

are dealing here with *inventive* activity, I am inclined to think that every one will agree that there can be no question of degrees. Of course it is understood that Félix would be able to go on reading and taking notes and being interested in problems, and that he might even produce pleasant little accounts of his studies and agreeable review articles; but such activity as that is by no means a "degree" of his former activity, nor will it in any way soften, but must rather accentuate, his lasting grief at the loss of it. . . . Finally, it is also admitted that, as I have been assured, if his intellectual passion had really been so strong, it would master his love and he would go on with his work: but his passion is not strong enough, as is made perfectly clear ("I have not been able to become one of you."), and it is precisely in that failure that the drama consists.

And now I am not so simple as to believe that I shall disarm my adversaries by pointing out to them that we are here dealing with intellectual passion. On the contrary, I am persuaded that it is precisely because I have described this singularly unpopular passion¹ that I have incurred their hos-

¹ One of the forms which this unpopularity takes is the branding of intellectual passion by calling it *absolutism* and *intolerance*, terms which in these days are so generously lavished upon passion of any kind.