

THE TYRO

**A REVIEW OF
THE ARTS
OF PAINTING
SCULPTURE
AND DESIGN.**

EDITED BY

**WYNDHAM
LEWIS.**

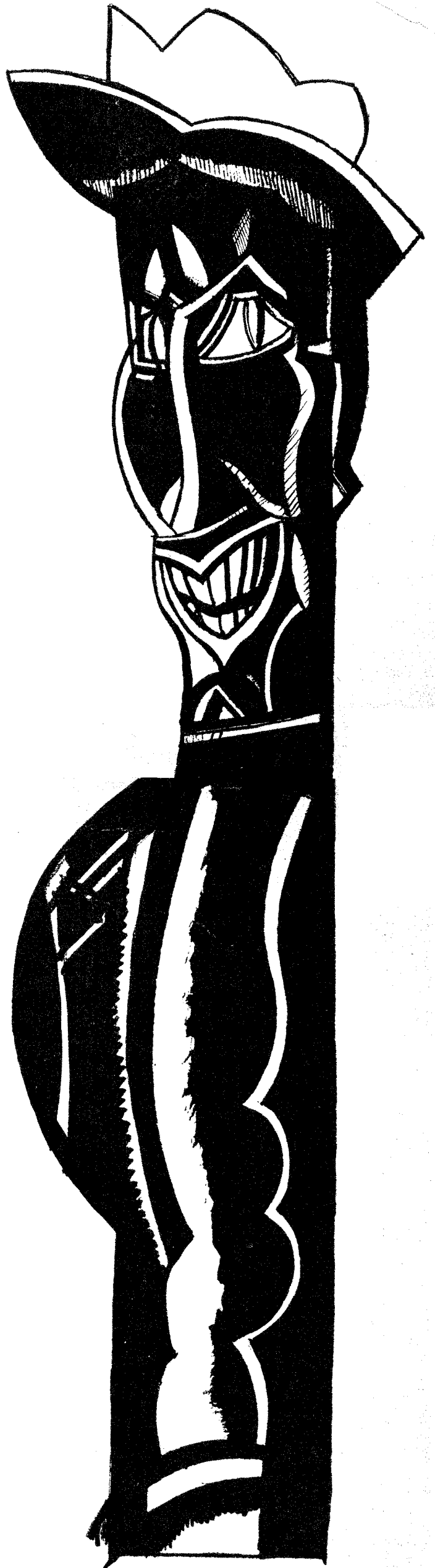
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NOTE ON TYROS. We present to you in this number the pictures of several very powerful Tyros.*

These immense novices brandish their appetites in their faces, lay bare their teeth in a valedictory, inviting, or merely substantial laugh. A laugh, like a sneeze, exposes the nature of the individual with an unexpectedness that is perhaps a little unreal. This sunny commotion in the face, at the gate of the organism, brings to the surface all the burrowing and interior broods which the individual may harbour. Understanding this so well, people hatch all their villainies in this seductive glow. Some of these Tyros are trying to furnish you with a moment of almost Mediterranean sultriness, in order, in this region of engaging warmth, to obtain some advantage over you.

But most of them are, by the skill of the artist, seen basking themselves in the sunshine of their own abominable nature.

These partly religious explosions of laughing Elementals are at once satires, pictures, and stories. The action of a Tyro is necessarily very restricted; about that of a puppet worked with deft fingers, with a screaming voice underneath. There is none of the pathos of Pagliacci in the story of the Tyro. It is the child in him that has risen in his laugh, and you get a perspective of his history.

Every child has its figures of a constantly renewed mythology. The intelligent, hardened and fertile crust or mankind produces a maturer fruit of the same kind. It has been rather barren of late. Here are a few large seeds.

Ten especially potent Tyros will be seen in our next number. Also a clash between the Cept and the Megaloplinth.

*Tyro.—An elementary person; an Elemental, in short. Usually known in journalism as the Veriest Tyro. (All the Tyros we introduce to you are the Veriest Tyros.)

THE OBJECTS OF THIS PAPER.—To be a rallying spot for those painters, or persons interested in painting, in this country, for whom "painting" signifies not a lucrative or sentimental calling, but a constant and perpetually renewed effort: requiring as exacting and intelligent application as any science, with as great an aim. The only papers at present existing purely for painters are, in a more or less veiled way (usually veiled in a little splashing of bright colour and little more), tributaries of the official painting of Burlington House. There is actually at the moment no paper in this country wholly devoted to the interests of the great European movement in painting and design, the most significant art phenomenon in Europe to-day.

The number of painters experimenting in England in the European sense are very few. The reason for that, and the remedy for what appears to us that backwardness, will be "explored," as the newspapers say. Again, this paper will especially address itself to those living in England who do not consider that the letter of any fashion (whether coming to us with the intelligent prestige of France, or the flamboyance of modern Italy) should be subscribed to by English or American painters. A painter living in a milieu like Paris has a great advantage, it is obvious, over one working (especially in his commencements) in England. But it would be absurd not to see that the very authority and prestige of the Gallic milieu, that so flutters and transports our friend Mr. Bell, for example, also imposes its faults on those working

in Paris, in the very middle of the charm. The Tyro will keep at a distance on the one hand this subjection to the accidental of the great European centre of art, and on the other hand the æsthetic chauvinism that distorts, and threatens constantly with retrogression, so much of the otherwise most promising painting in England to-day.

A paper run entirely by painters and writers, the appearance of the "Tyro" will be spasmodic: that is, it will come out when sufficient material has accumulated to make up a new number; or when something of urgent interest hastens it into renewed and pointed utterance.

One further point. The Editor of this paper is a painter. In addition to that you will see him starting a serial story in this number. During the Renaissance in Italy this duplication of activities was common enough, and no one was surprised to see a man chiselling words and stone alternately. If, as many are believing, we are at present on the threshold of a Renaissance of Art as much greater than the Italian Renaissance as the Great War of 1914-18 was physically bigger than preceding ones (substitute however intensity and significance for scale), then this spectacle may become so common that the aloofness of the Editor of this paper from musical composition would, retrospectively, be more surprising than his books of stories and essays. In the same way kindred phenomena, in letters, science or music, to the painting of such pictures as this paper is started to support and discuss, will be welcomed and sought for in its pages.

CONTENTS.

NOTES ON CURRENT PAINTING, by WYNDHAM LEWIS.

- (a) The Children of the New Epoch.
- (b) Roger Fry's rôle of Continental Mediator.

NOTES ON CURRENT LETTERS by T. S. ELIOT.

- (a) The Romantic Englishman, the Comic Spirit, and the Function of Criticism.
- (b) The Lesson of Baudelaire.

POEMS—

Song to the Ophorian, by	GUS KRUTZSCH.
Café Canibale, by...	JOHN ADAMS.
White Males, by	ROBERT McALMON.
The Wild Boar, by	ROBERT McALMON.

FICTION AND ESSAYS—

Mr. Segando in the Fifth Cataclysm, by	JOHN RODKER.
Will Eccles, by	WYNDHAM LEWIS.
Emotional Aesthetics, by	RAYMOND DREY.
Critics in Arabia, by	HERBERT READ.

ILLUSTRATIONS—

1. The Cept (Tyro) (Cover Design)	} by WYNDHAM LEWIS.
2. The Brombroosh,	
3. Meeting between the Tyro, Mr. Segando, and the Tyro, Phillip	
5. Dancers (wash drawing), by	WILIAM ROBERTS.
4. The Exit, by	DAVID BOMBERG.
6. Dancing Figure (clay model), by	FRANK DOBSON.
7. Woman seated at Table (pencil drawing), by	WYNDHAM LEWIS.

The Children of the New Epoch.

