

RHYTHM

ART
MUSIC
LITERAT-
-URE

QUAR-
-TERLY

4/-

THE ST CATHERINE PRESS
NORFOLK STREET LONDON

Univ. of Tulsa Library
Tulsa, Oklahoma

CONTENTS

VOL. I

NO. I

	<i>Page</i>
The New Thelema. By Frederick Goodyear	1
Study. By Othon Friesz	4
Sic Transit. By Michael T. H. Sadler	5
Study. By Pablo Picasso	7
Art and Philosophy. By John Middleton Murry	9
Songe d'Été. By Arthur Crossthwaite	13
Study. By Jessie Dismorr	13
Fauvism and a Fauve. By Michael T. H. Sadler	14
Schéhérazade. By Anne Estelle Rice	15
Study. By S. J. Peploe	19
Poem. By Hardress O'Grady	19
Aix en Provence. By Francis Carco	20
Les Huit Danseuses	21
Design. By Othon Friesz	21
Ennui. By Arthur Crossthwaite	22
Gate of the Luxembourg Gardens. By S. J. Peploe	23
The Death of the Devil. By Hall Ruffy	24
Landscape. By Othon Friesz	29
Autumn in Three Lands. By Rhys Carpenter	34
Aims and Ideals	36

SUMMER 1911

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

SECOND IMPRESSION



THE NEW THELEMA



DISMORR



HE men and women of to-day are determined to build the abbey of Thelema. You may say that there is nothing new in that. But if you look deeper, you will see that though the desire and the vision are old, a great change has come over the spirit in which they are conceived. Of course men have always been homesick for an ideal community. The golden age was relegated to the remote past; the isles of the blest were set among the unexplored ocean-stream that circled the confines of the habitable globe; the former was thrust out beyond the verge of human time, the latter beyond the verge of human space. And as for Heaven and the Elysian Fields, they were equally outside space and time, despairingly reserved for those who had sloughed off Being altogether. These pleasant fictions were the objects of yearning and illusory hope; they could not form the goal of a scientific and philosophic will. History, exploration, metaphysic, discredited them one after the other. Mankind, forbidden to dream, has been compelled to design. Fatalism and Sentimentality have received notice to quit. They are indolent fellows who will not work for their living. Thelema, the soul's ideal home, has become a plain practical issue; we are already instituting a competition of architects, and soon we shall be inviting tenders for the building. Thelema lies in the future, not the never-never land of the theologian, but the ordinary human future that is perpetually transmuting itself into the past. These familiar to-morrows that keep breaking on the shore of the world throw up every time some priceless jetsam for its strengthening or decoration. No magic, no divine interference will affect the rise of Thelema. It will be independent of petty dynastic incidents such as the fall of Saturn, or the accession of Jove. The wrath of the Lord of

Hosts is powerless to blast it. Men shall build it; this planet is its chosen site.

This vast access of hope that has come to the race has been conditioned by the growth of the evolutionary idea. Men have always sought for a permanent stable reality in this world of flux. At last they have found it in the principle of flux itself. Change, the old enemy, has become our greatest friend and ally. Because of this identification of the absolute and the relative we are able to look forward with confidence to the realization of our wildest aspirations. We have all become futurists, for it is impossible to miss the moral implicit in Hegel and Darwin.

But surely if Thelema is such a practical proposition, we ought to be told what it is to be like. Nothing easier, but there is no necessity. Speculation for the future is the one sphere of philosophy in which our surest guide is to make our wish the father of our thought. Whatever you want, that is what Thelema will be like. Your desire is merely the evolution of the Thelematic idea working within you. Thelema will be the place where you do as you will. So it will be essentially a place of liberty. Liberty is the first condition of well-being.

Now liberty may be divided into two modes—one external, the other internal. Stress is commonly laid on the former; it is the more tangible; it is the business of the politician. But the art of the politician is merely obstetric. The external is but a shell where the internal liberty may inhabit. The true creators are the men who have to do with the latter. They are artists and philosophers, men not of action but of contemplation. So before our statesmen can build the new Thelema, artists have to create the free minds that may dwell therein.

The development of spiritual freedom is exceedingly strange. For freedom has to be organized as well as won. And organization is like a curtailment of freedom. Yet consider. The mind of barbaric man is just a wilderness of nature, a jungle of competing tyrannies. Though there is no conscious restraint, there is a cut-throat competition of passions, with no margin for profit. Organization is essential. Part of the jungle is cut down and cleared and in its place there rises an ordered community. But now the man is divided against himself, and he will continue to be torn by internecine strife until the whole forest of his mind is controlled and regulated. An intuitive consensus of developed

wills is the mechanism of the polity of Thelema. There will be a genuine convention there, a natural coming together.

Now the men who stay at home and carry on the business of the existing state, and the men who go out into the backwoods to enlarge its boundaries are of two different kinds. The former are sleek and well-groomed, and feel comfortable in drawing-rooms; the latter, the pioneers, are lacking in cosmetics. They become roughened by their contact with the wild. They have to compromise with it in order to win something from it. In the same way there are academic and adventurous spirits within the world of Art or Philosophy. They all dream of freedom; but some are administering peace at home while others insist on conquering new realms abroad. They are brothers, and accordingly quarrel without ceasing. Now the men of peace, the stay-at-homes, need no defence; they always get their full meed of praise. But the pioneers are often scorned and buffeted during their lifetime, because they seem deliberately to have forsaken civilization and sought to rebarbarise themselves. This is far from the truth. The call of the wild, greensickness, *nostalgie de la boue*—name it how you will—is a true impulse towards conscious freedom. It comes to men who see instinctively that no man is certainly free till all men are free, that no part of even an individual can be rightly called free till all of him is free. In the future there are to be no pariahs in our streets and no pariahs in our souls; and it is neo-barbarians, men and women who to the timid and unimaginative seem merely perverse and atavistic, that must familiarize us with our outcast selves, in order that we may learn that ultimate charity without which Thelema can never be built and occupied.

FREDERICK GOODYEAR.



DISMORR



Othón Friesz

STUDY. BY OTHON FRIESZ

SIC TRANSIT

The night is closing in with rain
And long, low clouds droop drowsily
Above the meadows by the way.
Pale spaces of grey water lie
Like sightless eyes along the plain;
The rushes turn from green to grey;
But through the débris of the day
I hear no sound from Mantua.

The ruined causeway to the town
Runs past a little gatehouse, past
A crumbling arch of moss-flecked stone
To the huge castle, blind and vast,
Remembering as it broods alone
How Lombards saw Gonzaga frown
In the great days of their renown,
The mighty days of Mantua.

When horsemen clattered in the square
And every loggia was gay
With beauty and the glint of war;
When music trembled on the air
And wandering poets from afar
Sang songs of love and proud array,
And the rich blue Italian day
Hung languid over Mantua.

