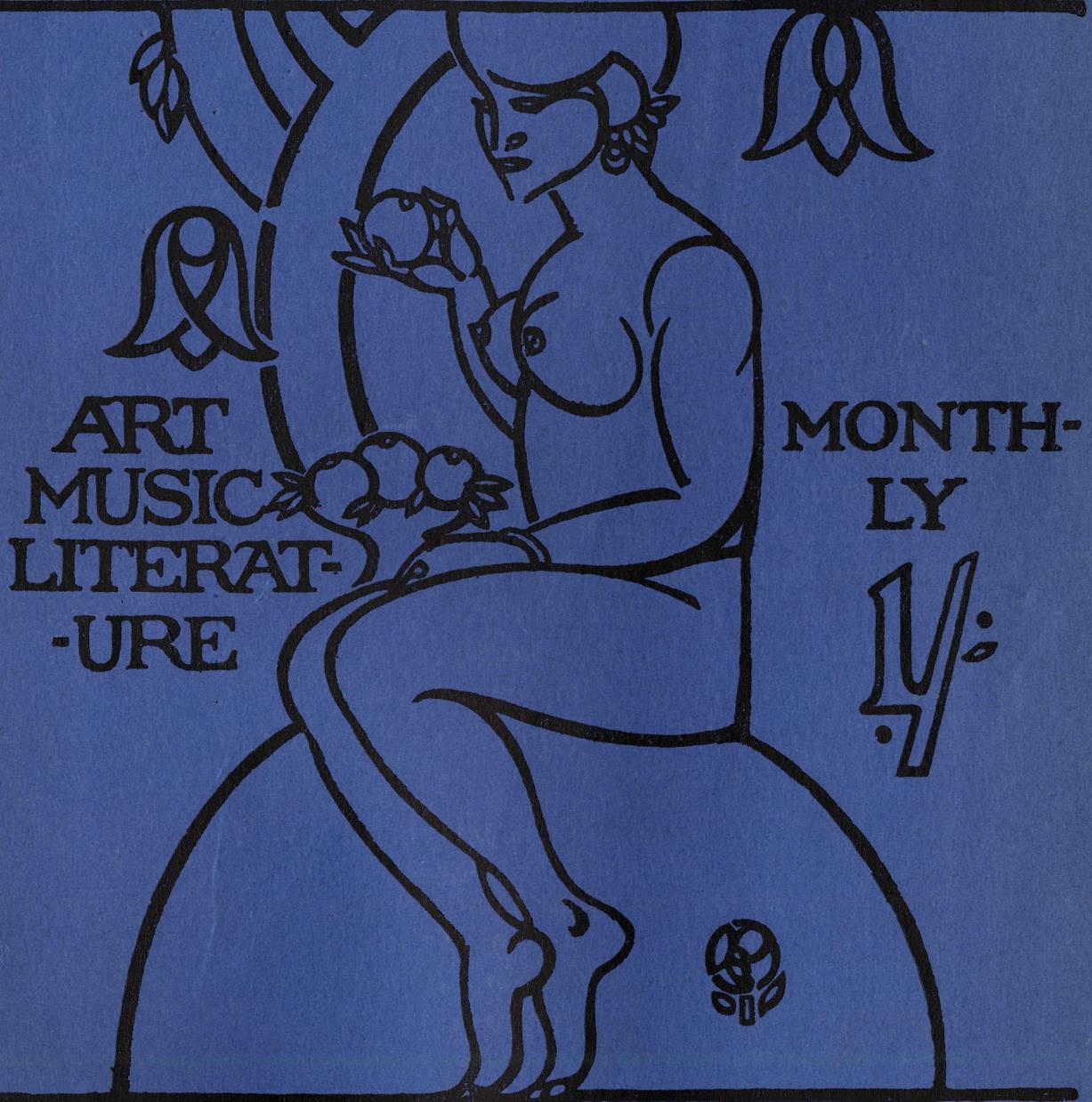


NO. VI

JULY, 1912

RHYTHM



ART
MUSIC
LITERAT-
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CONTENTS

VOL. II

NO. II

	<i>Page</i>
Who is the Man? By John Middleton Murry	37
Drawing. By Margaret Thomson	39
The Shirt. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson	40
Drawing. By J. D. Fergusson	42
Study. By S. J. Peploe	44
Seriousness in Art. By John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield	46
Picture. By Albert Marquet	47
Two Adventures of Seumas Beg. By James Stephens	50
Drawing. By Margaret Thomson	51
The Midwife. By Gilbert Cannan	51
Drawing. By Joseph Simpson	55
Pétrouchka—The Russian Ballet. Written and illus- trated by Georges Banks	57
Picture. By Othon Friesz	61
Venisti. By John Middleton Murry	64
Lettre de Paris I. By Francis Carco	65
Drawing. By J. D. Fergusson	66
Drawing. By Joseph Simpson	69
Reviews. By J.M.M., K.M.,	70
Notes	72

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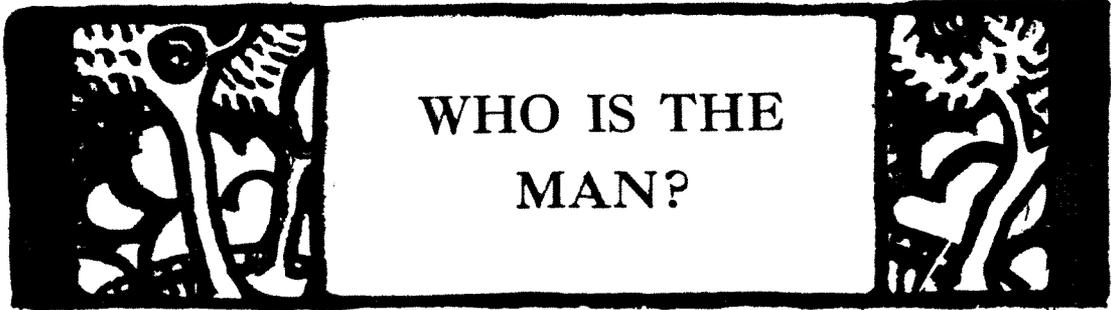
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JULY 1912

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DISMORR

About three hundred years ago there died in England, practically unknown, a man who has ever since been acknowledged as the supreme artist of all time, William Shakespeare. For three hundred years books have been written about this man's work by men who have tried to see through the darkness that lay about his personality. For three hundred years artists knowing dimly that the secret of a man's art lay in his life have sought to recreate the man Shakespeare, the artist who wrote the supreme poetry of the world. Dryden, Coleridge, Goethe—they were great men who endeavoured to find out the secret, and yet for three hundred years they failed. Fifty years ago the man Shakespeare was unknown. On the supreme artistic personality of the world, the greatest critics had for three hundred years tried their weapons—they could mutilate the body, the soul they could not call to life. Here was an artist whom all the world confesses supreme, who must by the same confession have been the supreme man of the last one thousand years, utterly unknown. To recreate this soul was one of the highest tasks that a great artist could undertake. To achieve where Coleridge and Goethe failed needed a man on a spiritual equality with William Shakespeare, perhaps without the supreme poetic gift, yet for intellect and power of divination his spiritual equal.

The task has been achieved. The personality of Shakespeare has been called back from the dead. In two books, "The Man Shakespeare" and the "Women of Shakespeare," published in the last few years, the unknown artist lives again. There is not a man who is qualified to speak his judgement but has accepted the reconstruction implicitly. This reconstruction has been called the "beginning of criticism." It is at least the greatest achievement of criticism; for by it one of the supreme personalities has been given back to the world. Such is the acknowledged achievement of an English writer. Who is the man who has done this thing?

This man is Frank Harris, acknowledged by all the great men of letters of his time to be greater than they; accepted by artists as their superior,

unknown to the vast British public, greater than his contemporaries because he is a master of life. In art the masters are the masters of life ; for it is the abiding distinction of great art to touch the supreme humanities. Frank Harris is one of the masters. To have known him is far more than a liberal education; it is to have one's conception of life utterly changed, to begin to see the supreme spiritual significance of art, the intense symbolic expression of all that life can hold for its lover. I have had this privilege. I know that Frank Harris is the greatest man and the greatest artist living among the English-speaking people; but the very intensity of my conviction makes it almost impossible to speak of him or his work. I have hung on his words for hours together, breathlessly still, hearing a master speak of his peers. I have heard him speak lines of great poetry from the masters before him—unknown masters—

What if Art be slowe
Sweetlie let it growe
As waxeth tender grasse
Neath Goddes' small raine.

and now, as I write, I can hear his wonderful voice pause, and then "Great Stuff"; and I know that I have been taken for a moment by an immortal to his own company.

