured here fifteen years ago in Foresters' Hall—when he was an aesthete taking a lemon for a meal. From the sheer fanatical enthusiast he was then, he has become a bon vivant of ideas, words, books./He began by eliminating all kinds of books that would not fill the bill; including politics, economics, detective stories and much more—till he narrowed the search down to certain necessary elements in any book; the chief of which was Style; and Style he defined as in two kinds—of words and of personality./Having got the hunt down to a tangible clue, Powys took a fling at the audience, supposing that most of them were of mixed origins with a strong Oriental slant and like most people, under the control of a bossing minority of modernists, who want to make the world cut out the past and live only in the jazzy present./From this Oriental reality of all men he took a grand leap into Tao-ism as expounded by Kwang-Tse. Then he began to fish his ten best books out of the cosmos./He began with the Psalms of David (so-called), whether in the St. James, prayerbook or Romanist version—so long as they were not expurgated. His second was Prometheus of Æschylus illustrations of which he gave; his third, Homer's Iliad—of which he advised audiences to have none of the Pope, Chapman or Carey versions, but prose translations—quoting copiously in shouts of Greek. His fourth was the Odes of Horace—because Horace was a brilliant naughty boy—and he quoted one, his fifth Cervantes' Don Quixote—especially the dialogues; his sixth, Dante's Inferno—prose translation only; his seventh, Goethe's Faust—any translation; his eighth, King Lear—and at this point the lecturer stepped out into the chancel and became an actor as he quoted Lear's most sublime speech of hard luck; his ninth Dostoevsky's Idiot, which he proclaimed the greatest novel in any language; his tenth—the fifteen

novels of lately deceased Marcel Proust./In conclusion, the lecturer paid a glowing tribute to the building, which, he said, next to the Cooper Union in New York, where Lincoln had spoken, best suited his Welsh characteristics."

TAR

A MARKET PLACE OF BARGAINS
STAR CLASSIFIED ADS
See Pages 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41

TWO CENTS

VICEROY WARNS GANDHI INDIA PEACE MENACED

Violation of Law Will Be Involved and Peace Threatened, Viceroy Says

PLANS ARE ADVANCED

Crusaders Will Rely on Providence to Feed Them in Campaign of Disobedience

Delhi, India, March 7 (UP).—Lord Irwin, viceroy of India, replied to-day to Mahatma Gandhi's declaration that India was about to embark upon her campaign of non-obedience to British law, telling the nationalist leader that his course would endanger public peace. The viceroy told Gandhi he regretted the nationalists were contemplating such a course, pointing out that it was clearly bound to involve violation of the law and thus threaten to destroy public peace.

Picked Men

Bombay, India, March 7 (UP).—With fifty picked male companions and one horse—to carry the sick—Mahatma Gandhi will launch his campaign to free India by civil disobedience, to British rule next Tuesday. No provisions, it is understood, will be carried by the Indian crusaders, on instructions from their leader to "rely on Providence to feed them."



SPEAKS HERE TO-DAY
John Cowper Powys, noted English author and poet, who speaks at the Yorkminster church to-night on "The Ten Best Books."

law is not regarded as a main issue, Vallabhai Patel, another leader, intends to substitute a widespread "No Taxes" campaign, if Gandhi is arrested.

Gandhi's recent note to Viceroy Lord