We are at the beginning of a new epoch, fresh to it, the first babes of a new, and certainly a better, day. The advocates of the order that we supersede are still in a great majority. The obsequies of the dead period will be protracted, and wastefully expensive. But it is nevertheless nailed down, cold, but with none of the calm and dignity of death. The post-mortem has shown it to be suffering from every conceivable malady.

No time has ever been more carefully demarcated from the one it succeeds than the time we have entered on has been by the Great War of 1914-18. It is built solidly behind us. All the conflicts and changes of the last ten years, intellectual and other, are terribly symbolized by it. To us, in its immense meaningless shadow, it appears like a mountain range that has suddenly risen as a barrier, which should be interpreted as an indication of our path. There is no passage back across that to the lands of yesterday. Those for whom that yesterday means anything, whose interests and credentials are on the other side of that barrier, exhort us dully or frantically to scale that obstacle (largely built by their blunders and egotisms) and return to the Past. On the other hand, those *whose interest lie all ahead*, whose credentials are in the future, move in this abrupt shadow with satisfaction, forward, and away from the sealed and obstructed past.

Roger Fry's rôle of Continental Mediator.

It appears to me that for Englishmen to-day the continuity has been blurred or broken between them and the greatest intellectual traditions of England's past. Just as it is often said that a Stuttgart audience, or an audience of Steppe peasants, understands a performance of Shakespeare better than any modern English audience could; so I think that a Frenchman, on the whole, is nearer to the greatest traditions of England, to-day, than Englishmen, on the whole, are.

In the second place, surely we must admit that craftsmanship in France is second nature: is not a thing that people make a fuss about, as they do here if such an anomaly is noticed, but a thing that every French painter, of whatever order, possesses as a certain inheritance.

Let us add to this the undeniable fact that conditions for "independent" painting in Paris are far better than here—that they are in fact better almost everywhere in Europe.

When an Englishman to-day says "English" to describe some virtue of the intellect or sensibility, he invariably means Victorian English, which should be regarded by the Briton with his national interests at heart with as much horror as Yellow English. The English virtues, of the intellect or sensibility, developed by Rowlandson, Hogarth and their contemporaries, and earlier at their flood-tide in the reign of Elizabeth, are those with which Englishmen could naturally link up, if they wished to; but they have to fight their way through the Victorian crusts first of all. All that sensiblerie, pathos of Dickens, personality-mania, and so forth has alienated us from that time, as it has also, intellectually, from Europe, which has been more conservative and guarded its past better.

All this set forth, I can express my conviction that the best chance for English art is not to stand on its dignity, be stupidly competitive and land-conscious, but to regard itself as thoroughly involved, for better or for worse, with the main intellectual life of Europe; and join its effort, simply and without humbug, to that of France, Germany, or Italy, but especially France and Paris. Is it afraid of losing its "English" identity? If such identity could be lost in that way, it is not worth keeping.

Now, one of the difficulties of the situation in England for an experimental painter is the unfortunate wars that divide the small "extreme" section of the painting community. Since probably all "moderns" or extremists appear very similar to one another, just as the member of an animal species appears without identity to an untrained human eye; so they cannot understand how discrimination, extreme difference of opinion, can divide, jeopardizing their interests, what has the appearance of being a small and homogeneous crowd.

In reality, this minority is a small world by itself (although it is a puzzle to me, frequently, to see why some people in it ever came there). And, at least as artists, everyone outside this world is genuinely regarded as not existing. An exhibitor at the Royal Academy, an artist who produces magazine covers or the usual poster, is literally, for me, not an artist in any sense at all. The tradition in which he works, the taste and understanding of the large democratic public for which he provides, is so beneath contempt, if you compare it with the milieu experienced by the painter living in sung China, ancient Egypt, or what not, that he has not begun to be, or ever dreamed of being, an artist. This is so exact, as I see it, that if an artist to-day should produce a painting that were a more or less successful attempt to recapture

So we, then, are the creatures of a new state of human life, as different from Nineteenth Century England, say, as the Renaissance was from the Middle Ages. We are, however, weak in numbers as yet, and to some extent, uncertain and untried. What steps are being taken for our welfare, how are we provided for? Are the next few generations going to produce a rickety crop of Newcomers, or is the new epoch to have a robust and hygienic start-off?

A phenomenon we meet, and are bound to meet for some time, is the existence of a sort of No Man's Land atmosphere. The dead never rise up, and men will not return to the Past, whatever else they may do. But as yet there is Nothing, or rather the corpse of the past age, and the sprinkling of children of the new. There is no mature authority, outside of creative and active individual men, to support the new and delicate forces bursting forth everywhere to-day.

So we have sometimes to entrench ourselves; but we do it with rage: and it is our desire to press constantly on to realization of what is, after all, our destined life.

the spirit of the great Chinese, Egyptian, Rajput painters, applying their great method, however, to the subject-matter of our day, he would be, or frequently is, regarded as a vulgar, harsh, revolutionary.

This being more or less the attitude of a genuine experimental painter to-day, it will be clear how it is that he comes to neglect the popular, modern industrialized world, and exist only as a unit in that world of effort directed, in Science and Art, to the development of a new consciousness (which is largely synonymous with rescuing the old) with all the experiments and readjustments that that involves. And that world has its wars. I, of that world, am a pronounced pacifist, a sort of Quaker. But I find that it is very difficult, sometimes, to keep the peace. Many of my neighbours are not so pacific as I am.

One of the anomalies in the more experimental section of English painting, is that a small group of people which is of almost purely eminent Victorian origin, saturated with William Morris's prettiness and fervour, "Art for Art's sake," late Victorianism, the direct descendants of Victorian England—I refer to the Bloomsbury painters—are those who are apt to act most as mediators between people working here and the Continent, especially Paris. And Paris gets most of its notions on the subject of English painting through this medium.

Mr. Roger Fry, the publicist and painter, is their honoured leader; Mr. Duncan Grant their darling star-performer. Mr. Clive Bell, second in command, grows almost *too* articulate with emotion whenever he refers to either of these figures.

I propose, in the next issue of this paper, to consider more fully the inconvenience of possessing an eminently Victorian group of advocates and go-betweens in our relations with Paris.

There are also a few personal objections to Mr. Fry. He is, I think, a true artist, and much the most important of his Bloomsbury painting colleagues. I am sure that he has the devoutest regard for painting. But he has the distaste for reality of the scholar, and some of the spoilt-child qualities of the Rich Man. He feels, and naturally enough, that, in such a small world as he has chosen, he should have very much his own way. He loves too well to unearth some tiny personality and call him "genius" for a while: some personality that is quiet and obedient, and that does not interfere with his dream. He has lived so much, again, with pictures whose authors are dead, that he does not really like the idea of such people living at all. All good artists should be dead, we imagine him feeling, or at least, if that cannot be, they must be French, Russian or Dutch. Pictures are so beautiful! Should he meet Giotto in the flesh!—but that is too sinister an event to contemplate. Then again (and I don't like saying it, because it is after all an artist, a sensitive and real being, that I am talking about) his paintings fall so short of his knowledge and intention. And as, like some others, he has his human vanities and caprices, he also *must*, with so much knowledge and desire, resent too much the accident of Power in another artist, which frequently means so little.

Some complex of all these things—his too protracted scholarly habits, his slight overbearingness, the unreality of the Victorian milieu and traditions that are his—account for a great deal that has been unsatisfactory, biassed and capricious in the use he has made of his European reputation, his position of worldly advantage and opportunities for furthering the modern European movement here that he so fervently advocated.

The Romantic Englishman, the Comic Spirit, and the Function of Criticism.

Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, Sir Giles Overreach, Squire Western, and Sir Sampson Legend, who was lately so competently revived by Mr. Byford at the Phoenix, are different contributions by distinguished mythmakers to the chief myth which the Englishman has built about himself. The myth that a man makes has transformations according as he sees himself as hero or villain, as young or old, but it is essentially the same myth; Tom Jones is not the same person, but he is the same myth, as Squire Western; Midshipman Easy is part of the same myth; Falstaff is elevated above the myth to dwell on Olympus, more than a national character. Tennyson's broad-shouldered genial Englishman is a cousin of Tunbelly Clumsy; and Mr. Chesterton, when he drinks a glass of beer (if he does drink beer), and Mr. Squire, when he plays a game of cricket (if he does play cricket), contribute their little bit. This myth has seldom been opposed or emulated; Byron, a great mythmaker did, it is true, set up the Giaour, a myth for the whole of Europe. But in our time, barren of myths—when in France there is no successor to the *honnête homme qui ne se pique de rien*, and René, and the dandy, but only a deliberate school of mythopoeic nihilism—in our time the English myth is pitifully diminished. There is that degenerate descendent, the modern John Bull, the John Bull who usually alternates with Britannia in the cartoons of *Punch*, a John Bull composed of Podsnap and Bottomley. And John Bull becomes less and less a force, even in a purely political role.

The theatre, naturally the best platform for the myth, affords in our time singularly little relief. What a poor showing, the military and nautical V.C.'s, the Spy, the Girl who sank the Submarine! The Englishman with a craving for the ideal (there are, we believe, a good many) famishes in the stalls of the modern theatre. The exotic spectacle, the sunshine of "Chu Chin Chow," is an opiate rather than a food. Man desires to see himself on the stage, more admirable, more forceful, more villainous, more comical, more despicable—and more much else—than he actually is. He has only the opportunity of seeing himself, sometimes, a little better dressed. The romantic Englishman is in a bad way.

It is only perhaps in the music hall, and sometimes in the cinema, that we have an opportunity for partial realization. Charlie Chaplin is not English, or American, but a universal figure, feeding the idealism of hungry millions in Czecho-Slovakia and Peru. But the English comedian supplies in part, and unconsciously, the defect: Little Tich, Robey, Nellie Wallace, Marie Lloyd, Mozart, Lupino Lane, George Graves, Robert Hale, and others, provide fragments of a possible English myth. They effect the

Comic Purgation. The romantic Englishman, feeling in himself the possibility of being as funny as these people, is purged of unsatisfied desire, transcends himself, and unconsciously lives the myth, seeing life in the light of imagination. What is sometimes called "vulgarity" is therefore one thing that has not been vulgarised.

Only unconsciously, however, is the Englishman willing to accept his own ideal. If he were aware that the fun of the comedian was more than fun he would be unable to accept it; just as, in all probability, if the comedian were aware that his fun was more than fun he might be unable to perform it. The audience do not realize that the performance of Little Tich is a compliment, and a criticism, of themselves. Neither could they appreciate the compliment, or swallow the criticism, implied by the unpleasant persons whom Jonson put upon the stage. The character of the serious stage, when he is not simply a dull ordinary person, is confected of abstract qualities, as loyalty, greed, and so on, to which we are supposed to respond with the proper abstract emotions. But the myth is not composed of abstract qualities; it is a point of view, transmuted to importance; it is made by the transformation of the actual by imaginative genius.

The modern dramatist, and probably the modern audience, is terrified of the myth. The myth is imagination and it is also criticism, and the two are one. The Seventeenth Century had its own machinery of virtues and vices, as we have, but its drama is a criticism of humanity far more serious than its conscious moral judgments. "Volpone" does not merely show that wickedness is punished; it criticises humanity by intensifying wickedness. How we are reassured about ourselves when we make the acquaintance of such a person on the stage! I do not for a moment suggest that anyone is affected by "Volpone" or any of the colossal Seventeenth Century figures as the newspapers say little boys are by cinema desperados. The myth is degraded by the child who points a loaded revolver at another, or ties his sister to a post, or rifles a sweet-shop; the Seventeenth Century populace was not appreciably modified by its theatre; and a great theatre in our own time would not transform the retired colonel from Maida Vale into a Miles Gloriosus. The myth is based upon reality, but does not alter it. The material was never very fine, or the Seventeenth Century men essentially superior to ourselves, more intelligent or more passionate. They were surrounded, indeed, by fewer prohibitions, freer than the millhand, or the petrified product which the public school pours into our illimitable suburbs.

T. S. ELIOT.

The Lesson of Baudelaire.

With regard to certain intellectual activities across the Channel, which at the moment appear to take the place of poetry in the life of Paris, some effort ought to be made to arrive at an intelligent point of view on this side. It is probable that this French performance is of value almost exclusively for the local audience; I do not here assert that it has any value at all, only that its pertinence, if it has any, is to a small public formidably well instructed in its own literary history, erudite and stuffed with tradition to the point of bursting. Undoubtedly the French man of letters is much better read in French literature than the English man of letters is in any literature; and the educated English poet of our day must be too conscious, by his singularity in that respect, of what he knows, to form a parallel to the Frenchman. If French culture is too uniform, monotonous*, English culture, when it is found, is too freakish and odd. Dadaism is a diagnosis of a disease of the French mind; whatever lesson we extract from it will not be directly applicable in London.

Whatever value there may be in Dada depends upon the extent to which it is a moral criticism of French literature and French life. All first-rate poetry is occupied with morality: this is the lesson of Baudelaire. More than any poet of his time, Baudelaire was aware of what most mattered: the problem of good and evil. What gives the French Seventeenth Century literature its solidity is the fact that it had its Morals, that it had a coherent point of view. Romanticism endeavoured to form another Morals—Rousseau, Byron, Goethe, Poe were moralists. But they have not sufficient coherence; not only was the foundation of Rousseau rotten, his structure was chaotic and inconsistent.

Baudelaire, a deformed Dante (somewhat after the intelligent Barbey d'Aurevilly's phrase), aimed, with more intellect *plus* intensity, and without much help from his predecessors, to arrive at a point of view toward good and evil.

English poetry, all the while, either evaded the responsibility, or assumed it with too little seriousness. The Englishman had too much fear, or too much respect, for morality to dream that possibly or necessarily he should be concerned with it, *vom Haus aus*, in poetry. This it is that makes some of the most distinguished English poets so trifling. Is anyone seriously interested in Milton's view of good and evil? Tennyson decorated the morality he found in vogue; Browning really approached the problem, but with too little seriousness, with too much complacency; thus the "Ring and the Book" just misses greatness—as the revised version of "Hyperion" almost, or just, touches it. As for the verse of the present time, the lack of curiosity in technical matters, of the academic poets of to-day (Georgian et cætera) is only an indication of their lack of curiosity in moral matters. On the other hand, the poets who consider themselves most opposed to Georgianism, and who know a little French, are mostly such as could imagine the Last Judgment only as a lavish display of Bengal lights, Roman candles, catherine-wheels, and inflammable fire-balloons. *Vous, hypocrite lecteur . . .*

T. S. ELIOT.

* Not without qualification. M. Valéry is a mathematician; M. Benda is a mathematician and a musician. These, however, are men of exceptional intelligence.



THE BROMBROOSH.

Will Eccles.

(A Serial Story).

Do not burst, or let us burst, into Will Eccles' room ! (I will tell you why afterwards.)

Having flashed our eyes round the passages with which this sanctuary of young life is surrounded, lurched about in our clumsy endeavours, as unskilled ghosts, not to get into the one door that interests us, we do at last blunder in (or are we blown in ; or are we perhaps sucked within ?), and there we stand at Will Eccles' bedside.

You are surprised at last at the purity of this young painter's head, lying on the pillow, its mouth unfixed in a prudish smile, the puckered lids giving the sockets of the eyes a look of dutiful mirth.

However, his lips twitch, his eyelids strain like feeble butterflies stuck together in some flowery contretemps, then deftly part. The play begins.

