

STOCKHOLM

Tuesday.—The sun has netted the water in gold this morning. Every breath is an impetus—I don't know to what, but as long as it is an impetus, it is enough. I have the whole world, and a whole life un-lived. I am so glad I am young!

The light glitters like a gemmed veil, the roofs and towers of the houses are gold, the canals are edged by rainbows of blue and rose and yellow. A great building—a white, Moorish, fairy-palace building—stands at the meeting of mythical, foaming waters. The awnings are broad blue and white stripes, such as you think they would paint in a picture of Algiers, and groups of red geraniums mark intervals on the marble balustrade. Canals

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creep in and out under carved bridges; the water is liquid enamel, with, here and there, waterfalls spraying diamonds. The sun has the whole world warmed into a luscious acceptance of life.

You stand aside and watch it, and know it is unutterably lovely, and that you are enjoying it supremely. But you can't hold the charm for more than a second. Why can't things be sufficient?

One should be a different person, a different epoch, a different emotion in order to match every city, and one must have memories of realities for this, not moods of Art. Anyway, feeling, appreciation, brain, are acquired things to our humanity. Mind is merely an instinct—a manner of monkey's tail to swing from one cocoon to another.

Friday.—Jim had drawn two chairs to the dark corner of the stern, and I felt a scene in the atmosphere. I had dressed

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for it. I knew that the little crescent of a moon set on the pale blue sky, the mystic night twilight, the scent of the pines and sea, and the jars of mimosa and geraniums on the deck, would have their inevitable effect. I understand the Celtic temperament. But being only half Irish I am also on the other side of the footlights and see the paint on its face.

The green gauze certainly makes me look unearthly, and with my huge chin-chilla motor coat over it, I look rather like the front page of "Jugend."

I was curious. He is muscular to a degree that in a society not openly polyandrous is quite immoral. He belongs to a type that is the only type which I label as male at all, and I wanted to see if this kind of thing is only anatomical, or if there is something beyond.

What attraction I have for him I cannot understand. My inconsistencies,

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moods, the very temperament that Oscar plays on as on a violin, is as uncomprehended by this thing of muscle and eyes as the possibilities of Schumann. He would like to grind out sentiment from women with the surety and routine of arias from a hand organ.

Men feel a relaxed mood in regard to them as quickly as a bloodhound scents blood. I asked him a question, and he leaned half way over my chair to answer.

I endured that. I do not allow any personal feeling to interfere in my psychological experiments.

And then, when my hand was in his, and I heard him say the things that are the key to actualities—if you want to use them—I knew how little the mere words, the mere facts count.

"Let me kiss you—only once—even if you don't care. You might give me this.—Ah"—he leaned nearer—"how I want

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to bring my lips into contact with your flesh!"

Why do men think it necessary to use such brutal phrases to me? Or do they use them to every woman? But the words were empty from him—yet what Oscar said had bruised my soul.

It did not even make me angry—it merely bored me, like a page of Baudelaire, badly translated.

I shook my hand from his.

Thursday.—Of course we all know—all literature dins it into us consciously or unconsciously—that pleasure, altruistic or otherwise, is the aim of life.

Shall it be Swinburne or Spencer? Shall I be content to be deceived, or commence everything with an instigatory sneer?

All the gods are greedy for what I have gained. I have the riches of the world, all

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the world really has to work with—Youth, Youth! It is the big stake, and they all want it. It is amusing to feel the angels and the devils, if there are any, contending for what in olden times they were pleased to call a soul.

I can decide, and the time has come now when I must choose one way or the other. Either way would be interesting, of course, if followed to its extreme; but which will give me the most pleasure?

Even in the greatest ignorance, we may get some sudden sense of life, and I imagine that, after all, it really doesn't make very much difference what you do, it all depends on the way you do it; and that all the agonies around all the big words in our language are tricks to make small people seem big. They have no imagination, therefore they say lies are wrong; they create a virtue out of their impotence. People have gifts for great, magnificent

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braveries; and the weak and cowardly and abortive brand them as sins.

It is absurd to talk about deciding, when every vein in me aches for all the adventure and the beauty of the world. If we are worth anything at all we want all the magnificence the world has, and we are not worth having it if we don't get it.

To have the courage of your excess, to find the limit of yourself!

But still, I have not quite lost the trick of delusion. It may be merely because I am young, but some dream still persists;—the race of the blue mysterious sea, the fluent night hung with stars, the passing of cities with names jewelled and set in gold. But I know that my pleasure in it is all fantastic, physical, story-made. It has been like taking long breaths of a flower; it is the flower of life, we get its perfume only once.

Afterwards, no doubt, the world

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changes. As we grow older the liquid jewellery grows dull and solid.

Myself too! Most women turn to salt, looking back.