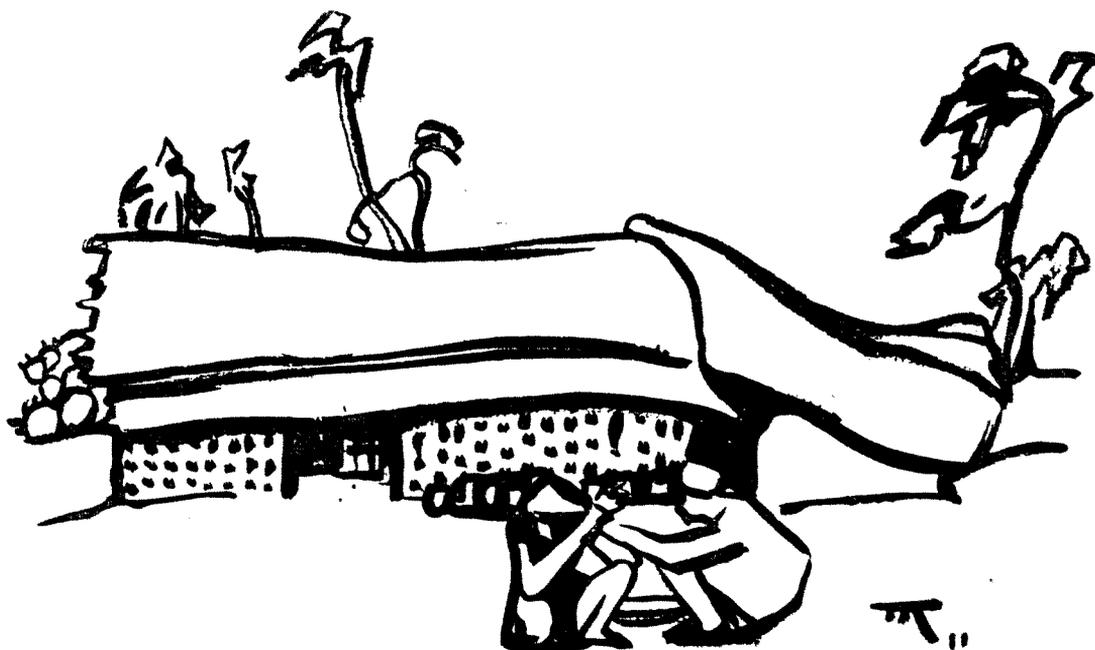
I knew and loved the work of Frank Harris long before I knew and loved the man. To me two years ago the name Frank Harris meant a prince of artists too great for the people among which he wrote. But now the name means a prince among men, a prince of talkers and prince of critics, a prince of the lovers of life as well. It means a man whose word of praise can change the whole of life for me for months, and a word of condemnation make me cry till I think my heart would break. I cannot hope to write of such a man with the sober detachment of criticism. For Frank Harris is one of those great spirits whom I can but accept wholly, it may be even blindly, but with the security of knowledge that if I am mistaken, then life and art have no more meaning for me.

The English public will not believe that an artist who is not successful can be great. It is proud of its own standards and is too blind to see that they are its own eternal condemnation. If I try to tell it that Frank Harris is the greatest artist alive in England, the answer will be "We know not the man." The soul of England is dead. It justifies itself by stoning the prophets, year after year stoning the prophets. It will not see, it cannot believe. It cares not one farthing that it killed Keats, hounded out Shelley, loathed Swinburne, let Browning's books bring him at the last a princely £150 a year, let Dowson die, gave John Davidson a pittance of £2 a week and broke his heart. Truly the indictment against this nation is heavy, but

it is waxed fat and will not repent. It will ignore Frank Harris—perhaps until he dies. It would kill him, if it could. England has arrayed itself in a solid front against him under the banner of the *Spectator* and Strachery. Frank Harris is become yet stronger, and England made itself the laughing stock of the world.

In an article called the "Meaning of Rhythm" a month ago we attempted to give some idea of the true conception of the artist. We shall go on trying to make definite the conception of the artist in the future, and it will always be the truth about Frank Harris which I shall endeavour to declare to the world. Moreover, in the next number I shall try to show exactly where and how Frank Harris is the greatest writer of short stories that England has ever possessed, and how "Montes the Matador," "Sonia," and "The Stigmata" will rank among the supreme creations of art; how, as the work of Frank Harris has progressed, he has touched higher and yet higher issues, while at every stage of his achievement his work has been of its kind supreme. I shall try to show where and how "The Bomb" is one of the greatest novels ever written in the English language. I shall try to show where and how Frank Harris is the greatest creative critic whom the world has known; how he has seen where his greatest predecessors in criticism, Coleridge and Goethe, have had but a half-vision. This is what I shall attempt to do. If England will not recognize the greatness of its greatest artist, at least it shall be said that one contemporary paper had the courage to say what will be said in time to come; and even if *Rhythm* achieves nothing else that is ultimately permanent, it shall be rescued from oblivion by this alone, that it told the truth about Frank Harris.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.



MARGARET THOMSON



MARGARET THOMSON

SCENE:

A room in tenements, near the railway. Caroline Alder sits by the fire, sewing. Isa Grey is standing near her, gazing at the blaze. The clank and rumble of wagons being shunted sounds loudly through the night air.

Caroline: Aye, lass: the shirt's for Will:
I'll not be sorry when it's finished,
Though it's the last I'll make for him.

Isa: The last?

Caroline: You'll make the next, I trust.
You, surely, don't expect, my girl,
I'll still be making for him, when he's married?
You're much mistaken . . .

Isa: Nay! . . .
But, when you said the last, somehow . . .

Caroline: The very last!
And well I mind the first I made,
Or ever he was born,
Nigh twenty years ago:
And I was but a lass, like you:
And, as I sewed it, by the fire,
His father sat and watched me; and we talked . . .
We talked of him . . .
His father always hoped 'twould be a boy:
And yet, before he came
To wear the shirt I'd made for him . . .

Isa: His father never saw him?

Caroline: Nay: he'd not leave his engine,
Although the fireman leapt . . .

(a pause)

THE SHIRT

41

But, 'twas a dainty shirt!
For I had eyes in those days,
And nimble fingers, too—
You never saw the like.
Why, this would make a score of it:
He's grown a bit, since then!
See, what a neck and shoulders—
His father's, to an inch!
You'll have your work set . . .

Isa: Yes, it's big enough.

Caroline: He's just his father's spit and image:
And he's his father, in more ways than one.
I've never had a wrong word from his lips.
However things have gone with him,
He always comes in just as he went out.
You're lucky, lass, as I was . . .
Though I . . .
And now, I've made his shirts for twenty year,
Just twenty year, come Michaelmas.
He's aye slept snugly in my handiwork.
At one time, I could scarce keep pace with him;
He sprouted up so quickly:
And every year, I've had to cut them bigger,
Till, now that he's a man, fullgrown . . .
And still, to-night, somehow, I almost wish
That I was hemming baby-shirts again,
His father sitting by me, as I sewed . . .
But, you will soon be stitching, lass . . .

Isa: I wonder . . .

How clearly we can hear the trains, to-night!

Caroline: Perhaps the air is frosty:
Though I have always seemed to hear them clearer
Since . . . since his father . . .

Isa: I hate to hear them, clanking.

Caroline: Aye, lass: but you'll get used to it,
Before you've lived here long.
I couldn't sleep at night without it now.
Once, when I stayed at Mary's,
I could not sleep a wink . . .
The quiet seemed so queer . . .



THE SHIRT

43

- I missed the clank . . .
- Isa:* I never shall get used to it.
I hate that clanking, clanking . . .
I wish that Will could leave the shunting . . .
- Caroline:* Aye: coupling's chancy work:
But, life's a chancy thing, at best.
And other jobs are bad to get:
And he's a steady lad.
- Isa:* Yet, if he slipped!
- Caroline:* There's little fear of him:
He's always been surefooted, from a boy:
And such a nerve!
I've seen him walk the tiles . . .
- Isa:* To think that he'll be at it all night long!
- Caroline:* Well, he must take his shift among the rest.
It's hard, at first, to miss your man, at night:
But wives must needs get used to it.
My man was often gone from me,
The day and night together:
And it was on the nightshift . . .
He hadn't slept a wink for days,
For he'd been sitting up with me—
The doctor thought I'd scarce pull through—
But he'd to go, and leave me.
I never saw him more.
They'd buried him, and all,
Ere I was out of bed again.
(*pause*)
But that was long ago—
Nigh twenty year—
And now his son's a man;
And soon to marry.
There, lass: it's almost done:
I've just one button now . . .
- Isa:* I'll sew it on.
I've never done a stitch for him.
- Caroline:* Nay! It's the last I'll make for him:
And no one else may have a hand in it.
You'll have enough to do,
Before you've long been married . . .

