

their action; since the only just course would be to drive him out and see whether he shall become a man, or break). If any nation is in need of useful, conscious suffering, it is the Italian, having sought so far only to evade it by developing an art of *savoir-vivre* which does not spare us any of our evils but teaches us to patch them as best we may. But to attain to this it is indispensable, at least, to eliminate from its political life the influence of a Church which fattens on its oldest ailments.

The function of intellectuals in Italy today has vast scope. Free, nonconformist and courageous spirits (of whom, it may be admitted, there are some) who are not corroded by the neurotic ill-faith peculiar to their class, can have one function only—to inject into the people the qualities of which they stand in greatest need: sincerity and courage. It is their task, regardless of the promptings of any immediate political tactics in hand, to resume the anticlericalism bequeathed to us by the great men of the Risorgimento. Italy is in need today of a body of moralists who are prepared to make their armour of intellectual courage and clarity of vision and of word. Above all they must abandon the practice, to which they are invited from all sides, of magnifying the Italian people, or a particular section of them, making merits of their defects, praising passivity, acquiescence, egoism and a predisposition to give in for the avoidance of suffering, which have penetrated to a considerable depth even in the populace. The Italian intellectual's duty today is to be pitiless. Only by striking hard at them, who undoubtedly are a great people, can he give a genuine sign of his love for them.

[Translated by FRANCIS DUNBAR MARSHALL]

ALBERTO MORAVIA BACK TO THE SEA

THE countryside was flat with great meadows over which the daisies scattered their soft whiteness far and wide. On the horizon the pinewood closed in the meadows with a long unbroken wall of solid and motionless greenery. The car proceeded slowly, and as though unwillingly, jolting over the holes in the unpaved road. Through the glass of the windscreen Lorenzo could see the mass of the pinewood coming to meet him, as if it were moving—

melancholy, mysterious, hostile. Lorenzo had planned this outing as a way of sweetening his relationship with his wife. But now, confronted by her solid silence, timidity again overcame him. However, as they approached the pines he said: 'Here is the pinewood.'

His wife didn't answer. He lifted his hand and adjusted the mirror over the windscreen. As they were setting out he had turned it towards her and during the drive he had done nothing but observe her. She had sat firm and erect, her gloved hand on the door, her coat folded on her knees, her white linen shirt open as far as her breast. Her slender neck rose up out of the shirt like a graceful stem. On her sunburnt face and red mouth her freckles and the soft down of her lip set a veil of shadowy sensuality. But her eyes, small and black, gazed ahead obstinately, and the upward sweep of hair over her forehead gave her whole face an aggressive and hard look. She had something simian about her, Lorenzo thought; not so much in her features as in her sad, decrepit and innocent expression, like that of certain small apes. And like an ape she pretended to an attitude of offended dignity which he knew she was entirely incapable of.

The pinewood was near now and appeared less dense than from a distance, with red trunks leaning this way and that as though they were just going to fall against each other. The car left the road and went over a stretch of bare, soft ground over which the wheels bounded gently. The pinewood was deserted; here and there, in the shadow, was an uninhabited chalet, with closed shutters. Then the wood brightened, the air appeared white and trembling; the sea.

Lorenzo would have liked to announce the sea as he had announced the wood; but his wife's silence seemed even more determined, and she wouldn't be able to resist the temptation to snub him—the sight of the sea caused him such genuine delight. So he remained silent and drove over the bare soil. The car stopped and for a moment they sat motionless in the shadow of the lowered hood. They couldn't see the sea in detail yet but they could hear it, now the engine was turned off, with its varied and diffused murmur in which each wave seemed to have a different tone. 'Shall we get out?' he suggested at last.

His wife opened the door and put out her legs, hindered by the narrowness of her skirt. Lorenzo followed and closed the door.

Immediately they felt the sea wind which was strong and warm and fierce, lifting clouds of sand and dust from the rough ground.

‘Shall we go down to the sea?’

‘Yes, of course.’

They set out across the clearing. The bombardments had ruined much of the promenade; there were wide gaps here and there in the cement paving. There were still a few pillars standing; others had been thrown down and were gradually being covered with sand which the wind blew in long tongues as far as the middle of the clearing. As they set their eyes towards the beach they saw that it was criss-crossed in every direction by barbed-wire entanglements. The wind blew under the barbed wire, smoothing out the sand. Far away the thorny threads of steel stretched, wrapped in a white and furious cloud of dust.

