

NO. IV

RHYTHM

ART
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VOL. I


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THE RETURN TO POETRY



DISMORR

It would be possible, perhaps, to find some word more convincing than poetry, but I have not found one. I intend the word in no technical, limited sense; its meaning will be understood.

Prose accepts, poetry rebels. In the prose view of the world all is fixed, matter is finality; in the poetic view, all is energy, relation, change. Prose observes, poetry divines.

L'Idéal a cessé, le lyrisme est tari. That was the cry of the mid-nineteenth century. But the world, whether it will or not, is always returning to poetry, just because poetry is in human nature, in ourselves. Was there not even something of lyrism in that austere enthusiasm which inspired the nineteenth century artists in their searching and pitiless quest of truth, their passionate untiring observation? Pre-Raphaelism and Impressionism, both were but shifted phases of the same spirit of science working through art and through literature. But with the tensivity relaxed, the quest completed, what remains?

Slowly we have emerged from the nineteenth century. We are breathing a different air. We are no longer *fin de siècle*. We are being changed, and the world with us. Horizons open and allure us.

How long have we been sitting down before Nature and letting her impose herself upon us! Our imaginations have been schooled into passivity. Unconsciously enslaved, we were growing benumbed. And now we want to stretch our limbs, to move, to dance, to feel our life-blood running again.

Our art is dissatisfied with itself. It has trodden such an arduous journey, bearing an ever greater burden, and it has reached what seemed to be the goal. The image on the eye's retina; only what the eye sees: that, but yesterday, was proclaimed as the grand aim of the painter, the sole aim justifiable.

Yet Fromentin had said, "Painting is the expression of the invisible by the visible." And all through the history of the art of Europe the masters have been against the received idea of the

materialist mind that art is imitation. The masters have always known.

Within the last few years Oriental art has opened its treasures to us. We are fascinated by an art beside which ours seems so turbid, so torrential in matter, so solid, so immobile in form.

How single of aim appear the great masters of China and Japan compared with us, who wrestle with complexities, entangled in the accidents of matter, and who are always invoking for art the irrelevant authority of science. With what simple seizure of essentials they move us!

At first it seemed just a matter of reticence, an infinite tact in spacing. But we can learn nothing from the outside. These novel solutions of the problem of design, this sufficing simplicity, come entirely from mental outlook, a philosophy of life, a conception of the world. The secret of this art is all in the paradoxes of Lao-tzū, and in his doctrine of the Tao,—the Way,—the ever-moving, ever-changing, eternal and universal rhythm of life.

Our historic art was inextricably bound up with the geocentric conception of the world. The nightmare of a mechanical universe, substituted by nineteenth-century science, is passing. But not till our minds change will our art change. Only from the poetic view of the world will come rhythmic simplicity into our art.

We are educated in the appetite for fact. Our vision is thickened and confused. Painters, suddenly shaking off the shackles of science, seek to exult in their freedom, and are like long-benumbed people trying to dance, how heavily, how uncouthly!

For us it is infinitely difficult, in seeking rhythm, not to impose it. But a rhythm imposed is no rhythm; it is like the scansion-tortured words of the incompetent versifier. Rhythm is subtle and natural, unendingly various, like the waves of wind in the corn. We must feel it in ourselves before we can express it. We must be wooers; neither slaves, nor enslavers.

Just when the historians said that the instrument of painting was complete, that the visible world was conquered, just then we seemed to gain the top of a hill, and a new, long road opened before us. How far we have still to go! Hence our hope.

LAURENCE BINYON.



DRAWING

ANNE ESTELLE RICE

THE DANCING SEAL

When we were building Skua Light—
The first men who had lived a night
Upon that deep-sea isle—
As soon as chisel touched the stone,
The friendly seals would come ashore;
And sit and watch us all the while,
As though they'd not seen men before;
And so, poor beasts, had never known
Men had the heart to do them harm.
They'd little cause to feel alarm
With us, for we were glad to find
Some friendliness in that strange sea;
Only too pleased to let them be
And sit as long as they'd a mind
To watch us: for their eyes were kind
Like women's eyes, it seemed to me.

So, hour on hour, they sat: I think
They liked to hear the chisels' clink:
And when the boy sang loud and clear,
They scrambled closer in to hear;
And if he whistled sweet and shrill,
The queer beasts shuffled nearer still:
But every sleek and sheeny skin
Was mad to hear his violin.

When, work all over for the day,
He'd take his fiddle down, and play
His merry tunes beside the sea,
Their eyes grew brighter and more bright,
And burned and twinkled merrily:
And as I watched them one still night,
And saw their eager, sparkling eyes,
I felt those lively seals would rise
Some shiny night ere he could know,
And dance about him, heel and toe,
Unto the fiddle's heady tune.

THE DANCING SEAL

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And at the rising of the moon,
Half-daft, I took my stand before
A young seal lying on the shore;
And called on her to dance with me.
And it seemed scarcely strange when she
Stood up before me suddenly,
And shed her black and sheeny skin;
And smiled all eager to begin . . .
And I was dancing, heel and toe,
With a young maiden white as snow,
Unto a crazy violin.

We danced beneath the dancing moon,
All night, beside the dancing sea,
With tripping toes and skipping heels:
And all about us friendly seals
Like Christian folk were dancing reels
Unto the fiddle's endless tune
That kept on spinning merrily
As though it never meant to stop.
And never once the snow-white maid
A moment stayed
To take a breath,
Though I was fit to drop:
And while those wild eyes challenged me,
I knew as well as well could be
I must keep step with that young girl,
Though we should dance to death.

Then, with a skirl
The fiddle broke:
The moon went out:
The sea stopped dead:
And, in a twinkling, all the rout
Of dancing folk had fled . . .
And in the chill bleak dawn I woke
Upon the naked rock, alone.

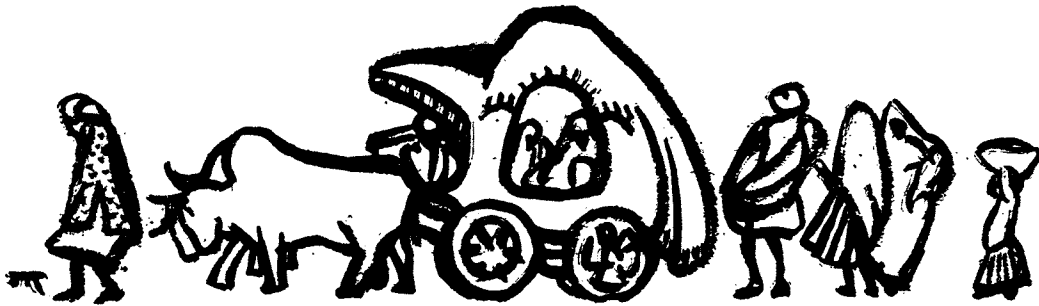
RHYTHM

They've brought me far from Skua Isle . . .
I laugh to think they do not know
That, as all day I chip the stone,
Among my fellows here inland,
I smell the sea-wrack on the shore . . .
And see her snowy-tossing hand,
And meet again her merry smile . . .
And dream I'm dancing all the while,
I'm dancing ever, heel and toe,
With a seal-maiden, white as snow,
On that moonshiny Island-strand,
For ever and for evermore.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



S. J. PEPLOE



THOMPSON

THE WOMAN AT THE STORE

All that day the heat was terrible. The wind blew close to the ground—it rooted among the tussock grass—slithered along the road, so that the white pumice dust swirled in our faces—settled and sifted over us and was like a dry-skin itching for growth on our bodies. The horses stumbled along, coughing and chuffing. The pack horse was sick—with a big, open sore rubbed under the belly. Now and again she stopped short, threw back her head, looked at us as though she were going to cry, and whinnied. Hundreds of larks shrilled—the sky was slate colour, and the sound of the larks reminded me of slate pencils scraping over its surface. There was nothing to be seen but wave after wave of tussock grass—patched with purple orchids and manuka bushes covered with thick spider webs.