RHYTHM

- Isa:* I wonder . . .
- Caroline:* Wonder, lass!
What's wrong with you, to-night?
You seem so . . . why, you're all atremble!
- Isa:* The trains have stopped . . .
I cannot hear a sound.
- Caroline:* Aye, lass, it's queer . . .
But soon they'll start again.
I never knew such quiet . . .
- Isa:* That they would all start clanking!
I cannot bear the silence . . .
- Caroline:* It's time that you were getting home to bed:
You're overwrought, to-night.
- Isa:* wish I knew . . .
There's not a sound yet . . .
- Caroline:* Nay, lass, hark!
(an express thunders by, shaking the houses)
- Isa:* Well, I'll be getting home.
Good night!



STUDY.

S. J. PEPLOE

- Caroline:* Good night!
 There, that's the last stitch done.
 Is't not a brave shirt, lass!
 It's ready for him, when he comes.
 (*Isa goes out, and down the stairs*)
 She's overwrought a bit.
 About the time I was to wed . . .
 It's strangely quiet now again . . .
 I never knew . . .
 They must have finished shunting . . .
 Yet . . . (*she stands, listening, as a hurrying step is heard
 on the stairs, and Isa bursts into the room, panting*)
- Caroline:* What's wrong, lass!
- Isa:* Will! Oh, Will!
- Caroline:* Speak, woman, speak!
- Isa:* They're bringing him . . .
 I met them in the street . . .
 O Will! O Will!
- Caroline:* His son . . . too . . .
 (*She picks up the shirt which has fallen from her hand. They
 stand silent waiting: and there is no sound in the room, until
 the shunting of wagons starts again, when Isa put her fingers
 to her ears, and sinks to the ground.*)
- Isa:* 'Twill never stop again.
 I'll always hear . . .

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.



It is one of the worst results of the contempt in which Englishmen hold artists that a fair judgment of artistic achievement is hardly ever given. Yet, when writing a life or painting a portrait, it is unwise to abandon oneself to a passionate admiration. The creator must be his own severest critic; that is the only condition on which he escapes the criticism of others.

All men of large and original minds must necessarily suffer a martyrdom everywhere and at all times. Originality implies loneliness; powers seek correlative tasks; the life-prison of greatness involves intensest labour, solitary confinement, and for most frequent reward the torture-chamber of insanity. The suffering inherent in the nature of genius is always intensified by the envy and ignorance of contemporaries who will not accept the new thought or welcome the new vision. The great masters have not only to educate their judges, but they have to form their own public, and that is a slow and often a very long task. FRANK HARRIS.

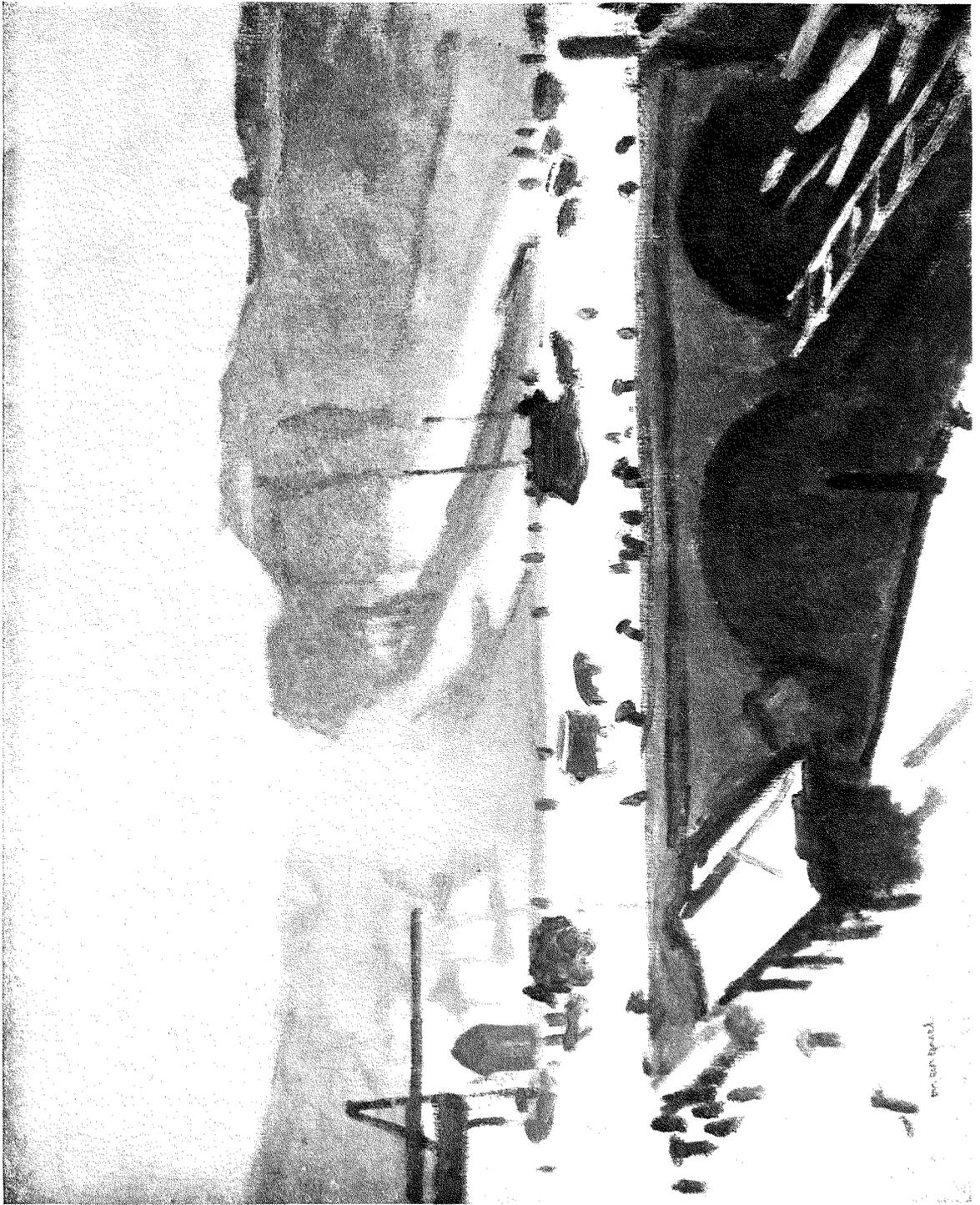


MARGARET THOMSON

SERIOUSNESS IN ART.

To-day the craft of letters in England is become a trade instead of an art. It is in vain that we seek for any evidence of artistic seriousness in the gigantic output of modern English literature. It is impossible to deny that the majority of our writers are intensely serious in their effort to reach a comfortable competence. They are serious as any tradesman is serious. This attitude of mind is to them their principal commercial asset. Literature for them is at best a somewhat disreputable means to a purely commercial end, means only to be justified by ultimate financial success. For the English public a writer becomes serious when he becomes "a gentleman," organized and respectable. "Seriousness" supervenes on the death of adventure. The man whose personality is sunk in a refined home, a baby in a white perambulator and a plate-chest, has attained to "seriousness." He has taken the mob seriously. He has adopted their trademarks. He will give quiet little champagne dinners, and be accounted the equal of the most villainous South African financier. He is serious and successful, having cornered Prostitution, or Adolescence, or Murders on Moors where his new friends merely dealt in Kaffirs.

Certainly the labourer is worthy of his hire; but in art the hire is never the end of the labour. Artistic seriousness is concerned with the labour and not with the hire. Without it the artist can achieve nothing; for it is just the appreciation of this seriousness that makes him artist. It is the profound enthusiasm of the artist for his art. It is the essential distinction between creativeness and mere production, between art and journalism. Art is a perpetual striving towards an ever more adequate symbolic expression of the living realities of the world. It is by virtue of his seriousness that the artist works toward deepening his understanding of these realities and perfecting his expression. Thus seriousness is a conviction of values. At every moment of creation the artist is convinced of one supreme reality which he endeavours to express with the utmost of his power. By virtue of this capacity for utmost endeavour the mould of



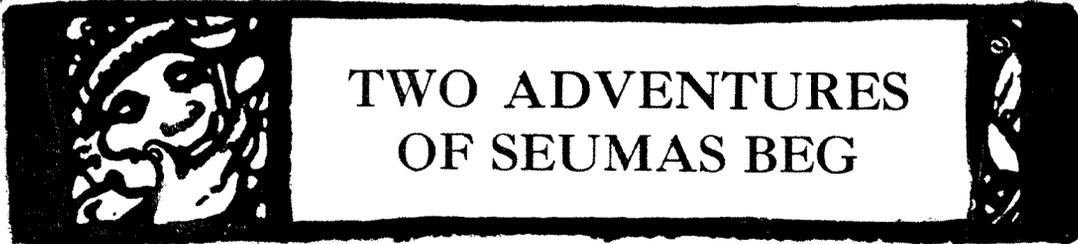
ALBERT MARQUET

each successive idea which the artist seeks to express grows more all-embracing, and thus more perfect. Thus seriousness is the very rock on which the supreme creations of art are builded.