They found a way marked out by poles which led through the barbed wire to the sea. Lorenzo let his wife go ahead and followed at some distance behind. He did this so as to look at her with leisure as he had done earlier in the mirror of the car. When he had finished his manoeuvre he reflected that perhaps the most unfortunate part of all his misfortunes was his tardy and unforeseen falling in love with his wife. He had not loved her at first, he had married her in a hurry so as to prepare himself for his political career. And now that the empty and noisy luck which had dazzled him for so many years had come to an end, he had fallen in love with her—but she had no use for his love. Or rather, a sort of pungent lust had been kindled in his blood, which was shy and gauche, like a youth’s love. As he followed her he watched her with a sad and surly desire that amazed him. She was tall, thin, elegant, boyish; and when her long strong legs, robust in relation to the thinness of her bust, moved clumsily over the uneven sand, they recalled the legs of very young horses still awkward in gait. Lorenzo looked especially at those legs on which innumerable hairs could be seen through the transparency of her stockings; hairs, black and long, which looked as though they had been stuck on to the skin and were supine and lifeless. She didn’t have them plucked as many women do. When she put up her hand to arrange her hair, disordered by the wind, he seemed to make out the blackness of her armpit through the linen shirt and he felt deeply uneasy.

They reached the sea. Offshore the wind was pushing up long

and sonorous springtime billows, rolling one upon the other; but farther out the sea was almost calm with alternating streaks of turbid green and dark violet. For a while Lorenzo stood beside his wife, looking at the waves. He picked out one as far away as his eyes could see, in fact at its birth, and then followed it as it rose, overturned on the rump of the one ahead of it, and passed on beyond it. As the wave lingered, lost its way in the ebb and died at his feet, his glance leapt back to the sea in search of another. He didn't know why, but he wanted at least one of those innumerable masses of water breaking on the shore to overcome its hindering rivals and the slowing-down impact of the backwash; to hurl itself on to the shore, pass beyond himself and his wife, mount the beach and wreath in its farthest foam the barbed-wire defences and the clearing. But it was a vain wish and suddenly he understood why he wanted it so much. As a child, on stormy days, he loved to watch the varied impetus of the waves and now and again, when he saw a bigger and stronger one spread quickly up the beach as far as the cabins, he used to think ambitiously: 'I shall be like that wave.' He shook his head vigorously to banish the recollection, and, turning to his wife, he asked her: 'Do you like it?'

'The sea?' she said indifferently. 'It's not the first time I've seen it, you know.'

Lorenzo would have liked to explain his feelings, yes, to tell her about his childish imaginings; but a sort of hopeless timidity prevented him from speaking. He felt a strong impulse to free himself from his preoccupation and at least seem carefree. He bent down and picked up a stone so as to throw it as far as he possibly could. He counted on the violence of the action to cast away his pain together with the stone. But the stone was deceptive. It was as big as his fist but light; it was pumice and porous with holes. It fell near, floated on the crest of a wave and grounded in the sand at his feet. He experienced a feeling of bitterness as though this was the silent answer given by reality to his aspirations. His suffering, too, was like that pumice-stone and he hadn't the strength to cast it far away; it would always come back with the jetsam and black debris that the rough sea vomited on to the shore.

He came closer to his wife and put his arm round her. He wanted to walk with her along the sea's edge in the health-giving wind that blew against them, in the clamorous solitude of the

waves breaking on the shore. But she pushed him away, startled and stubborn. 'What's the matter with you?'

'Don't you want us to go for a walk?'

'It's too windy.'

'I like the wind,' he said. And alone he took a few steps along the shore. He felt he was behaving desperately, outside the calculations of reason, like a madman. And this sense of madness was increased by the crashing of the waves and by the wind blowing into his hair, his eyes. 'I've completely lost my head,' he thought coolly, and he started to go towards a little heap of sand which had been formed round some abandoned and rusty object.

'What are you doing?' he heard his wife ask angrily. 'Where are you going? There are mines about.'

'What do I care about mines,' he answered with a shrug. He would have liked to add, 'or if I'm blown up,' but he was silent out of modesty. He turned to see what his wife was doing. She was still standing facing the sea, looking bored and undecided. Then she said: 'Don't play the hero; you know you want to live,' with a contempt which wounded him and seemed unfair. He turned back with a leap and took her arm. 'You must believe me when I say that now at this moment I don't care a fig about dying; in fact, I'd be glad.' He squeezed her round firm arm tightly and noticed with pain how easily the contact turned his despair into desire and made it insincere in spite of himself. She looked at him and said crossly: 'Leave me alone . . . it's your usual tale . . . and then . . .' Then, after a moment, 'Do what you want, but I won't follow you. I haven't the slightest wish to die myself.'