Behind the fortress and its pride
The present lies—a horrid maze
Of empty echoing courts. The grass
Among the cobbles far and wide
Is littered with old boots—a mass
Of garbage where in ancient days
Men flashed defiance through the haze
Across the marsh from Mantua.

RHYTHM

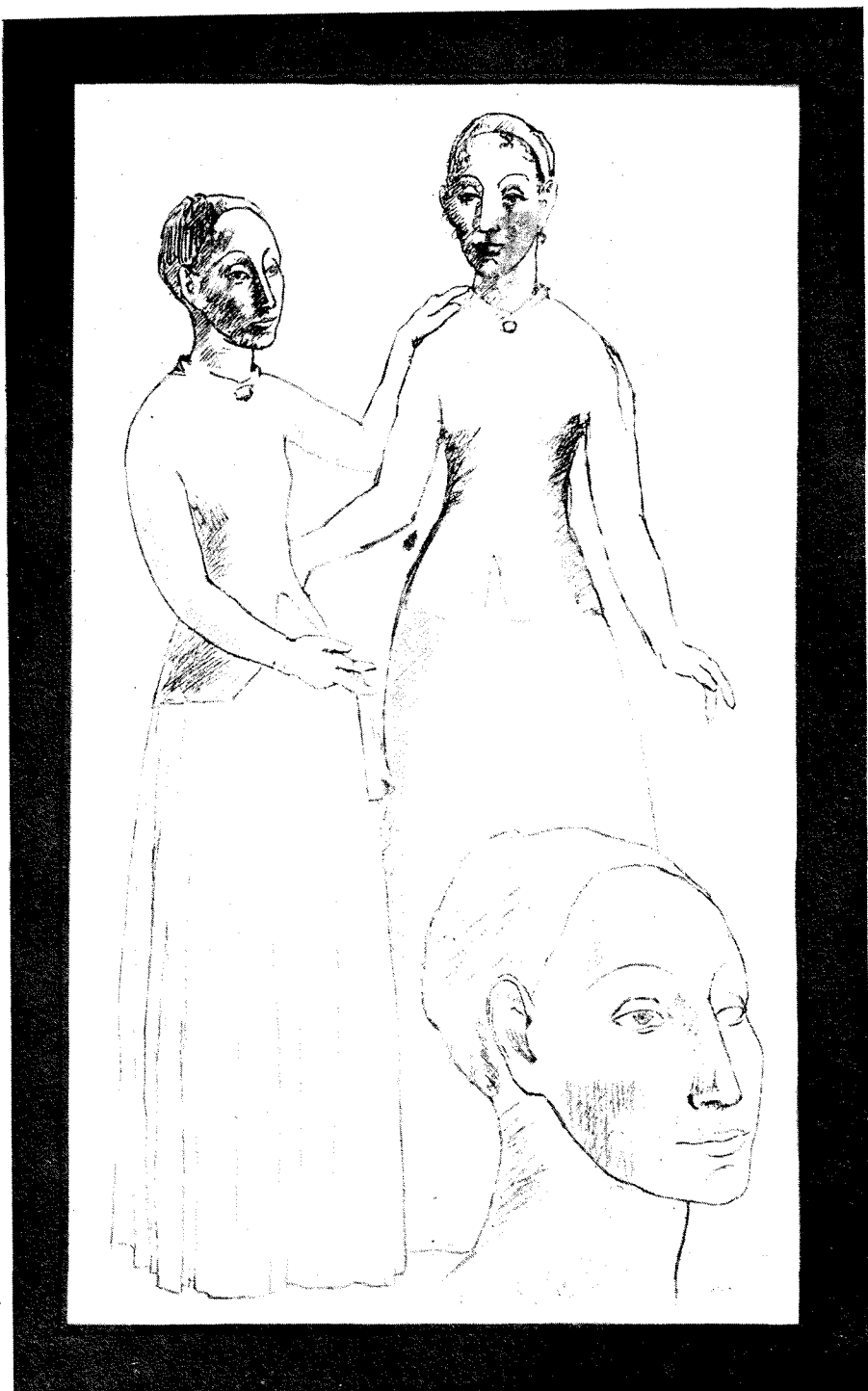
The gleaming splendour is no more;
Blind revolution has subdued
The careless brilliance. In its place
A strangled modern township, nude
Amid the tattered pomp of yore,
Tries to forget in pride of race,
The triumphs of its vanished grace
—Poor, weary, ghost of Mantua.

And all the palaces are dead,
And all the churches cold and stark,
And in the streets men hurry by
And stumble in the clammy dark.
With all the glory, life has fled
And left the fevered shell to die;
The hateful marsh remains—and I—
To mourn the death of Mantua.

MICHAEL T. H. SADLER.



THOMPSON



STUDY. BY PABLO PICASSO

ART AND PHILOSOPHY



ART is consciously eternal. The creation of art is the expression of the continuous and undying in the world. It is the golden thread that runs through a varied texture, showing firm, brilliant, and unbroken when the fabric has fallen away. Art sweeps onward, and by its forward march alone has its being. It is imperishable because through all the ages it is life; because the artist's vision is a moment's lifting of the veil, a chord caught and remembered from the vast world music, less or more, yet always

another bond between us and the great divinity immanent in the world.

The philosophy of Bergson has of late come to a tardy recognition in England. In France it is a living artistic force. It is the open avowal of the supremacy of the intuition, of the spiritual vision of the artist in form, in words and meaning. He has shown that the concepts of the reason, while the reason remains untrue to itself, fail before the fact of Life. The philosophies which would explain the universe are by their own nature debarred from touching its one great reality. They are but barren jugglings with worthless counters. As water through the meshes of a sieve, Life slips through their iron terminologies. We attain to the truth not by that reason which must deny the fact of continuity and of creative evolution, but by pure intuition, by the immediate vision of the artist in form. But the pure intuition is no mystical surrender of reason and personality to a vague something, which, because it is nothing, is called God. It is the triumph of personality, the culmination and not the negation of the reason. The intuition is that point, as it were, at which the reason becomes most wholly itself, and by its own heightened working conquers the crude opposition of subject and object, from which at a lower level it cannot

become free. Here human personality by the consciousness of reason drags reality into its knowledge, into itself, the rational self asserting its ultimate triumph over an externality, which is, while merely external, meaningless. Just as prose becomes poetry when the passage of thought runs most swiftly, yet most consciously within its own power; so when the workings of the reason become most concentrated and intense it reaches that utter consciousness of its own all-embracing power, which the blind call mysticism; but which is the very essential rationality of reason. This is the truth which Plato declared so many years ago. Interpreted into the crude hallucinations of Neo-Platonism, it is the most blind and feeble of all doctrines. Taken in its real truth and meaning, it is the final word in æsthetic—a truth which Bergson, as I interpret him, is declaring once more to-day.