For the bagmen of letters, the book financiers, "seriousness" has a purely external value. They put it on with their evening dress. In this word are summed up all those social virtues so painfully acquired, all those exercises of discipline and self denial whereby the mob regiments its own personality into impotence. It is absolute conformity to the democratic ideal of monotonous millions of mean and petty men. The life of democracy depends upon the absence of enthusiasm and true seriousness. For these two qualities wedded together are the hall-mark of aristocracy, the essentials of the leader. The "seriousness" of the tradesman is mechanical and based on monotone. True seriousness is a thing alive and spontaneous, liberating the artist for his art, and consciously expanding into ever wider rhythms. It demands an ever wider sweep for its experience and sees therein profounder and profounder meanings, whereas the false seriousness denies the newness of life and finds safety in every limitation imposed upon its experience. True seriousness is an assertion, a courageous acceptance of the unexplored; the false is a negation, a cowardly clinging to the outworn known. The mob treads over this patch of threadbare ground with mechanical regularity, so poverty-stricken in itself that it asks for nothing but the tokens of poverty and is only comfortable and at ease when it finds nothing further. The land whereon these people live is barren and desolate, lying parcelled and monotonous in the midst of an unknown sea. The artists sail in stately golden ships over this familiar and adventurous ocean. Their gay flags of greeting stream in the sunlight; and far-off winds blow in their great sails and in their hair, as they go sailing by. The tiny land folk call to them and beckon them to shore; but the artists see the land that it is barren and miserable, and they sail onwards. Then the little people are frightened, and cry out to them in rage, and abuse them. Their voices are drowned in the mighty swishing of the green waves. But clean and true rings back their answer, the singing of the sailors, the joyful laughter of serene delight.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY *and*
KATHERINE MANSFIELD.





TWO ADVENTURES OF SEUMAS BEG

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD

I was playing with my hoop along the road
 Just where the bushes are when, suddenly,
 I heard a shout—I ran at once and stowed
 Myself beneath a bush and peeped to see
 What made the noise, and then, around the bend,
 There came a woman running who was old
 And very ugly too. I saw the end
 Of her red shawl catch on a bush, it rolled
 Right off her and her hair fell down—her face
 Was awful white, and both her eyes looked sick,
 And she was talking queer—“O God of Grace”
 Said she—“Where is the child?” and ran back quick
 The way she came, and screamed, and shook her hands!
 . . . Maybe she was a witch from foreign lands.

THE SCOUT

I climbed to-day into the apple tree
 Scouting for Indians and a man came;
 I thought it was an Indian for he
 Was running like the wind—there was a flame
 Of sunlight on his hand as he drew near,
 And then I saw a knife gripped in his fist.
 He panted like a horse, his eyes were queer,
 Wide-open, staring frightfully, and, hist!
 His mouth glared open like another eye,
 And all his hair was matted down with sweat.
 I crouched among the leaves for fear he'd spy
 Where I was hiding; so he did not get
 His awful eyes on me, but like the wind
 He ran as if he heard a thing behind.

JAMES STEPHENS.



MARGA ET THOMSON

THE MIDWIFE

I

They have built mills at one end of the village and the church is huddled in with terraces of bare stone houses, and the place has an air of being ashamed of itself that it never had in the old days when there were not more than two hundred souls in it, and those hard and wise in the ways of the earth and blown clean and dry by the wind of the fells. New religions, new vices, new songs, new thoughts had come in with the softer, keener-witted folk of the mills and the simple men and women who had lived with cattle and sheep and the stony ground found themselves set about with snares and pitfalls. Many of their old habits were uprooted and they were left raw to the pain of watching their children grow up like foreigners and townfolk. There was much bitterness and many a tragic quarrel.

One woman there was who marked nothing of the change, cared nothing for it and went her way, never hurried, never surprised, always a little weary but patient as a beast of burden. She had strangely steady, unseeing eyes. There was no intelligence in them, but there was depth.

Her cheeks were rough and red, her features were rough-hewn and craggy. Her person was comfortable and shapeless. She walked smoothly with a slight roll—a rocking that caused her skirts to billow with each stride. She always wore a large apron, spotless, and, generally, a plaid shawl round her shoulders. Under this she invariably had an air of carrying a bundle. Her name was Sarah Gillbanks.

She lived with her brother, a retired farmer, in one of the new streets. Her brother spent most of his time in girding at the neighbours, denouncing the men as emasculate and the women as men-catching spiders. He was quite amiable to them when they came to the house, and for their benefit he used to poke cruel fun at his sister. She was quite impervious to his shafts. She saw that he was fed and made him comfortable, but without interest, and in his heart of hearts he was a little afraid of her. She had no interest save in birth and death. She made a very little money by practising (without a certificate) as a midwife. She was always busy and very often she would go from child-birth to death-bed, for she had a reputation as a layer-out of corpses. In birth and death she would take charge of the household and bring peace to the poor who were so pathetically helpless in the face of those two mysteries. She brought decency and cleanliness, and those she helped were for the most part, like her brother, afraid of her.

It was said of her that she knew everything that happened in the place and was aware of the coming of a baby as soon as it was conceived. It is very certain that she helped many girls in trouble and that they sought her out long before any other woman came to suspicion. They felt safe with her, though she bullied them if they came with tears and lamentations for their sin, and, though she rarely spoke more than three words together, she was often known to say:

“One child’s as good as another so long as it’s fed proper.”

She had never married and had pursued this way of living for thirty years.

II

In an older part of the village, high up on the hill in a one-storied little house surrounded with a weedy patch of garden, lived a queer character named Jacob Brown, who was reputed to be a poacher, a drunkard, a horse-coper and a woman-hater. It was said that no woman had crossed his threshold for thirty years. This was true.

He lived alone with a dog, and did his own cooking, such as it was, and his own cleaning, such as that was. He wore corduroys and a cast-off frock-coat of the doctor’s. The children used to throw mud at him and to

plaster him with filthy epithets when he came shambling down the main street. Twice a year he used to go down to the Green Dragon at nine o'clock in the morning and drink until he fell flat on the floor, which generally happened about noon. They would turn him out in the street and he would lie there for a couple of hours, and then set off running like mad over the hills. At night he would come down all mucked and sweating and wait at the corner of the street where Sarah lived until she came out with her plaid shawl on her shoulders bunched out with the bundle she carried. He would follow her and call out a song which began thus:

“Did she light thee to bed,
Billy Boy? Billy Boy?”

And Sarah would hurry along and look straight in front of her and set her teeth, unless he became utterly obscene, and then she would turn and upbraid him and wish him in his grave. On that Jacob would stand and whistle and scratch his head and say:

“I wish I was. I do. I do.”

One night Jacob followed her and she knew that he was a little madder than usual, for he began his song at the second verse, which is aflame with love. She hurried along, but he came faster than she and caught her by the shoulder, and he seemed to her to be very tall and to have a very big voice and, strangely, to be neither young nor old, but just a man—something queerly like a child and therefore not be gainsaid. He shook her a little and said:

“You're not to come to my house, Sarah Gillbanks.”

“I'm not going to your house, Jacob Brown.”

He seemed to be in some doubt about that, for he stooped and peered into her eyes. Then he said:

“It's lonely in my house, Sarah Gillbanks.”

“Is it?”

“It is. And filthy and beastly, and no place for a woman, though there was a day when ye might have lain in it as snug as a maggot in a nut.”

“I'm going my ways,” said Sarah.

“We've made a bloody mess of it,” said Jacob. “There was you and me and that woman that was like warm milk from the cow to me, there was. There was you as cold and hard as a stone, and you was a hard woman to me, Sarah.”

“You was a false man.”

“God spit on me, I was a man.”

There had been almost affection in his voice, but suddenly it became shrill and angry and he raised his hand and smacked her across the face

so that the tears came to her eyes. With that he gave a lurch and seemed to shrivel and to go very, very old, and he shambled away up the hill.

Sarah stood there utterly confounded, and the thoughts came very slowly to her, and she remembered. That hurt her and she sobbed, and through her tears it seemed to her that the stars were shining very brightly. She stood still for many minutes and lived through a curious remote agony that was all the more bitter for being so very far away. There was a warm trickle on her cheek, and she remembered a ring that he had and was glad that it had wounded her. There was pain in her gladness, for that too was so remote.

Two streets away was a woman in travail. She hurried thither and performed her duties.

III

She was aware of her brother's scrutiny and irritated by it.

"Did you fall, Sarah?"

"I did not."

"Have you been troubling the men?"

She stared at him blankly and he gave his most cruel chuckle. Then he fetched up a question that he had not put to her for twenty years and more.

"Did ye give him back the ring?"

She turned and shifted the kettle from the hob to the fire.

"Father used to say that old women have strange thoughts, bigger thoughts than men."