Lorenzo left her and went purposefully towards the little mound. His feet sank, his shoes filled with sand. The mound was no more than fifty yards away; he reached it and discovered it was an old petrol tin. The sea had corroded and rusted it and the wind had three-quarters filled it with sand. Beyond, the beach stretched on as far as the eye could see, swept by the grazing wind, traversed by fine black barbed-wire entanglements which looked like closed up scars in the soft whiteness of the sand. He stopped a moment, undecided, dazzled by the reflection of the cloudy sky, and then turned back.

His wife was no longer there. Lorenzo picked his way through a narrow passage between the barbed wire towards the clearing. His wife was standing by the car, one hand on the door, the other

on her forehead so as to set her hair. 'And now what are we going to do?' she asked.

'Shall we eat?' he replied in a cheerful voice, though really he felt hardly capable of speaking let alone being cheerful.

'Where?'

'We can go into the pinewood.' Without waiting for a reply he took the basket of provisions from the back of the car and set out in the direction of the pines. His wife followed him.

They crossed the clearing towards the remains of what had once been the local restaurant. In the white dusty light the half-buried ruins rose from the convulsed ground with upright stumps—pale outside and coloured within like decayed teeth. The cement stairway leading to the main hall in which people used to eat overlooking the sea mounted one or two steps and then suddenly stopped above a hollowed-out chaos of pieces of ceiling, twisted and rusting iron and blocks of mortar and bricks. The other rooms inside the crumbled walls were recognizable from similar ruins agglomerated in one single dusty pulp. They walked round the ruins and he said: 'You remember last time we came here?'

'No.'

'Two years ago. Things were already going badly, but I didn't want to face it. You had a wisp of something round your breast and another round your waist which passed between your legs. You were very brown; you had a little turban round your head. Now,' he went on in an unexpectedly strained voice, 'I realize you are very lovely, but then it was as if I didn't see you; I was thinking only about politics, and I let all those idiots who followed us around make love to you.'

'And then?' she said drily.

'Nothing.'

Behind the restaurant was a lawn and the rough and dirty grass was all mixed up with sand. Thick bushes and twisted trees with branches extending like arms grew on the edge of this lawn. The bombardment had thrown a piece of the café piano into the middle of the lawn: the keyboard with a few white notes and a great hunk of splintered wood was exactly like an animal's jaw-bone with a few putrefying teeth. The grass all around was scattered with felt hammers. Another part of the instrument, the frame, had been hurled into the fork of a tree. The metal strings

hung from it and curled like pendant branches of an unusual creeper.

Lorenzo searched for a withdrawn spot with blind and absorbed premeditation as though the issue was not one of love but of crime. His wife followed him some way behind with a look that seemed to him increasingly discontented and jibbing. The pine-wood was full of little grassy glades surrounded unevenly by the bushes of the undergrowth. Finally, he thought he had found what he was looking for. 'Let's sit down here,' he said, and slid to the ground.

She remained standing for a moment, looking around. Then, slowly, stiffly and contemptuously, she sank on to her thighs and sat, abruptly pulling her dress over her knees. Lorenzo pretended he wasn't looking at her and began to pull the provisions out of the basket. There were lots of packets, big and small, all wrapped up carefully in white tissue paper, the kind used in fashion shops. And there was a bottle of wine.

'Was it you who packed the basket?'

'No, I got the maid to do it.'

He spread out a napkin on the grass and carefully arranged the eggs, the meat, the cheese, the fruit. Then he uncorked the bottle and put the cork back into it.

'Would you like an egg?'

'No.'

'Meat?'

'Give me a roll with a slice of meat.'