The eternity of art is openly proclaimed. It is eternal because it lives; and to be art at all it must live. It must go onward and forward. It lives for the present, striving to force fresh paths for its progress across the waste of dull dead matter which it vivifies. It is an evolution because it proceeds only by bringing something to birth. The past is judged by the present, not the present by the past; for in the present alone the past has its being.

Art is beyond creeds, for it is the creed itself. It comes to birth in irreligion and is nurtured in amorality. Religion and morality alike mean for the western world that this life fades away into the colourless intensity of the world to come. For them Life has neither meaning nor continuity, for its value begins with death. Only a creed which is of and for this world can give us art; for then it is art. Art is against religion or religion itself. It can hold no middle course. It seeks an expression that is new not merely because before it for generations there was nothing, but new because it holds within itself all the past. The artist must take up the quest where his fathers left it. He must identify himself with the continuity that has worked in the generations before him. His individuality consists in consciously thrusting from the vantage ground that he inherits; for consciousness of effort is individuality. He cannot palter with great problems under the cloak of a morbid humanitarianism. Art is movement, ferocity, tearing at what lies before. It takes nothing for granted; and thrusts mercilessly, pitilessly. It has been nearer the East than the West because their

religion was their life, and their life a continuity. The future lies in a West that is conscious of the East.

The present is the all-in-all of art. Derive its very elements, the matter of its being, from the past if you will; it remains the creation of a new thing, and by these unending creations alone Life proceeds and Art exists. The search for individuality of expression may become bizarre; yet the search is of the essence of art, for art is self-conscious and works in travail and tears. To say that art is revolutionary is to say that it is art. In truth, no art breaks with the past. It forces a path into the future. The flesh and the bones of the new creation may come from the past, but the form is new; and the form and not the flesh is art. The attempt to compel the present to submission to the past is but the puny fiat that Life shall cease and the universe perish.

In the present alone does the past exist. The reality of Time is but the reality of Life; and those "high revelations of eternal truth" which wrapped the soul of Saint Teresa, of a living God who died daily, are now no longer the discredited phantasms of a fevered brain, but the clear and conscious vision of the artist, the true seer. To reject a chronology which esteems the past because it is the past, to concentrate every power on striking to the heart-roots of the present, to rise above the mere reactions of a dull mechanical routine and to be in acting free—such are the canons of the new Philosophy, and these are the principles made patent in all true art. False æstheticism and spurious criticism in art, rigid system and universal dogmatism in philosophy rest alike on a conception of Time which is false to philosophy and cripples art.

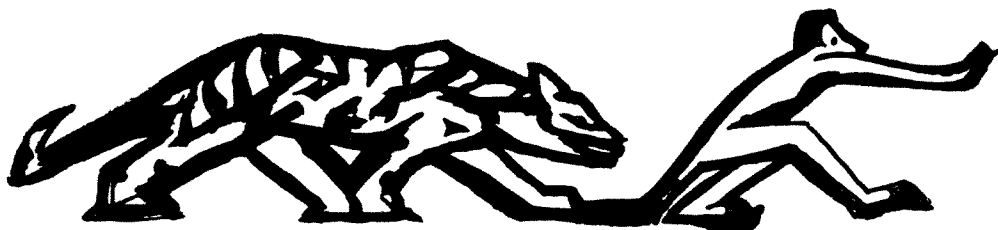
Art is the true and only expression of reality. It clothes itself in many forms. The intense gaze of the Assyrian and Egyptian saw through and round the object. The Japanese saw no shadow. The vision of the Renaissance was an absorbing delight in an object for a material and tangible thing, something to reckon with and conquer day by day. We are become sophisticated, and can no longer, like those children of the Gods, make matter into spirit by an abiding joy in its materiality. To the age of naive wonder we can never return, to the child-like joy in a woman's body, in a boy's face, in the ripples of the sea for their own reality's sake, unless it may be, Art and Life travel in a great cycle. For us, the artistic intuition must draw away

from the practical. Art turns to regard the things of daily life with the eyes of the heightened reason; and in the moment of intuition once more to behold and make actual, though for a moment, the great continuity.

The artist attains to the pure form, refining and intensifying his vision till all that is unessential dissolves away—memories and that false knowledge which would bind him down to a mere existence, untrue because it is un-lived. He must return to the moment of pure perception to see the essential forms, the essential harmonies of line and colour, the essential music of the world. Modernism is not the capricious outburst of intellectual dipsomania. It penetrates beneath the outward surface of the world, and disengages the rhythms that lie at the heart of things, rhythms strange to the eye, unaccustomed to the ear, primitive harmonies of the world that is and lives.

True art and true philosophy go side by side in a progress that breaks through convention and tradition for its own life's sake. The old familiar words of Plato become pregnant with a new and a truer meaning. Philosophy is the greatest art because art is the greatest philosophy. It is the recognition of the rational supremacy of art. A fantastic and reactionary æstheticism is art's greatest enemy. The artist looks to the past only to create in the present. In the end it may be that every note of the eternal music blends in one harmony; but a criticism and an æstheticism fixed in the past would create a symphony of a single chord, which has lost its living charm, unappreciated, almost unheard. Until the day when the last note is sounded the Life of the world and the Life of art hang upon seeking new chords to create new harmonies.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.



THOMPSON

SONGE D'ÉTÉ

Crimson anemones
 Flame in the shade of the trees;
 The fountains seem
 Scarce to rise or fall,
 But to poise
 In a motionless dream.
 Crimson anemones,
 Flaming under the trees.

In a dream the voice of a bird
 Makes music unheard,
 And the sheen
 Of the flowers is a music unseen
 By the eyes—
 Only to feel
 As the quivering senses reel
 And sink in a passionless dream.
 Crimson anemones
 Fading beneath the trees.

In a dream the dragon-flies
 Whirr in a golden haze
 Of lights that flicker and dance,
 As the rays
 Strike like the point of a lance
 On the ripple that dies
 Silvery green in the sedge.
 The skies
 Drowsily sink on the eyes
 That close; and the trees and the
 flowers
 Suddenly seem
 To flash, and the sun towers
 White for a moment and hard,
 And all is a dream.

ARTHUR CROSTHWAITE



STUDY JESSIE DISMORR



FAUVISM AND A FAUVE



THE limits of this paper make it folly to attempt to deal in any comprehensive manner with the vast field of theory and discussion opened up by the latest movement in painting. I shall, therefore, confine myself to two points. I shall try to sum up to what extent the movement is revolutionary, that is to say, against what theories and practices it is a protest; and then try to suggest a few of the new ideas it brings with it, taking as illustration and example

the work of a particular artist.

