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André Gide and the Crisis of Modern Thought.

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A N D R É G I D E

AND

THE CRISIS OF MODERN THOUGHT

By

K l a u s M a n n

Chaque homme porte la forme entière de
l'humaine condition.

Montaigne

P R E F A C E

I do not believe in prefaces. The significance of a book should be self-evident. Introductory notes reveal, if anything, an embarrassing lack of confidence on the part of the author. By pointing out the timeliness of his work, he indicates that he distrusts his book or his reader or both. ¶ The author's voice sounds shaky and unconvincing when he apologizes for the choice of his theme or his hero. "It may seem surprising that I picked just this or that topic," he begins, pathetically. "And yet..."

It may seem surprising that I picked André Gide. Of course, he is one of the most illustrious living writers and well-known everywhere; nobody will contest his literary rank. But why devote, just now, a whole book to the work and character of a French novelist, however meritorious? Are there not more vital things to write about, at this juncture of history? Why not tackle, bravely and directly, the great, urgent issues confronting us?

But that is precisely what I try to do, by writing on André Gide. His work is a microcosm involving the complete scope of modern man's experiences and obsessions. He does not dodge the crucial conflicts of our time but integrates them with his personal drama. All human values on which our civilization is based are at stake in his inner dialogue. He echoes our uncertainties; he articulates our dilemmas. His biography mirrors, and in part anticipates, the tremendous crisis we are passing through. His vision and message will prove relevant to future intellectual developments.

One has called Gide undecided and volatile as he accepts and candidly confesses his inherent contradictions and polarities. To me, his spiritual courage and integrity are more valid and more constructive

than any orthodox program. The politicians and partisans simplify and thus distort the vast complexity of our situation. Gide is truthful and bold. His self-scrutiny delves into the innermost recesses, not only of his own soul, but also of ours.

His grace and his gravity, his conscientiousness and his pride, his subtelties, his moral fervor, and his adventurous spirit - everything he stands for is now mortally challenged. The barbarians mean to exterminate the human type represented by men like Gide. It behooves us, therefore, to reaffirm our faith in his imperiled grandeur. In doing so, we participate in the crucial struggle between the forces of darkness and the forces of light.

* * *

Chapter One:

LEGEND AND REALITY

Fame is the sum of all misconceptions
circulating about one individual.

Rainer Maria Rilke

Ne me comprenez pas si vite, je vous
en prie!

André Gide

* * * *

When the first World War was over the muddled and martyred peoples knew nothing about each other, or rather, they knew the wrong things. Only too well informed of their respective enemy's disgraceful or fatuous features, they completely ignored each other's spiritual efforts and accomplishments. International fame was reserved to generals, female spies, the inventors of new formidable weapons, and the victims of ~~these~~ ^{such} inventions - that is, to the unknown soldier.

Four years of hateful, relentless struggle had sufficed to sap, or to destroy, the concept of cosmopolitan culture.

The very nation that was most responsible for these ominous developments was also most painfully affected by them. If the average Germans groaned under the economic blockade, the German intelligentsia - not yet quite corrupted or exterminated, at the time - suffered even more cruelly from their intellectual isolation. For the Germans are less equipped than any other people for cultural self-sufficiency. The Latin races, together with the Anglosexon world, constitute a vast and independent unity, which may remain creative and intact - even when disconnected from the Germanic or Slavic spheres. Nor does Russia actually need the West: she can always withdraw to her Asiatic sources and memories. But the German genius becomes sterile or inimical, as soon as it loses touch with the currents of international life. The land of Europe's middle can be productive only when it receives and gives. Its spiritual equilibrium, indeed, its very existence as a cultural potency, depends on a world-wide system of interconnections and affinities. Control and stimulus from abroad are indispensable to that highly gifted but dangerously unbalanced people.

In 1919, a bankrupt and exhausted Germany - or at least ~~the better~~

her intellectual élite

-2-

~~most of the intellectual élite~~ - was eager to resume the international contacts disrupted by the War. The cultural vanguard of the defeated Reich wanted to know what had happened out there, in the world, while they - the nation of poets and thinkers - had had to content themselves with the dashing bon mots of their Kaiser. What was en vogue in London and New York? How had Italian music, the Russian novel developed, since 1914? What were the newest discoveries of international science? Where stood the American film? What direction prevailed in the realm of French letters?

In the beginning this thirst ^{for} knowledge was unbiased and comprehensive - not confined to any particular country or tendency. Gradually, however, the general curiosity took on more definite shapes and oriented itself according to certain ^(prejudices or) interests, ~~as traditions~~. There were young Germans who seemed exclusively concerned with the Russian experiment, while others looked ~~out~~ for inspiration ^{to} Italian Fascism, Oriental wisdom, or the business-conscious idealism of a Henry Ford. Others again looked ^{to} France.

To many of us the goings-on in Paris seemed more attractive and significant than what occurred in Moscow or in Rome. France - most bitterly loathed by German nationalists - remained, or became again, the love and hope of German liberal intellectuals. It was there, in the sphere of ~~modern~~ French civilization, that we sought the patterns and formulas to complete and counterbalance our own intense but fragmentary vision.

We, who had been children when the War began, could hardly be familiar with the amplitude of French culture. In fact, we did not even want the advice of older generations, but spurned their vapid clichés. It was our ambition to discover our own France ^(independently, just) as Nietzsche or Heinrich Heine had once discovered theirs.

For too long a time already - we thought - the concept of French culture had been ~~identified with the~~ Latin tradition, plus a touch of ^(frivolous) Gallic esprit. reduced to the classical

At once flippant and boisterous, lascivious and pedantic, the French genius was represented - in the opinion of the international cultured mob - by Voltaire's acrid wit and by the admirable legs of la Mistinguette. The pompous rhetorics of Victor Hugo are typically French - according to this cliché; so are the fierce probity of Georges Clemenceau, the rakish elegance of Maurice Chevalier, and the hackneyed grandeur of Dumas, Senior and Junior.

Anatole France was accepted as the essence and acme of the French contribution.

But in 1920 the time of ^{France} Anatole ~~was~~ was over. Not that he ceased to be a superb stylist and sagacious mind - naturally not. But his voice ~~was~~ ^{was} no longer the voice of his nation and of our ~~per~~ epoch. His sparkling wit had become somewhat stale. His prose and his ~~dis~~ ideas were too transparent and too smooth - too reasonable, bare of mystery. The great sceptic utterly ignored - at any rate, he failed to dramatize - our innermost desires and anxieties. He did not find adequate gestures and formulas to express our protests and longings.

Anatole France did not suffice, any more.

Evidently, the Paris of 1920 was not the Paris of 1890 or 1902. The Dreyfus Affair seemed immeasurably remote - a mythic event, something like the Trojan War or Sarah Bernhard's first appearance. A new time requires a new myth.

Emile Zola's myth had become dusty and cumbersome. The ponderous devices of his naturalism appeared devoid of all relevance and persuasion. The same goes for Symbolism and all esoteric subtelties of the fin de siècle. Baudelaire and Degas were gorgeous memories like the histrionic patterns of the Comédie Française or the stunning hats of the Empress Eugénie.

We sensed that new, thrilling things were in the making on the banks of the Seine River. No doubt, the French genius had undergone, or

was just passing through, one of his amazing transformations. He quivered, capered, phosphoresced - all in raptures with new insights, new uncertainties. Bewitched, rejuvenated, he revealed new, disquieting aspects - a stringent gravity and youthful impetus, both of which he seemed to have lost long ago.

We were not disappointed when we came to France, in those rousing, riotous days following World War One. We found indeed what we were looking for - new ideas, new rhythms, a new vision of life. There were new passions and problems, a new expansion of human consciousness.