Jo rode ahead. He wore a blue galatea shirt, corduroy trousers and riding boots. A white handkerchief, spotted with red—it looked as though his nose had been bleeding on it—knotted round his throat. Wisps of white hair straggled from under his wideawake—his moustache and eyebrows were called white—he slouched in the saddle—grunting. Not once that day had he sung “I don’t care, for don’t you see, my wife’s mother was in front of me!” . . . It was the first day we had been without it for a month, and now there seemed something uncanny in his silence. He rode ahead of me—white as a clown, his black eyes glittered, and he kept shooting out his tongue and moistening his lips. He was dressed in a Jaeger vest—a pair of blue duck trousers, fastened round the waist with a plaited leather belt. We had hardly spoken since dawn. At noon we had lunched off fly biscuits and apricots by the side of a swampy creek.

"My stomach feels like the crop of a hen," said Jo. "Now then, Hin, you're the bright boy of the party—where's this 'ere store you kep' on talking about. 'Oh, yes,' you says, 'I know a fine store, with a paddock for the horses an' a creek runnin' through, owned by a friend of mine who'll give yer a bottle of whisky before 'e shakes hands with yer.' I'd like ter see that place—merely as a matter of curiosity—not that I'd ever doubt yer word—as yer know very well—but"

Hin laughed. "Don't forget there's a woman too, Jo, with blue eyes and yellow hair, who'll promise you something else before she shakes hands with you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"The heat's making you balmy," said Jo. But he dug his knees into his horse. We shambled on. I half fell asleep, and had a sort of uneasy dream that the horses were not moving forward at all—then that I was on a rocking-horse, and my old mother was scolding me for raising such a fearful dust from the drawing-room carpet. "You've entirely worn off the pattern of the carpet," I heard her saying, and she gave the reins a tug. I snivelled and woke to find Hin leaning over me, maliciously smiling.

"That was a case of all but," said he, "I just caught you. What's up, been bye-bye?"

"No!" I raised my head. "Thank the Lord we're arriving somewhere."

We were on the brow of the hill, and below us there was a whare roofed in with corrugated iron. It stood in a garden, rather far back from the road—a big paddock opposite, and a creek and a clump of young willow trees. A thin line of blue smoke stood up straight from the chimney of the whare, and as I looked, a woman came out, followed by a child and a sheep dog—the woman carrying what appeared to me a black stick. She made frantic gestures at us. The horses put on a final spurt, Jo took off his wideawake, shouted, threw out his chest, and began singing, "I don't care, for don't you see . . ." The sun pushed through the pale clouds and shed a vivid light over the scene. It gleamed on the woman's yellow hair, over her flapping pinafore and the rifle she was carrying. The child hid behind her, and the yellow dog, a mangy beast, scuttled back into the whare, his tail between his legs. We drew rein and dismounted.



LANDSCAPE

HENRI MANGUIN

"Hallo," screamed the woman. "I thought you was three 'awks. My kid comes runnin' in ter me. 'Mumma,' says she, 'there's three brown things comin' over the 'ill,' says she. An' I comes out smart, I can tell yer. They'll be 'awks, I says to her. Oh, the 'awks about 'ere, yer wouldn't believe."

The "kid" gave us the benefit of one eye from behind the woman's pinafore—then retired again.

"Where's your old man," asked Hin.

The woman blinked rapidly, screwing up her face.

"Away shearin'. Bin away a month. I suppose yer not goin' to stop, are yer? There's a storm comin' up."

"You bet we are," said Jo. "So you're on your lonely, missis?"

She stood, pleating the frills of her pinafore, and glancing from one to the other of us, like a hungry bird. I smiled at the thought of how Hin had pulled Jo's leg about her. Certainly her eyes were blue, and what hair she had was yellow, but ugly. She was a figure of fun. Looking at her, you felt there was nothing but sticks and wires under that pinafore—her front teeth were knocked out, she had red pulpy hands, and she wore on her feet a pair of dirty "Bluchers."

"I'll go and turn out the horses," said Hin. "Got any embrocation? Poi's rubbed herself to hell!"

"'Arf a mo!" The woman stood silent a moment, her nostrils expanding as she breathed. Then she shouted violently, "I'd rather you didn't stop—you *can't* and there's the end of it. I don't let out that paddock any more. You'll have to go on; I ain't got nothing!"

"Well, I'm blest!" said Jo, heavily. He pulled me aside. "Gone a bit off 'er dot," he whispered, "too much alone, *you know*," very significantly. "Turn the sympathetic tap on 'er, she'll come round all right."

But there was no need—she had come round by herself.

"Stop if yer like!" she muttered, shrugging her shoulders. To me—"I'll give yer the embrocation if yer come along."

"Right-o, I'll take it down to them." We walked together up the garden path. It was planted on both sides with cabbages. They smelled like stale dishwater. Of flowers there were double poppies and sweet-williams. One little patch was divided off by pawa shells—presumably it belonged to the child—for she ran from her mother

and began to grub in it with a broken clothes peg. The yellow dog lay across the doorstep, biting fleas; the woman kicked him away.

"Gar-r, get away, you beast . . . the place ain't tidy. I 'aven't 'ad time ter fix things to-day—been ironing. Come right in."

It was a large room, the walls plastered with old pages of English periodicals. Queen Victoria's Jubilee appeared to be the most recent number—a table with an ironing board and wash tub on it—some wooden forms—a black horsehair sofa, and some broken cane chairs



ALBERT MARQUET

pushed against the walls. The mantelpiece above the stove was draped in pink paper, further ornamented with dried grasses and ferns and a coloured print of Richard Seddon. There were four doors—one, judging from the smell, let into the "Store," one on to the "back yard," through the third I saw the bedroom. Flies buzzed in circles round the ceiling, and treacle papers and bundles of dried clover were pinned to the window curtains. I was alone in the room—she had gone into the store for the embrocation. I heard her stamping about and muttering to herself: "I got some, now where did I put that bottle? . . . It's behind the pickles . . . no, it ain't." I cleared a place on the table and sat there, swinging my legs. Down in the paddock I could hear Jo singing and the sound of hammer strokes as Hin drove in the tent poles. It was sunset. There is no twilight to our New Zealand days, but a curious half-hour when everything appears grotesque—it frightens—as though the savage spirit of the country walked abroad and sneered at what it saw. Sitting alone in the hideous room I grew afraid. The woman next door was a long time finding that stuff. What was she doing in there? Once I thought I heard her bang her hands down on the counter, and once she half moaned, turning it into a cough and clearing her throat. I wanted to shout "Buck up," but I kept silent.

