

**SOME NOTES OF A
STRUGGLING
GENIUS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649443208

Some Notes of a Struggling Genius by G. S. Street

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

G. S. STREET

**SOME NOTES OF A
STRUGGLING
GENIUS**

**SOME NOTES
OF A STRUGGLING GENIUS**

By the Same Author

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOY
QUALES EGO. A Book of Essays
THE WISE AND THE WAYWARD.
EPISODES

Some Notes 73588
Of a Struggling Genius

BY
G. S. STREET



JOHN LANE, *The Bodley Head*

London and New York

1898

COPYRIGHT, 1898
BY JOHN LANE

University Press, Cambridge, U. S. A.

Preface

WITH your permission I wish to write something about the publication of these notes, "to prevent criticism," as Brisk says in the play. Most of them were printed some four years ago in the "Pall Mall Gazette." There was little of them altogether, partly because I was not inclined to write more, partly because a more industrious person than I was kind enough to adopt the little manner of them, such as it was, and to prosecute it with better success: I thought I might as well stop.

But these things being so, I conceive that you may be annoyed by the reprinting of what follows. I am nervous about it. For when, some time ago, I took the liberty of publishing a little book of essays, I was told that I had committed an impertinence. My critic seemed to think that I had swindled anybody who had paid three and sixpence for the book, which the critic, by the way, had for nothing. Now the publication of this fresh impertinence is due to its publisher. I tried to dissuade

Preface

him, pointing out that we might both be sent to prison for our pains. He persisted, however, for some reason I am quite unable to fathom (this is not, please, said complacently), and he has a stronger will than I. So I gave way, and devoted my arguments to beating down the price, with a view to mitigation of sentence. (This ought not to bore you: we are all interested in prices now.) I beat it down to a shilling, and there it stuck. A shilling, net. There has been a great dispute in the more important and obvious division of contemporary literature about the merits of this net, as compared with a discount system. My own objection to the net system is that people write and abuse me because they have gained nothing by going to the stores to buy my books. However, it is not my affair. I am heartily sorry my book has cost you a shilling, or has not, as the case may be; I had far rather you had it for ninepence, but I am powerless to help you.¹

¹ I do not translate these figures into terms of American coinage as a compliment to American readers: firstly, because I do not know if the great discount war is waged in America; secondly, because American readers are richer than English readers; and, thirdly, because American readers do not read my books.

Preface

So much for the more important matter. As for the notes themselves, they were suggested by the conversation of a struggling genius, my friend. I say this frankly, because I would rather be thought unoriginal than autobiographical. The exposition of my own habits and sensations would not be amusing, and I have no intention of making it. The reviewer who thought that the title of the book referred to above — it was “*Quales Ego*” — meant “*What am I?*” was mistaken: I invited no such personal inspection. As it is, I have been accused of having held myself up to ridicule in another book, a little farcical attempt at the satire of a mode now something vanished. I did no such thing. Both that book and this are little farcical presentments of modes of life and points of view and phases of character which have met and amused me: the first person singular is an easy way of writing: neither that book nor this is personal to myself. I confess that I have read these notes — after some years — with a melancholy interest. They were, or seem to have been, written in good spirits. There is a cheerful vulgarity about them which I am glad to have achieved; I have even a faint hope that they may be called “*breezy*.”