There were new names, too. Or rather, most of these names were new to us, at that point, while the French vanguard was long familiar with them. But it was only now, in those post-War days, that French letters reflected - visible to us all - the influence of such pioneers as Rimbaud and Lautréamont. Bergson's philosophy challenged and refuted the evaluations of the Nineteenth Century. A new generation deserted the onerous doctrines of materialism. The new spirit played off intuition against knowledge and experience: the concept of the Creative Evolution against the idea of progress. Bergson glorified Change and Motion, not as means for any empirical purpose but as mystic principles - autonomous, irresistible.

If Rimbaud's image of the Drunken Boat transported French and European youth towards unprecedented adventures, it was Bergson's notion of the élan vital which swelled the sails of the magic vessel.

The seditious vagabond, Rimbaud, unmasked, mercilessly, the cracks and the corruptions of our way of life; his uproarious drama anticipated disasters and illuminations to come. Had the French genius ever indulged in idle subtelties or complacent optimism? If so, Rimbaud's appeal ended the epoch of elegant weariness. Tragic and hazardous, he sings anguish and inspiration - a new experience, a new violence. His approach to God, life, and art ~~excludes~~ all compromises and contrivances. ~~It is hard,~~

defies

~~brutal and ecstatic.~~

"Le combat spirituel est aussi brutale que la bataille d'hommes,"
says Rimbaud: "Dure nuit! le sang séché fume sur ma face!"

From such ~~immense~~ ^(also) auguries a new vision could spring and a new faith.
brutal and ecstatic

Charles Péguy - killed in the Battle of the Marne - was obsessed with this new faith and vision. His were the sober discipline of a Roman legionary and the compelling fervor of an authentic prophet. This militant lover of France revived the myth of Jeanne d'Arc; his passion and purity were the mirror in which French youth recognized their task and their tradition.

Charles Péguy had the passion of Integrity and Heroism.

Paul Claudel has the passion of Faith. His song is burdened with faith as trees are burdened with too heavy fruits. His powerful mind seems at once illuminated and darkened by his constant preoccupation with God, ~~and his tireless study of Thomas Aquinas and Bossuet, Pascal and Aristotle.~~ An eerie twilight prevails in the ^{dome} ~~heart~~ of his work; everything is bathed in a solemn and somber purple. The austere splendor of Gothic sculptures emanates from his invocations and tragedies. All sacerdotal zeal and stern gravity, his work offers bountiful comfort to those who believe with him, but challenges and condemns the lukewarm and faithless ones.

Paul Valéry has the passion of Purity, ~~both intellectual and formal,~~ the quasi-religious fervor of artistic, more-than-artistic conscientiousness. In the prime of his life he renounced poetry for two decades and concentrated on mathematics. When he began to ^{produce verse} ~~write~~ again, shortly after the War, his style had assumed the crystal lucidity of mathematic formulas. "The life of the gods is mathematics," says the German poet Novalis. And the French poet, Paul Valéry:

"La philosophie est une affaire des formes."

André Suarès, whose analytical prose soars ~~to~~ at times to the height of real inspiration, has the incurable obsession of a Christian who does not want to be saved, of a God-seeker who refuses to find what he is looking for.

"Vous êtes né pour la vie sainte, et moi pour la vie tragique," he concludes his imaginary dialogue with Pascal.

Romain Rolland, like Suarès, has a sense of tragedy, but combined with ~~an ardour of compassion~~ ^{an ardour of compassion} typical of great reformers and humanitarians. The monuments he erected for Beethoven, Tolstoi, Michelangelo seem designed primarily to immortalize the mortal tribulations besetting those tragic heroes. "My beloved Beethoven!" exclaims this cosmopolitan Frenchman - herald of German music and social consciousness -: "You are the greatest, most reliable friend of those who ~~must~~ struggle and suffer." That goes also for that understanding biographer of genius and helpful comrade of the underdog, Romain Rolland.

He reaffirmed and deepened the ethical awareness of the French and European spirit. But while he ~~tried to understand and mitigate the~~ was concerned with issues of such spectacular ^{magnitude} ~~quality~~ and of such revolutionary impact, another French novelist - Marcel Proust - , even more hazardous, ventured on the most devious and most delicate recesses of the ~~the~~ individual drama. An explorer - he, too - he delved into the abysmal secrets of time and memory, and, à la recherche du temps perdu, discovered new zones and potentialities of our undiscovered soul. Thanks to Proust our psychological insights were widened and clarified. It was as if he had presented us with miraculous glasses through which we could recognize ^{the most} minute details and implications of our own experience - shades and overtones we could not discern, before Proust's prodigious sensibility disclosed their meaning to us.

~~Proust has the passion of subtlety - the extraordinary precision of a machine, or of a genius.~~

(Thus the genius of France

~~has~~ uncovered ~~new~~ long-forgotten treasures or traced out new aspects of our lives - the younger generation no less ingeniously than that of Rolland and Proust.

Jules Romains attempted to integrate his own individual ~~experience~~ ^{adventure} with the collective drama of one indivisible social organism. Abandoning himself, he strove for a ~~series~~ mystic unification with the universe. "Je cesse d'exister tellement je suis tout," he asserted - while multiplying, simultaneously, his literary existence through the foundation of a poetic school called Unanism.

The Surrealists, some time later, unveiled the rampant mysteries of the unconscious, and publicized the splendor of paranoia as if it were a new tooth paste or fashionable resort.

Others established themselves as experts in international sex habits. Paul Morand, a dashing Baedeker of ^{cosmopolitan} ~~international~~ vices, compiled and analyzed the erotic particularities of all capitals from Shanghai to Stockholm. He too, for all his snobbism and triviality, contributed his bit to the intensification of the élan vital: if only by introducing prize fighters and jazz into the sphere of French letters. His streamlined exotism has at times the juicy wit of a high-class coquette and the sauciness of a successful gigolo - engaging qualities which neither Chateaubriand nor Pierre Loti commanded.

If Paul Morand has the temperament and talent of an unusually gifted pimp, Jean Giraudoux remains always the diplomat he happens to be by profession. With remarkable tact and skill he juggles ~~with~~ incoherent patterns and images - bringing about ever new and ever delightful cocktails. He has a lot of charm and fantasy but no backbone. His poetic devices and cerebral capriciousness - though infinitely more refined and more original than Morand's obvious gags - are curiously lacking in persuasion and validity. Yet his sensitive craftsmanship has added a new dimension to

INSERTION: Page 8, following the paragraph about Julien Green; after the words, "...romantic adagios", new paragraph; then:

The lascivious secrets of the boudoir assume a flavour of serene innocence in Colette's subtle idiom. An experienced and tactful guide, she takes us to quite hazardous festivities and makes us witness the most peculiar ~~and~~ divertissements. But the air in her charming tales is never fulsome and sultry. A tonic fragrance prevails - a refreshing aroma like ^{from} ~~of~~ flowers and kittens. The young people she portrays have the appetites and the attractiveness of young animals; their pranks and vagaries are as disarmingly graceful and natural as are the plays of guileless foals or fauns. Colette has added a new colour and a new aroma to the great French tradition of erotic literature. Her attitude towards life in general, and in particular towards sex, is as sovereignly elegant and ~~as sensually aesthetic~~ ^{understanding} as that of a real grande dame in the eighteenth-century may have been, and as that of a real twentieth-century woman may become, eventually.

Then to continue with, "Jean Cocteau contributes...." etc.

the traditional elegance of French prose. For the Parisian drawing rooms have an inevitable tendency to become a little provincial. Time and again, they need the tonic touch of fresh air from abroad. That is what Jean Giraudoux brought along when he returned from Bombay or Budapest. An agile messenger of the *Quai d'Orsay* and of French literature, he rushed from continent to continent - picking up whatever he could digest and fusing it with his innate heritage: the heritage of Marcel Proust and De La Rochefoucauld, Madame de Sévigné and Charles Baudelaire.

The danger of provincialism in French literature, if it ever existed, was definitely done away with, in 1920.