"Good Lord, what a life!" I thought. "Imagine being here day in, day out, with that rat of a child and a mangy dog. Imagine bothering about ironing—*mad*, of course she's mad! Wonder how long she's been here—wonder if I could get her to talk."

At that moment she poked her head round the door.

"Wot was it yer wanted," she asked.

"Embrocation."

"Oh, I forgot. I got it, it was in front of the pickle jars."

She handed me the bottle.

"My, you do look tired, you do! Shall I knock yer up a few scones for supper? There's some tongue in the store, too, and I'll cook yer a cabbage if you fancy it."

"Right-o." I smiled at her. "Come down to the paddock and bring the kid for tea."

She shook her head, pursing up her mouth.

'Oh no. I don't fancy it. I'll send the kid down with the things

and a billy of milk. Shall I knock up a few extry scones to take with you ter-morrow?"

"Thanks."

She came and stood by the door.

"How old is the kid?"

"Six—come next Christmas. I 'ad a bit of trouble with 'er one way an' another. I 'adn't any milk till a month after she was born and she sickened like a cow."

"She's not like you—takes after her father?" Just as the woman had shouted her refusal at us before, she shouted at me then.

"No, she don't; she's the dead spirit of me. Any fool could see that. Come on in now, Els, you stop messing in the dirt."

I met Jo climbing over the paddock fence.

"What's the old bitch got in the store?" he asked.

"Don't know—didn't look."

"Well, of all the fools. Hin's slanging you. What have you been doing all the time?"

"She couldn't find this stuff. Oh, my shakes, you are smart!"

Jo had washed, combed his wet hair in a line across his forehead, and buttoned a coat over his shirt. He grinned.

Hin snatched the embrocation from me. I went to the end of the paddock where the willows grew and bathed in the creek. The water was clear and soft as oil. Along the edges held by the grass and rushes, white foam tumbled and bubbled. I lay in the water and looked up at the trees that were still a moment, then quivered lightly, and again were still. The air smelt of rain. I forgot about the woman and the Kid until I came back to the tent. Hin lay by the fire, watching the billy boil.

I asked where Jo was and if the kid had brought our supper.

"Pooh," said Hin, rolling over and looking up at the sky. "Didn't you see how Jo had been tittivating—he said to me before he went up to the whare, 'Dang it! she'll look better by night light—at any rate, my buck, she's female flesh!'"

"You had Jo about her looks—you had me, too."

"No—look here. I can't make it out. It's four years since I came past this way, and I stopped here two days. The husband was a pal of mine once, down the West Coast—a fine, big chap, with a



STUDY

BY LIONEL HALPERT

voice on him like a trombone. She'd been barmaid down the Coast—as pretty as a wax doll. The coach used to come this way then once a fortnight, that was before they opened the railway up Napier way, and she had no end of a time! Told me once in a confidential moment that she knew one hundred and twenty-five different ways of kissing!”

“Oh, go on, Hin! She isn't the same woman!”

“Course she is. . . . I can't make it out. What I think is the old man's cleared out and left her: that's all my eye about shearing. Sweet life! The only people who come through now are Maoris and sundowners!”

Through the dark we saw the gleam of the kid's pinafore. She trailed over to us with a basket in her hand, the milk billy in the other. I unpacked the basket, the child standing by.

“Come over here,” said Hin, snapping his fingers at her.

She went, the lamp from the inside of the tent cast a bright light over her. A mean, undersized brat, with whitish hair, and weak eyes. She stood, legs wide apart and her stomach protruding.

“What do you do all day?” asked Hin.

She scraped out one tear with her little finger, looked at the result and said—“Draw.”

“Huh! What do you draw?—leave your ears alone.”

“Pictures.”

“What on?”

“Bits of butter paper an' a pencil of my Mumma's.”

“Boh! What a lot of words at one time!” Hin rolled his eyes at her. “Baa-lambs and moo-cows?”

“No, everything. I'll draw all of you when you're gone, and your horses and the tent, and that one”—she pointed to me—“with no clothes on in the creek.” I looked at her where she wouldn't see me frown.

“Thanks very much! How ripping of you,” said Hin. “Where's Dad?”

The kid pouted. “I won't tell you because I don't like yer face!” She started operations on the other ear.

“Here,” I said. “Take the basket, get along home and tell the other man supper's ready.”

“I don't want to.”

"I'll give you a box on the ear if you don't," said Hin, savagely.

"Hie! I'll tell Mumma. I'll tell Mumma"—the kid fled.

We ate until we were full and had arrived at the smoke stage before Jo came back, very flushed and jaunty, a whisky bottle in his hand.

"'Ave a drink—you two!" he shouted, carrying off matters with a high hand. "'Ere, shove along the cups."

"One hundred and twenty-five different ways," I murmured to Hin.

"What's that? Oh! stow it!" said Jo. "Why 'ave you always got your knife into me. You gas like a kid at a Sunday School beano. She wants us to go up there to-night, and have a comfortable chat. I"—he waved his hand airily—"I got 'er round."

"Trust you for that," laughed Hin. "But did she tell you where the old man's got to?"

Jo looked up. "Shearing! You 'eard 'er, you fool!"

The woman had fixed up the room, even to a light bouquet of sweet-williams on the table. She and I sat one side of the table, Jo and Hin the other. An oil lamp was set between us, the whisky bottle and glasses, and a jug of water. The kid knelt against one of the forms, drawing on butter paper. I wondered, grimly, if she was attempting the creek episode. But Jo had been right about night time. The woman's hair was tumbled—two red spots burned in her cheeks—her eyes shone—and we knew that they were kissing feet under the table. She had changed the blue pinafore for a white calico dressing jacket and a black skirt—the kid was decorated to the extent of a blue sateen hair ribbon. In the stifling room with the flies buzzing against the ceiling and dropping on to the table—we got slowly drunk.

"Now listen to me," shouted the woman, banging her fist on the table. "It's six years since I was married, and four miscarriages. 'I says to 'im, I says, what do you think I'm doin' up 'ere? If you was back at the coast, I'd 'ave you lynched for child murder. Over and over I tells 'im—you've broken my spirit and spoiled my looks, and wot for—that's wot I'm driving at." She clutched her head with her hands and stared round at us. Speaking rapidly, "Oh, some days—an' months of them I 'ear them two words knockin' inside me all the

time—'Wot for,' but sometimes I'll be cooking the spuds an' I lifts the lid off to give em a prong and I ears, quite suddin again, 'Wot for.' Oh! I don't mean only the spuds and the kid—I mean—I mean," she hiccoughed—"you know what I mean, Mr. Jo."

"I know," said Jo, scratching his head.