She left him and went up to her little room and opened an old brass-bound desk that she had. She took out a letter or two and a watch and a daguerreotype and a Jubilee spoon, and at last a little knot of tissue paper. From this she took a ring set with five garnets and a freshwater pearl. She slipped this on to the third finger of her left hand and sat touching the scar on her cheek.

When she went downstairs and her brother saw the ring he was silenced, and they sat without a word right through the evening until ten o'clock, when a neighbour came in with the tale of how that drunken Brown had been out on the fells all night and all day, and had been found on the land outside his garden, wet through and silly, and how they put him to bed and the doctor had been and said it was all up, and there ought to be some one with him, and how no one would go because the place was so foul and there was a known curse on it.

Sarah gathered her shawl about her shoulders and shivered. She ran



JOSEPH SIMPSON.

her finger over the scar on her face and rose to her feet and moved out like a woman walking in her sleep.

The neighbour said:

“She can’t hear of a death without wanting to have it decent like.”

Sarah’s brother held his peace.

There was a howling wind and the clouds were scudding across the moon. The stars were dancing and shining clear through the rents in the clouds. The roads were muddy and heavy. Sarah drew her shawl about her shoulders and she walked swiftly. A woman in the street spoke to her, but she heard her not. She passed out beyond the lights of the village and struggled in the teeth of the wind up the hill towards the tall elm that stood sentinel over against the little dark, squat house.

At the garden gate a dog sniffed at her skirts and whimpered a greeting. He followed her into the house, through the litter of the kitchen, and up the rickety dusty winding stairs into the bedroom. There he dropped down and lay with his head between his paws looking up at her as she moved. She found a candle, produced matches and lit it. The wind rushed through the window and blew it out. There had been light enough. She had seen what she knew she must see. She had known it as soon as she set foot inside the house.

She lit the candle once more.

The man’s left arm was lying by his side outside the ragged patchwork quilt. His right arm was stretched out so that his hand hung over the bedside. His face was turned towards the window.

She moved his right arm and then his head so that his face was upturned. She drew the ring from his right hand and placed it on her own left hand with the other. A faint breath came from his lips and he raised his left hand slowly—slowly, and then it fell rigid.

She caught her breath and her hand went up to her bosom, and she dared not touch him again.

The dog shifted, and outside the old elm creaked in the wind. Then there was silence.

She plucked at her hands, shivered, darted a look out at the night and the racing moon and the dark looming hills, moaned, shook herself, and turned to and performed her rites.

That done she sat by the bedside through the night, she and the dog, and listened and remembered.

GILBERT CANNAN.

PETROUCHKA

(Produced by the Russian Ballets)

Scènes, burlesques, en tableaux de MM. Igor Stravinsky et Alexandre Benois.

Musique de Stravinsky.

Décors et costume de Benois.

Au milieu des réjouissances de la semaine grasse, un vieux charlatan, à l'aspect oriental, produit, devant le public ébahi, des poupées animées: Pétrouchka, la Ballerine et le Maure, lesquelles exécutent une danse effrénée.

La magie du charlatan leur a communiqué tous les sentiments et les passions humaines. C'est Pétrouchka qui en est doué plus que les autres. Aussi souffre-t-il davantage que la Ballerine et le Maure? C'est avec amertume qu'il ressent la cruauté du charlatan, son esclavage, son exclusion de la vie commune, sa laideur et son aspect ridicule. Il cherche à trouver une consolation dans l'amour de la Ballerine et il est sur le point de croire à son succès. Mais la belle le fuit n'étant qu'effrayée par ses manières bizarres.

L'existence du Maure est toute différente. Il est bête et méchant, mais son aspect somptueux séduit la Ballerine qui tâche de le captiver par tous les moyens, ce qui lui réussit enfin. Juste au moment de la scène d'amour, arrive Pétrouchka furieux de jalousie, mais le Maure a vite fait de le mettre à la porte.

La fête de la semaine grasse est à son comble. Un marchand fêtard accompagné de chanteuses tziganes distribue à la foule des poignées de billets de banque. Des cochers dansent avec des nourrices, arrive un montreur d'ours avec sa bête et, finalement, une bande de masques emmène tout le monde dans un tourbillon endiablé. Tout d'un coup des cris partent du petit théâtre du charlatan. La rivalité entre le Maure et Pétrouchka finit par prendre un tour tragique. Les poupées animées s'échappent du théâtre en courant, et le Maure assomme Pétrouchka d'un coup de sabre. Pétrouchka, misérable, meurt sur la neige entouré de la foule en fête. Le charlatan qu'un policier est allé quérir s'empresse de tranquiliser tout le monde et sous ses mains Pétrouchka redevient poupée. Il prie ceux qui l'entourent de s'assurer que la tête est en bois et que le corps est rempli de son. La foule se disperse. Le charlatan resté seul aperçoit à sa grande terreur au-dessus du petit théâtre le spectre de Pétrouchka qui le menace et fait des grimaces de moquerie à tous ceux que le charlatan a bernés.



This is the material with which MM. Benois and Stravinsky have made not only a most exquisite imaginative fantasy but in its extraordinary unity of sound and visual representation one of the most complete achievements in stagecraft seen in the modern theatre. So entirely does the music become *visual* in form that it creates the fancy that it is not the charlatan seen on the stage who has given life to the puppets but his embodiment in the very music itself, and, as we reconstruct the tableaux from mental images, notes return which bring with them the necessary action and movement for each. I have never seen anything which suggested sentiment, passion and the inevitable sequence of things, produced by movement and sound alone without consciousness of the elimination of dialogue as this production does. Conveyed by puppets and visualized by the forms of the finest human material in the theatre to-day, it suggests to one that the idea of Mr Gordon Craig's Über-marionette is not a dream but a possibility of great meaning. Pétrouchka is not a new creation of the Russian Ballet but it has the eternal something, the "incommunicable thrill of things," which belongs to all great art and holds a higher place in the imagination than the splendours of the "Blue God," the "Thamar," and even the beauty of the "Après-midi d'un faune." For the latter is the triumph of the dancer Nijinski, together with his arrangements of the nymphs, making one forget the want of visual unity between the Gauguin-van-Gogh background and the movement and spirit of the music.

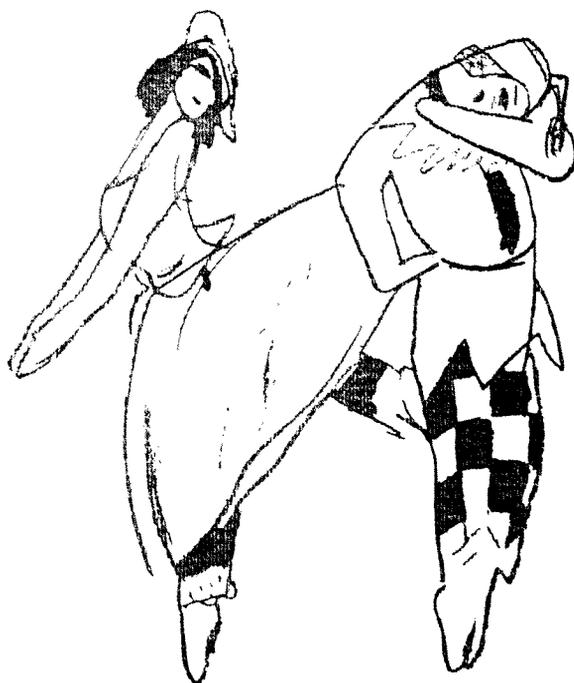
The Argument will be better understood as it rests, in French, with its simple and beautiful text as it appeared in the programme in Paris.

The scene takes place in St Petersburg about 1830. Besides the ordinary curtain of the theatre, Pétrouchka has a special curtain which represents the charlatan in a grandiose aspect, attired in orange, enthroned upon blue and grey clouds. The music starts upon the rising of the first curtain, whereas the second rises later and descends between the tableaux. The latter is smaller and fits into wing pieces of a beautiful vivid violet blue, with pink lines and a little decoration touched with green, which remain throughout the four scenes. When this second curtain rises also, the first tableau represents a sun-lit winter's day, on the left is the "baraque" of the "Died" (le compère de la foire) in grey and red stripes with a doorway guarded by a gigantic samovar. Above is a balcony boarding of brilliant yellow with a blue V-pointed canopy covering from above the frame of the setting.

There are the merry-go-rounds and puppet show stand with drawn curtains, but the "baraque," with its Chinese blue and pale orange, forms the basis of this scene, gathering up into a great design the colours of the street dancers, the groups of cochers, nourrices, dancing bears, etc. The

charlatan appears in gold like an eastern magician and plays upon a flute before his booth. The curtains part and expose the Moor in emerald green and gold, the Ballerine in petunia shades, and the Pétrouchka, all supported from behind. They execute a frenzied dance with arms and legs, and as the charlatan clears a path in the crowd they escape from the stands and come to the front of the great stage. The old tunes seem familiar but they suggest no special countries or their peoples.