Lorenzo took one of the rolls which had already been divided and buttered, put in two slices of meat, and handed it to her. She took it fastidiously without thanking him and ate it unwillingly. With his head still down and without a glance at her, Lorenzo took a hard-boiled egg and bit at it hungrily, then filled his mouth with buttered bread. He felt a sorry kind of hunger which seemed of the same kind as his desire for his wife. Hunger and lust grew and prospered on his despair, he thought—as though he were no more than a corpse without life and will and his wants had grown on him in the way hairs grow on the beards of the dead. He ate one egg, then another, then a third, hesitated, and then ate the fourth as well. He enjoyed biting into the elastic whites and feeling the soft yolks crumbling under his teeth. He ate with emphasis and now and then put the bottle to his mouth and took

long gulps. After the eggs he turned to the meat; there were two kinds, a roast in large red slices, and cutlets fried with breadcrumbs. He didn't look at his wife but ate, and as he ate he felt turgid vitality swelling his veins though his spirit remained sad and empty. This vitality, associated with such despair, made him desolate as though it were a useless and ironical form of wealth. At last he lifted his eyes and offered her the bottle without a word. She still had her roll—she had only eaten half. She shook her head.

'Aren't you eating?'

'I'm not hungry.'

Lorenzo finished eating, then collected the eggshells and other remains, wrapped them in a piece of paper and threw them far away. He put the half-emptied bottle back in the basket. He carried out all these actions with wilful doggedness as though it were a matter of setting his own disturbed mind in order rather than the provisions. His wife, who had now finished her roll, began touching up her face with hand-mirror and puff. 'And now,' she said, 'shall we go?'

'Where?'

'Home.'

'But it's early.'

'You've seen the sea,' she said unkindly, 'you've had lunch. You don't want to sleep here, do you?'

Lorenzo watched her, not knowing whether to be infuriated or humiliated by this obstinate enmity. Then he said in a low voice:

'Listen. I've got to talk to you.'

'Talk to me? We've already talked enough.'

He slid on to the grass with an effort and sat beside her.

'I'd like to know what your grievance is.'

'I haven't one: only I don't see why we must go on living together, that's all.'

'You no longer feel any affection for me?'

'I never felt any, and less now than ever.'

'But there was a time,' Lorenzo insisted, 'when you used to throw your arms round my neck if I gave you a present or some money. You used to hug me, kiss me, and say you loved me.'

'I liked getting presents,' she said, obviously annoyed by this reminder of her childish greed, 'but I didn't love you.'

'You pretended then.'

'No, I didn't pretend exactly.' Lorenzo understood that she

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was being sincere. In a woman of her kind gratitude for gifts closely resembled love: indeed perhaps it was the only love she was capable of.

'But I', he bowed his head, 'feel for you, since things have been going badly, for the first time in my life, you see. . . . I don't know how to say it.'

'For heaven's sake don't say it,' she exclaimed derisively.

'Well anyway, can't I know what you have against me?'

'Against you?' she replied, growing angry. 'I have the fact that I don't want to be the wife of a jail-bird.'

'I was only in prison a few days, and anyway it was for political reasons.'

'So you say. But others say there was something else, and . . . that you might be locked up again tomorrow.'

Lorenzo noticed a slight uncertainty in her tone, as if she were repeating hearsay instead of thinking things out for herself.

'You're talking about things you don't understand. I bet you haven't even known who I am nor what I've been doing in all these years that we've been together.'

'Don't be absurd,' she said contemptuously.

'Well then, tell me.'

'You were . . .' she hesitated. 'Well, you were one of those who were in control.'

'That's not enough. What was my office?'

'How do I know,' she said scornfully. 'All I know is that everyone referred to you as one of the authorities; but you were always changing, at one time you were one thing, at another time another. I had something else to think about than your jobs.'

'Yes,' said Lorenzo gently, 'you had to think of Rodolfo, Mario, Gianni.'

She pretended not to hear the names of her lovers—all of them as young and silly as herself. Lorenzo went on:

'At least you know what has happened since the time when I was an official? Do you?'

He saw her lift her shoulders impatiently. 'There you are, now you're taking me for a fool; I'm much more intelligent than you think.'

'I don't doubt it in the least, but tell me what has happened.'

'The war came: Fascism came to an end; that's what happened. Are you satisfied?'

'Fine. And why do you think I lost my career?'

'Because,' she said, unsure, 'now the government has been taken over by the enemies of Fascism.'

'And who are the enemies of Fascism?'

This time she lifted her eyes to heaven, tightened her lips, and said nothing. A kind of rage seized hold of Lorenzo. This ignorance, he thought, was far worse than any kind of facile condemnation. It made even his mistakes, not to mention his few merits, fall into a void; there remained no more trace of his life than of his footsteps, a little while ago, on the sand along the shore.

'What was Fascism?'

Again the same silence. Abruptly Lorenzo seized her by the arm and shook her. 'Answer, you beast, why don't you answer?'