Henri de Montherlant - the spirited bard of bull fights and of other forms of sublime sadism - introduced a Spanish glow and rhythm into the receptive climat of the Paris Parnassus. The cocky verve of his prose reminds us of those toreros, whose ^utrulent ^{writers} grace he extols.

In the wondrous tales of the Franco-American ^wJulien Green, the stifling air of French provincial towns is imbued with the nostalgia of homelessness and ^{with the}saturnine ^{echo} of British and German masters. The bleak and idyllic setting of Madame Bovary's tragedy assumes, in ~~the~~ Julien Green's novels, the sinister grandeur of Wuthering Heights and ^{fatumbess}the ~~melancholy~~ of ~~Schumann's~~ romantic adagios.

~~Green has added a new shade of melancholy - a pure and inconsolable voice to the polyphonic chorus.~~

Insertion

Jean Cocteau contributes a new magic ritual - the staggering tours de force of an inspired ^{buffoon} ~~illusionist~~. His art seems ^{(to be derived} from bewitched zones where the realities of our life - the laws of gravity and ^{of ethics} ~~poet~~ - are not relevant, any more. A clairvoyant clown and clownish visionary, he gushes puns and prophecies - performing, indefatigably, the uncanny stunts of his repertoire.

Colourful and yet monotonous, the program of Jean Cocteau includes acrobatic acts and macabre antics, great poetry and morbid dislocations.

The august characters of antique myths and medieval legends - pacing the scene of a Parisian music hall - display the feverish agitation of Twentieth Century neurotics, while the enfants terribles of a decaying bohème stylize their games and agonies according to mythic patterns. The magician-poet - frail but dynamic like one of Picasso's ravishing arlequins - supervises the show, which is accompanied by the glorious discords of Stravinsky's music for the Russian Ballet. An opium pipe serves him as a baton to direct his opalescent parade.

What delightful spectacle! And how frightfully chimerical...

Cocteau realizes, at bottom, that his astounding performance has as little to do with human and living things as opium has with religion.

"L'opium ressemble à la religion dans la mesure où un illusionniste ressemble à Jésus:" the confession of an opium smoker.

He has long made his choice - in favour of the illusion.

Something is lacking in all these brilliant efforts - even in the work of the one genius among so many admirable talents - Marcel Proust. With the dogged diligence of a monk or an ant, he is all absorbed in his specific mania - to perceive the unperceivable; to articulate the unspeakable. The role of a moral leader has never appealed to him. How could he be interested in changing or in explaining a phenomenon as sweet and as intriguing as is life on this earth? He contents himself with registering its fluctuations and vicissitudes - anxious not to miss the tiniest detail and to integrate everything into the meticulous structure of his useless, immortal work.

Men like Péguy and Rolland, on the other hand, are completely possessed by their respective political and ethical mission. The former violates

the idea of Occidental culture by insisting on the primacy of the Latin, Caesarian tradition over all ^{its} other components. The latter deprives the idiom of Voltaire and Rabelais of its tonic aroma - denationalizing it for the sake of an anaemic ~~idealism~~ ^{idealism}, au dessus de la mêlée.

^{yl} ~~their~~ their approach is biased and one-sided, the architectonic perfection of Paul Valéry's accomplishment is hardly relevant to our troubles and tasks. It may be that his aristocratic detachment and august universalism anticipate a higher and finer state of human civilization to be attained in the future.

Messages like those of Suarès and Claudel have a more direct bearing on the problems we have ^{now} to cope with. But, again, these two disclose only some special aspects of our ^{flight} ~~complex situation~~. Besides both are slightly irritating, for all their authentic greatness: Suarès, because of his mulish persistence in asking questions which he obviously does not wish to have answered; Claudel, as he accepts an axiomatic system as a priori truth. His apodictic faith banishes uncertainty - thus negating the cardinal and innermost experience of our uncertain lives.

Where ^{is} ~~the~~ the synthesis of so many fragmentary vistas and revelations? Where could we find ~~the~~ a mind ample and open enough to ^{express} ~~address~~ all potentialities of ~~this epoch~~ this epoch? Whose intuition and intelligence ^{do live up to} ~~do live up to~~ ~~the entire scope~~ of the spiritual crisis we passed through?

We kept asking and seeking. There were plenty of prophets and pedagogues who offered us their advice - in Paris, and elsewhere too. Some of them were attractive; most of them turned out to be fakes.

One name, however, ~~was rather the legend around one name~~ ^{like a promise to us} sounded ~~negative and promising~~. It was frequently mentioned, that name, and in contradictory ways - with hatred, admiration, fear, or tenderness; but never with indifference or disdain.

What sort of a character might he be - that much-praised, much slandered man, André Gide?

When I first came to Paris, in 1924⁵, André Gide was still comparatively unknown in Germany. Only one of his works, The Return of the Prodigal Son, enjoyed a certain popularity, thanks to Rainer Maria Rilke's admirable translation. As for his other books, some of them were available in German adaptations but almost completely ignored by the public. Not even the intellectual vanguard - excepting a few experts - was aware of Gide's significance.

One of these experts, however, happened to be a great friend of mine. Ernst Robert Curtius, Professor of Romance Languages at the University of Heidelberg, was undoubtedly one of the most thorough connoisseurs of French literature outside France. His books and lectures were instrumental in revealing to German youth the treasures and surprises of contemporary French thought.

Urbane and openminded, Curtius combined the conscientiousness and profundity of a real scholar with the easy-going charm and sparkling wit in which German professors usually are lacking. He could not only lecture but could also laugh. Small wonder, then, that a lonesome and fastidious man like Gide was attracted by this mellow and engaging personality. Curtius could pride himself on André Gide's cordial friendship.

While the professor elucidated, to his students and readers, the structure and the impact of Gide's literary message, he amused me with many an inside story about Gide's private hobbies and habits. The picture of the great writer as it emerged from the ^(anecdotes) ~~pages~~ of his friend and admirer was loveable, if somewhat involved and capricious.

"One has to know him long and intimately to understand and like him," Curtius said - beaming as usual when he dwelt on his favourite subject, Gide. "And one has to be familiar with his ^{writings} ~~books and life background~~ too. Otherwise you'll see just his vagaries and the bewildering paradoxes of

which his character consists entirely - so it seems. But in reality and at bottom, there is nothing paradoxical about the man. On the contrary, he is more harmonious, in a sense, than anyone I've known. Harmonious in a complicated ~~sense~~ way, if you know what I mean. The way our grand old Goethe might have been - all self-assured and serene, ~~for~~ notwithstanding those notorious two souls dwelling together in his breast, alas. But why shouldn't a strong and intelligent fellow master half-a-dozen of souls, if need be?" he concluded, laughingly. "It's all a question of wit and equilibrium, I suppose."

When I left for Paris, Curtius gave me a letter to introduce me to André Gide. Before we separated, at the station of Heidelberg, he furnished me with a few last-minute advices.

"You'd better don't ask him questions about his literary work," Curtius admonished me. "He doesn't like to discuss why he wrote this or that, or what he is planning to write. That's one of his funny features: he loves to write about himself and to talk about other people. But it bores him to talk about himself or about what he's writing."

After a while he added: "The best thing is not to talk too much with him, anyhow. It's much more fun to do things with him - things he enjoys doing. We had a wonderful time together, he and I, when we went to an aquarium and looked at the fishes and the carnivorous plants: in fact, he got quite a kick out of ~~studying~~ ^{watching} those ravenous blooms. They look so innocent; but when it comes to catching a worm or something, they are as swift and relentless as a shark - or a man."

Ernst Robert had a good, hearty laugh, in memory of the greedy flowers and of Gide's excitement when he studied them.

Before the train left, I received this last piece of advice:

"And, above all, don't you allow any gossip-monger to fool you with dire stories about Gide's conduct and character! People talk a ~~me~~ lot of hokey, as you know. So you'd better just laugh at them when they

(try to tell)

tell you that Gide is a fiendish creature - full of vices and wiles. He is not as diabolic as all that - really not. Take it from me, he is an unusually nice old chap. And now, good luck to you! And tell him my best regards!"