Will's dream burst, and out popped Will ; a bright enough little churlish flower to win a new encomium every morning from his Great Creator ! But the truth is that he had been a slight disappointment to his Creator, on account of his love for Art, and general Will-fulness. Therefore this great Gardener frowned always as he passed the bed where Will modestly blew. Will had to depend on stray sensitive young ladies. But they were usually not very moved by him. The fact is that he did not smell very nice. Quite satisfactory as regards shape, indeed a roguish little bobbing bud of a boy, his smell was not that of a thing of beauty, which substantially might become a joy for ever, but was more appropriate to a vegetable ; which, it is true, might be cooked and eaten, but could not be a joy for ever. This caused a perpetual deception in the path, the thorny path, in which Will blew.

The Creator had given him this smell as a sign of his displeasure because of his fondness for Art, and his Will-fulness !

But that was a figure.

Now he rose pertly from his bed and dressed extempore. He was soon ready, the little black-curved, red-bearded bird of talent, in his neat black suit, his blue eyes drawing him constantly to the mirror, and rolling roguishly about like kittens there. O, how he wondered what to do with them ! A Blue Eye ! Why should his lucky little craftsman's eye be blue ? All his vision of things was accouched on a blue bed. The red road he knew through his blue eye ! Who had the job of pigmenting that little window ? Some grandmother, at the back of yesterday, who brought her red cavalier to bed through her azure casement. No doubt, no doubt !

But where was his waist-strap ?

"Goot heavens, Archivelt,
Vere is your knicker-belt ?"
"I haf no knicker-belt,"
The little Archie said.

These famous lines passed off the unacceptable hitch. Else he might have been cross. He was a little shrewish with his clothes, as who will not be at times ? (What, not with the flat, thick button, shying at its appointed slit ?) But, once assembled, they fitted him to perfection.

He crossed his legs and made his tie. Out to the A.B.C. for the first snack of the day. The top of the morning to the Norma Talmage of the new Buszard's counter. A few black sacks round the fire, like seamews on a Cornish sabbath, surveying their chapel of rock. Slovenly forces moved black skirts like wings. (He was not a slovenly force. He was a force, but of course—he needed his A.B.C.)

A.B.C. The Alphabet of a new day ! Ha ! ha ! for the axe-edged morning, the break of day, the cold of the night in its veins ! Was it an amateur universe every morning ? Was not this the time for rogues, and not the night at all ?

Who will bring Will his burning eggs and hot brown tea ? Who brought the leaden fruit, the boiling bullet from the inoffensive serpentine backside of the farmyard fowl ? Why Gladys, the dreary waitress, in her bored jazz.

"I—hi ! Gladys, what bonny thought for my name day ?"

"What is your name ?"

"Will, you know."

O, what a peppery proud girl she was, with her cornucopia of copper hair. He saw it as a molten shell, balanced on the top of the black trunk. He modelled her with his blue eye into a bomb-like shape, seeing as well a disk, a marble table.

"Will !" What's in a name. Little for the mechanical slattern's heart that bore the burning fruit or the fowl where it could be eaten by sweet Will.

There was something about Will that folks despised. He was a sprucer, thought May, and told Gladys so, as they sat side by side, like offended toys.

To be Continued.

Song to the Opherian.

The golden foot I may not kiss or clutch
Glowed in the shadow of the bed
Perhaps it does not come to very much
This thought this ghost this pendulum in the head
Swinging from life to death
Bleeding between two lives
Waiting that touch.

The wind sprang up and broke the bells,
Is it a dream or something else
When the surface of the blackened river
Is a face that sweats with tears ?
I saw across the alien river
The campfire shake the spears.

GUS KRUTZSCH.

White Males.

White stallions dashed by.
I could see their teeth gleaming
Through their lips as they sneered
With death-laughter upon them.
Light poured in silver
Off their arched necks.
But there was blood upon their flanks,
Scarlet trickling upon the white sinews.
The stallions were prancing to death,
Trumpeting defiance with their nostrils.

White Chillingham bulls followed them.
I saw them gore the stallions,
But a wince of pain was across their eyes too.
Sharp horse-hoofs had struck them on the heart.
They fought with missing heart-beats
To plow on, tearing the soil with polished hoofs.

If they could only reach the forest,
If only to die there !
I could not help them.

I remembered dreams I had had
In which white mastodons trampled the plains,
Seeking to reach the forest before death.
And white Irish stags, ten men high,
With antlers that were giant trees with white bark,
Had stumbled under the weight of their own bulk.
A wince was across all their eyes—
But a smile, a never-mind tenderness.
Perhaps they were sure of coming into the purity
Because of their whiteness.

I knew why they were white :
They were dreams—all frozen,
And all white with the frost upon them,
And white with the frost all through them.
They were frozen thwarted male things
Rushing somewhere—
Seeking, fighting, and killing ;
But white—say that of them.
The steam off their quivering flanks,
Sweated and weak with exhaustion, was white.
They would never find mates
Before they died.
There would be no more white males,
None so clear a white as these :
Only some tinged with gray—dusty.
But I could not watch them rush to the forest forever—
Not one did I see arrive there—
A cloud or night or blackness always intervened.
I saw them rush forward and disappear,
And then saw no more of them.

ROBERT McALMON.

Cafe Cannibale.

The impropriety of this little ginger gentleman,
Excessively diverts his dusky paramour.
Throwing back her head, displaying the round white column of
her neck,
She emits clear peals of ringing, metallic laughter—
"That was a good one ! Tell us another !"
Rapturously giving herself altogether to the peculiar thrill,
Rolling her shoulders and heaving her powerful loins,
She becomes an orgiastic figure of abandon,
A vastly magnetic, voluptuous centre in this café.
Her immense intaking affects us as a sucking sensation.
A vortex is created in this café.
The little ginger gentleman, gripped by mad, whirling forces,
Ineffectually clutching and kicking, is sucked down.
One hears his juice squelch out under those rapacious teeth.
Fiercely she mouths and growls over his mangled bones.
Licking her bloody chops, and still unsatisfied,
She gurgles—"Oh, that was a good one ! Give us another !"

JOHN ADAMS.



MR. SEGANDO : The mood of nostalgia, our fancies, Phillip, is soon frightened off by the bombastic shadow of my hair !

PHILLIP : But I wonder why it ever comes.

MR. S. : Come it must, Phillip, like other moods. Three-quarters of my moods move about me like well-trained servants, and when they have gone I find a delicate polish on what was previously dull.

PH. : I have one mood that frightens me.

MR. S. : Indeed ?

PH. : Yes. It is one that has one word, like Poe's RAVEN. It says, over and over again, CREATE ! Create ! Create ! On one of its visits it threw me into such a state that I designed a hat for Phillipine. She wears it to this day.

MR. S. : Ah, yes, a charming contrivance. I have often remarked it.

NOTE.—Mr. S. at your left hand. Phillip with pipe.

Mr. Segando in the Fifth Cataclysm.

In 1940 Segando was gathered to his fathers and canonised. In 1950 came the fifth cataclysm, in very little distinguished from the fourth save that it celebrated its inception by the foundation of a Segando research committee. Starting with such works as "When the sleeper wakes" and "A story of the future" with divagations to "The crystal egg," they laid down roughly the lines to be avoided. No centralisation, all modes of progression other than by foot (thirty categories) to be strictly penal, no artificiality of milieu but artificialities of demeanour.

Men with wide shoulders and wasp waists were encouraged. Women were preferred with large waists, larger posteriors and very small shoulders. The ideal female torso was an isosceles triangle—man's the inverted.

The strictest homologies with contemporary colloquialisms had to be observed, and the eternal triangle was, if anything, more ubiquitous than to-day, save only in practice; for by this time both men and women were rather bored with each other. Inter-course was a matter of passing the time of day; the sentimental pressure of a hand and so on.

