

it shares at least one quality with that of
 The City of Dreadful Night, as also with
 those of Butler and Hurley: videlicet, it
 is based on thorough scepticism and realism,
 yet its fundamental assumption is that the
 Universe is sublime. We see the same spirit
 in the regular realists of the Victorian
 period: Balzac makes Bette, Valérie,
 even the various Baron d'Hulot gigantic in
 their various forms of evil. Faust is more terrifying
 than King Lear, and La peau de chagrin a more
 frightful fable than Paradise Lost. ^{Emile} ~~Henri~~ Zola,
 failing to create a single human character that
 lives, yet finds sublimity in their evil.
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in the assassin of "Assommoir", in the syphilis-phorous atmosphere of Nana, or the financial play-part of La Caille. Similar^{ly} remarkable are Méty's and Ibsen: the iconoclast does not exclude ^{essential} this Sublimity of Things from his agenda.

But the present generation, ^{or degeneration} seems to have forgotten the formula of greatness; it does not believe in itself. As a lady novelist observed the other day, "the hero is not in fashion."

One may look through English literature, such as it is to-day, for a long while without finding a ^{abstract or concrete} ~~figure~~, ^{real or ideal}, that commands respect. Morefield, Edworthy, Wells, Bennett, have created nothing - and the 'monsters'

A. linen drapers from Leeds,
Doubt or dramatists, stuttering
surgeons, suburban Squires, and

*NOTE that Conrad is not English. No one any of his still compares the idealistic writers Frank
Harris, Melville, Shaw, George Moore, and the
Maudslayi

27 ^{A book p. 26} When the antique sleets whose sole claim to literary distinction is that they have borne illegitimate children to a Cockney journalist who takes himself for a scholar, make the best use of them!

reynment of women, still less. Hardy and
srealists of Reality which is sublime
Conrad are the sole ~~giant~~ ^{men of valour} on this side of the
Atlantic, the former a contemporary of Burton
and the other Victorian ~~giant~~, the latter
uncannily aloof from the modern spirit. The
realist under George the Fifth exposes the
nakedness of a set of dingy dolls. It is
easy enough to prophesy that this generation
will pass unremembered by the historians of
literature, a ~~the~~ misty night with one or
two violent stars above the murk, which
they pierce in vain, for the astronomers have
bidden their snouts in the mire. The sea
may speak with ^{the} more assurance, because
there is already a great light-bow in the

A book p. 26

When Lyde's antique sluts whose sole claim to literary distinction is that they have borne illegitimate children to a Corkney journalist who takes himself for Richelieu, make the hen-coop, — 'still less.' Family and

speaks of Reality which is sublime
~~points~~ on this side of the

a contemporary of Burton
men of

Harris,
Kimmel,
Shaw,
George,
More,
outstanding
Madden

27
What
is
going
on
here

*Note that Conrad is not English. Nor are any of his stable companions the idealistic interloper
Conrad is the sole realist
Atlantic, the former a
and the latter victim
unwillingly shot from
realist - under George the
nobility of a set of
easy energy & high energy
will pass unremarked to
like stone, a the master
two violent stars when
they breeze in vain, for
hidden their mounts in
may speak with the more
there is merely a free

*Note that Conrad is not English. We are any of his still companions the idealistic writers Frank
Harris, Melville, Shaw, Peary, Moore, and others
Maudslayi

27 ^{A book p. 26} When the antique slets whose sole claim to literary distinction is that they have borne illegitimate children to a Corleone journalist who takes himself for a scholar, make the best of it;—!

requisite of women, still less. Hardy and
Coward are the sole ~~giants~~ ^{realists of Reality which is sublime} on this side of the
Atlantic, the former a contemporary of Bunton
and the other Victorian ^{men of valour} ~~giants~~, the latter
uncannily aloof from the modern spirit. The
realist under George the Fifth exposes the
nakedness of a set of dingy dolls. It is
easy enough to prophesy that this generation
will pass unremembered by the historians of
literature, a ~~dark~~ misty night with one or
two violent stars above the muck, which
they pierce in vain, for the astronomers have
bidden their snouts in the mire. The sea
may speak with ^{the} more assurance, because
there is already a great light born in the

Theris,
Kenny,
Shaw,
George,
More,
out there
Madden

27
When you talk of 26
strongly distinctive, that where she claims to
be a kind of a trinitarian, but they have been many
times of a kind, & a Catholicism, I would not like to
know if you really believe in the same thing?
I don't know.

*Note that Conrad is not English. We are any of his stable companions the idealistic inter-truck
lived in the sole ~~point~~ ^{results of Reality which is subtle} side of the
Atlantic, to form a calm harmony of Burke
and the other Victorian ^{men of volume} ~~points~~, to take
meaningly about from the modern spirit. Re
sults - under George the Fifth shows the
nobleness of a set of things, dolls. It is
easy enough to prophesy that his scientific
will pass unexamined by the ~~scientific~~ ^{scientific}
like stone, a ~~the~~ ^{the} mighty right with one or
two violent stars above the world, which
they believe in vain, for the as tomorrow have
hidden their secrets in the mine. The sea
may speak with ^{the} more assurance, because
there is hardly a great light - from in the

West. James Branch Cabell and Alexander
 Hailey have both achieved sublimity in their
~~and~~ divers reels, and H. L. Kenner has
 devised a dreadful engine of destruction
 for those who come short of the measure
 of the Reed that has been given him wholly
 to mete the Temple of God. For the Spirit
 of the Lord may not wholly be withdrawn
 from the ark of the covenant. Giants will not
 utterly be balked; and ^{by} the achievement
 of modern America we may estimate
 the abominations into which the English
 writers have fallen through their devotion
 to the Golden Calf. Arthur Machen, we

of the very few artists in these islands who
 have not bowed the knee to Baal, and
 the only critic in our history who has ^{found} ~~traced~~
 the touchstone of ~~gold~~ for artistic gold, has
 called it "ecstasy": if the word sublimity
 seems ^{better chosen,} ~~more suitable in some respects~~ as ~~being~~ implying objectivity,
 the enamel will ~~be~~ hardly be à l'entrance.
 The change means no more than an affirmation
 that the writer is not merely hysterical in
 his enthusiasm, but, justly beholding the
 wonder and splendour of the Universe, set
 on fire thereby, so that the elements of
 consciousness, the Ego and the non-Ego,
 fitly mated together, melt and
 dissolve in the fervent heat whose

distillation and quintessence is great Art.

The tepid vapourish vapourities of most English writers of the present-day are due principally to their lack of actual manhood.

Show me
 Find the traveller, the hunter, the man whose life has been a series of dangers, whose love is wild, and I will show you the potential artist. "Mr. ^{Plushpan's} ~~Plushpan's~~ car is at the door, sir!" "Many thanks and excuses; I am engaged to ride Captain Burton's camel!"