But before beginning I would say a word about my title. The name—Post-Impressionism—with which the movement was baptized on its appearance in England strikes me as futile and misleading. It suggests at once connexion and no connexion with the preceding school; it implies mere chronological sequence or diluted similarity. As will be seen, the second of these implications is false, while the first is merely idle. What is needed is some meaningless label, which shall serve as *nom d'école* without pretending in any way to describe aims and theories. The new movement is far too complex in its aims, far too varied in its ideals, to allow of its being summed up in a single word. The nickname of "Fauves," given to the artists in Paris, seems in every way suitable. But it must be given no ulterior association; it must remain simply and solely a tag.

The revolutionary nature of Fauvism can be summed up as follows. It is a reaction on the one hand against the lifeless mechanism of Pointillism, on the other against the moribund flickerings of the æsthetic movement.



SCHÉHÉRAZADE. BY ANNE ESTELLE RICE

The coming of Pointillism rang the death knell of Impressionism. Monet's experiments in the representation of light had been reduced to a system. The division of tones from being a servant had become a master. Signac, Seurat, Cross, Luce, van Rysselberghe, by their mathematical arrangement of spots of pure colour did succeed in achieving an extraordinary brilliance of atmosphere, and in some cases dazzling flesh values, but they sacrificed everything to this one aim with the result that in many of their pictures, their peculiar technique once removed, nothing remains.

That Impressionism should have become so mechanical was proof enough of the need for fresh vision and inspiration. There were, however, other reasons why it ceased to satisfy. Monet and his followers sacrificed line to colour and light. Strength of form and beauty of curve were lost. Then, again, under an Impressionist régime there was no place for flat washes of colour, for the massing and balancing of tones. Colour was purposely divided so as to fuse in the eye from the proper distance. The actual value of each pure red or blue or yellow went to create another composite value, and there was no attempt beyond the creation of a suffused brilliance.

This then was the impasse reached by one section of the Impressionists. Another group, this time closely allied to literature, followed up the Baudelairism which had got hold of some of the poetry and novels of the time, and lost themselves in an orgy of Satanism. Skeletons, visions of the Black Mass, posturing nudities, strange pictorial conundrums, all the paraphernalia of horror and grotesqueness occupied their attention. Such work was barren. There can be no real stimulus in artificial sensations, and the sowing of new thrills to spur the jaded palate ended, as might have been foreseen, in this first and last tortured blossoming. The limitations of Rops, Beardsley, Odilon Redon, and their host of followers—for with all their genius they are as limited as any group of artists have ever been—created a demand for width, for blood, for fresh air. Their adherence to literature and the obscurity of the riddles they contrived, led them away from their true aim.

It was Baudelaire who urged that a man should regard his life as a work of art; sound advice but dangerous, for it lies at the back of the host of affectations and deliberate eccentricities which killed the æsthetic movement and obscured what was genuine in its pursuit of

the beautiful by what was merely precious. Fauvism is a frank reaction from the precious. It stands for strength and decision, alike of line, colour and feeling. It remedies the formlessness of Impressionism but keeps the brilliance, it is art and not literature, it is erratically individual and not mechanical.

But do not believe those outraged conservatives who raise the cry of anarchy in art. There is a difference between Anarchy and Revolution, the difference between wanton destruction and constructive enthusiasm. This movement is not a mere upheaval, a welter of destructive folly.

And what are the lines of advance? Their name is legion. That the development is so varied is the best of signs. There is no trace of fettering system or cramping formulæ. Almost every artist has his ideas and is working after his own plan, but is at the same time ready to welcome any new method of search, any fresh line of advance towards self-expression.

But has this motley crowd of individual workers any common aim and belief besides that of self-expression? I think so. There is one fundamental desire with which all start—the desire for rhythm. Be it of line or colour, be it simple or intricate, in every true product of Fauvism it will be present. And this rhythm is of a piece with the use of strong flowing line, of strong massed colour, of continuity. The work must be strong, must be alive, and must be rhythmical. Then there is another goal for which the Fauves are striving—decentralization of design. This aim is an important element in the wonderful decorative value of modern painting, painting which fills a space, which seems prepared to spread over any size of surface with the graceful continuity of its lines.

But I think these ideas can best be explained by reference to some particular artist's work, and no better example could be found than the work of Anne Estelle Rice, some of which has recently been on view at the Baillie Gallery.

Miss Rice, like every other leader of the Fauvist movement, is too individual to allow of her being classed wholly with anyone else. Her outlook is vigorous and personal, her methods definite and unhesitating. The stimulus derived from a visit to the exhibition in Bruton Street was frankly amazing. As one came in, one was faced by the

artist's portrait of herself, a large square picture simply alive with the sweeping balance of its line and the brilliant vigour of its colour. The vitality and eagerness of the portrait are the artist's own vitality and eagerness. It is more than a likeness; it is like an intimate conversation.

The same force was apparent in the whole exhibition. Miss Rice has most kindly made a special drawing, which is reproduced at the head of this article, to express as plainly as possible the rhythm for which she strives. There is some similarity between it and one of the pictures shown in London, but here she has gained an added effect by the drooping band of decoration behind the figures. I think the skill with which the curves are related is too plain to need comment. The drawing is indeed typical of Miss Rice's tireless work, with its bold decorative planning and swift decided line, springing ever outwards and upwards.

It is not long since a large painting of Miss Rice's was pilloried in the London and Paris press as the extravagance of a lunatic. I can only hope that these critics of the "Egyptian Dancers" did not know what to look for. If they did, if they came tuned to receive an impression of gliding, continuous motion and did not receive it, there is no more to be said; but if they hoped for the rounded grace and frozen attitudes of Burlington House, these flat triangular forms might well startle. I wonder whether they would condemn for similar reasons—as in consistency they ought—such pictures as "Schéhérazade" or "The White Sail." The use of line is the same; the subtle correlations of outline of the figures in the first case, of the sails and barge-prows in the second, have the same vital stillness, the same rhythmic repose always on the edge of action and always ready for action—to borrow a phrase from Mr Holbrook Jackson—as have the limbs of the dancers and the crouching forms in the background of the large picture which caused such an outcry.

There is no need for further analysis of the exhibition. Whether it is sunlight or moonlight she is painting, figures or landscape, still-life or boats on water, there is the same sense of surging design, the same bravery of colour, the same sincerity of vision. This is no *blague*, no craving for originality. It is very strong, very sane and—I think—very beautiful.

MICHAEL T. H. SADLER.