Their research into Mr. Segando carried them still further. These cataclysms dated from the first in 1941—by some called the people's revolution—the others occurring at odd intervals. In the third, a crowd of fanatics flooded the S.R.C. and proceeded to invent Eadhamite, moving stairways, speaking cinematographs. Life was speeded up to incredible intensity and London grew so rapidly and complicatedly that thousands of people had never been outside their parish in forty years. Fortunately the fourth cataclysm, which some traced directly to irritation caused by the S.R.C. put a stop to that. They went back in a direct line to Bacon, Morris, More. They canonised Mr. Hudson, and everywhere tiny communities on the lines laid down in "The Crystal Age," grew up. Long buildings, such as were found by Russell Wallace on the Rio Negro and Orinooko, 125 feet by 25 feet, became the communal dwelling places, divided into a kind of horse box, one for each individual; while the centre was occupied by the head man. These houses were like nothing so much as a glorified Liberty's, with each cubicle the home of a craft.

To restrict the birth rate (their only really serious problem) it was decided that each child must be answered for by the death of one parent. The death of both, though not obligatory, was yet approved as a noble gesture.

Difficulties arose as may be imagined, and in the first years the number of orphans was prodigious. Certain romantic spirits produced children purely from bravado and anxiety to make a fine end. These, in course of time, were canonised. Religion was a definite Positivism, and the excessive number of saints involved the year in 1,001 days. By this time, as may be imagined, Astronomical science had reached a very high pitch.

The S.R.C. of the fourth cataclysm had a very good time. They spent a lot of money in testing appliances. They experimented on themselves in the matter of speed, of ingested vegetables, of concentrated foods, converting themselves for the purpose into the most exquisite "Des Esseintes."

At this time Mr. Porjes invented a machine having male and female elements exquisitely balanced, and *en rapport* with the mathematical equation he had evolved of Mr. Segando's remains. Mr. Segando was called back to take his place on a beloved earth. With the hideous callousness of inventors Mr. Porjes promptly died, carrying with him his secret, having previously put Mr. Segando down in the *Lympne* he loved so well. You see him rather diffident in a very simple world. Everybody was on the land, i.e. on six square feet of back garden, which, under intensive culture gave all that was wanted. There were no factories, but certain public works were compulsory. Food was generally uncooked, but latitude was allowed. Clothes were somewhat complicated variations on the equilateral inverted trunk triangle for men, and the isosceles generally for women; though indeed the equilateral was also a type. A triangle which threatened two acute angles was strangled at birth. Perhaps with too great a fervour had they flung themselves into a back to Nature stunt, for habits which interfered with the development of the individual were encouraged. Originality in small things was permitted, but only as a safety valve for a possible "village Hampden." Initiative was punished first by a fine, and then by a long period of banishment. It was found that solitude so destroyed the virus of public feeling and emulation that thereafter the outlaw became the most model and reactionary of citizens.

The type grew every day more stable, but unaccountably (generally in spring) large masses would willingly engage in the laying of roads, digging of canals, afforestation, &c.

These storm centres were found to correspond to leading articles in the *Times*, and the population was therefore gently jockeyed into useful works by a timely article or so.

Much stress was put on the value of ideals in education. Education in those days was a continual university extension lecture.

Each lecturer was bound by his seat to finish every lecture with the words, "As we hope for a better world." This phrase had become the password of the Britisher—cheerio was forgotten in the land—but heads were bowed in silent meditation when the orchestras of that time played the bars, "As we hope for a better land," to a tune not unlike "At the end of a perfect day." People lived in calm reflective amity with suitable reflections for each daily event:—

To thine own self be true.—

It's a long road that has no turning.—

A thought in time saves nine.

The cataclysms had destroyed most calculating machines. The S.R.C. thought it was absurd to use a unit which had only an arbitrary existence for the measurement of real things. They said that such a conclusion was fit only for mathematicians and scientists—for all of whom they had only the strongest contempt. Instruments, therefore, and measurements of whatever kind were now obsolete and life was so much the more exciting.

All Mr. Segando's attempts to comprehend the state of things met only with failure. He could find no particular reason for the simplicity of living, or why so many idealistic waves had swept the country. In 1925 it had become prohibitionist; in 1926, on the ground that smoking encouraged drinking and vice versa, smoking was stopped. M. Galopin's "L'Alcool, Le Tabac et la Folie" was resuscitated. The civil war ensuing was more idealistic and much more bitter than any war of liberation. From the abolition of these things it was a short step to the destruction of elaborate furniture, in *auto-da-fè's* outrivalling Savonarola's. Finally, the country settled down to one room per person. A child became a person at twelve. Before then it belonged to the State. A strong movement to abolish clothes, heat and machinery at one operation failed because of its too ambitious nature. Either would most certainly have succeeded, but so sweeping a measure only ended by terrifying even its most vehement adherents, and for a breathless moment giving the smoker and drinker a hope of better things. Lest the reader imagine however that this was due to American influences, I must point out that the whole population of that unhappy continent had at one operation emigrated to England, in despair of ever gaining culture.

By rising with the sun and sleeping at dusk much labour was saved.

Work was somewhat laborious because an eminent mathematician had calculated that through all its processes, plus the digging of coal, it took longer to create a machine than to do the work with primitive implements.

Life was a garden suburb. Each had a rose bush, a vine attached to his rather unpleasantly large cubicle (since small rooms led to precocity, and throwing the spirit back upon itself produced what was commonly known as art).

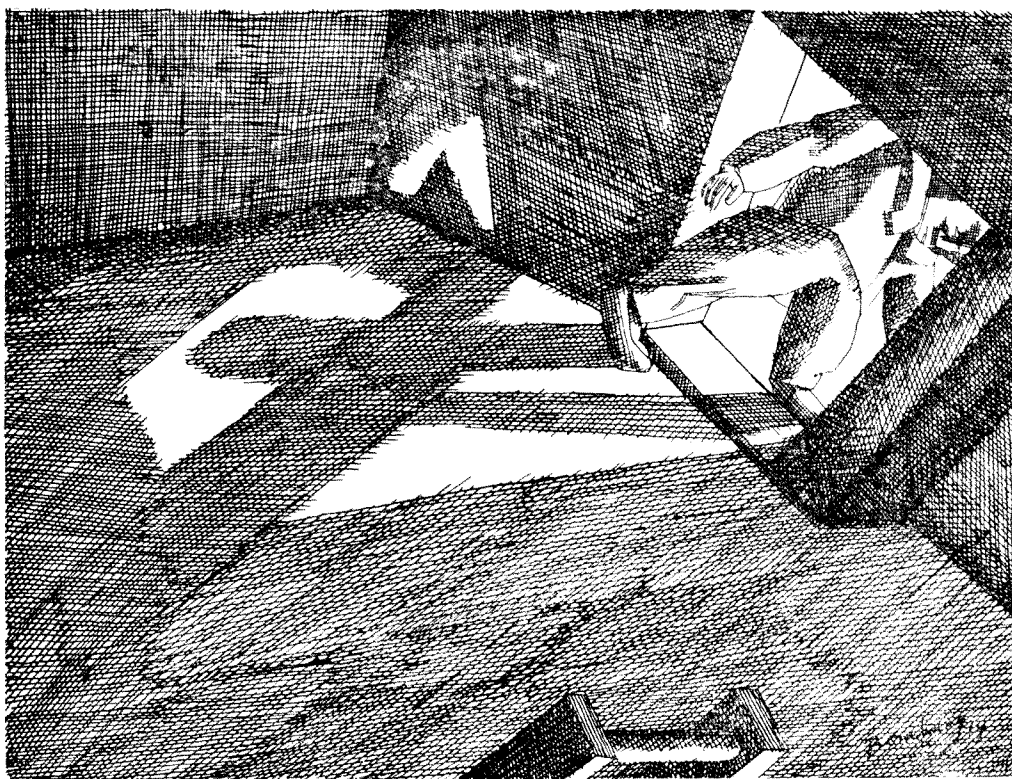
Mr. Segando seemed to himself to be drifting through a grey green world where dim boneless shadows continually hit up against him; shadows engaged in activities he could not fathom. The conventionalization of sexual relations staggered him; he would not have believed that the most fundamental of the instincts could be so set at naught until he remembered how taboos of all kinds had made this a very usual procedure with savages. Anguish of mind made him gesticulate in his stride; he became an object of curiosity and terror.