During the first weeks of my stay in Paris, Gide was out of town. "Parti en voyage," was the succinct information I got when calling up his apartment. "Naturally, he would be," people told me, with an odd mixture of respect and malignancy. "That's exactly what you'll always hear when you try to reach the great man. He becomes more and more inaccessible."

It did not take me long to realize how right Ernst Robert Curtius ^{had been} when warning me against the venomous rumours circulated by Gide's enemies and fostered, unwittingly, by certain naïve admirers. At that time - in the spring of 1925 - the gossip around Gide flourished rampantly, in consequence of his recently published book, Corydon (1924.) In this series of Platonic dialogues Gide had dared to tackle an untouchable topic - namely, the phenomenon of homosexual love. The treatise is a frank and semi-scientific examination rather than an eulogy of the matter it deals with. Yet even the more liberal critics were shocked by this detached, candid study. The only response Corydon received from the press was a glacial silence or inordinate abuses.

Besides the campaign against Gide had ^{begun} ~~been launched~~ already some time before ~~the appearance of the~~ ^{hazardous publication} ~~objectionable piece of writing~~. The growth of Gide's international reputation got ~~gradually~~ on the nerves of certain chauvinistic gentlemen, ~~placed in certain editorial positions~~. Of course, the antagonism between Gide, the cosmopolitan, and the Nationalistic camp dated back to pre-War days, when the young author of L'Immoraliste and La Porte Etroite ~~used to~~ ^{had} challenge such powerful conservatives as Maurice Barrès and Charles Maurras. The old

quarrel gained new momentum, however, thanks to the rabid malice of a popular mediocrity named Henri Béraud.

In a sheet called L'Eclair this jolly citizen started ^ahis crusade against what he termed "the long faces" of certain dreary scribblers - that is, the literary circle around André Gide and the magazine Nouvelle Revue Française, of which Gide is a founder. M. Béraud disliked the whole gang ~~of them~~ - Marcel Proust, Paul Valéry, Jean Giraudoux, and the like. In Béraud's opinion, they were treacherous as well as tiresome, pretentious bores who believed neither in sound fun nor in the Holy Church or in la grande nation. Gide was the worst one of the unpleasant lot, according to L'Eclair - at once stiff-shirted and immoral, poisoned by German philosophy, utterly devoid of esprit and patriotism.

"And what was Monsieur Gide doing during the Great War?" asked Monsieur ^{Béraud.}
"Who has ever seen a patriotic statement from that uprooted internationalist?"

In reality Gide - instead of making statements - had worked, throughout the War, for a vital organization, the Franco-Belgian Center. ~~But~~ But he did not condescend to rectify Béraud's ~~glaring~~ distortions. On the contrary, the rampant invectives rather seemed to amuse him. He even considered to dedicate his new book to M. Béraud - as an expression of his gratitude for all the good laughs due to him.

But meanwhile the scandal started by L'Eclair assumed alarming proportions. The meanest, most reactionary journalists of Paris went to town about Gide's devastating influence on French literature and French youth.

The slanderers asserted by turns that Gide was powerful and wicked enough to corrupt the entire nation, and that ^{he was} ~~deplorably~~ unsuccessful and isolated, without any following - a pathetic figure, ~~rather than a~~

~~dangerous one~~ "M. Gide does not even represent a literary clique," jeered the nationalists. Revue Française: "not even the magazine for which he writes himself;" (i.e. the Nouvelle Revue Française.) After this almost sympathetic beginning the concluding statement sounds unduly excited: "His work is the most revolting moral and intellectual scandal of this century."

Don't we recognize these shrill, hysterical accents? Accusations of a ~~very~~ similar type were dented against D. H. Lawrence in England, against Frank Wedekind by the German press. Those who challenge the hypocrits and disregard their taboos, must expect to be stoned, or, even worse, to be smeared with dirt.

In some cases the denouncements became almost humorous. ~~in the~~ ~~is~~ To publish a pamphlet under the title, "Un Malfaiteur: André Gide, sounds like a practical joke. Yet the anonymous moralist who thus made an ass of ^{my} himself did not realize how very funny he was. He meant it seriously - if only in a symbolic way - when he blamed that "evil-doer," Gide, for the suicide of his - the anonymous author's - son. The imaginary young man had ostensibly taken his own life, out of sheer depression and bewilderment ~~in consequence~~, after having read one of André Gide's books, Les Nourritures Terrestres. The saddened father suggested that many a fine French youth might follow his son's baleful example, unless public opinion and the Government prevented the mal-faiteur from continuing his ~~pernicious~~ practices.

It was all very well to sneer at such a primitive slander. But the matter became much graver when men of talent and reputation joined in the infamous chorus. A shrewd Catholic philosopher like Henri Massis - the most gifted representative of the Neo-Thomist movement - was more dangerous an enemy than that insidious old busy-body of a Henri Béraud. Massis was cruel and sagacious - a real fanatic, not a garrulous fool.

With acrid wit and fierce determination he kept hurling maledictions against that paragon of vices and blasphemies, André Gide. Evidently, the sacerdotal polemicist deemed it his duty as a Christian and a patriot to exorcize the tempter and impostor like an evil ghost. Many distinguished minds of literary French Catholicism assisted Massis in his dogged, passionate efforts. It is noteworthy, however, that some of the purest and most eminent Catholic writers - men like François Mauriac or Georges Bernanos - abstained from joining the furious "anti-Gideans." The same goes, incidentally, for the ^{my} Nationalist camp. While the rank and file jingoists vied with each other in abusing Gide, some of the more enlightened patriots came out in favour of him. Léon Daudet, for one - the editor of the royalist paper, L'Action Française - disapproved expressly of the "absurd malignancy" of certain attacks directed against Gide.

Yet the insipid campaigns sufficed, not to sap Gide's intellectual influence, but to distort his legend. Thanks to Béraud, Massis, and some dozens of less prominent enemies, he attained the problematical distinction of a veritable demon. No ^(mortal being) ~~normal man~~ could combine so many ^(contradictory) ~~various~~ features in his character. The prodigious villain whom those imaginative gentlemen described appeared as ^(a desultory) ~~an intriguing~~ will-o'-the-wisp and at the same time as a pedantic bore! - half Cagliostro, half ^(school master) ~~quintessence~~ ~~destrimaine~~; at once dry and stogy. He was defamed as un-French, un-Christian, and un-European. Some of his foes thought him too irreverent; others, too eclectic. They blamed him for his mysticism and his flippancy; for his wit and for his seriousness. To them, he was both a hypocrite and a cynic. ("There is one thing worse than hypocrisy: cynicism," proclaimed Paul Claudel, referring to André Gide. ~~They called him stingy and vain, bere of gallantry and of sense of humour.~~)

His destructive teachings - they said, - undermined the ancient French ideals but offered nothing ^(can) ~~to replace them~~. Without faith and

without direction - an irresponsible adventurer - he lured youth away from the Pantheon of their race, into a maze of lies and paradoxes.

His whole life was a challenge and a mystery. ~~Saint-Saëns~~ Descended from a wealthy, bourgeois family, he did whatever he could to hold in derision the dignity of bourgeois institutions. An aristocrat by nature and upbringing, he seemed attracted by all sorts of risky eccentricities. "To live dangerously" was one of his main aspirations. So he did, by falling from one extreme into the other: one day, given to a paroxysm of religious feeling; the next, to veritable ecstasies of carnal lust. He posed as the immoralist but was constantly preoccupied with moral issues. His married life was full of happiness, according to his ~~own~~ reports; but he prided himself on his objectionable penchants for dark-skinned Arabian boys.