S. J. PEPLOE

Life is but a little loving,
 Love is but a quicker living,
 Heaven's but our love improving
 To a life of freer giving.
 We are in the hands of powers
 That would love us if we let them;
 In the sunshine, in the showers,
 In the forest we have met them.
 But our eyes are blind with seeing,
 And our ears are dull with hearing,
 And our lives are dead with being,
 And our love is slain by fearing.
 HARDRESS O'GRADY



AIX EN PROVENCE



DISMORR

Les platanes, troués de soleil, s'immobilisent dans le soir. Rien ne bouge. La ville se recueille, et s'il est ailleurs des boulevards et des faubourgs encombrés, ici on peut se retrouver dans le silence. Le café lui-même dispose à ces méditations : il offre ses longs fauteuils de rotin clair et ses absinthes qui, dans les gobelets de cristal, semblent condenser tout un ciel de rêveries précieuses. Mais quelle langueur vous pénètre, quel chaud à l'âme vous engourdit et vous accoude au bras bienveillant des chaises longues ! Il ne faut plus bouger : il ne faut plus remuer seulement la main. Il le faut même pas abaisser une paupière.

Ma pipe couve.

Et toujours sous le dôme—or et vert amortis—des platanes, la statue du bon roi René. On entend aussi les fontaines harmonieuses dans le soir. Une buée les enveloppe. Ce sont des fontaines d'eau chaude et d'eau froide. Le crépuscule accuse maintenant la musicalité compliquée des lignes, des formes, des attitudes : car tous les gestes sont influencés par l'heure. Je sens les cambrures lasses. Des chevelures tordues vont se détendre, s'écrouler fabuleusement dans un éclat brusque de lumière sur les épaules de femmes attentives. Et quel frisson les secouera ? Elles se blottiront alors davantage au creux des fauteuils, souples, très pâles, très lentes, un peu crispées, elles qui, comme moi, devant les gobelets de rêve échafaudèrent des dédaigneuses imaginations.

Des roses de septembre s'effeuillent au corsage des femmes et des arbres, atteints, eux aussi, par la rêverie du soir et de l'automne, laissent par intervalles s'éparpiller des traînes de feuilles

Voici que tout s'efface dans les fumées : on a l'impression d'être noyé de songe. Et c'est une paresse triste. Nous sommes le soir et c'est nous qui nous dispersons avec chaque feuille lorsque, dans le chavirement dernier de la lumière à l'horizon, des cloches sur la ville sonnent l'Angelus.

LES HUIT DANSEUSES.

Les huit danseuses, guidées par les flutes, s'enlevaient et tournaient, puis s'enlaçaient avec leurs voiles. Elles parurent de fines tanageréennes fragiles qu'un souffle eût brisées. Mais bientôt elles accoururent en se tenant les mains.

Chacune m'attirait par son geste.

Alors, d'un large mouvement mesuré par l'orchestre, elles levèrent les bras vers le ciel et l'écharpe dont elles étaient gardiennes se délia soudain comme une chevelure, se tordit, voltigea, claqua, puis sous le vent ne fut plus qu'une longue flamme vivante au poing des danseuses. Les robes moulaient ces huit corps, habiles et parfaits, qui tour à tour, s'offrirent et se dérobèrent, furent absolument nus.

FRANCIS CARCO



DESIGN. BY OTHON FRIESZ

ENNUI.

Red ribbon in the hats of the women. Red velvet on the pillars. Red in the insipid frescoes. Red the tiny spots of matches that fester on every table. Red flung back mercilessly from the garish mirrors. Red swims in a bloody haze before the eyes. But something more repellent, more devilish than the downright red of blood. Blood-red for murder. There are no murders here. The red of decay, the red of corruption, of vice that has lost all its splendour, forsaken all magnificence.

Sickly gold the fittings. The red and the white of the faces burns into the brain. The raucous voice of a woman stabs. The door crashes and snaps. For a moment a familiar tune lulls the tingling nerves—only to awake with a sense of ennui unutterable. The nervous laugh of the women, the hard clink of the glasses, the quick rattle of conversation, hammer insistently, ennui, ennui. Not a minute passes unconscious. Every day, every moment bears a torture of its own. Life has been made easy and made hell.

The light from the lamps is pitiless. It deepens uncanny shadows under the eyes of the women. The black cuts across the shadow of their faces. Ennui stares in the red and the black and the white. They sparkle metallic for one brilliant moment, to sink back to the old contrast, lifeless and devilish, white and black and red.

The voices are dull and dead. Each movement jerks with the spasm of a lifeless thing. The colours are past blending, white and black and red; stark and salient, touches from a devil's brush; colour without life, eating into the brain, searing the eyes. Everything sinks into one wearying murmur. The ears are dulled by monotone. A mortal sickness creeps over the heart. Ennui hangs heavy, narcotic, as opium-fumes in the air. To fight against it, to strike blindly is but to sink back into the grim eddy, the foul colour of decay—a colour that deadens, an ennui that strangles and kills.

ARTHUR CROSSTHWAITE.



GATE OF THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS. BY S. J. PEPLOE

THE DEATH OF THE DEVIL.

I am a noctambulist by nature, I love the night with a strange passion; to saunter along through the cool, clear atmosphere, to bathe one's soul in the soft breezes, invigorating, enchanting, ineffable.

The cities are stale and polluted in the day with the rush and haste of many men, with the petty spirit that prevails among them; but at night they are deserts, deserts of dark houses with the star-spangled sky streaming between the roofs; and sometimes the moon glides along the branches of the trees and turns the slates into pale patches of light, and the city is hung in the midst of the moon-blue.

One morning I seated myself on the first bench, a little way down the Embankment.

There was a person already in possession, a tall spare man in a tweed suit, the collar of which was turned up about his ears. I glanced at him and saw a long bony face, an aquiline nose, and thin firm lips that were tightly pressed together. His hair was black, his bowler hat was nearly new, and contrasted well with the deathly pallor of his countenance. He gazed intently over the river. I tried to make myself comfortable on the bench, but I was always prevented by a sort of elbow rest barrier some kindly disposed authorities had placed in the centre of the seat, to prevent anyone using it from finding too much joy in life. At last in disgust I gave the barrier a sounding kick. The man looked at me and smiled; the amused smile of one who could find humour in the stupidities of life.

"How puritan," I cried, "when will man live and let live, each to his taste?"

"Never!" he replied, thoughtfully; "that would require intelligence."

"That's true enough."

"Imagination is the bane of man," observed the stranger. "They are going on and on, the fools don't know where. They've chained their happiness to their fancies. It is the story of Don Quixote and the Windmills."

"Yes, it's pretty rotten, and I don't see any rift in the clouds, do you?"

"No, but it will all burst up suddenly, and future ages will talk of the wonderful twentieth century. Fate is full of little jokes."

"Perhaps," I observed, "it will break through to a higher form of man, and a better state of society."

He laughed. "So you are one of the gods who will pull men up to Olympus. I tried that game through many ages. Well, I've found my just reward, anyhow, I have to live in it. One sows and reaps. But don't think I assume there is any justice in existence. The fact that you have to reap my sowing is sufficient proof to the contrary."