Reverence for the aged was still an important feature of this people. Their strong impulse towards punctilio made it very difficult for them to avoid reverence.

In those days people were neither happy or unhappy. They did not therefore exercise themselves over a future life, duty to one's neighbour, &c. There was very little in which a man might be indebted to you or interfere with you. He couldn't want your goods; two beds and two chairs would have made him ridiculous, they would have tried him for attempting to revive the absurd practices of cohabitation. You had no wife and there was no adultery. The whole business was so simple that even were you passionately centred in another being, when she transferred her affections it was without the engagement rings that so complicate this life of ours; the commitments in the matter of house taking and furniture buying. Out of all this fooling something was growing. Certain internal features were hardening; soon there would be a skeleton. The important thing was to find a means of utilizing the long periods of leisure. It was hardly enough to lie about all day meditating on how good the sun was.; how cleverly green had been invented to rest the eyes. You were very punctilious, and every day you thought of a new refinement of manner.

When I left they were contemplating a lamb that had strayed in from the country. They were asking each other what might be dispensed with to make themselves equally engaging. Mr. Segando had almost disappeared.

JOHN RODKER.



THE EXIT.

By DAVID BOMBERG.



DANCERS.

By WILLIAM PATRICK ROBERTS.

Emotional Aesthetics.

This is a great time for theories of æsthetic. People are enquiring afresh into the nature of æsthetic experience, and one of the most recent contributors to the subject has suggested a novel explanation to account for one of the peculiarities of modern painting. To people trained by academic standards, the work of the modern experimentalists seems often careless and lacking in finish, and on the assumption that this is a case which ought to be met, it is argued that the modern artist is the victim of necessity, that the conditions of present day existence are hostile to the enjoyment of æsthetic emotion, and that the modern artist has, therefore, been compelled to invent a rapid means of statement, a kind of shorthand, which will enable him to make what use he can of the fleeting moments of inspiration.

There is much in the life, if not in the art, of the time which seems to illuminate this theory. Periods of economic depression do not last for ever, but the artist probably suffers from them more than anyone else. Moreover, the normal conditions of modern life do cause him, unless he has private means, an excessive anxiety in making a livelihood, though it seems extremely doubtful whether at any period of European art, except possibly the Italian Renaissance, there has been an easy time for artists. The good artist, at any rate, is more out of harmony with his surroundings and the general system of life than ever before. Involuntarily he is caught up by the all-pervading complexity and confusion of external existence, and it becomes more difficult for him every day to find a tranquil lodgment for the spirit where he may yet pursue the imaginative life in comparative security. His economic position is definitely worse than it has ever been, not only on account of the complexity of the machine, but also because of the ever-increasing legions of bad artists with whom he has to compete. It is an entirely new phenomenon in civilization to find art regarded as a career as the Church was up to a decade ago; as the last resort, that is, of young men and women who have no other vocation, and whose only apparent aptitude for art is the possession of what is vaguely recognized as temperament. By sheer numerical strength the vast army of commonplace artists has imposed its imbecile discipline on the once free and uninstructed taste of the layman, and consequently the artist of real originality and feeling has to expend energies that ought to be at the service of his art in forcing his way into a clearing. No less than the cheapjack, he needs a "pitch," where those in need of him can find him. But it is the condition of art far more than the condition of life that harasses the real artist of to-day. Clearly, however, it is the business of the artist to organize his life in such a way that he will not be overwhelmed by disturbances and interests which conflict with his work. Before we can believe that the stress of modern life is too great for sustained æsthetic emotion we must consider how far emotion enters at all into the making of works of art, and whether the emotion which inspires the initial conception of an æsthetic idea is identical in nature with the emotion consumed in its execution. Work that is done in a very short space of time may be the cumulative result of the experience of years, and it would be ridiculous to maintain that the intensity of any one emotional state could be kept up at high pressure for a lifetime. There must, then, be a difference in kind between the first emotional impulse, which may flame up in an instant, and the emotion with which the artist dwells on his work during the period of execution. Every fine work of art pre-supposes a period of contemplation, an incubatory period from which the complete creation takes form like any natural organism. The slowness or rapidity with which the idea is developed to its ultimate form depends on the temperament of the particular artist.

The question, therefore, needs to be re-stated in fresh terms: is there time in modern life for contemplation, for what the romantically-minded would call reverie or rapture? What we mean by "rapture" is the victory of imagination over matter, by which the artist is carried away from the world of commonplace, of ideas at second-hand and conventional acceptance, into a world of which no one but himself has seen the like. Were it true that there is no time for contemplation, no opportunity left for escape into rapture or imaginative conviction, we might as well say good-bye to art altogether. But is it true of any great modern artist that he paints with an anxious eye on the clock? Is there anything to prove that the best art of to-day is done in a hurry? Who are these hurried artists? Derain? Picasso? Marchand? Gaudier-Brzeska? De Segonzac? Dufresne? Fauconnet? The work of all these artists seems perfectly calm and equable.

This notion can be traced to the purlieus of a general theory of æsthetic which the well-known publicist and connoisseur, Mr. Roger Fry, has strained through the closely woven meshes of his quivering sensibility. Furthermore, it appears to have its particular source, for this country, in a misunderstanding peculiar to him and to his friends of the work of Matisse. In Matisse Mr. Fry discovered a fine artist, who appeared to be neither a stylist nor a craftsman. He has always been excessively prone to deprecate these qualities in art. It is quite easy to point to a number of second-rate but efficient artists as awful examples of the sin of craftsmanship, and there is an appearance of generosity in the gesture that encourages the rest of us to throw it overboard. It is an insidious argument, but just what does he mean by craft? If he means that no amount of craftsmanship will save the second-

rate artist we should agree. But he means much more than this; that really serious artists, for instance Matisse, paint with an instinctive flourish, a vague but infallible rightness which disdains all intelligent control of the hand. If we are to believe this we can believe anything. We prefer to believe that the greatest artist is always a fine craftsman; consciously or unconsciously he develops the craft most adequate to his purpose. The craftsmanship which Mr. Fry and the rest of us can agree in condemning is the kind which is merely a meaningless imitation of a great model.

Matisse's neglect of quality and firmness of execution is not the feeble compromise of a man deliriously chasing will-o'-the-wisps of fugitive emotional ecstasy. He has, on the contrary, a perfectly secure and tranquil hold on the substance of his vision. Could anything be more absurd than this idea that the scales fall from his eyes only at blessed moments snatched from a chaotic existence, and that unless the paint-pot is at hand and the vision consummated in an instant, it will be gone for ever? Matisse is an artist of ultra-delicate perception, engrossed in a conception of colour which enjoys a tenuous existence of its own. He sees it as a vital emanation from hard substance, a lively and brilliant film which disguises form instead of revealing it.

It is amusing to think of the modern artist hurrying along with his watch in his hand like the White Rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland," muttering "I shall be late—I shall be late." The intellectual ingenuity which has invented this theory as an excuse for flaccid art has misconceived the nature of the models which it professes to admire. Nothing could be more solid or workmanlike than the abstractions of Picasso: they hold together like well-made pieces of furniture and satisfy the eye through a sense of the perfect congruence of the parts to the whole, and of the grace and balance that is needed to sustain any structure whether of brick and mortar or of the imagination.

Matisse's indifference to "finish" or "quality" is genuine: it is a serious defect in his art; but it has nothing whatever to do with the harassing conditions of modern life, with any precariousness of æsthetic experience, which, we are left to infer, is the self-inflicted punishment of contemporary folly.