Even his friends and followers were puzzled by his iridescent character, which fascinated even his opponents. In fact, his adversaries seemed as much under his spell as were his admirers. Whether they called him fiendish or tiresome, they kept talking and wondering about him.

I recall the bewitched, apprehensive smile on the face of a young French writer - a recent convert and Catholic priest in the making - , with whom I looked at a portrait of André Gide. As usual, I was taken with the noble shape of this physiognomy, and expressed my delight.

"Mais oui," admitted the devout young man, "il est beau."

And he added, with a transient shudder:

"que voulez-vous? C'est la beauté du diable."

Early in the summer I had word from Gide. He was back in town - only for a short while, though, as he indicated. Yet he wanted to see me. Could I make it for luncheon, next Tuesday, about one o'clock?

I called on me at his apartment, in the rue Vaneau - a drowsy and dignified little street, "la tranquille rue Vaneau," as Gide calls it

in one of his narratives, Les Caves du Vatican.

The young man who received me introduced himself as Marc Allegret. He was svelte and swarthy - pleasant to look at, with jaunty, self-assured motions and a hard, handsome face. I found him occupied with rummaging books and papers, which were piled up on shelves, chairs, and tables - inundating even the floor.

Allegret apologized for the mess and told me that Gide and he were on the point of leaving for a long journey ~~into~~ the interior of Africa. Gide needed badly a drastic change of air - the young man explained to me - whereas he, Allegret, was looking forward to the expedition mainly as an opportunity to test and to improve his ability as a camera man.

As for the books, they were destined to be sold at auction. I opened one of them at random, and was surprised to find it adorned with a cordial dedication autographed by the author - a well-known, respected man. Wouldn't the writer in question be rather hurt - I dared ask - by such an obvious lack of esteem and courtesy? Marc's smile was wry and not without bitterness. Precisely this - he told me - was what his great friend was driving at. He meant to shock some of his dear colleagues and to teach them a lesson. For most of them had let him down, in the most dastard, obnoxious way, when it would have behoved them, as friends and as intellectuals, to ^{defend} ~~protect~~ the author of Corydon ^{against} ~~from~~ the insults of half-wits and hypocrits.

"Not that the whole hullabaloo ^{is} ~~was~~ anything to worry about!" young Allegret assured me with a defiant laughter. "Why should we get excited because of some greasy fools? It really isn't worthwhile. Ridiculous - that's what it is. I can't help giggling when I see a lot of ~~French~~ so-called French patriots rioting against the man, who has been elected, unanimously, by the Royal Academy of London to take over the membership of the late Anatole France. It's too silly for words! The nation of Voltaire and Rabelais apparently has become more prudish than even those

demure gentlemen on the other side of the Channel."

Curiously, I cannot recall the moment of Gide's entrance, nor do I recollect what he said or looked like when I was presented to him. It is as though he had insinuated into the room, noiselessly - emerging from a trap-door, as it were - and spirited me away in the pleats of his loose, weather-worn cloak. The first picture of him that looms up in my memory is that of a quaint, haggard wanderer striding by my side.

Lean and vigorous, he makes the impression of a man who is in the habit of spending a good deal of time outdoors with physical exercises. (In reality Gide is fond of extensive walks but refuses to do any sport.) His gait has a swinging, energetic quality, although he stoops a little. In his wide, discoloured pelerine and his broad slouch hat, he might be a slightly eccentric professor or a somewhat diabolic priest. His face is expressive and delicate, with a high, admirably shaped forehead, straight, narrow lips, and strangely Mongolian eyes peering from under dark, bushy eyebrows.

His whole attitude is that of a man who tries very hard to appear placid and sedate while quivering with inner nervousness. All his gestures, even his voice and the scholarly elegance of his speech, seem to vibrate with disciplined agitation. Only some minor habits - like a frequent snuffing and his constant smoking of cigarettes - betray the tension behind this conscious and consistent self-control. There can be a sudden, disconcerting twinkle in his eye - an uncanny flash like a warning sign from the volcanic depth of his being.

During this first luncheon I had with him, in a modest brasserie near the Luxembourg Gardens, it happened twice that such a flitting sparkle altered the placidness of his brow. The first little "explosion" took place when I offered him a cigarette. He had smoked incessantly before and after the luncheon. ~~It was~~ Surprisingly, he forgot to light himself another Gauloise Bleue when our meal was over. As I offered him a Lucky Strike, he shook his head and ~~with~~ his right arm, with a gesture expressing protest

raised

rather than ordinary refusal. "It's a terrible vice," he said, with an ambiguous grin - and there was the twinkle! He added, suddenly pensive and grave: "Usually I am too weak to resist. It is really disgraceful..."

Later he took up the cigarette theme once more, in a different context. We discussed a mutual friend who was addicted to morphium, and I asked Gide whether he had ever tried narcotics. He said curtly, "No," and then stared into space for ^a moment. "~~The~~ Cigarettes are ^{devilish} enough," he said, musing and absent-minded, as if talking to himself. "If I ever touched an opium pipe, morphium, or such as that, I would be certainly doomed. I don't have the fortitude to resist evil. Yes, in wanting things I am strong, and I usually get what I want. But when it comes to rejecting a temptation... alors ça, c'est une autre histoire..."

The second incident to provoke the flash in his eyes was equally harmless and undramatic. A young boy passed by and tried to sell us a bunch of roses - withered, colourless stuff. He couldn't be more than ten or eleven years old - a rickety little creature with large, shiny eyes in a sallow and clever face. Gide gave him a handful of change but did not take any flowers - a caprice which obviously perturbed and puzzled the lad.

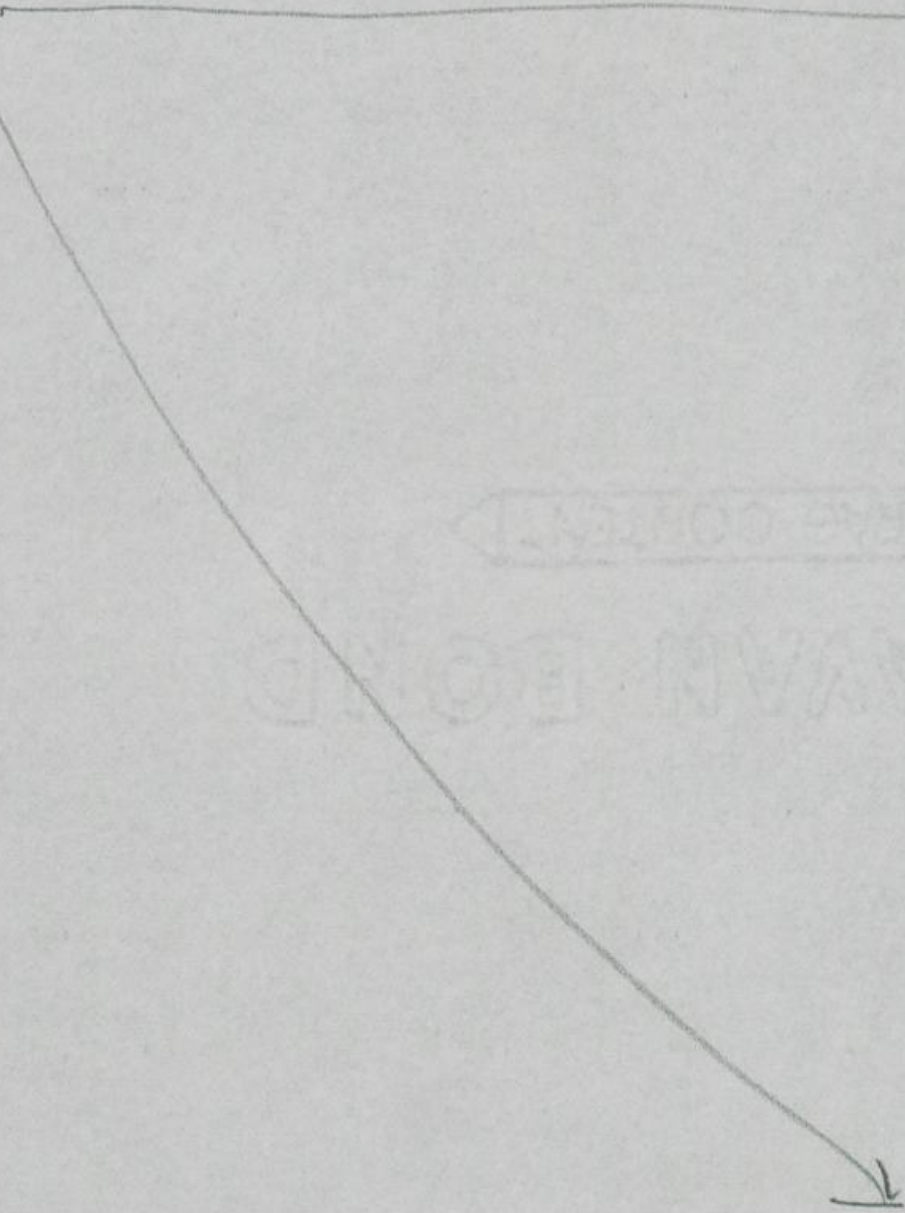
"Did you notice the wry glance he gave me?" Gide whispered, exceedingly animated, as soon as the boy had left. "He is profoundly shocked. How extraordinary! Of course, he stole the flowers, and he would steal my money if he had the opportunity. ~~A~~ But no charity! A helpful, disinterested gesture upsets his philosophy and even offends his honor. C'est bien curieux ~~ça~~! C'est tout à fait remarquable..."