"I'm glad of that; I hate justice. It's such a vulgar idea."

"Yes, it belongs to the lower classes of every nation and always has. One must legislate against folly and bad taste. A murderer should be punished for attempting to force his taste on a fellow creature. He has bad manners; that's the vice of the age."

"Yes," I replied, "taste is a forgotten art."

"That's a bad way of putting it. Men vary in shallowness from age to age. Taste, good manners, politeness, all mean the same thing;—each one living his own life, and interfering with no one else's."

"But, how could a Society be run upon that plan?" I remonstrated. "Doesn't labour interfere with it?"

"Not at all. A man contracts to dig potatoes; another to pay him. If the man who dug potatoes had any other strong taste he wouldn't be digging potatoes. The English regard labour with awe, because in England the people go about with miserable faces and lead such joyless lives. There are people who work and laugh. They did here, once."

"It's curious how people detest joy. I can't comprehend it, when it's every one's instinct to be happy."

"That's simple enough. Men are not equal. Consciousness of joy exists in limitations. Since the lower type of intelligence got hold of the soul-saving idea, everything that is not stupid is evil. Being a compact majority they force their taste by legislation. Salvation has succeeded and men are being saved from intelligence."

"But, don't you think this present age will lead to something better? Why only yesterday we were snails or something."

"Maybe," he said, "I don't remember that; I never get outside of personal experience now; I was a scientist once, and a philosopher once. However, it makes no difference. Man lives and dies, nations live and die, races live and die. Planets live and die. Suns live and die. You measure things by the ordinary standard of time. The longest space of time I know is the life of an individual who feels."

"But," said I, "why should not men become as conscious as the greatest of the past?"

"Are all the Jews as wise as Solomon? Can you find one Socrates in Greece? A Mohammed in the East, a Napoleon in the West? The individual who feels things is conscious of something that will outlast the wildest imagination, he is conscious of Death. Death which absorbs all things, in which all things have their being; cities, men, nations, worlds, suns, a phantasmagoria of ghosts passing along before the great black background; and he is a shadow half emerged in the shades behind the city wherein he dwells. He is like the dawn," he pointed out over the river, "measured by time the most transient, yet it will outlast by ages the putrid civilization about this river's bank. The ephemeral is the most eternal. The realest the most unreal."

"Yes," I replied, meditatively, and we sat for some time in silence.

I noticed for the first time his threadbare appearance.

I invited him to take breakfast with me.

"You are not at all inquisitive," he remarked, puffing at a cigarette after the meal.

"No," I replied, "I take people for what they are. Their real history is always written in their conversation."

"But I think you would be surprised to know who I am, anyhow."

"No, I don't think I should. You might be anybody. But who are you?"

"I'm the Devil," he said.

"The Devil you are!" I said, laughing.

"No, I'm in dead earnest. I suppose I should have come with a pair of horns and hoofs and a long tail. It acted well when people's imagination turned towards picturesque superstition instead of scientific theory. In those days, you see, in place of enjoying myself, I was a moralist without a sense of humour, and I had a theory of making people better by tyranny. I will tell you my history."

The Devil commenced.

"In the first place I must tell you who I am, for I find there are very few people who can identify me at this time. A spirit, like all else, lives and dies; he plays his little rôle a few thousands of years and departs, as man does, after a few decades. Even gods are born to die. Though my history stretches over many æons, it is merely a life;—and many have lived more in twenty years than I have in twenty

thousand. I was slow; I lacked that force, that intensity which can pack eternities into a moment.

"Well, I came into existence, and early in my life grew famous throughout the length and breadth of Heaven for my precocious piety. I was the arbiter of moral excellence among the angels. They thought me wise—I thought myself wiser. I made it my business to object to everything I saw. To Jehovah I made continual complaint, but nothing ever came of it; so I resolved to reform the stars without His aid.

"Disguised as prophets or holy men I and my fellow-workers—for by this time I had many disciples—would walk over the lands.

"‘You have famine in the land, O men,’ we would say, ‘that is for the sins you have committed; Satan has accused you before God and his justice is visited on you.’

"But it was disheartening work. Several brilliant men sprang forth in the world, whose names stand out even to the present time, and propagated new religions and new sects, but the consequences as far as the world went were almost infinitesimal.

"We began to hate Jehovah cordially, and I and my fellow-workers drew up a Petition of our Hearts’ Desire, which was duly presented.

"‘I am pleased and flattered,’ Jehovah cried, ‘that you should take such an interest in the art that occupies my existence; but I cannot see my way to follow any of your propositions; however, you are quite at liberty to make any personal endeavour you care to exert.’ And he went on with his work.

We decided we would no longer live in a kingdom devoid of moral ideas, so we arranged to disperse ourselves in various groups. I undertook the salvation of the World.

"Events aided me; I and my comrades began to reap from the seeds we had been sowing. The fall of the old civilization, the rise of Christianity like a new dawn over the world, the influence of the moral doctrines of the East, and, above all, the decay of Paganism increased my power ten thousand-fold. One cannot save a people who have one God or many; there must be two, good and evil, the real and the ideal.

