

**THE SPLENDID
WAYFARING**

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The splendid wayfaring by Haldane Macfall

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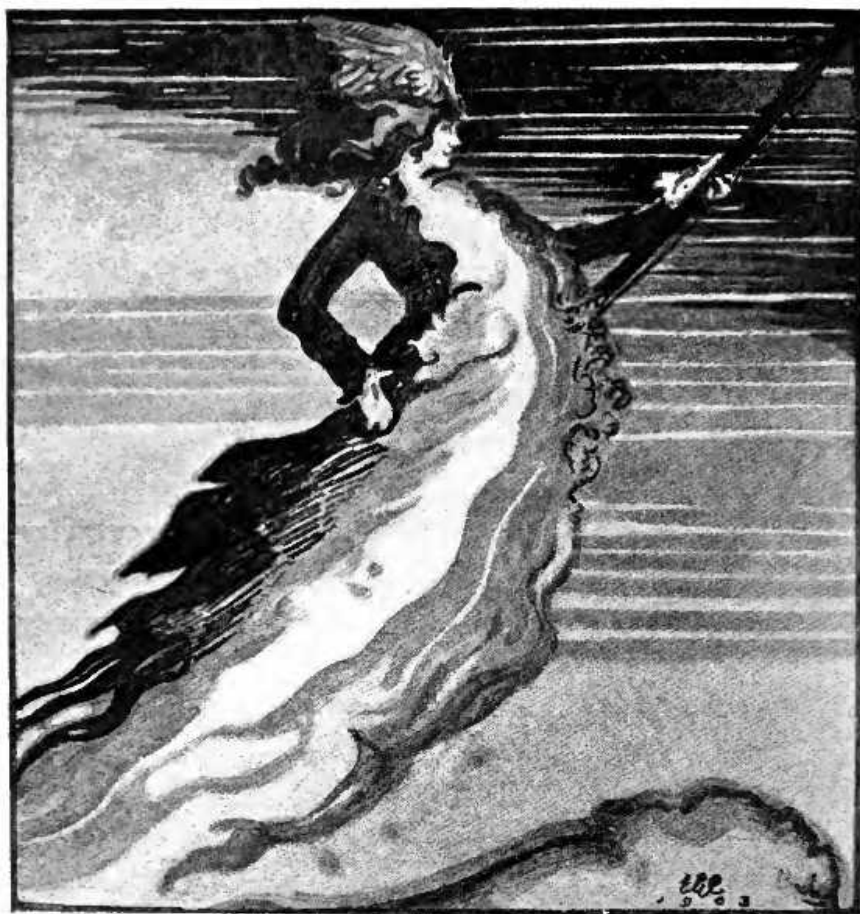
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HALDANE MACFALL

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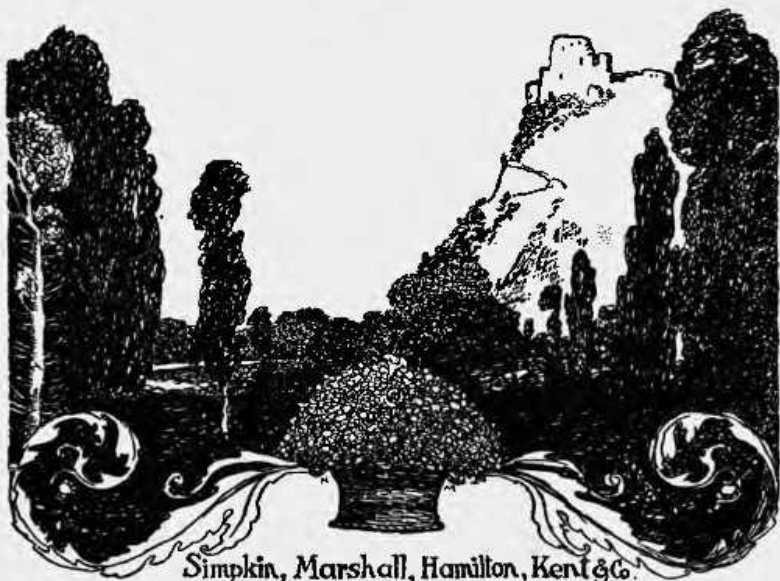
THE SPLENDID WAYFARING

by Gordon Craig.