The best examples of modern or post-impressionist art utterly confute this idea of the transitory nature of æsthetic emotion. It is difficult to think of anything less fortuitous in conception than, say, the painting of Picasso. The way to inspiration is by diligent seeking and self-knowledge. We no longer believe in the inspired *dilettante*. The artist who holds his hand while awaiting the divine afflatus is the one most likely to be deceived by some impudent counterfeit.

This theory of æsthetic emotion is certainly emotional, and it could scarcely have been evolved by any but the more or less conscious survivors of the nearly defunct æstheticism of the 'nineties. From the same quarter comes another discovery, no less plausible and illusory. After making everything comfortable for the mediocre artist by telling him that the best artists bungle their job because there is really no time for it, these believers in making-the-best-of-it cheerfully proceed to diminish the whole scope of creative art. What, we are asked, is the nature of æsthetic emotion? What produces it in the artist? What arouses it in the spectator? What, quite purely and simply, and without any leg-pulling, is art? Is it one thing to the artist and another thing to the spectator, or is it the same thing to both, differing only in quality and in intensity?

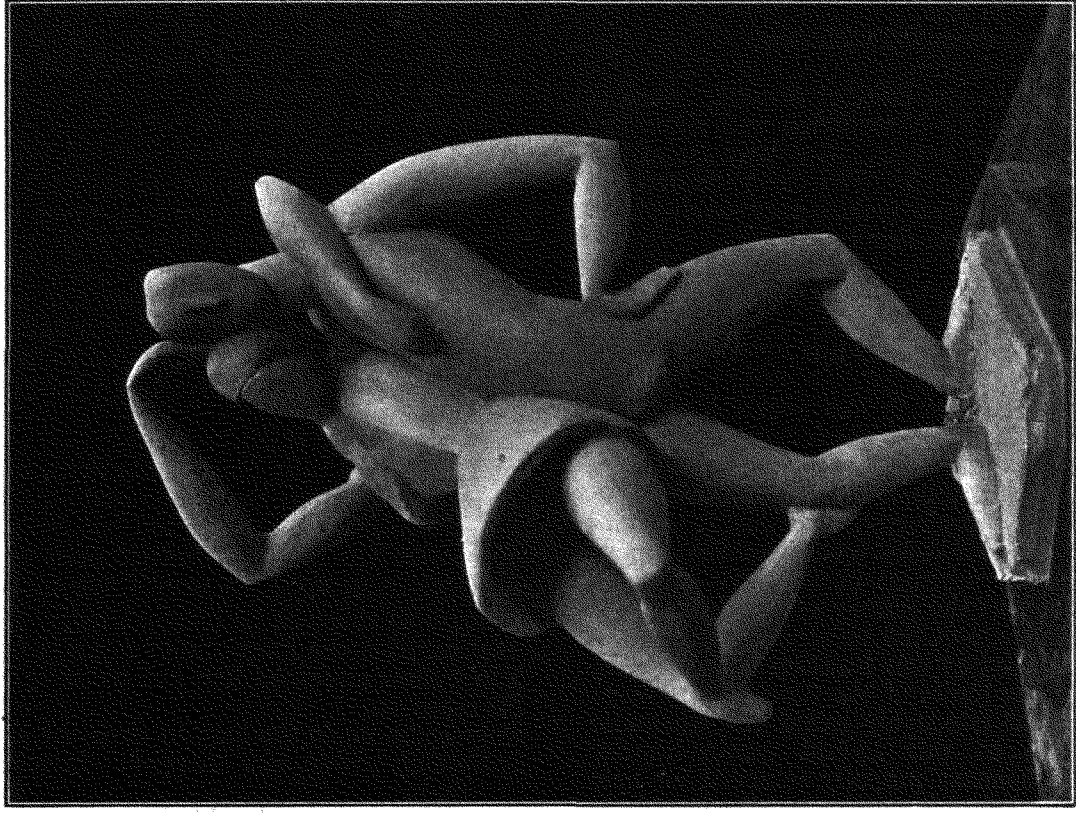
The answer seems delightfully simple. In the artist the æsthetic emotion stirs to life at the moment he perceives the possibility of combining or relating to one another in a "significant" manner the chaotic formal elements in nature. The spectator's turn comes when he discovers the significance in the artist's picture.

There is nothing so misleading as a half truth. The arrangement of the formal elements in a picture is most important. It may even be the sole motive of the picture. It must be one of the chief motives. But to say that it is the sole motive of art is surely to mistake the shadow for the substance. Sensitiveness to the relationship of form is a gift to be thankful for, whether it acts as an incentive to creation or whether it merely attunes the feeling of the observer to that of the artist. But is this the be-all and end-all of art? A sensory stimulus, a sensory reaction? A matter of taste, of refinement? A kind of massage?—

To pursue this matter further would simply mean making a catalogue of pictures by great artists of the past whose genius no one impugns. It is perfectly obvious that the acknowledged masterpieces of European art from the time of Giotto up to Cézanne were painted with motives inclusive of much else than the merely sensory. Without attaching undue importance to this pleasant little fiction about "significant form," or asking too pointedly what this particular significance may be, it is reasonable to assume in a general way that it is an affair of the senses. Balance and harmony may open the doors to imaginative perceptions of the widest kind, and all great art throws this in, as it were, gratuitously. But what of all the rest of the great artist's experience of life? Could he, would he if he could, disregard everything but the senses?

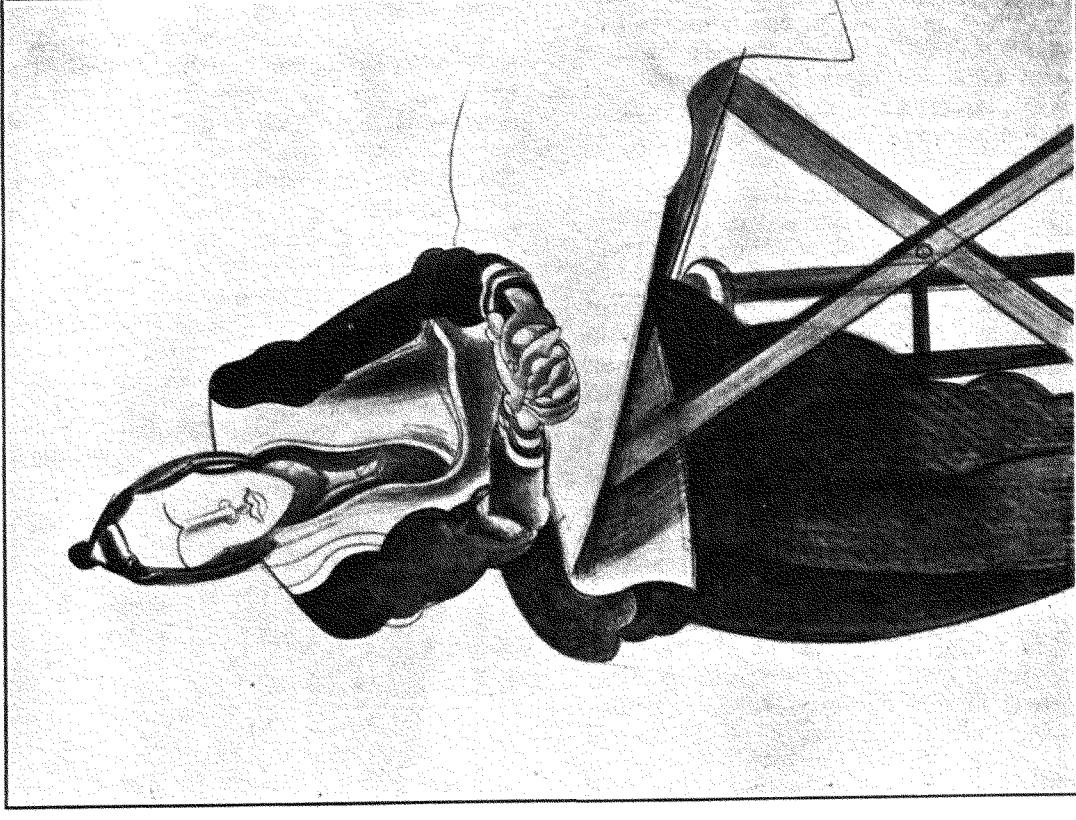
A final word of caution. There is not the slightest reason why a purely abstract composition should not be an imaginative work of immense value both to the artist and to the spectator.