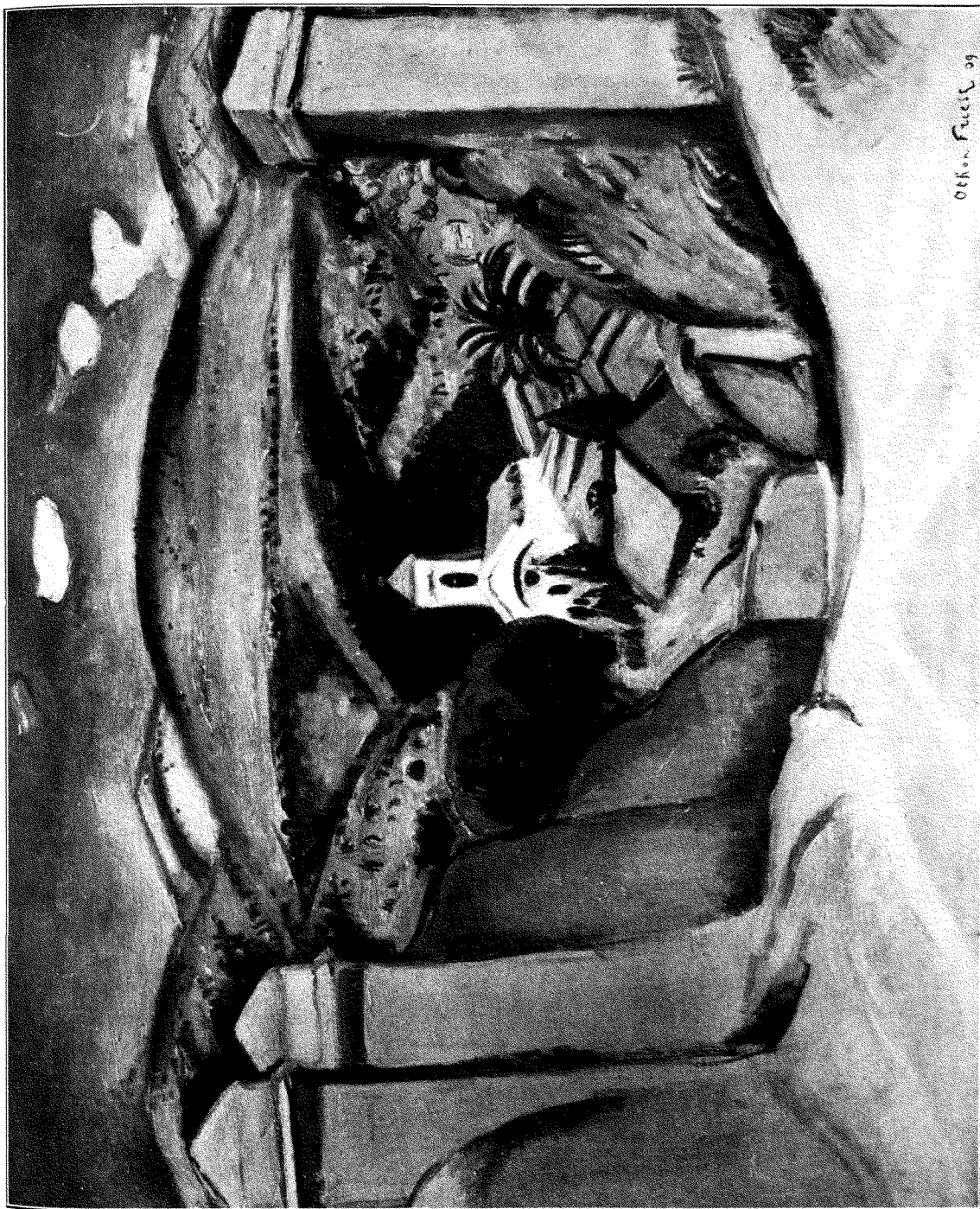
"I began to see my aims realized a little by the formation of early Christian communities; but they were always broken up, dispersed and martyred. But slowly and surely the work went on, till at last Rome was conquered and I became more prominent in the lives of

men. I, the scape-goat of Heaven, the black-sheep of the Universe.

"It was in a spirit of self-sacrifice that I chose this rôle. What could I do if those who benefited misunderstood their benefactor? There are few, perhaps none, who have realised what I suffered for humanity. I was everywhere at everything. Exhorting saints to exaltation, tempting them to exalt them. There was not a holy person to whom I did not appear, sometimes as an angel to encourage his work, sometimes as a devil with pen and parchment offering them fulfilled desire at the price of their soul, that they might abandon all other ambition for the labour of human salvation. I appeared to St Victor and other saints in the form of a beautiful seductress, that the fame of their purity might spread, and so utterly eradicate licentiousness. It was I who turned into devils the satyrs, that ran like blue shades in the moon after the woodland nymphs. It was I who converted Diana and her train into wicked women of the night, whom no man must see. It was I who held sabbaths with the witches on lone hill tops. It was I and my comrades who held licentious orgies with the Court of Venus in still forest glades; the witches and damned came flying to the revels from every point, breathless, dishevelled, frenzied; the goddesses flung their garments to the wind and showed their supple figures to the half-light of a cloudy moon, lying about in the green glades and making love to the devils, and the witches threw off their rags and became beautiful women; and goddesses and witches, the devils and damned, danced and loved and sang soft songs of sexual ecstasy, while the summer breezes moaned in the trees above, and the moon hid behind the silver rims of the clouds, ashamed to show her face.

"Of all these things I accused myself before man, that he should heed not the beauties of this Earth, the accursed work of Jehovah.

"The increase of asceticism and the importation of Manicheism and Gnosticism added greatly to my glory. I sat upon the high mountain and gloated over the fall of Jehovah. I felt revenged; was not I now, in all truth, the God of men? They had learnt to hate the very body he had given them, their passions, their emotions, their desires were incarnations of evil, everything—the Earth, Sun, Moon—all his infernal creation was diabolical, my morality alone was salvation and virtue. It seemed that I was succeeding, and the world was slowly coming to perfection.



LANDSCAPE. BY OTTHON FRIESZ

"The Church was growing wider and more powerful. Though at times she gave me grave anxiety, a more intelligent element gradually entered and began to come into power as Popes and Bishops. They were people who had read and lived in the world and knew more of men than I did. They did not spend their lives dreaming of paradise, of ecstasies, of saving souls, of human perfection. They looked about, saw what was needed, and started making it.

"The world wanted the government of intelligence—and charity. Every superstition was utilized for that end, and every revelation was used to strengthen it. They did not forbid joy. They admired and adored all spiritual beauty; but they made no attempt to force the people to be saintly. They said, 'let each be happy in his own way,'—and the Church grew more powerful, made wars, extended its dominion, and the princes and kings became its puppets, and the people grew more joyful and happier in all countries; they were freer in those days than now, poorer, far poorer, but more spiritually free as serfs, than rich men are at the present time. The tragedy of respectability had not spread over Europe.

"For the most time, however, that the romantic element was in power my only trouble was its continual tendency to revert to the Pagan ideas that lived strongly in the people and manifested themselves in the burning of heretics and witches. But this did not appear to me an unmixed evil, for it led to the punishment of many adulteresses and people who did not regard sin with sufficient awe; and it was in relation to the legislation involved in the execution of the *Malleus Malificarum* that I was first able to recognize the power of law and its superiority to superstition as a moral force.

"With the persecution of heretics I had small sympathy; they were generally men of high character, who would enforce their morality. On the whole I rather welcomed the rise of Protestantism and other heresies, and did my best to aid Luther as I had aided the saints before him. You have probably heard the story of the ink-pot?

"And no one welcomed more than I did the advent of Science. Thor could no longer fly through the maddened sky when thunder was explained physically; Diana could not live in a régime of exact astronomical measurement.

"Men would march through the forests of the future without dangers; they would see on the ground at their feet so much chemical

substance useful for this or that vegetation, and the trees of the forest would be named and labelled and they would know the life-history of their anatomy, and they would see geological faults where the grey rocks towered, and glacier tracks along the bed of the brooks; and the green of the glade, the scent of the trees, the blue sky, the shadows and music of the birds would no longer conjure up Dryads about the rivulet.