The second tableau is the "cellule" of Pétrouchka. The paper walls are black, spotted with faded gold stars, and it has a small yellow door with black devils and a character of the charlatan on the wall in white chalk. Pétrouchka in a paroxysm of despair tears a hole in the wall, the little Ballerine enters but retires, frightened by his antics. It is in this scene we see the tremendous artistry of Nijinski. Like a child or an animal in despair, he tries to peep through the door, he batters, he scratches with his wooden hands, and finally lies flat to peep beneath, then rising on his toes he continues his frantic tattoo on the wall round the stage till he sinks exhausted on the floor. The entire colour scheme is in white, yellow and red, with the black ground.



The third tableau is the room of the Moor who is seen lying on a divan playing with a cocoanut, against a wallpaper of fantastic flowers and fruit on a red ground. The ballerine enters playing a little trumpet and there is a charming and amusing dance during which Pétrouchka enters overcome with grief and reproaches, to be thrown out by the Moor.

The fourth tableau is the same as the first, peasants with grotesque marks, the dance of the cochers and nourrices, and the fun is at its height when a great disturbance is heard in the region of the puppet show. Pétrouchka appears pursued by the Moor with a scimitar. Surrounded by the crowd Pétrouchka dies and the charlatan appears to reassure the people that the puppet is sawdust ; the scene becomes very dark and empty. The charlatan drags the remains towards the booth, he gets afraid, and drops them, and Pétrouchka lies alone in the twilight and falling snow.

Throughout this last tableau the moving colour changes and re-changes the scheme always adhering to the surprising unity of the great scene—every shade of orange, citron, blue, scarlet and magenta is woven in.

It is extraordinary with what subtle suggestion MM. Stravinsky and Benois have given us almost the feeling of a world tragedy, not with the gorgeous eastern settings of Bakst, but with their own designs in colour, line and music, on a fair-scene, they have given us the setting *of all time* and all countries, and made us realize the immense amount of the ridiculous which can surround the sublime.

It will be curious to see what reception the British public will give this artistic achievement. For to-day Bakst triumphs in connexion with the Russian ballets, but it is certain that, contrary as it may seem, it is in those works where the Idea is universal and above race tradition and for all time, that we can express the racial atmosphere, the line and colour of racial temperament which can be both modern and ancient, having no age because it is a work of art. In Bakst's productions, the "Thamar" and "Shehérézade," etc., the idea is only an excuse for a great decorative picture of movement. The Anglo-Saxon has no need to take the Russian's ideas or fall into the mistake of imagining the oriental *mise en scène* is essential for great colour decorations in producing imaginative fantasy of this sort ; but the spirit of mockery in Great Britain, well understood by E. Godwin years ago and again by Gordon Craig, prevents anything novel in home production in spheres of this art from gaining serious and universal comprehension. There are wonderful settings even in Scotland, in the "closes" of Edinburgh of to-day, for all sorts of theatrical uses and for any age. Grey "closes" drawn with black lines, whitewashed arches, yellow-ochred window frames, etc., at the same time not so essentially

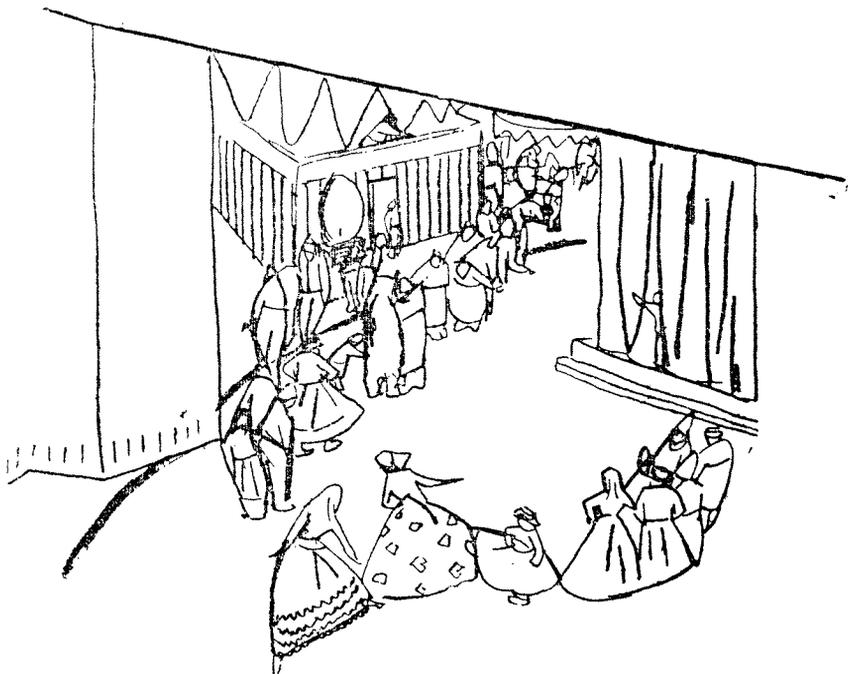


OTHON FRIESZ

Scotch but that they might suggest a court, anywhere in the wide world, even representing the paintings of Chabaud, the "Fauve," seen by himself, no matter where, in Paris or the midi. But there is only one way of realizing such a thing: it is that some genius with a streak of fantasy or a sense of humour should imitate some Post-Impressionist-Russian-ballet mimodramas, give "art" matinées with something home-grown. Every one will laugh and be highly interested; there is nothing like pulling the British public's leg in the matters of art. The test of greatness in everything is in what we remember of it. They will certainly remember, and when the new theatre movement has become unconsciously a national asset, we shall hear people say "Why they made us laugh at that years ago, just as *Punch* did over the idea of motor-buses in the Strand."

There is a fortune here awaiting some one who uses the gift of satire to clear the path of art from its arch-enemy, the spirit of Mockery.

GEORGES BANKS.



VENISTI

The twinkling feet of all the little stars
Have danced in my hair to-night:
They made bright music at the golden bars
About my heart to-night.

To-night my lover came over the hills,
His feet were a bright fire;
He strode across the black slopes and the rills
With limbs that never tire.

And full ten thousand suns shone in my eyes
Gleaming across the dark
To light my lover to his panting prize,
My lover straight and stark.

And all the vaulted ceiling of the sky
Lent me its splendid grace
To arch my flaming brow; and suddenly
All heaven was in my face.

Lips upon lips, my hair with his entwined,
Our hearts melted with fire,
And at our broken breathing all the wind
Sobbed with our desire.

My lover's gone. But all the little stars
Have danced in my hair to-night,
And made bright music at the golden bars
About my heart to-night.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.



LETTRE DE PARIS

Il ne faut pas vouloir établir encore de grands courants littéraires précis, mais se satisfaire d'indications pleines de probabilités. En effet, après une époque d'individualisme outrancier, il semble qu'une génération plus réfléchie veuille définir l'effort lui-même qu'elle va produire. Aussi les critiques (les tout jeunes critiques, les critiques de demain) sont-ils nombreux. Ils emploient leur zèle à dégager du magnifique héritage légué par les symbolistes et les poètes qui les ont suivis: Francis Jammes, Henry Bataille, Henri de Régner, un exemple profond où la sensibilité trouvera sa pleine expression dans une forme très pure.

La réception à l'Académie française d'Henri de Régner a fait cesser bien des querelles. Elle a marqué l'extrême pénétration de deux esprits poétiques contradictoires et témoigné—pour la première fois chez les symbolistes—d'un résultat. Chacun depuis a su tirer de cette leçon la morale qu'elle comportait.

De leur côté, de grands quotidiens comme *Le Figaro*, *Gil Blas*, *Paris-Journal*, certaines revues: *Vers et Prose*, *Les Marges*, *la Nouvelle Revue Française*, *l'Ile Sonnante* exerce une influence très étendue à laquelle des conférences, des récitations et la publication de plus en plus fréquente de recueils anthologiques ajoutent beaucoup.

Tout est là. Le symbolisme a donné presque de suite sa mesure avec Mallarmé qui déjà échappe à notre sensibilité pour appartenir à notre plus ferme tradition. Plus près, Claudel (chez qui l'influence Shakespearienne est sensible) et Maeterlinck restent sans grande action, mais Rimbaud, Verlaine, certains romantiques et les nombreux petits poètes des xv^e et xvi^e siècles se déplacent avec nous dans un même sentiment.

Aussi assistons nous à la ruine des écoles qui ont épuisé leur crédit dans un puffisme extravagant. Les propagateurs eux-mêmes de ces théories ont évolué et se sont rapprochés d'une vérité plus haute. Ils cherchent une discipline.

