

THIRD DAY.

THE only pause we want in life is in voyages like this, when we can measure our memories with big forces and cross to fresh worlds, new motives of ourselves, unknown effects.

If I could only call up the ghosts of the people I would have liked to know: Julian, Wilde, Da Vinci, Rabelais—what men, what lovers! Women only penetrate into life to the extent of the different effects they get from men; and so, of course, variety in our sources of emotion is our most direct way of learning things.

We are not brains; we are only functions with sufficient intellect to fit the needs of the life of our time. Our minds have to be vitalised. A woman's whole

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view of life is biased for the time being by the man with whom she is intimate. If the man is clever, it makes a window into distant things, that could not be realised by a woman with just her own brain alone; and, naturally, the greater number of clever men she knows in this way, the larger the outlook she gains on existence.

Knowledge, anyway, is merely the power of comparison; we would never have had Darwin's book on the Origin of Species if he had spent his life dissecting a single bug.

To make life yield its full gamut of possibilities is to be as great an artist as any composer or painter who pours out his vitality to make emotional pleasure for the world. And all the unknown rapture of life is before me. I have stolen the most difficult key; I have defied myself;

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I have dragged myself past the guarding beasts that watch instinct; I have given permission to myself for everything, and found there was no mental penalty to pay. The unexplored world is open to me, of all moods, of all countries.

For modern women have to overcome a new law. If we know anything, the laws of so-called morality cannot exist to us. They are seen to be wholly artificial, arbitrary, sops for the masses.

Our extremes of self-consciousness exaggerate personality to an obsession; and sheer modesty, in the woman of highly trained mind, imposes a barrier far more formidable to passion than was ever made by any code of morals.

What I was afraid of wasn't the thing in itself—I had determined on its moral innocuousness—but on the effect it would have on myself. You can never tell how

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an inherited strain of accustomed sentiment will assert itself; and my inherited tendencies are not only what might be called virtuous—they are stark with puritanism. I am possibly the embodiment of the revolt of the savage streak on which all humanity is based, and which my people have so long trampled down.

But my chief feeling was one of surprise at the quality of the thing that had made most of the tragedy of all literature.

Yet that was perhaps my disregard of the imitation quality of the world of tangible things. It is not the marble of the Apollo Belvedere that is real to us, but the passion of the artist; and, in life, it is not acts which comprise actuality at all. People and action can only be inflamed by imagination into life, and only live till we choose to forget. We make searchlights of our imagination, our instincts, and our passions, to pass over unknown

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places, to disclose the marvel of things hidden from us in the mystery of fact.

On the other side of bread and butter knowledge exists a marvellous world of permitted curiosity. Why should these things be closed to me? I have in myself the possibilities of them all: all literature only mirrors the changing impulses of instinct. Even the laws of Leviticus were framed against things done. No one legislates against the imagination. The Thousand and One Nights glitter gaily, serenely, through things unsaid, unwritable, which were accepted as facts—laughable facts—for the retailing under a July moon.

Yet I don't want to share the flames of Semele as the price of seeing human nature as it is.

FOURTH DAY

THE sea is a glamour of iridescent foam. The ship is surrounded by a whirr of white wings as the gulls hover in flashes; now and then they poise with wings extended, like visions of the Holy Grail.

I suppose we must all serve some altar, and sacrifice ourselves for some uncomprehended power—the Trappists, Devil Worship, the Salvation Army, all to exhaust the unused vitality of men and women; Nature insists on that shudder of energy traversing the world in some way.

Sensuality, the Cloister, Art, they throw mankind bleeding against the bars of sense. We cannot feel to the extent of our desire, enjoy to the depth we know