We talked about other things - about Goethe or Proust or the beauties of Tunisia. After a short while, however, Gide interrupted himself with a nervous start - electrified, as it were, by something I could not see. "I have a hunch," he said - half-gravely, half-roguishly, "in fact, I am positive that the little one is still around somewhere. He makes faces behind my back. I am afraid he curses me - just now! I feel it in my

spine..."

Then he shrugged his shoulders, as if resigning himself to an unescapable danger, and resumed the literary conversation. He has an odd way of talking without opening his mouth - producing, between his teeth, sibilant sounds punctuated by brief, nervous sniffs.

There was no mention of his own work or projects, nor did I ask any questions - remembering Ernst Robert's admonition.

I am not positive as to the exact date on which this first meeting took place; 

it must have some day between the seventh and the fourteenth of June. Years afterwards I read, under the date of June 8th, 1925, this laconic entry in Gide's diary:

"Finished The Counterfeiters."

and the next note, of June 14th:

"Leaving for the Congo."

He is always on the point of leaving. It seems incompatible with his temperament to settle down, to stay anywhere. To a superficial observer, and according to the gossip legend, Gide's life is ~~usually~~ rampantly nomadic, an aimless, neurotic roving from place to place. In reality, however, his vagrant habits are not as inordinate as all that. He is a vagabond, all right; but a vagabond with a system. ~~His~~ The direction and the scope of his wanderings ^{are} ~~are~~ determined and limited by certain preferences and definite aversions. I remember how surprised, almost shocked he was when I told him about a journey to the polar zones I was planning for at the time. "To go up there, to the foggy North, for the fun of it?" he exclaimed. "What a weird thing to do!"

His own route is confined to the Mediterranean sphere and to Central Europe - Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia. Also, he went to London repeatedly, but not far as often as to Berlin or to Marseille. For half a century Northern Africa - Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria - remained for him the essence and the symbol of adventure and relaxation. He has never crossed the Atlantic, nor did he ~~even attempt~~ carry out his long-cherished ^{project} ~~journey~~ of a Far-Eastern journey. His two most extensive voyages were those to the Congo, in 1925, and to the Soviet Union, in 1936.

He kept moving, throughout the years; but it was not an erratic zizag, rather an endless revolving around certain traditional centers -

- Berlin and Biskra, Nice and Naples, Munich and Marakesh, Geneva and Genoa. And if it true that his flat in the rue Vanasse meant hardly more to him than an occasional pied à terre , it is also true that there was a place to which he could always return and feel truly at home - Cuverville, the estate in the Normandy, where his wife, almost invisible to the world, would be always waiting for him. "Ma pauvre femme..." Gide would say, with a curious expression of emb^aarrassment and infinite affection. He has never acknowledged, not even in his Journal, what all his intimates knew: that Emmanuèle and Cuver~~ee~~^aville were really indispensable to him - the heart and harbour of his restless life.

Is he^a particularly puzzling man - that evasive nomade and devoted husband, André Gide of Cuverville and the world? But, then, all men are puzzling. One has to be fond of a human being to understand his actions. One has to consider the whole complexity of an individual character before evaluating the gestures through which this character manifests itself.

In the special case of Gide it is comparatively easy to grasp the interrelations between the accessories of his life and its essence. Even his most casual, prosaic actions are somehow relevant to his general philosophy. Already my first meeting with him yielded some information as to this remarkable congruity.

The seemingly trivial action of the book-sale, for instance, assumes a new, ~~and~~ significant aspect when visualized in this context. Gide parted from his library, certainly not for the sake of a few thousand francs nor exclusively or mainly in order to annoy his colleagues. He had to do so, rather, compelled by one of his basic obsessions - namely, his aversion to, indeed, his fear of any earthly possession. Even innocuous souvenirs can become a burden: they stick to their owner as sin sticks to the sinner. Belongings are sin, perhaps? Or what else is the meaning of Christ's ominous parable about the rich man, the camel, and the eye of a needle?

It may be that Gide thought of this dreadful warning when he wrote in his journal: "There are extremely few things that really mean something to me. But I do not know how to get rid of them in a decent fashion. At times I undertake journeys - just in order to escape from my belongings."

Satan has many faces, he employs many traps and baits. Are cigarettes a contrivance of the Evil one? Gide seems to think so - at any rate, that is the impression he gave ~~me~~ when he discussed the cigarette issue with such extraordinary gravity.

I was all the more startled when I noticed, some time afterwards, that the whole tobacco incident was a sort of paradoxical self-quotation - paradoxical: for Gide amused, or tortured, himself by assuming the character, and actually using the words, of a rather unpleasant personality he had just portrayed - namely, Pastor Vedel, an unctuous hypocrite who belongs to the personnel of Les Faux-Monnayeurs. His lack of resistance towards cigarettes is one of Vedel's whimsical obsessions - an unending source of struggle and remorse.

What strange discovery! ~~What inexplicable play!~~ Why did he choose, among all disguises, all identities at his disposal, just the one that must be most hideous to him? Why did he quote, or even personate for a while, that ^{ranting} ~~demure, sedacious~~ pedagogue, when his fantasy was pregnant with so many more attractive characters? Evidently, he ridiculed and humiliated himself by repeating Vedel's petty scruples as though they were his own.

The pastor's ethical views are primitive and distorted; Gide's, complicated and truthful. Vedel adheres to clear-cut principles (which he transgresses by stealth) ~~secretly disavows~~, whereas Gide strives for a new moral code, in the complex structure of which "good" and "evil" overlap and ~~often complete~~ can hardly be separated. He realizes that it is by no means always good, and not even always Christian, to avoid risks and resist temptations. To comply with evil can be advisable, indeed, necessary, in the interest

of both God and man.

Gide - constantly preoccupied with such problems - goes as far, at times, as to feign hypocrisy and accept the role of a liar, as a sort of self-chastisement and paradoxical self-denial.

~~The poet of Les Nourritures Terrestres posing as a useful, sensitive and callous and complacent hypocrite! It is indeed impossible to imagine a more involved and more ironic moral masquerade.~~

~~He~~ He was more like himself - in fact, he was typically, strikingly "Gidean" - when he wondered about the little peddler's feelings and grimaces. As a psychologist and as an ethical thinker, Gide has always been fascinated by precisely those reactions and impulses people try to conceal. ^(From his early youth) ~~As a child already~~ he was haunted by the idea of exciting things occurring behind his back. "At times it seemed to me," he tells us in his memoirs, "that I might catch a glimpse of I-do-not-know-what, if only I turned around swiftly enough."