On connaît la grâce insaisissable et vive de Paul Fort, son véritable génie de la langue, du nombre, de l'instinct et son éternelle jeunesse. Tristan Klingsor est l'admirable fantaisiste de *Schéhérazade*. Sa *Chronique du Chaperon et de la braguette* est une merveille de mesure, de nuance, de finesse, et



J. D. FERGUSSON

de séduction. *La Lumière Natale* de Léon Deubel est nourrie d'une densité de rythme étonnante, d'un lyrisme éclatant et châtié. Roger Frène dans les *Sèves originaires* atteint à la sérénité d'une très grande poésie intérieure. Une pathétique horreur de la mort exalte Louis Mandin qui, dans *Ariel-esclave* vient de réaliser peut-être l'œuvre la plus pure et la plus émouvante de sa génération. *Le Calumet* d'André Salmon révèle un poète d'une inspiration poignante et prodigieusement variée. Julien Ochsé, Jean-Marc Bernard, Tristan Derème, Jean Pellerin, Léon Vérane, etc . . . ont à leur tour une singulière délicatesse d'accent, de l'ironie, de la vigueur, du naturel, du mouvement, de la ferveur et le plus grande tenue.

Mais je parlerai des poètes une autre fois. Qu'il suffise de montrer chez eux un retour à la vie "vivante." Le naturisme a fait beaucoup pour eux. Si trouble et incohérent qu'il ait été, ce mouvement qui la province a fini par imposer fut fécond. Il a renouvelé la veine poétique affaiblie par le pseudo-symbolisme et guidé nos meilleurs écrivains. Eugène Montfort, Jean Viollis, Guillaume Apollinaire, Colette Willy, Charles Louis Philippe, Binet-Valmer tiennent de plus ou moins loin au naturisme qui reste encore aujourd'hui une réaction plutôt qu'un groupement organisé.

D'Eugène Montfort, des notes sur Montmartre, de la critique, plusieurs romans: *La Turquie*, *La Chanson de Naples*, attestent un tempérament original et puissant. Sa langue est belle sans recherches stériles. Lisez ses livres. Quelle couleur! quelle émotion de la couleur! Jean Viollis a plus de grâce, d'éloignement, de réserve. *Monsieur le Principal* est écrit dans la minutie délicate, la note aigue: c'est un livre d'une beauté un peu uniforme. Guillaume Apollinaire a publié *l'Hérésiarque et Cie* qui faillit obtenir l'année dernière le prix Goncourt pour la saveur des récits qu'il contient, leur virtuosité, leur fermeté. *La Retraite Sentimentale* suffisait à classer Colette Willy. De puis elle a donné *La Vagabonde* qui'a bouché le grand public lettré.

La mort de Charles Louis Philippe ne l'a pas fait oublier. Au contraire. *Croquignole*, *Buba de Montparnasse* et surtout *la Mère et l'Enfant* ont répandu une manière nouvelle, de sincérité appliquée, de naturel original poussé très loin et dont cet écrivain a le premier tiré les plus beaux effets.

Je ne vois pas très bien où nous aurait conduit ce balbutiement conscient, cette phrase lyrique et réaliste, ce monstre maladroit et sensible si Philippe avait jamais fait un chef-d'œuvre. Pourtant je pense de lui qu'il a opéré une heureuse incursion dans le domaine de la sensibilité malheureuse du cœur, de la tristesse et de la bonté. Nietzsche et Dostoïevski sont à la base de son œuvre et se la partagent tour à tour.

La même manière de supprimer parfois le dessin de la phrase pour la plier, l'adapter plus étroitement à son objet (mais la reprendre ensuite avec vigueur) se retrouve chez Binet-Valmer.



Ou a dit de cet écrivain qu'il était le Bernstein du Roman. Cela éveille l'idée de synthèse brutale, d'allure, de violence, d'action. En effet, ce sont les qualités de Binet-Valmer, mais il leur ajoute je ne sais quoi de naturel dans l'exception.

Son dernier roman *le Plaisir* fait beaucoup de bruit. Il est très discuté. Ou n'admet pas volontiers la force de cette situation où deux êtres, Pierre et Catherine, après une rupture décisive, se retrouvent. Le caractère de Pierre, par sa netteté, son passé d'amour et de honte, a quelque peu choqué les délicats. Cet homme, sans argent, a épousé jadis Catherine parce qu'il devait vaincre la résistance du père de la jeune fille, d'abord, et qu'il ne pensait qu'au repos. Puis l'amour est venu.

—“Notre amour, dit-il, avant que je l'aie sali . . . Ah! je l'ai cherché dans toutes mes aventures depuis que nous sommes séparés, et c'est lui, je pense, qui me donne le dégoût de moi. Depuis près d'un an, je n'ai plus de maîtresses, je n'en veux plus, je n'ai plus que des filles, de pauvres

filles qui sont comme moi à la recherche de l'amour qu'elles ont sali, qu'elles ont perdu et qu'elles imaginent, comme j'imagine le nôtre. Je suis leur amant, plutôt leur complice, et vous ne savez pas quelles nuits abominables nous passons à nous haïr d'être tellement différents de notre rêve. Elles, elles peuvent persister, parceque, tout de même, elles sont d'une espèce moins ambitieuse. Moi, c'est fini."

Catherine écoute cette plainte et la pitié l'envahit. Ce n'est qu'une femme. Pierre l'aura vite reconquise.

Quand il est parti, la laissant seule dans cette villa près de la mer, elle venait de le surprendre avec une autre. Alors il mène dans le monde sa vie insolente et audacieuse d'autrefois. Et, si courageux qu'il soit devant les femmes, il n'oublie pas celle qui—là-bas—lutte contre un souvenir détesté. Il est moins jeune. Demain, il vieillira. Ce n'est pas un "gigolo" frivole. Non. Pierre laisse une forte impression. Il a demandé de l'argent: on lui en a envoyé. Il a renouvelé ses demandes et Catherine y a répondu, et cela sans une minute de trouble, dignement, sans plus, jusqu'au jour où presque ruinée elle lui signifie qu'il n'ait plus à compter sur elle.

Et il continue à vivre, entretenu par le caprice des filles. Enfin, abominablement las il ne résiste plus et veut se rapprocher.

Ici l'idée maîtresse du roman—de l'œuvre entière de Binet-Valmer—s'affirme hautement. D'un côté Pierre, un être avili mais qui veut reconquérir le bonheur; de l'autre, Catherine, une femme que l'amour a trompée et qui ne croit plus en rien.

"Catherine n'était pas heureuse, elle était admirable de gaie bravoure, mais on ne peut pas être heureux avec des fleurs, des oiseaux, du soleil; tout cela n'est que l'ornement du bonheur, le parfum qui l'avive, il n'est de bonheur que dans la passion."

Les Mètèques, *Lucien*, *le Gamin Tendre* établissaient déjà le problème. Dans des attitudes différentes, des milieux différents, les héros de ces livres résument la même inquiétude. Hélène, Lucien, Jean . . . n'était-ce pas la fatalité ? . . . Au tour de ces caractères l'œuvre entière s'épanouit.

Dans *le Plaisir*, la scène du retour est très belle. Pierre reprend Catherine. Mais, après l'étreinte de la nuit, Catherine se resaisit enfin et, désespérant de jamais atteindre au bonheur qu'elle cherche, elle abandonne Pierre à son repos ignoble d'homme repu, dans ce lit où il l'a soumise.

Elle voit plus haut que cet accouplement. Elle a trop attendu. Elle a toutes ses forces et, tandis que Pierre ne demande, une seconde fois, que le repos, Catherine est impatiente de l'Amour.

Ainsi l'œuvre prend une portée singulière, une altière beauté d'exaltation par cet imprévu dénouement. Là justement éclate sa force. Il n'y a pas

d'in vraisemblance. Catherine s'en va. Comme elle s'est presque ruinée pour Pierre, elle lui laisse son dernier bien et supplie le ciel de ne pas altérer le courage qui la mène à la mort.

La progression de ce roman est admirable. Les étapes en sont largement établies et adaptés à la plus riche psychologie: celle de l'instinct. Binet-Valmer en effet ne suppose rien. Il tire d'un geste sa force précise, d'une attitude son prolongement.

C'est d'ailleurs toute la loi de notre roman moderne.

FRANCIS CARCO.



JOSEPH SIMPSON.

REVIEWS

THE TRIUMPH OF PAN. By Victor Neuburg. Thomas Burleigh,
155 Victoria Street, S.W. 5s. net.

Victor Neuburg has written some poems. He has something of the poet's vision, delighting in simplicity and sensuality which is born of passionate admiration. The best poems in this book, "The Triumph of Pan," are three—"Sleep in the Hills," "The Little Prince," "Gipsy Tom"—and of these three, the first is undeniably the most successful.

There is peace on the hills to gather,
There a sad, proud soul may sleep ;
Gold gorse and green purple heather
Hold the tears that the salt winds weep,
And we will lie down together.

"The Little Prince" is a poem of imagination and charm.