"Now, from the bottom of my heart I had always believed in the goodness of man, above all in his ductility, and that the environment of virtuous legislation would fashion him in time to a state of perfection surpassing even my ambition. Two centuries have passed since I dreamed that dream. My every hope has been realized, people all over the world have become more and more virtuous, in some places they have created laws, written and unwritten, that have even surpassed my anticipations; and Science has done its work, the gods are dead; so that in some countries the sky, the sun, light, and movement no longer affect men, their emotions and passions are finished; what the ancient saint strove hard to attain, the people do calmly and placidly without effort, the force of life in man that the ascetic so despised is dead in these people, they feel nothing; what was impossible to the early saint is achieved easily by a few centuries of moral legislation; but the early saint was a poet, the modern saint is merely a fool."

At this point the Devil stopped in his narrative and stared for some minutes gloomily at the fire, occasionally biting viciously at the nail of his little finger.

"Yes; and it will go on and on, damn it," he continued with suppressed spite. "It is blossoming forth into a dull dead level of puritanism where intelligence and joy will be of the past, and beauty forgotten, a woman-made world of lies and hypocrisy, the triumph of romance; and they will stare stupidly at everything like cows in a field, and to laugh at strange things will be their only sense of comedy. Yes; I have succeeded admirably, that is a fact I can't escape from, try how I will.

"Can you give me a glass of brandy," he exclaimed, suddenly.

I noticed a flush spread over his pallid face and die away, and hastened to attend to his desire. He sipped slowly at the brandy.

"If you have succeeded so well," I remarked, "why complain?"

"That's just the point, my success demonstrated my stupidity; I found that after all like the God I disagreed with, I was really trying

to create something beautiful, but I didn't know sufficient about the material I was playing with. I had a lovely ideal in my mind, when I should have found it in the reality around me. Walking up and down the Earth of late years I had it always brought home to me, no matter how I argued against it, that as men increased in virtue, the sadder and stupider they became. Man is an anarchy that can only be killed or rendered ridiculous by organization, a chaotic composition of intelligence, stupidity, vice, virtue, will, courage, cowardice, passion, emotion, idleness.

"Now, I do not for a moment attempt to affirm that I comprehend the work of Jehovah; I never did, perhaps never shall; but it seems to me that he means all these things to exist symmetrically, in perfect balance, and, as they do not, happiness, beauty and consciousness leave the Earth. When the world lost its Pagan gods, it lost its balance; it began to topple over and has been falling ever since. Greece and Rome decayed because they lost the old faith; they became puny, philosophical, unhealthy, effeminate, muddled, moribund. The gods existed to draw the individuality out of every man; philosophy came to bury it in theories and moral codes."

He stopped and held his head in his hands.

"In the name of the gods," he said, "help me to some more brandy."

I gave him some, and got him to rest on the sofa. For some minutes he lay perfectly still.

"Do you know, I believe I'm going to die," he said at last.

"Do you," I cried, much concerned; "shall I fetch a doctor?"

"No, don't in the name of Mercy; I shall be glad to get out of it, I can tell you. You mortals are lucky, ten thousand years of life is no joke."

He turned towards the wall, breathing hard. I had a great mind to fetch a doctor, but thought he would be better in a few minutes.

"I've been a failure," he muttered between his breath. "I've been—a damned—stupid failure—I pity God—" he said, after a minute or so of silence, in a laboured voice. "I pity God. He's tried to make—something of it, but it's failed—no hope—I pity God—poor—I'm just beginning to understand—and admire, the Maker of Suns and—Light—Oh, my heart's breaking—"

He said no more. The Devil was dead!

HALL RUFFY.



AUTUMN IN THREE LANDS

I.

The sound of the wind is the crying of a beast who is angry with the sun:
The fall of the rain is the laughter of a wolf.

High on the hills the harvest-dance is bidden,
Dead flowers are called, and fruit that found no seed,
And on the plain the autumn-hunt is gathered.
Across the heavy light move shadows, vague and fitful,
And the faded lilies stand with broken stem.
From gloomy cavern strides the storm-god:
The hounds are let from the leash and the shaken leaves
Fly before them across the curtained rain.

The sound of the wind is the cry of the hounds at hunt in the forest:
The fall of the rain is the distant laugh of a wolf.

II.

The wild-bird in the rushes, through miles and miles of reed,
Swims to the north and the east in search of the sun,
All night long, and at last, at the dawn-rise,
Flies, a dark shadow, across the red disk of the light.

III.

Only the mountains and the sea
And the breath of the cold, fore-runner of storm and snow:
From my window-seat I dream across the light,
Waiting the coming of winter, the battle against the sun,
Straining to see upthrust from the mountain ridge
The snow-god's head and a thousand clutching hands
Reaching against the sun;
The soft late light across the sea
Thrills as a dancer lost in the whirling flight
Of song and rhythm and pulse of eager feet:
The great grey mountains lie outstretched on the earth,
Giants that stare at the drift of the clouds in the air,
And cry with delight at the glimpse of a bird gone by:
Only the mountains and the sea
And the breath of the cold, fore-runner of storm and snow,
And one white lock of the snow-god's head upthrust,
One white glimpse of a flake of snow in the air.

RHYS CARPENTER.



THOMPSON

AIMS AND IDEALS.



RHYTHM is a magazine with a purpose. Its title is the ideal of a new art, to which it will endeavour to give expression in England. Æstheticism has had its day and done its work. Based on a reaction, on a foundation essentially negative, it could not endure; with a vision that saw, exquisitely, it may be, but unsteadily and in part, it has been inevitably submerged by the surge of the life that lay beyond its sphere. We need an art that strikes deeper, that touches a profounder reality, that passes outside the bounds of a narrow æstheticism, cramping and choking itself, drawing its inspiration from aversion, to a humaner and a broader field.

Humanity in art in the true sense needs humanity in criticism. To treat what is being done to-day as something vital in the progress of art, which cannot fix its eyes on yesterday and live; to see that the present is pregnant for the future, rather than a revolt against the past; in creation to give expression to an art that seeks out the strong things of life; in criticism to seek out the strong things of that art—such is the aim of RHYTHM.

“Before art can be human it must learn to be brutal.” Our intention is to provide art, be it drawing, literature or criticism, which shall be vigorous, determined, which shall have its roots below the surface, and be the rhythmical echo of the life with which it is in touch. Both in its pity and its brutality it shall be real. There are many aspects of life’s victory, and the aspects of the new art are manifold.

To leave protest for progress, and to find art in the strong things of life, is the meaning of RHYTHM. The endeavour of art to touch reality, to come to grips with life is the triumph of sanity and reason. “What is exalted and tender in art is not made of feeble blood.”



DISMORR

¶ Communications and contributions to
be addressed to the Editor, care of the
St Catherine Press, Norfolk St, London.

LETCWORTH: AT THE ARDEN PRESS