"Trouble with me is," she leaned across the table, "he left me too much alone. When the coach stopped coming, sometimes he'd go away days, sometimes he'd go away weeks, and leave me ter look after the store. Back 'e'd come—pleased as Punch. "Oh, 'allo, 'e'd say. 'Ow are you gettin' on. Come and give us a kiss.' Sometimes I'd turn a bit nasty, and then 'e'd go off again, and if I took it all right, 'e'd wait till 'e could twist me round 'is finger, then 'e'd say, 'Well, so long, I'm off,' and do you think I could keep 'im?—not me!"

"Mumma," bleated the kid, "I made a picture of them on the 'ill, an' you an' me, an' the dog down below."

"Shut your mouth," said the woman.

A vivid flash of lightning played over the room—we heard the mutter of thunder.

"Good thing that's broke loose," said Jo. "I've 'ad it in me 'ead for three days."

"Where's your old man now?" asked Hin slowly.

The woman blubbered and dropped her head on to the table.

"Hin, 'e's gone shearin' and left me alone again," she wailed.

"'Ere, look out for the glasses," said Jo. "Cheer-o, 'Ave another drop. No good cryin' over spilt 'usbands! You Hin, you blasted cuckoo!"

"Mr. Jo," said the woman, drying her eyes on her jacket frill, "you're a gent, an' if I was a secret woman, I'd place any confidence in your 'ands. I don't mind if I do 'ave a glass on that."

Every moment the lightning grew more vivid and the thunder sounded nearer. Hin and I were silent—the kid never moved from her bench. She poked her tongue out and blew on it as she drew.

"It's the loneliness," said the woman, addressing Jo—he made sheep's eyes at her—"and bein' shut up 'ere like a broody 'en." He reached his hand across the table and held hers, and though the position looked most uncomfortable when they wanted to pass the water and whisky, their hands stuck together as though glued. I pushed back my chair

and went over to the kid, who immediately sat flat down on her artistic achievements and made a face at me.

"You're not to look," said she.

"Oh, come on, don't be so nasty!" Hin came over to us, and we were just drunk enough to wheedle the kid into showing us. And those drawings of hers were extraordinary and repulsively vulgar. The creations of a lunatic with a lunatic's cleverness. There was no doubt about it, the kid's mind was diseased. While she showed them to us, she worked herself up into a mad excitement, laughing and trembling, and shooting out her arms.

"Mumma," she yelled. "Now I'm going to draw them what you told me I never was to—now I am."

The woman rushed from the table and beat the child's head with the flat of her hand.

"I'll smack you with yer clothes turned up if yer dare say that again," she bawled.

Jo was too drunk to notice, but Hin caught her by the arm. The kid did not utter a cry. She drifted over to the window and began picking flies from the treacle paper.

We returned to the table—Hin and I sitting one side, the woman and Jo, touching shoulders, the other. We listened to the thunder, saying stupidly, "That was a near one," "There it goes again," and Jo, with a heavy hit, "Now we're off," "Steady on the brake," until rain began to fall, sharp as cannon shot on the iron roof.

"You'd better doss here for the night," said the woman.

"That's right," assented Jo, evidently in the know about this move.

"Bring up yer things from the tent. You two can doss in the store along with the kid—she's used to sleep in there and won't mind you."

"O, Mumma, I never did," interrupted the kid.

"Shut yer lies! An' Mr. Jo can 'ave this room."

It sounded a ridiculous arrangement, but it was useless to attempt to cross them, they were too far gone. While the woman sketched the plan of action, Jo sat, abnormally solemn and red, his eyes bulging, and pulled at his moustache.

"Give us a lantern," said Hin. "I'll go down to the paddock." We two went together. Rain whipped in our faces, the land was as

light as though a bush fire was raging—we behaved like two children let loose in the thick of an adventure—laughed and shouted to each other, and came back to the whare to find the kid already bedded in the counter of the store. The woman brought us a lamp. Jo took his bundle from Hin, the door was shut.

“Good-night all,” shouted Jo.

Hin and I sat on two sacks of potatoes. For the life of us we could not stop laughing. Strings of onions and half-hams dangled from the ceiling—wherever we looked there were advertisements for “Camp Coffee” and tinned meats. We pointed at them, tried to read them aloud—overcome with laughter and hiccoughs. The kid in the counter stared at us. She threw off her blanket and scrambled to the floor where she stood in her grey flannel night gown, rubbing one leg against the other. We paid no attention to her.

“Wot are you laughing at,” she said, uneasily.

“You!” shouted Hin, “the red tribe of you, my child.”

She flew into a rage and beat herself with her hands. “I won’t be laughed at, you curs—you.” He swooped down upon the child and swung her on to the counter.

“Go to sleep, Miss Smarty—or make a drawing—here’s a pencil—you can use Mumma’s account book.”

Through the rain we heard Jo creak over the boarding of the next room—the sound of a door being opened—then shut to.



S. J. PEPLOB

"It's the loneliness," whispered Hin.

"One hundred and twenty-five different ways—alas! my poor brother!"

The kid tore out a page and flung it at me.

"There you are," she said. "Now I done it ter spite Mumma for shutting me up 'ere with you two. I done the one she told me I never ought to. I done the one she told me she'd shoot me if I did. Don't care! Don't care!"

The kid had drawn the picture of the woman shooting at a man with a rook rifle and then digging a hole to bury him in.

She jumped off the counter and squirmed about on the floor biting her nails.

Hin and I sat till dawn with the drawing beside us. The rain ceased, the little kid fell asleep, breathing loudly. We got up, stole out of the whare, down into the paddock. White clouds floated over a pink sky—a chill wind blew; the air smelled of wet grass. Just as we swung into the saddle, Jo came out of the whare—he motioned to us to ride on.

"I'll pick you up later," he shouted.

A bend in the road, and the whole place disappeared.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

VISION.

And when the dawn stole upward, tremulously rich,
A thrush sang matins in the daffodils
With voice new tuned, and gladsome little trills;
And pink wild roses drifted from the hills
To where a drunken lout lay sleeping in a ditch.

Sunbeams kissed his dusty hair, and winds from afar
Played with his rags, and still he never stirred.
And yet a wondrous Chain, unseen, unheard,
Had yoked him with the joy-song of the bird
And linked his wretched carcase to the farthest star.

THOMAS MOULT.





AFTER GAUGUIN



HE followers of Gauguin fall into two distinct groups. The one is closely related to him, being partly composed of actual pupils; the other has little apparent connexion, but owes nevertheless the essentials of its origin to the art of the master. It is the Gauguin of the Brittany period that has inspired the men of the first group—naturally enough, since after Pont Aven was no more teaching. Their pictures are full of the grave reverence of

Le Calvaire and of *Le Christ au jardin des Oliviers*. Of their leaders, Serusier shows fine design and a true sense of the values of quiet tones. His less successful work has a tendency to dullness. Girieud is more definitely ecclesiastical, and has caught the spirit of early Italian religious painting in his views of Siena, his portraits of monks, his biblical scenes.