Under the trees I love to lie,
Watching the cloudlets over the sky,
And the green sward down to the river ;
The little green leaves prate of the spring,
And the wild geese all are on the wing,
And the shy little branches quiver.

And in "Gipsy Tom" the metre has something of the terror of slow-dropping hidden water.

Star by star
Gleams down there by the hill ;
They follow, follow on to the bar
That lies by the foaming mill.
Tom lies dead in the water chill,
With a wreath of bubbles about him still.

But there is another side to the poetry of Victor Neuburg. He appears to take strange delight in mysticism, which is never anything but second-hand. Mysticism is perverted sensuality; it is "passionate admiration" for that which has no reality at all. It leads to the annihilation of any true artistic effort. It is a paraphernalia of clichés. It is a mask through which the true expression of the poet can never be discerned. If he rejects this mask Mr Neuburg may become a poet. K.M.

THE CITY OF LIGHT. By W. L. George. Constable & Co., Ltd. 6s.

The great novels of the world are the novels of ideas, and Mr George stands apart from the hosts of modern novelists in that he is chiefly and most seriously concerned with the idea. "The City of Light," a novel of modern Paris, is an exceptional and original book embodying the idea of conflict—the conflict between child and parents in a middle-class French family. It is significant of Mr George's faithful realism that there is no one striking or abnormal character in the entire book—the people are ordinary, events move slowly. Henri Duvernoy, the hero, who wrenches himself free of the family pedestal, does so awkwardly and clumsily—and years of his life are wasted in the struggle. Very keenly and vividly does Mr George portray the blundering, ineffectual methods of action adopted by the middle class—yet the author writes in so detached and so impersonal a manner that he is tolerant, even pitiful, not so much feeling with his characters, but for them. Paris, the setting of his book, he portrays most excellently; he writes of Paris with the grace and ease of a Frenchman. But with Mr George this detachment has its great dangers as it has merits—it is a detachment proceeding from an unusual capacity for observation, and unless he rides his Pegasus on a heavy curb he will find his ideas, however great they may be, dissipated in a flood of unessential particulars. Mr George is too much in love with his method; he should be more in love with his idea; he is over generous with himself. In his desire to capture everything he sometimes loses that most precious possession—a sense of humour. Mr George, like all our English novelists, must learn to use the knife. His faults are those of a lover of the craft, and that is why his work, even in its most unessential moments, is illuminative and interesting. J.M.M.

SAPPHO. Translations, selected and arranged by J. R. Tutin. Illustrations by E. H. R. Collings. T. N. Foulis. 2s. 6d.

It must be confessed that Sappho in English is but a shadow of herself. Her poetry has become the *corpus vile* on which the English poetaster may do his worst. Where Catullus failed—for “*Ille mi par esse deo videtur*” is not Sappho—it is hardly likely that second-rate English poets would succeed. Yet Mr Tutin has done the best thing possible, in gathering all the renderings which possess any merit at all into this charming book. The reader who has no Greek may gather something of the music of the greatest Greek singer. The illustrations are excellent in spirit and execution, and the format of the book is in every way adequate to the genius whom it commemorates.

THE GREEN FIELDS. By Kenneth Hare. Elkin Mathews. 1s.

We cannot see the necessity for another little book of this kind. The writing of slight verse is the easiest thing in the world—far simpler than the writing of prose—and perhaps it is the most valueless thing in the world. Mr Hare, having nothing to say, says it in rhyme, the which unfortunate state of affairs happens to most young ladies and gentlemen before they have learnt the gentle art of self consciousness. K.M.

THE CHILDREN OF DON. By Lord Howard de Walden.

Literary and musical England has united in condemning the new British Opera. The music is indeed intolerable, and rightly condemned, but the drama itself is full of stuff of a very different quality. From the prologue comes the despairing song of Nodens, the out-worn god :

All my might
Is scattered on the black and barren field.
Hearken, O hearken, ye deep-breasted isles,
Whose shadows shelter children of the earth
Still young in dreaming.
All my godhead sings
Old weaving songs in waste and slumbrous ways,
Songs of the building Titans that did raise
The mighty mouldings of the earth.

Time after time the writer achieves a simple and delicate beauty in a line, as :

. woodlands graced
With fluttering shadows and the golden lace
Woven of windy fingers.

There is the same music in :

I have known sorrow now for many a day,
And grown strong in grief. I cast
My heart in the waters long ago,
And in the night it cries to me while past
My stony being all the long tides flow.

There is Homeric vigour and directness in :

I give you Gwion, who drove to the field
Your love without a pity. Take him now,
And with your hand upon his throat send out
His black soul sudden to the windy rout
We drive before us.

Finally, there is above all this, a fine gift of imagination, as in Arawn's threat to Gwydion :

There are no gods, only the coming night
And we in darkness waiting. Death shall blight
All hardness in you ! and naked clean
Shall you run down the darkness with the keen
And whining laughter of revenge at heel.

It is a great pity that a drama which contains stuff of this real poetic quality, should be obscured by the mediocre and tame music to which it is wedded. Lord Howard de Walden should work alone. He may yet give us a great epic. J.M.M.

NOTES

A special binding case for *Rhythm* is now prepared at the price of two shillings and sixpence. Those who possess the first four numbers and wish to have them bound up should send them to The Arden Press, Letchworth, accompanied by a postal order for 2s. 10d. to cover return packing and postage.



All who are interested in the work of the artists whose drawings appear in *Rhythm* should not fail to pay a visit to the exhibition of drawings by S. J. Peploe, which is at present being held at the Stafford Gallery, Duke Street, St. James, W. In the upper room of the same gallery is to be seen a collection of the work of Joseph Simpson, two of whose drawings are reproduced in the present number.



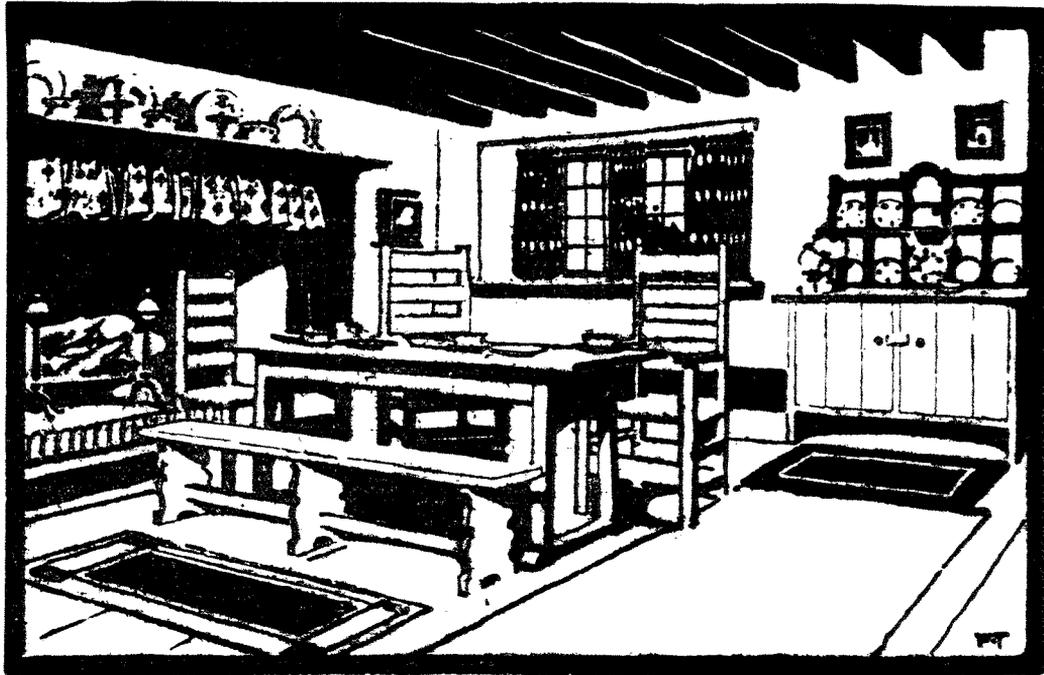
The next number of *Rhythm* will contain an appreciation of the work of Richard Middleton by Frank Harris; an article on theatre decoration by Ann Estelle Rice; short stories by John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield; "Miles Dixon," a play by Gilbert Cannan; Poetry by James Stephens and W. W. Gibson, as well as the regular articles and reviews. The number will be illustrated by the majority of the *Rhythm* artists.



There still remain four copies of the first number of *Rhythm* which may be obtained on application to the Editor at a price of 12s. 6d. Also five copies of the second number at the price of 7s. 6d. All orders will be executed in strict order of application, and should be accompanied by remittance.



We have once more to acknowledge the generous aid of M. Clovis Sagot, by whose kindness we have been enabled to reproduce the drawings of Auguste Herbin which appeared in the June number of *Rhythm*. Our acknowledgments are also due to M. Druet for permission to reproduce the pictures by Othon Friesz and Albert Marquet, which appear in the present number.



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