A CERTAIN writer used to tell me how difficult it was for him to finish his book, in which he did not want to offend any one. Since the book was concerned with pan-human questions, it was but natural that the author wanted to arouse interest without enmity and unnecessary offences. And it is precisely from these good wishes that such unusual limitations arose. The writer got into such impassable narrow gorges, that he was compelled to cut out page after page from the valuable accumulated material.

In the first place, the writer checked his considerations with regard to races—a lot had to be crossed out. Then came the checking according to classes. It likewise took out many pages. Then he had to verify the text in regard to professions. And again here important material had to be omitted. Then the rest of the writings was checked from a point of view of age, religion, customs and again entire parts of the book had to be set aside. Finally he had to think of the conditions of education, questions of schools, social organisations, sport, the attitude towards art, of everything that is embraced by the word—culture. One had to extract from the remnants of the book almost everything that could create any interest.

Then the disappointed author tried to read for himself the polished skeleton and he became horrified and could not admit the thought that he could have himself written such common-place vulgarity. Then the unfortunate author began to think, whom did he please by depriving his work of even primitive significance and interest? And then began a curious reversal of the procedure. The author began mentally to select as readers for the remaining fragments of the book—all sorts of professionals and from the opposite point of view he found nowhere a prospective sympathetic reader.

Finally remembering that the ruins of the book should represent something indisputably well-intended, the author imagined his book in the hands of a policeman. But here also he was greatly disappointed, for he understood that also in this case his well-intended work represented no interest.

And thus, in the reverse order, the author gradually began to include everything which could arouse the attention of various kinds of readers, and his book again grew, almost to its original size.

Thus the very same narrow gorges, which appeared so terrible and impassable suddenly changed into a wide open plain, on which met people of various ages, all nationalities and positions. Finally the author went to see his worldly-wise friend, with the following tragic question: 'how should he act in
order to arouse human consciousness and make them think?' His friend heartily laughed at this dilemma and said:

"I would like to see a Manu or any lawgiver, whether he would stop for a minute in order not to offend someone. In the first place, he would have to avoid hurting the feelings of all criminals. His covenants then would become some sort of instructions in thefts and in order to make some one happy, he would have to line his teaching with vulgar anecdotes. If you really want to arouse human consciousness, remember that to offer something that is already inherent, would be not only ridiculous, but even immoral. And if, God forbid, your book would arouse only praise, this would be for you a fatal sign!"

How many phantom-like narrow gorges have been built! Sometimes the mirages are so distinct, that it is even difficult to establish the beginning of their formation. In general, every generation is quite beyond the reach of human earthly laws. After all, the true moment of death is likewise undefinable. One may according to earthly standards only suppose the time of generation or dissolution. Under such circumstances decisions "ad adversum" are especially significant. The so-called "Tactica Adversa" especially often helps in insoluble problems.

Should our writer not have begun mentally to please all conditions, depriving his work of the most essential parts, and if he would not have done so with full force, he would not have come to the realization of the incongruousness of his actions. If the writer would have thought partially, how to please only one particular person, he would not have come to the realization in all its remarkable evidence. But he wanted to smile to everyone and instead of a smile there resulted a most sour and banal grimace. In his sour servility the writer reached just the opposite result. Even the policeman at the corner of the street would have been offended in his own particular way. But when the writer pictured to himself all the existing and phantom-like gorges, he understood that one may not pass through these and that it would lead only to destruction. He fully realized this decision, judging from the opposite. And this complete decision showed him the entire incongruity of his fears.

Thus, when there are too many narrow gorges and the walls of these gorges approach one another to such an extent that one may not pass already through them, then suddenly instead of narrowness a broad plateau appears and that, which seemed to hinder, served but as steps to broad vistas.