

where, the men who, when less opulent, eat mussels from a street stall without unseemly amusement at the joke of doing so, but as solemnly as you and I eat through our respectable meals, solacing themselves meanwhile with the thought of high ideals that you and I, being better fed, find less real, less insistent.

It was a difficult thing to attempt; if I had simply written from the outside, and announced that oddly dressed artists ate bananas in the streets, that is all that could be said; there is an end of it, the meaning, the essence of the thing is lost, and it becomes nothing but a dull observation of a phenomenon of London life. There was nothing for it but to confess, to write in the first person of my own uncomfortable happy years, and to trust that the hall mark of actual experience would give blood and life, at least to some parts of the picture. Now that would have been very pleasant for me, in spite of the risk that a succession of pictures connected by an ego, should seem a conceited ego exhibiting itself by means of a succession of pictures. But there was another bother; for the life would not have been expressed if there were no suggestion of the older time, the memories of famous artists and writers that contribute to make the poetry of the present. Now it was impossibly ludicrous to be continually flying off from the detailed experience of an insignifi-