'Leave me alone,' she said sullenly. 'I don't answer because I know you want to tie me up and make me change what I think. I don't want to stay with you any longer, that's all.'

Lorenzo was no longer listening. The contact of that arm had once again aroused his desire. He looked at her skirt stretching tightly over her thighs as she sat; the softness and warmth and weight of her flesh seemed to communicate themselves to the material. At the sight of this he felt his mind melting away and his breath catching. Nevertheless he said slowly:

'Don't you realize you're leaving me at the very time when another woman would remain faithful, and for motives you don't even see clearly, for some whim or piece of gossip?'

'I realize that many women in society don't invite me to their houses any more, nor greet me in the street. I've already warned mother that I want to go back to her. That's all; I don't want to stay with you any more.' She stood up.

Lorenzo looked her up and down. She stood erect and scornful, her legs in an ungainly attitude because of her skirt which was too tight and her heels which were too high. He realized that it would be easy to fling her to the ground, disarm her contempt. Those legs of hers, hampered by the tightness of her skirt, were like her character which was limited by her silliness. He felt a violent desire to upset her balance. With one thrust of his whole body he threw himself on her legs and toppled her over on to the grass. She fell headlong and, startled into fury, she said: 'Leave me alone. What's the matter with you?'

Lorenzo didn't answer but threw himself on her, crushing her under his body. He said: 'I am what I am,' holding his lips against hers as if he wanted to send every word into her mouth. 'But you're not really better than me; you're a silly, empty, corrupt girl; as long as it suited you you stayed with me. Well then, now it doesn't suit you any more you'll stay with me all the same.'

He saw her look of terror and then she said again, almost in supplication: 'Leave me alone.'

'I won't leave you,' said Lorenzo between his teeth. He knew, because he had proved it in the past, that his wife, for all her fury, would give way before his violence in the end. At a given moment she always seemed to be overtaken by a kind of languor or complicity with the force she was being subjected to, and then she yielded and became passively loving as though all the previous repulses had been no more than deliberate coquettishness. This was another characteristic of her silliness—the incapacity to carry any feeling, whether hostile or friendly, to its conclusion. And so, when they began struggling, she defending herself and he trying to overcome her defences, Lorenzo suddenly saw in her little innocent eyes the tempted, passive and languid look he knew so well. At the same time he felt her resistance weaken. Then she said in a low voice: 'Stop, I tell you; someone might see us.' And that was already an invitation to go on.

But he felt a sudden disgust at his victory. After all, nothing would be altered, even if she yielded. He would get up lovelessly from the body he had enjoyed; she, scornful and untidy, would pull down her crumpled skirt; and with the first words uttered their disagreement would begin again, but with the added disgust at the meaningless mechanical coupling. And it wasn't that that he had wanted when he brought her out for the day's trip.

With a brusque movement he left her and drew himself away on the grass. She sat up looking injured and deluded. 'Don't you know that violence gets you nowhere,' she said crossly.

Lorenzo felt like bursting out laughing and answering that on the contrary violence was perhaps the only thing that worked with her. But at the same time he couldn't help recognizing that what she said was true; for what he really needed violence didn't get anywhere.

Despite this he said cruelly: 'That doesn't alter the fact that if I'd gone on a bit longer you'd have opened your legs.'

'How vulgar you are,' she said with sincere disgust. She rose to her feet, clambered through the bushes and set out determinedly for the clearing.

Lorenzo stayed sitting on the ground with his eyes on the grass. When he thought over his wife's replies it seemed as though he too no longer knew what he had done or stood for all those years. 'She's right,' he thought, 'it was all an empty dream, a delirium, and now I've woken up.' As he looked back over those years he realized that he couldn't remember anything except his constant cordiality—cordiality to his inferiors, his superiors, his friends, his enemies, to strangers and to his wife. He reflected that in the end his cordiality must have had a bad effect, for after so much talking and smiling he now felt incapable of either; as if his tongue had dried up and the corners of his mouth become sore. In these conditions even an idiot like his wife found her game easy.

He jumped at the distant throb of a car, and paused a moment listening; then, suddenly suspicious, he leapt to his feet and began to run across the pinewood, leaping over the bushes and the uneven ground towards the clearing. When he arrived there, panting, it was only to find it empty. The air was still full of the dust raised by the car in which his wife had fled.

It seemed a worthy ending to the day and he didn't even feel annoyed. He could probably get a lift back on a military truck. At worst he would have to walk a mile or two to the main road; plenty of cars passed there and he could easily get a lift.