O. RAYMOND DREY.



DANCING FIGURES (Clay Model).

By *FRANK DOBSON*.



LADY SEATED AT TABLE.

By *WYNDHAM LEWIS*.

Critics in Arabia.

The symptoms of the mental torpor from which we suffer to-day are so numerous that only by recording them as they appear can the intelligence comprehend them. All rational categories vanish in this state, and are replaced by emotional "blurs." The general blur of thought evident, for example, in the neo-mystical philosophies of "intuition" and is there a well demarcated symptom to which a good deal of treatment has already been accorded. But the blur extends over every action and expression of modern life, and it is no less essential to remove it from the imagery of art than from the concepts of philosophy.

In torpor the common mind, resigning all alertness and virility, enters a state of perpetual hibernation, a dreamland of the fancy, an Arabia where its longings find the "changeless vague of peace."

So long as criticism, which is the application of judgment, remains a detached activity, just so long the manifestations of torpor remain harmless. They can be given their due place in the scheme of things. In that way the Arcadias of Elizabethan England survived—overflows to the main stream of Elizabethan virility. But the present age has allowed the critical activity itself to become infected with the diffusive blur, and the right distinctions are no longer maintained. Not only are the arts confused one with another, as are the faculties in philosophy, but the critic himself is told to resign his objectivity, to identify himself with the mood of the artist, and then (though, how can he then?) judge the artist.

We may express the consequence by saying that "appreciation" has replaced judgment, and subtly has usurped its functions.

Any contemporary "review" will illustrate the matter. The particular review we select is not chosen for any peculiar demerits, but only as an extremely obvious statement of the typical confusion. The book in question—"The Collected Poems of Walter de la Mare"—has received an unusual amount of unqualified praise. Such praise would only be just if supported by the most explicit reasoning. When, as in the present case, the praise is merely emotional, it is more unkind than silent neglect.

This collection of poems, we are told, "will be ranked in the future as one of the proudest possessions of English literature." This is imperial praise indeed, but it does not satisfy our critic: "What he has already achieved is poetry, pure and unadulterated, without parallel in the English language. *Without parallel in the English language.* That means, there is not his like in the whole world, for the English language is the language of poetry."

This is dogmatic and emphatic. Such expressions have been deprecated when applied by Swinburne to Shakespeare. We look for the evidence so confidently advanced:—

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age and drenched with dew,
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

We are (it is granted a priori) in the land of dreams. Such a transference may excuse the need for observation and allow the fancy to interfere with the laws of nature. But why make the new phenomena so unreasonably violent? Why, with the evening only so far gone as still to be dim with rose, make a poor old shepherd *drenched* (i.e. soaked, wet through) with *dew*?

The poem goes on:

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

We are now far enough advanced in the poet's conception to perceive a case of the old fallacy against which Lessing reasoned so well but apparently so vainly. Mr. de la Mare is "painting a picture": we have seen the identical scene in a shop in the Strand, "executed" by an artist called Farquharson, and that is perhaps where Mr. de la Mare saw it. It would need a considerable amount of space to dispose of the fallacy inherent in this type of verse, but it may be briefly described as the fallacy of "lyricism." A lyric, in the original and right sense of the word, is a verse set to music, meant to be sung. So long as this function is recognized, and praise is confined within the limits of the function, no harm is done. But the effect of what is roughly called the Romantic Movement has been to give to this hybrid musico-literary dilettantism the epithets and honours properly reserved for epic and tragic poetry. It is a confusion of categories and the inevitable result of loose thinking. If our Arabian critic has described Mr. de la Mare as a great lyricist, and confined himself within the strict connotation of that term, his praise might possibly have seemed sincere. But all distinctions of this kind are beneath or above the range of this "intuitional" age.

The last verse of our critic's quotation reads:—

His are the quiet steps of dreamland,
The waters of no more pain,
His ram's bell rings neath an arch of stars
"Rest, rest and rest again."

We have no desire to bring up heavy guns to demolish this frail fairyland. In its place, as a sentiment for a Christmas card or a rhyme for children, it is adequate. It is "sweet" and the technique is smooth and admirable. But we live and have to live, as sane and sensible people, in a world of realities, a world whose social structure involves seemingly endless tragedy, a world decaying for the lack of sanity and intelligence. Are we then to award superlative praise to a poet whose attitude is expressed in an irrelevant dream fantasia?

But the critics are to blame (Mr. de la Mare probably disclaims their friendly enthusiasms). And it is scarcely necessary to analyse their opinions further—they are only an extension of the same emotional fog—"With a magic that has been the possession of no poet, not even Coleridge, he wraps us round until we walk the earth as the heroes of our childish dreams walked—compassed with mystery and enchantment." "Mr. de la Mare takes us to that spot ('the end of all the ages') and leaves us gazing into Space and Time . . ." "The real creative imagination of life that flowers in such genius as Mr. de la Mare's." And so on and on, with no single *reason* assigned to support this superlative praise—only quotations of the type we have reproduced. It is a mere subjective gush of emotional appreciation, devoid of the glimmering of a judgment. And that is the way of all our reviewers. But true criticism proceeds differently, in that it compares any given æsthetic expression with the realities of existence. Art is one way of representing reality, and criticism of art is nothing else but the rational assessment of this representation in accordance with some ultimate end of human action.

HERBERT READ.

The Wild Boar.

Six months' rooting and tearing in the wood brushes
Had taken all tamed spirit out of the swine.
They were fleet on their feet as young deer.
One glimpse of them, a sharp grunt, a black swirl
And we were put out to locate them again.

Balir, who had been my pet when small, was still uncaught.
We had found him, but twenty miles' pursuit did not wear him out.
From noon till moonup he evaded us and did not tire
Our horses went wearily and we were muscle worn ourselves.

When Balir was cornered in a fenced field,
Where leap and rush as he would he could not escape
He turned upon father, his lips curled back from his tusks.
Father beat and jabbed him with his pitchfork
But the boar persisted.

His eyes were globules of fire.
Foam churned on his snout like hot soapsuds steaming.

A bullet from Jed's gun struck his flank, enraging him
So that his rushes at father had driven reason back of them.
When Jed ran to divert Balir's attack to himself,
He stumbled and dropped his gun, and the boar was at him.
The impetus of his attack hurled him over Jed,
But he wheeled at once. Jed was quick too,
And on his feet at once running and dodging.
At last he reached the sledge and jumped in.

Balir came on.

When one horse shied he leaped
And ripped its belly open to the flank with his tusks.
Then he turned on the sledge and stood, looking at me.
His eyes shot into me like red hot bullets.
His tusks had pieces of horses' flesh upon them,
And the foam upon his mouth was pink.

I began to shoot as he came at me,
And emptied the magazine of my rifle into him.
The bullets streamed like hot water spurting from a nozzle.
He came on.

Only as he made the leap to clear the sledge
Something within him snapped. In mid-air he poised and fell—
limp.

His teeth were chewing his tongue.
Torn to red shreds.
He grunted and mumbled.

I watched his eyes glazing, changing from scarlet embers
To wax-covered glass—dull—

I was proud of his savagery.

He died.

He never was tamed to serve men's purposes.

ROBERT McALMON.