But it is the second and more difficult group of Gauguin's disciples that call for attention here. These—for want of a better name—I shall call the neo-primitives, because they have arrived in their search for expression at a technique reminiscent of primitive and savage art. It is idle to blame them as archaistic, unless one can prove the old contention that primitive art was mere ineptitude and was inspired by an emotion differing only in incoherence from that of the renaissance. The opposite opinion, that the ideals of primitive art were of a different and purer quality, that therefore different methods of expression were evolved, admits the possibility of similar ideals to-day with, consequently, similar expression. Gauguin himself affords a proof of this possibility, for only by denying the sincerity of his life's work is it possible to overlook the savage basis of his nature.

André Derain, of whose work a fine example was given in the third number of *Rhythm* (p. 28), has only recently "found" himself. His earlier pictures showed little merit beyond fierce effort. Those who visited an exhibition of French art held at Brighton in the summer of 1910, will remember a painting of the Thames Embankment, coloured with a wild disregard for nature, which revealed a strong decorative sense struggling unsuccessfully for utterance. But Derain has found his expression in wood-cuts and decorative pottery. The illustrations to *L'Enchanteur Pourrissant* are less naturalistic even than Gauguin, but they have an essential and forceful realism. The human form is sometimes a series of angles, sometimes merely a movement, but in every case one aspect of reality is retained and its truth emphasized by the skilful simplification. Derain's work has the rugged sufficiency of early religious carving. It shows the primitive force of Gauguin's Tahitian pictures freed from the limitations of time and place.

Even more abstracted is the work of Wassily Kandinsky, a Polish artist who leads a small coterie of enthusiasts in Munich. He has just published a book of practical theory, ⁽¹⁾ which, besides being an aid to the appreciation of the author's ideals as an artist, is a valuable commentary on the whole modern movement.

From this book two main contentions arise. The first is virtually a statement of Pantheism, that there exists a "something" behind externals, common to nature and humanity alike. This is what Wordsworth believed, but while he approached the question subjectively, contenting himself with describing the experiences of his personal mood-communion with the nature round him, the new art is to act as intermediary for others, to harmonize the *inneres klang* of external nature with that of humanity, it being the artist's task to divine and elicit the common essentials underlying both.

The second contention follows naturally from the first. An art intent on expressing the *inner* soul of persons and things will inevitably stray from the *outer* conventions of form and colour; that is to say, it will be definitely unnaturalistic, anti-materialist.

In his development of the first of these beliefs Kandinsky main-

(1) Kandinsky. *Über das geistige in der Kunst*. Piper-Verlag, Munich, 1912. The same firm will shortly publish the first volume of *Der blaue Reiter*, an occasional periodical devoted to modern art and edited by Kandinsky and Franz Marc.

tains—and few will disagree with him—that just as the common soul of man and nature has always existed, so through the art of all ages runs a common spirit, the artist being a seer, able, in varying degree, to realize what lies underneath the life which inspires him. It follows then, to return to the question mentioned above, that the differences between the art of one time and another are merely differences of attitude, and not of fundamental quality, depending on the clearness or otherwise of the artist's conception of his duty as harmonizer of internal truth. Kandinsky argues that primitive art is a more direct expression of the soul of externals than is that of later periods, because it belongs to a time when life was simple, experience single-eyed, and when the fundamental *zusammenklang* was less obscured by the noise of the naturalistic appeal. For this reason the new art inclines at present to primitive technique, but such a tendency will be temporary only, because the feeling of the primitive artist for the inner reality, being more instinctive than educated, was soon overlaid, while the art of the future, once it has thrown off the chains of naturalism, can develop fresh methods of its own, unhampered by tradition.

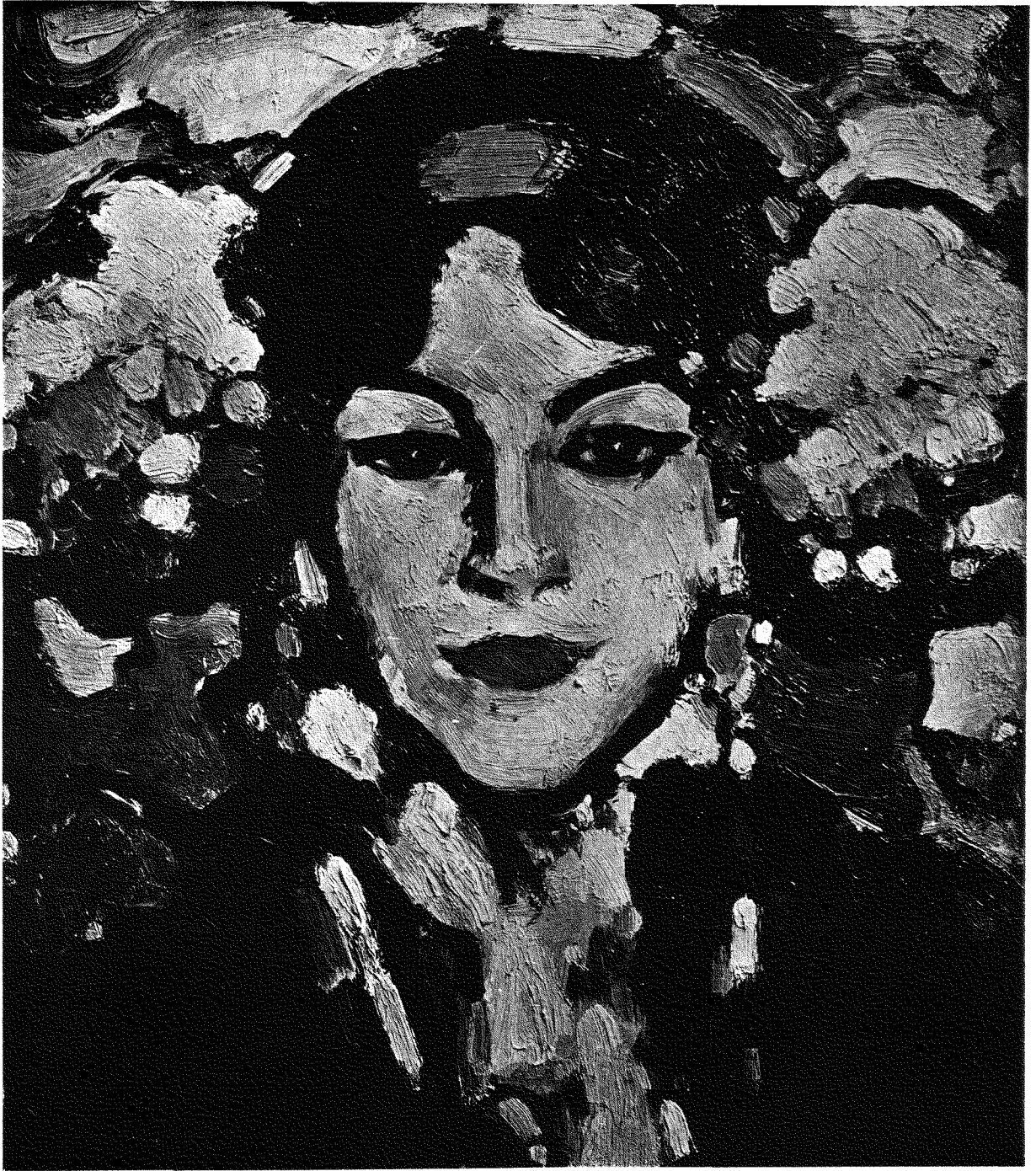
Once more—just as the painting of all ages has a common element, so equally have the various arts between themselves. Music, poetry, painting, architecture are all able in their different way to reach the essential soul, and the coming era will see them brought together, mutually striving to the great attainment. As an example of how this



ANNE ESTELLE RICE

is already being done, Kandinsky mentions Skrjabin's symphony, in which sight, smell and hearing are all enlisted to intensify the impression received.

