anguish. It never occurred to our grandfathers to discuss the problem of a woman who refused motherhood; of a man who doubted whether his duty was to himself or to his country.

Now Ibsen represented with the most sublime art, with the simplicity of Greek tragedy, all these earthquakes of the soul. There is hardly any phase of the great spiritual revolt which he does not portray. Even such questions as the value and propriety of truth fell under his analysis. He has often been represented as a propagandist. He may have been that in his capacity of citizen; in that of artist he was divinely impartial. His plays are not tracts.

It is doubtful whether one could argue any single proposition from one of his plays. He spares us the moral. One is often amused by people maintaining that "A Doll's House" is a plea for the emancipation of woman. It is obvious to the reader, and still more to the spectator, of the play that, however hard Nora banged the door, she was sure to be back in time for dinner. Ibsen himself made fun of his stupid admirers in "The Wild Duck." So far as he expressed his own opinion at all, it is in the earlier poems. For example, in "Brand," we find that the hero, while perfectly correct in asserting that "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law," fails through his not going on with the interpretation of that divinely given phrase, "Love is the law, love under will"; and in "Peer Gynt" he shows how the "will to love" of Solveig is the one magical spell necessary to the redemption of the hero. This is hardly a dogmatic statement. It is merely a dramatic presentation of the Law of the New Aeon.

Ibsen remains therefore the important figure of all recent times. It was very greatly the moral uncertainty produced by the spiritual revolution, the failure to adjust our systems of ethics to our material reconstruction, that made the war possible. This period of unrest is by no means at an end. The old Gods are a little more obviously dead. One hears everywhere the wailing of the babe Horus as he draws his first breaths, but, for many of us, the problems discussed by Ibsen still remain unsolved. They remain of supreme interest and importance. Even if we have read Ibsen thoroughly and carefully at the time of his greatest influence, twenty or thirty years ago, it is still incumbent upon us to read him again in the light of what has happened since.

The other day I took out "Brand" from my shelves and read it. I was astonished to discover how entirely my point of view had changed since I read him at college fifteen years ago. It was, one might say, an entirely new poem. Time had interpreted between Ibsen and the spirit. The absorbing and commanding interest remained undiminished; in a sense, its vigor had increased. The same applies to practically all the great plays of the Norwegian master; and i t is really astonishing to observe on what heights he lived habitually, to what depths he invariably probed. Ibsen has certainly established his claim to be the supreme interpreter of the spirit of his age.

To-day, more than at any other period, it seems urgent to study him with reverent care, for we are approaching a period of reconstruction and regeneration; and it is Ibsen above all others who can tell us what not to do. In the "Twilight of the Idols," many monsters appeared; and in this hour of the dawn of the new creation it is as it was (according to the Hebrew tradition) in the old creation, "Faces, half-formed, arose." Those faces perished because there was no substance in them; and to-day we are in danger of being obsessed by many ideas, sometimes beautiful but usually fantastic, that wish to impose themselves upon us for the true Gods of the Aeon.

We must beware of these phantoms, and our best sentinel against them is that thorough skeptical examination of moral ideas which we owe to Henrik Ibsen. ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Social Shopping Service

It struck me as rather odd when I was asked whether I would undertake to shop for "International" readers, for somehow, I never thought that "Intellectuals" need any shopping.

But on second, sober thought I do agree with your editor that even intellectuals must have automobiles and zithers, eau-de-cologne and dogs, upper and lower ties, and all that sort of thing; and it is true that intellectuals are particularly helpless in getting from the shops of Gotham all the things, big and little, which they need for themselves and their huts in the by-ways.

I have been for many years an expert buyer for some of the most important people in New York, "smart ones" at least in the social sense, and somehow they have looked to me to find for them that gentle touch not easily gotten by correspondence with shopkeeper's clerks.

If "International" readers would like advice on books or music, soap or stationery, baby-carriages or opera cloaks, diamonds or pajamas, what-nots or roadsters, and if they will tell me just how much money they are prepared to spend, whether the thing to be bought is for the maiden-aunt or soldier boy, I shall be happy to look about for them.

The editors of the "International" have asked me to do this, because they want to establish a closer relationship with their readers and they instructed me to tell you that you will not be charged for my services.

The Secretary.

P.S.—I am married. My husband loves me. I am shopping for all of his sisters, aunts and brothers. Try me.

P. S. No. 2.—When writing, please address "The Secretary," care of International Monthly, Inc., 1123 Broadway, New York. If you have chosen something from a catalogue or want me to select or match a color, make remittances payable to The International.