Moreover, he takes it for granted that others are possessed by an equal curiosity. When one of his friends - Julien Green - complained to him about the indiscretion of a chambermaid, Gide smirked mysteriously and said that he expected, in fact, rather liked his servants to be inquisitive. Time and again - Gide disclosed - he would leave some slightly objectionable letters or diary notes on his desk, unlocked and visible, with the definite purpose of inciting the curiosity of his butler or chambermaid: "Of course, I would be deeply disappointed, even a little hurt, if I had to find out that they did not care to penetrate my secrets. Such a reserve would simply prove an offensive lack of interest in my private affairs." ~~(which reminded me of this maxim of De La Rochefaucauld: "If we resist our passions, it is on account of their weakness, rather than because of our own moral strength.")~~

Are Gide's enemies right, then, when they call him "morbidly indiscreet?"

Maybe they^{are} not quite wrong; but, at any rate, they are grossly indiscreet themselves. For what they do is to exploit malignantly Gide's own voluntary confessions. Slander becomes all the more unfair and indelicate when the slanderers use material provided by their candid and generous victim.

How cheap and mean, to "discover" and denounce Gide's curiosity, since he indicated himself - not once but hundred of times - that this inquisitive impulse is one of his basic and essential features. True, this fervent thirst ^{for} knowledge - the main source of Gide's inspiration - can manifest itself as wanton intrusiveness. But this danger is balanced, in Gide's particular case, by another fundamental element inherent in his being - his inexorable, absolute sincerity.

It is bad taste to blame a man for certain qualities which he constantly exposes and analyzes himself. It strikes me as superfluous and vulgar to arraign the "vanity" of a writer who divulges in his diary that his "perpetual question" ^{and} ~~is~~ "morbid obsession" is: Am I loveable?

No doubt, Gide is coquettish; he wants to please, to seduce; in fact, he is a bit of an actor. ^{has} Whoever listens ^{ed} to him when he reads aloud out of his ~~own~~ writings, is inevitably charmed, even spellbound, by the subtle effectiveness of his histrionic ^{technique} ~~devices~~. He can be irresistibly ~~spellbinding~~ when he wants to conquer ~~the respects or the affection of~~ a person, whose affection seems worthwhile to him. But this coquetry is controlled - or ^{mostly} ~~at times~~ suppressed altogether - in virtue of his ~~lucid~~ tact ^{and} reserve, ^{and} his self-irony, ~~the sensitive noblesse of his character.~~

According to his legend Gide is arrogant. He may actually seem so when he keeps a morose, discouraging silence in ^{front} ~~the midst~~ of an elegant crowd, or ^{of} ~~when he curtly refuses to receive~~ an obtrusive journalist. There are things that get on his nerves. The society woman who succeeds, by some miracle, in getting hold of him for her literary soirée may have a

terrible time. The "lion", whom she expected to thrill her party with his risqué bon mots, is likely to hide in a corner - petrified by boredom - or to pace the room, near the door ~~out of which~~ ^{out} through which he intends to sneak ^{out} as soon as possible.

He may appear conceited when one of the ladies addresses herself to him with an idle but innocuous remark, say, about the current best-selling novel. I do not forget his disgusted grimace when I asked him whether he liked David Golder - a sensational success, at the time. "Golder?" he said. "~~David Golder?~~" - ^{as} absentminded and scornful as a Proustian snob might react when asked about a social parvenu who is not admitted to the exclusive monde: "David Golder? Je regrette. Connais pas."

I ventured to say that I have a prejudice against best-sellers myself, but that the thriller in question happens to be indeed fairly interesting: whereupon Gide shrugged his shoulders: ~~and~~

"Maybe it is. I don't care."

It was impossible to demure to this scathing verdict. Without having read the book, Gide knew what sort of stuff it was, and to what type of readers it owed its sweeping popularity. He considered the whole affair not worthy ~~his own~~ ^{his own} talking about. ~~the~~

He is aware of his rank, for all his modesty and notwithstanding his qualms concerning his own achievement. Used to compare his efforts with the sublime patterns of classic literature, he refuses to condescend to the sphere of sensational, trashy writing.

But while exclusive in the realm of letters, he is genial and responsive in all other domains of life. The same man who can be chilly, even frightening, when dealing with lion hunters or tawdry celebrities, will always be of exquisite politeness in his attitude towards those socially inferior to him. An old gardener's tale about flowers and animals, the gossip of an experienced concierge, are much more attractive to him than the eloquence of an Academician.

He enjoys the company of primitive, unspoiled people more than being with highbrows, and he seems more fascinated by children than by any grown-ups. Mindful of the Gospel, once again, he suffers little children and forbids them not to come unto him - rather, he ~~comes to them~~ goes out of his way to find them. His penchant for Arabian adolescents constitutes an integral part of his "wicked" legend. But I have seen him ravished, without any evil back thoughts, also by ordinary, white children.

When he was our guest in Munich, my youngest brother and sister were presented to him - the little girl about eleven, the boy about ten years old, at the time. Gide's face was all flushed with delight and with curiosity as he looked at them and asked ^{them} ~~some~~ various questions, in his quaintly well-turned German.

"How do you like my youngsters?" the proud mother inquired as soon as the two had withdrawn. "Michael already is quite a fellow, isn't he?"

"Mais, Madame!" Gide exclaimed - beaming with admiration: "Mais vous savez bien qu'il est superbe. Il est robuste comme tout: c'est un plaisir de le voir."

It was more than just a compliment. His Journal confirms the sincerity of his enthusiasm. We read, under the date of July 1, 1931:

"Excursion by car to the Lake of Starnberg, with Thomas Mann and his family. The two youngest children accompany us - both gloriously handsome..."

He seemed in high spirits, throughout that fine summer day. Yet in his diary he complains about a headache that harassed him, at that time. It was this disturbing migraine he held responsible for what he thought his "mauvaise grace" - his poor manners. What actually happened was a bantering argument between my mother and ^{him} ~~her~~ concerning a zoological moot question - the propagation of butterflies, to be quite precise. The ~~the~~ whole incident was as harmless and inconsequential as could be. And still Gide worried subsequently about his imaginary incivility.

His rueful report continues: "Curious, this disposition to impolite obstinacy which often results from headache. At the dinner, which succeeded Thomas Mann's lecture at the University, I was placed between Thomas Mann and Bruno Frank, whose conversation is unusually enjoyable. I maintained against both that there is, besides Goethe's Prometheus monologue, a short play in three acts of which the monologue is a part, and that this play is not the Pandora; moreover, that the Hafiz traduction by Hammer is the one Goethe studied and which stimulated him to write his Divan. To be verified. ... Was it also the migraine which induced me to leave a very inadequate tip for the waiter?"

In the published version of his Journal, Gide added a special footnote to the effect that "Bruno Frank actually mistook the Hafiz translator Hammer with another man of the same name, born considerably later, after Goethe's time."

So Gide is indeed a pedant?

His minute conscientiousness even in trifling matters is but one aspect and manifestation of his extreme intellectual probity. A misquotation is to him as shocking as may be a crime to ^{us} ~~ordinary people~~. His extraordinary memory not only protects him from making mistakes himself but also renders him particularly sensitive to the mistakes of others. I am sure that he often renounces - out of modesty and politeness - an argument in which he could easily prove his point. An incorrect citation of his own text can annoy him more than the meanest invective. His Puritan righteousness revolts ^{against} ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~face~~ of every lie. But no other deceit vexes him to the degree as does a wanton distortion of the written, verifiable word.