The
Splendid Wayfaring

by
Haldane Macfall

Decorated by Lovat Fraser, Gaudier-Brzeska, the Author
and Gordon Craig



Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.
1913

FOREWORD



*TO THE STUDENT, THE PROFESSOR, THE CRITIC,
AND THE MAN IN THE STREET*



NOW, your ordinary man, what time he can spare from the fantastic business that he has set up as his "calling" or "object in life," gives a certain serious consideration in his day to phases of his mind which he calls "religion" or "recreation" or "culture" or "sport" or "getting on," or the like. His "religion," 'tis true, he keeps at solemn arm's length, shrinks from being on too familiar a footing with it, treats with aloof and reverential respect lest it overstep decorum, be guilty of familiarity, and enter too intimately into his conduct—though he compel it upon his neighbour with dogged resolution. His "recreation" he takes more whole-heartedly—or as whole-heartedly sees to it that his neighbours shall not take it, which is only another, if greyer, form of recreation. But the most vital faculty that is granted to him, whereby he alone may increase the splendour of life, he thrusts aside among the lesser things,

accounting it of less significance in his day than his sport—to say nothing of food and drink and money.

Nay, the very word Art, which is the next most important in his short wayfaring to Life itself, he associates with a painting in a gilt frame by some long-dead artist, which he does not understand, but respects as a fetish because in some vague way he realises that large sums of money are needed to purchase it—by people who understand the art of it perhaps as little as he. The Great, and the heirs to the once Great, living in a palatial atmosphere, are surrounded by masterpieces of painting of antique days—for which they care or do not care—and they that are new come to wealth, being at their wits' end, often as not, to know what to do with it, and seeing that grandeur is handsomely housed and that it is part of this handsomeness to be surrounded by masterpieces of the days that are gone, feverishly strive to load their new mansions with these antique things, mistake this for Art and a love of Art, do not know a vital work of Art of their own age when they see it, create a traffic in the works of the dead; and to this traffic pander swarms of "experts" and "critics" and "professors of Art" and the rest of it. Museums are set up and are held to be an incentive to the creation of the Arts!

With Art as the critics and professors and philosophers understand it, I am not here greatly concerned; but wholly with Art in its stupendous and vital need for the peoples who would rise to the mastery of the world and know the fulness of life.

For I tell you that *Art is absolutely necessary to all civilised life, to all intelligent living—that is to say, all life outside a madhouse. It is with us from the cradle to the grave. We cannot escape it. Without Art we are back again on all fours, as when man made his habitation in the branches of the trees and cracked nuts to find his sustenance, and was little more than the beasts.*

Men follow after strange gods, and at the end of their little

word

strut upon the stage, as the curtain rings down, they complain bitterly that life is a hollow thing! Aforetime they bowed to the god of war or bent the knee to this thing or another that they set up as their ideal; to-day it is wealth. Men who have built or hoarded vast "fortunes" are solemnly interviewed for the envious, are accepted as great men, and affirm that money-getting is their chief incentive to life. God! what a tragedy for a people!

When all's said, and the worship done, a very vulgar dullard, if he give all his powers to it, can, and often does, hoard great wealth—indeed, he is at times a criminal against society. But even the significance of *his* wayfaring for himself does not lie in his wealth nor in his lack of wealth—greatness is not wealth nor lack of wealth, whatever else it may be. The significance of a man for himself rests in the largeness of the range of his adventure in living; the significance of his wayfaring for others rests in the amount whereby he has increased the realm of life for his fellows.

We live a little mean day, so petty indeed that most men—honest fellows—deem themselves as having lived who go to their graves the narrow life-long slaves of a paltry wage, content to have earned just that wage, as though earning a wage were life! nay, proud to be able to say as they lie a-dying that they have walked without tripping in a little parish. They are even acclaimed "good citizens"! But the largest and widest life is for him who dares the fullest adventure—who has become partaker in all that life can give. And by the Arts alone shall he know the fullest life; and by lack of the Arts shall he know the meanest.

The artist, in the full meaning of the word, is the supreme man.

It is well, therefore, to try and realise what is Art, and what is an artist.