This is a very important question because it introduces the psychological problem of the possibility of hearing colour, seeing sound, touching rhythms, and so forth. Kandinsky has an elaborate discussion of the psychological effects on the observer of various colours, likening them to musical instruments, and tabulating the movements, repellent and otherwise, of pure colours, both singly and in combination. It should be remembered that the Symbolistes realized the value of music and painting to poetry. Verlaine and his followers got wonderful effects by a weaving of assonances, while Verhaeren and Paul Fort have experimented in the working of cross-metres and trailing repetitions. The danger of this interesting theory—a danger to which I feel Kandinsky is sometimes perilously near—is of its becoming a system. Indeed in the hands of René Ghil it became one more than twenty years ago. In his extraordinary book *L'œuvre, en méthode à l'œuvre* (a revised edition of the *Traité du Verbe*) Ghil reduces the musical value of vowel sounds to a science. He writes poetry that can be played by an orchestra. Rimbaud's famous vowel-sonnet, which assigns to the vowels different colours, is not analogous. While there is no reason to believe that for him the vowels had not such colour-values, there is considerable reason to put these values down to previous association. Kandinsky admits such possible association in the psychological working of colours, and I cannot help feeling that such an admission tends to vitiate the whole theory. What seems more valuable is the idea that colour can convey a more immediate and subtle appeal to the inner soul than words, and this not only for the reason given by Kandinsky—that it is capable of greater variety of tone—but also from its greater freedom from this same association of ideas. The desire to escape the ordinary association of language, inspired Mallarmé's great theory that the impression given by certain arrangements of words can be quite different to their ordinary meaning taken as separate units. In *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* are examples of this synthetic word-painting. On these lines poetry may come to strive, side by side with Kandinsky's painting, for the new ideal. For the anti-naturalism of the two methods is the same.



HORTENSIA

J. D. FERGUSSON

While encouraging the new art to abandon the accepted aspect of nature, not to fear in fact the charge of bad drawing and impossible colour, Kandinsky gives a wise and necessary warning. The process is attended by a double danger. Anti-naturalism may become pure pattern-making, and form and colour mere symbols. He should have added that the chief fault of such an art is that it leads nowhere. It is barren because it never touches reality, and reality is as essential as naturalism is deplorable. The other danger is the creation of an imaginary dream-world, which being also divorced from life is equally worthless to the future of art. The true way is the way of the inner *notwendigkeit*, and that can be found only by the true artist.

From a book full of suggestive thought, which touches every aspect of the modern effort, I have extracted a few main ideas, with a view to making clear the aim towards which a large part of the art of to-day is striving; for though the book is one man's, he has voiced the inarticulate ideals of a multitude.

MICHAEL T. H. SADLER.



J. W. SIMPSON

VERY EARLY SPRING

The fields are snowbound no longer
 There are little blue lakes and flags of tenderest green.
 The snow has been caught up into the sky
 So many white clouds—and the blue of the sky is cold.
 Now the sun walks in the forest
 He touches the boughs and stems with his golden fingers
 They shiver, and wake from slumber.
 Over the barren branches he shakes his yellow curls.
 Yet is the forest full of the sound of tears. . . .
 A wind dances over the fields.
 Shrill and clear the sound of her waking laughter,
 Yet the little blue lakes tremble
 And the flags of tenderest green bend and quiver.

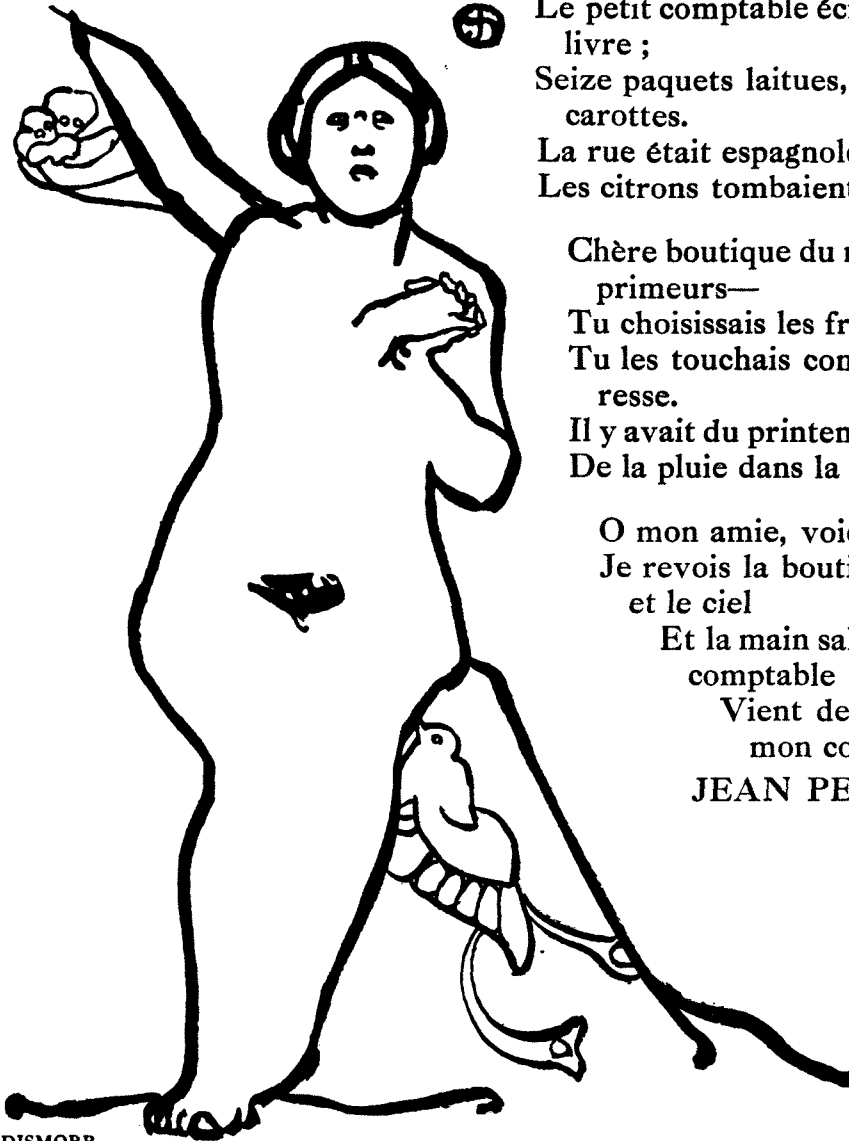
THE AWAKENING RIVER

The gulls are mad-in-love with the river
 And the river unveils her face and smiles.
 In her sleep—brooding eyes they mirror their shining wings.
 She lies on silver pillows: the sun leans over her.
 He warms and warms her, he kisses and kisses her.
 There are sparks in her hair and she stirs in laughter.
 Be careful, my beautiful waking one! you will catch on fire. .
 Wheeling and flying with the foam of the sea on their breasts
 The ineffable mists of the sea clinging to their wild wings
 Crying the rapture of the boundless ocean.
 The gulls are mad-in-love with the river.
 Wake! we are the dream thoughts flying from your heart.
 Wake! we are the songs of desire flowing from your bosom.
 O, I think the sun will lend her his great wings
 And the river will fly away to the sea with the mad-in-love birds.