But as he set out along the path through the pinewood he felt the call of the sea, a longing to go back again to the everlasting motion, the everlasting clamour, before returning to the city. And then he wanted to do something he would never have dared to do in front of his wife—take off his shoes, roll up his trousers and walk along the sea's edge in the shallow water of the ebb and flow of the waves.

He was aware, too, that he wanted to walk along by the edge of the sea to prove to himself that he didn't care about his wife's flight. But he knew that that wasn't true, and when he sat in the sand to take off his shoes he noticed that his hands were trembling.

He removed his shoes and socks, folded his trousers up to below the knee, and picked his way through the barbed wire to the water's edge. He set out walking in the ebbing and flowing water, with shoes in hand, his head bowed and eyes lowered.

His attitude was that of thought but he wasn't really thinking. He liked seeing the surf pass beyond his feet, rise along his legs and form a whirl of water round his ankles, then flow back peevishly, carrying away the sand beneath his feet, tickling like something alive. He liked, too, to keep his gaze down and see only water to right and left, turbid, swirling, sprinkled with white rings of foam. The sea near the shore was full of a black sedge which each wave threw on to the sand and then carried away again in the backwash. There were minute sticks like ebony, oval and smooth scales, tiny wood splinters, myriads of little black objects that the movement of the turbid sand-laden water kept in continuous turmoil. The transparent shells of tiny dead crabs, green seaweed and yellow roots put some splash of colour into this carbonized chaff. When the surf ebbed the sedge clung gluttonously to his feet making an arabesque of black on their shining whiteness. Here and there some flotsam of larger bulk floated in between one wave and the next, in the ground-glass turmoil of the foamy water. He saw something not far away of uncertain colour and shape which made him think of an animal; but as he drew near, overcoming the water's pressure, he discovered that it was the wooden hoof of a woman's orthopaedic shoe. Little shells of pallid amethyst had spread thickly over the toe making a kind of dense tuft, while the heel was still covered with red cloth. As he was looking at the remains a high foamless billow passed by, rapidly bathing him as far as the groin. He threw the shoe away and turned nearer to the shore.

He didn't know how long he walked along the strand, his feet in the riotous water, on the soft and fleeting sand. But by dint of looking down at the waves which broke ceaselessly on his legs and passed beyond towards the unseen shore he felt a kind of dizziness. He lifted his eyes over the sea and for a moment he imagined he saw it tall and upright like a liquid wall. The sky on the horizon was no more than a streak of vapour. There some sea bird was skimming the skin of the water in distant and dangerous flight which revived the thought of the drunken violence of the wind. Dazed, he nearly fell under the weight of a heavier billow. And the clamour of the waves seemed suddenly to become shriller and fiercer as though redoubled by the hope of his collapse.

Almost fearfully he turned towards the beach, thinking to get out of the water and sit down for a moment on the dry sand. He

had walked a long way. He had left the clearing and the ruins far behind. Here the sand, mounted in dunes and defences, was criss-crossed by barbed wire and stumps which looked like people holding hands with arms outstretched so as to block the way. His attention was attracted by a thick bank of black and shining seaweed underneath which the waves had hollowed out the sand. He jumped as far as this seaweed and, touching the ground with one hand, he leapt on it.

The torrent of seaweed and sand which soared into the air with a thundering echo darkened his eyes to the sky for a moment as he fell back in the whirlpool of the explosion. He thought he was falling headlong for ever in a perpetual din of cataract. But silence and immobility followed. He lay supine in the water; the noise and movement of the sea were singularly sweet and distant under a sky again visible. The water pulled him under by the hair; head down and feet up, his body moved with the passage of a wave, and he saw a large red stain hastening towards the shore with the rings of foam and the black debris. Then another wave came and pulled him under and he closed his eyes.

[*Translated by* BERNARD WALL]

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

AUTHENTIC AND FALSE IN THE NEW 'ROMANTICISM'

THERE are some propositions, one supposes, to which the painter, even now would agree, off his guard. He would agree that the painter has two legs, is human; he would agree that being human is not simply being animal, being alive; that it involves reflection upon birth, life, death, love, hate, order and disorder, harmony and interruption, pleasure and pain, the known, and if not the unknowable, at least the unknown. He would agree that the painter differs from the musician or the writer only by painting out of, or more exactly, in his humanity, instead of composing or writing. But when told, for example, by André Gide or Coomaraswamy (as writers were told by Yeats) that, in fact, he