(Translated from the Russian of Boris Petrovsky).

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

LE PETIT COMPTABLE



Le petit comptable écrivait sur son livre ;

Seize paquets laitues, douze (dito) carottes.

La rue était espagnole et fraîche.
Les citrons tombaient des paniers.

Chère boutique du marchand des primeurs—

Tu choisissais les fruits ;

Tu les touchais comme je te caresse.

Il y avait du printemps sur le ciel,
De la pluie dans la rue.

O mon amie, voici la pluie.

Je revois la boutique et la rue
et le ciel

Et la main sale du petit
comptable

Vient de se poser sur
mon cœur.

JEAN PELLERIN.

VOYAGE

Un scout nous conduisit jusque-là, et la jeune femme qui m'accompagnait mit un doigt sur la bouche avant d'entrer dans la chambre. Je ne compris pas au juste, mais l'infinie discrétion de son geste me toucha le cœur. Pour atteindre ce lieu, il avait fallu traverser plusieurs enceintes: d'abord suivre l'avenue qui éclatait de hauts lampadaires électriques, puis tourner à droite, dans le quartier des petites maisons grises; enfiler enfin cette rue, où, sur un perron, la porte éclairée par derrière m'attendait. C'est là que j'avais quitté mes compagnons de nuit, et j'étais entré . . . Dans la lumière intérieure, le secret m'avait pris, m'avait conduit, et, commençant à mieux sentir l'anormal de ma situation, j'avais traversé des corridors où se croisaient de temps à autre des clartés étranges, et où il fallait se garder d'escaliers en vis qui descendaient,—je ne demandai pas où à ma muette compagne.—Guidé par elle, j'étais arrivé très vite, non sans entendre des voix qui disaient: "Il a pris une des routes, il a une infinité de valeurs réelles. Il est venu par un des points de tangence."—"Il avait," répondait l'autre, "l'infini de chances contre une pour ne pas trouver le chemin."—"Oui," reprit la première, "mais . . ."—Le reste du colloque m'échappa, et je pensai que je n'avais pas le droit de connaître, ou que mon intelligence ne pouvait vibrer à cette octave, et se faisait comme un piano devant un son trop aigu.

Dans la chambre vaste, nous connûmes la volupté de notre contact, car sa chair, contre la mienne, était aussi fraîche qu'elle pût l'être sans donner la brûlure du froid violent. Malgré le léger mal de tête qui me tenait, je regardai la fenêtre large et haute, ouverte sur des perspectives hors de la nuit et du jour. Pourtant l'ovale lanterne bleue d'un bar encaîtrait, en face, de cruels rayons, décelant des lettres blanches que je ne sus pas lire. Et au-delà je me dis qu'étaient des architectures, des pylônes et des feux.

Je fermai les yeux, je repensai aux phrases que j'avais entendues, et compris que j'étais dans l'univers des quantités imaginaires. Alors ma curiosité fut immense de ses villes, de ses savants et de ses Suburres, puis je songeai avec une certaine mélancolie qu'à présent j'avais,

par réciprocité, l'infini de chances de rester là contre une de retomber dans les choses, et, prenant mon parti de ce changement, je m'endors d'un lourd sommeil.



S. J. PEPLOR

UNE VIE

Dans cette petite chambre que chauffe d'une ardeur sèche une grille comblée de houille, presque tout le jour il rêve obscurément de sadisme. Seul, il s'enfonce dans sa songerie, remâche ses désirs, parents, croirait-il, de la flamme noirâtre et de l'horrible odeur de charbon qui brûle. Un monde imaginaire et mal défini se constitue ainsi autour de lui, monde dont il est le centre et dont la racine est cet instinct trouble et mauvais qu'il porte en son âme, approuvé en silence par le feu obscur et fétide, son seul compagnon. Deux ou trois heures, il sort : assez pour ne pas sombrer dans une demi-folie ; avant déjeuner, sa douche ; les repas, pris en commun. C'est tout ; portant à réguliers intervalles ces points étrangers, la trame de sa vie, uniforme, se déroule, depuis le matin où il se lève jusqu'au soir qu'il provoque le plus tôt possible, en fermant ses volets et allumant sa lampe dès que le jour baisse. Le soirée finissant, il se couche, et dans sa chambre, brûlante par ce froid hiver, éprouve un singulier plaisir à s'étendre nu sur la courtépointe rouge de son lit, et à poursuivre, ainsi plus intense, sa rêverie lourde et terrible.

CLAUDIEN.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It is only fitting at the close of the first volume of *Rhythm* to acknowledge with gratitude the great obligations to M. Clovis Sagot under which we rest. It is due to his kindness that reproduction of the work of Chabaud, Herbin and Picasso has been possible. Every lover of modern art who has lived in Paris has been at some time indebted to M. Sagot's sympathy and appreciation; and when the history of the modern movement comes to be written none will hold a higher or more honourable place.



To M. Druet, of Paris, we are deeply indebted for permission to reproduce the drawings of Manguin and Marquet appearing in this number. The reproductions are taken from the series of Druet photographs. (Sole Agent for England, Hanfstaengl.)



To M. Kahnweiler, of Paris, we owe the permission to reproduce the woodcut of Dérain in the third number, and also another of which use has not yet been made.



Owing to an unavoidable delay, an article by Frank Harris announced for this number must be held over until the first number of the new series in June. The number will also include a dramatic poem by W. W. Gibson, a poem by W. H. Davies, an article on Post-Impressionism in Education by Professor Sadler, the first portion of an article on H. G. Wells by Frederick Goodyear, etc., etc.



We regret that the printers have strongly advised us not to publish the story by W. L. George, announced for this number. Under the circumstances we were obliged to accept the recommendation. While attaching absolutely no blame to the printers, we regret that the state of public opinion in England should be such that it is impossible to obtain any degree of free expression for a serious work of art.

REVIEWS

FIRES: Book I. The Stone and Other Tales. By W. W. Gibson. Elkin Mathews. Wrappers 1s.

This is a very wonderful book. Not every poem in it is a masterpiece, indeed ; but every poem is at least a direct presentment of the author's sense of reality, so direct, so sympathetic that it is impossible but to go on reading, and to feel that here is a poet who has created some new beauty because he sought, not prettiness, but the profounder realities of life. Mr Gibson has given the world true poetry between these blue covers. He has seen that high art is not born from those parts of life that men call beautiful, but from the whole of life, seen with that sanity that comes from experience widely and profoundly felt. From such a foundation alone can come the art that endures.

The poems are not all equally good. Often there is that in them which betokens the struggle for expression, wherein one sees rather the pain and the sense of repulsion than the expression that stands four-square; but this intense striving after directness is instinct with a restraint that leaves three or four of these poems, notably, perhaps, "The Stone," "The Machine," and "The Brothers," indelible in the memory. Mr Gibson's work will not be long in coming to its own, for assuredly, the book as a whole is a monument of high poetic achievement, of that higher beauty which can only be attained by the catholicism that is contemptuous of academies, yet shows its contempt not in petulance and morbidity, but in creating Art.

J.M.M.

THE POETRY REVIEW: Nos. I and II. St Catherine Press. Monthly 6d.

The Poetry Review starts with two advantages. It is outwardly very attractive, except for an unfortunate title, and it comes to supply a long-felt want. Some would perhaps add a third advantage—that it is the organ of the already well-known Poetry Society and so has a position in some sort created in advance. But I doubt the value of a committee of big names to an undertaking which should stand or fall by its merits. The intention of the paper is to publish and criticize modern poetry of all nations. The method proposed is excellent. Each issue will contain a few pages of verse by a single living writer, reviews of new books and critical articles, the sections being related in subject as closely as possible to each other. Thus, as the preface to No. I states, each number will be an "integral literary document." I would suggest that the first of these sections be made rather larger in proportion to the others. It is fairer, both to the poet and to his readers, to give full opportunity for sustained effort. The poets of the first and second numbers are Mr W. W. Gibson and Mr Ezra Pound. Of Mr Gibson's two poems "The Stone" is much the finer. It is restrained and moving. Mr Maurice Browne deals with Mr Gibson's work in an enthusiastic article which will win the poet many new readers. It is a pity that Mr Browne should have stooped to the futile trick of throwing stones at other critics. The phrase: "The mandarins of criticism . . . had bespattered his (Mr Gibson's) earlier work with the mud of their praise"—will not dismay the mandarins any more than it will help Mr Gibson. Mr Ezra Pound is enough of a true poet largely to excuse the affectations which at present beset him. It is to be hoped that he will come to purge his genuine inspiration of an archaistic jargon which is merely tiresome, and leave such fine poems as "Obe II," "L'Invitation" and "Doria" to speak for themselves unhampered by Prolegomena and parade of scholarship. The book-reviews of both numbers show care and enthusiasm and the personal note which gives value and interest to criticism. Mr Sabin will not agree with me on this point, so I can only rejoice that his theories have not won over the critics of the *Poetry Review*. The joy shown in their subject and the interesting future programme given by the promoters of this Review, will make everyone look forward hopefully to the numbers to come.

M.T.H.S.

THE RETURN OF RELIGION: An Ode by Horace Holley.

Mr Holley's ode is pleasant if somewhat undistinguished. Perhaps its chief interest is the dedication to Abdul Baha, the wonderful old mystic, who has recently been in England.

THE PAPYRUS: Oct. and Nov., 1911. Kennerley, New York.
THE IDLER: Dec. and Jan., 1911-12. Robert and J. Shores,
New York.

These are one-man magazines. At least, Mr Shores writes the whole of the *Idler* (he does it very well) and by far the greater part of the *Papyrus* is by Mr Monahan. It is not a bad notion of the latter's, however, to reprint a small poem here and there, or a short essay, by someone else. It is pleasant to come across Hamley's "Starlit Garden," or Philpott's little song, "to Anthea's bosom," even if some of Mr Monahan is crowded out for them. There is one good thing in the *Papyrus*, among many others, equally good, but not so pat to the occasion. "I have provided for the punishment of men," said the God grimly, "I have left among them a set of ideals."

The letters are the best reading in the *Idler*. The letter from an Hotel Sponge could not be bettered, and the sad conclusion of the Puritan in Bohemia is worthy of reprinting. The poor fellow, you must understand, had capped various disillusionments with a complicated and unfortunate love affair. "I am going," he concludes, "where a modest young man may live in the protection of the old-fashioned conventions. I am going where I can be moral without being queer. I am going home." Mr Shores writes some verse also. It is not bad, but the letters are excellent. A.J.C.

Les Bandeaux d'Or. Jan.-Feb., 1912. 12 rue de l'Observatoire, Paris.

The names of those who collaborate in the production of *Les Bandeaux d'Or* are portentous—Verhaeren, de Régnier, Paul Fort, René Ghil, Vielé-Griffin, Jules Romains, *et hoc genus omne*. The list seems to comprise all the writers in whose work one is really interested. Unfortunately Jules Romains is the only one of these who writes in either of these two numbers, with a poem in the January issue. I prefer his prose. In "Le Fugitif" he has not much to say; and it is but an ordinary poem. In the February number "A Ma Femme," by Fagus, is very delightful. There is a breath of clean simplicity about it which comes refreshingly fragrant—I hardly know why—among the tropical poetry so very much in vogue in Paris now.

Denyse, je vous aime,
Pourquoi je n'en sais rien:
Vous l'ignorez de même:
C'est assez et c'est bien.

M. Théo. Varlet is too much occupied with hashish and the Orient to be convincing. Drugs are a little tiresome nowadays. His "Matin" is much more attractive.

On the whole the *Chroniques* are more permanently valuable. It is genuine and profound literary criticism which M. Jouve gives us of the latest poetry of Verhaeren and Fort. The same is true of Georges Duhamel and "Les Proses." It is all so serious and personal. It is curious that French writing on art should be so uniformly bad, while the literary criticism is so good. Finally, M. Paul Castiaux's writing is almost as good as his editing, which makes *Les Bandeaux d'Or* so excellent a paper.

L'Ile Sonnante. February, 1912. 21 rue Rousselet, Paris.

This is in my opinion the most interesting of the French *revues jeunes* at the present time. In the first place it is a young men's review, and the young men who write are most of them in various ways real artists. Francis Carco, Tristan Déreme, Louis Pergaud, Michel Puy,—these are the young men who are going to count in French literature as novelists, poets and critics; and this is why *L'Ile Sonnante* is always full of interest. I would rather form my judgement of the present artistic achievement in France from the literary criticism of MM. Puy and Pergaud than from a shelf-ful of the big reviews. In this number the best things—it is not all equally good, nor all good—are two more additions to the wonderful series of *Petits Poems* that M. Déreme is writing, a very fine short dramatic poem by M. Marcel Martinet, "Tu vas venir demain," and one of M. Carco's tiny stories. There is always the something inevitable in M. Carco's work that belongs to genius; and it is with the greatest interest I await the coming publication of his first long novel. Besides this there is the usual excellent criticism by Louis Pergaud and Michel Puy. *L'Ile Sonnante* remains the most interesting and stimulating of the less known periodicals in France.

J.M.M.



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