A second ~~Another~~ detail occurring in the Munich diary note seems to confirm another unpleasant feature of Gide's legend, ~~hatched by his enemies~~. His remark about the inadequate tip suggests a certain pettiness in financial matters. It sounds as if ~~he~~ ^{he} tried - but unsuccessfully! -

to overcome his inborn avarice.

One of the most-repeated anti-Gide anecdotes ^{is} ~~was~~ the one about the pennyless young writer whom he took ~~out~~ for luncheon ~~in~~ a fairly expensive restaurant. When the meal was over, Gide continued to chat - oblivious, as it were, of so trifling a necessity as to take care of the bill. A quarter of an hour passed - half an hour, and more. The last diners left the restaurant. The waiter, lingering near the table, repeatedly cleared his throat to remind "ces messieurs" of their duty. The broke young man became more and more fidgety. He glanced at the ~~man~~ ominous piece of paper; then at Gide, at the waiter, then at the bill again. Gide still did not move - gloating on the embarrassment of his "guest." Finally he said, with one of those notorious twinkles in his eyes:

"Que voulez-vous, mon ami? Je suis avare - c'est tout."

Most probably the story is all made up. But even presuming that Gide had actually pulled such a cruel trick on a poor little ~~colleague~~, fellow, it would by no means prove his stinginess. He might have done so out of sheer curiosity - just in order to watch the perplexed face of his victim. Or he wanted the incident to be repeated, perhaps, as an additional touch to his demoniac nimbus. A reversed impostor, ^{he} ~~he~~ attempted at times to appear more diabolic than he actually is. While others display their virtues and conceal their vices, it is the other way round with him.

In a character sketch entitled "Conversation with a German" - a queer piece, in various respects - Gide describes a rather unpleasant man, who came from Cologne to Paris ^{for} ~~with~~ the sole purpose ~~to~~ of paying a visit to him. For one reason or another, Gide expected the stranger to tap him, and prepared in advance his refusal. ~~"If I helped you, my friend, I would no longer be interested in you."~~ But the visitor spared him the speech: surprisingly, he did not ask ~~him~~ for money. Why, then, does Gide emphasize his determination to deny what ~~he~~ was not entreated of him?

work and character as a product and an expression of both his specific background and our epoch at large. It is a difficult, dangerous epoch, rich in paradoxes and polarities, which has molded the substance of André Gide and manifests itself in his writings. How, then, could we expect - how could we want his work and faith to be simple?

Chapter Two

T H E H E I R

Quite apart from the fact that I am
a décadent, I am also the contrary.
Friedrich Nietzsche

Oh! naïtre de nouveau. Oublier ce que
les autres hommes ont écrit, on peint,
ont pensé, ce que l'on a pensé soi-
même. Naître à neuf.

André Gide

André Gide was born in Paris, on November 22, 1869.

"On November 22," his diary informs us, "our planet shifts from the influence of the Scorpion to that of the Sagittarius."

And he adds - addressing himself to those who blamed him for his ~~extensible~~ "uprootedness" -: "Is it my fault that your God elected to make me come to this earth between two stars, as a product of two races, two provinces, and two confessions?"

The "two races" are the peasant stock from which he is descended on his father's side, and the well-to-do, patrician family of his mother, Madame Juliette Gide, née Rondeaux, from Rouen. His maternal clan is rooted in the fertile Normandy, whereas the Gides came from a barren mountain zone in the middle of France: these are the "two provinces" he refers to.

As for the "two confessions", Gide alludes to the Catholic-Protestant polarity which is such an integral part of his heritage. True, his childhood and youth were dominated, almost exclusively, by a Puritanism of Calvinist austerity. Yet the Catholic streak - derived from certain sectors of his mother's parentage - never ceased altogether to influence the atmosphere in his home.

As a half-grown youth, André toyed with the idea of converting to the Catholic creed. It was the time when a Protestant pastor prepared him for the solemn ritual of the First Communion. The dryness of these perfunctory lessons could not satisfy the metaphysical appetites of a passionate, striving heart. André began to wonder whether the form of religion in which he was being instructed did actually respond to ~~the~~ ^{the} innermost requirements of his soul. The more colourful apparatus of the Catholic faith intrigued and attracted him. Naïvely, he went to the Minister with his qualms and desires. This very gesture - futile, even unsuitable in itself - indicates what he was really longing for -

the purifying balm of Confession.

He had sins to confess - even when still a child.

The sketch of little André as drawn by Gide in his memoirs (Si le grain ne meurt) is indeed appalling: "At an age when you would expect every soul to be all transparency, innocence, and affection, I find in myself nothing but darkness, ugliness, and stealth."

A photograph taken at that time shows him in a ridiculous outfit - a kind of chequered crinoline - clinging to the skirts of his mother; a sickly and nasty youngster with an askance look in a sallow and twisted face.

This is indeed the problematical infant who indulged in "evil habits" when he was not ^{more} ~~older~~ than five or six years old. He was lonely and always haunted by a feeling of guilt. At times an indescribable apprehension would overwhelm him, suddenly without any visible reason. It occurred that he came home from school and burst into tears at the dinner table. His horrified mother tried to comfort him, but in vain: he would not even disclose what caused his abrupt distress. His sole explanation were these terrifying words he repeated - convulsed with sobs:

"Je ne suis pas pareil aux autres! Je ne suis pas pareil aux autres!"

"I am not like the others..." What an alarming wail to be hurled by a lad of eleven!

This incident took place about the time when André lost his father. From that point on the climate of his youth seems imbued even more intensely with that extraordinary flavour of sorrow and moral struggle.

The ~~entourage of the~~ boy's entourage consisted of three aging women - all of them dressed in black: his mourning mother, Anna Shackleton - a wretched spinster kept by charity - , and the bigoted, bourgeois

Aunt Clara. It was she, Aunt Clara - the embodiment of ~~moral excellence~~ - who watched jealously over the dignity of the house. She decided upon what was "done", and what not. Hers was the last word in all matters of virtue and etiquette.

Is it surprising, then, that a sensitive boy should have reacted against such a rigid and whimsical rule? Can we blame him for having subsequently developed a bitter resentment against the institution and authority of the Family as such?

Yet we must not forget that this very resentment, with all its stimulating implications, is one of the precious things Gide owes to his austere upbringing. His sense of independence was aroused and sharpened by the oppressive tutelage he endured. The signal perspicacity of his ethical evaluations may in parts be due to his early experience. By watching and criticizing his cranky relatives and unctuous pedagogues, he became familiar with many shades of furtive viciousness and ostentatious virtue.

But the advantages of Gide's Puritan education were not only of this indirect nature. For if it is true that they were stingy and narrow-minded - those demure females and smug gentlemen by whom young André was surrounded - , it is also true that ~~they~~ ^{indisputable} their way of life was determined by certain tenets of ~~absolute~~ validity. The moral code they adhered to - if only for conventional reasons, in order to be comme il faut - consisted by no means solely of obsolete clichés. The Huguenot gentry, to which Gide's clan belonged, considered themselves the last trustees of moral traditions glaringly disregarded by most other sectors of society. Presuming even that their ~~protestant~~ righteousness was not always genuine but primarily meant to impress or to dupe the world, the fact remains ^{Calvinist} and is significant, that those well-to-do families deemed virtue indispensable enough, ~~if not to~~ ~~okay it in reality,~~

to feign obedience to its rules at least, of not to ~~be~~ obey them in earnest. The cant of the Pharisees implies the acceptance of certain basic moral principles. De La Rochefoucauld is right when he ^{says} ~~tells us~~ that hypocrisy is the homage vice renders to morality.

Thanks to his Protestant education Gide learned ^{my} as a child to appreciate and exercise such qualities as self-control, pride, patience, and truthfulness. The moral climate in his mother's house was apt to teach him the painstaking conscientiousness typical of his style. In the peculiar milieu in which young André grew up, the rank of an individual did not depend completely on the size of his bank account, nor was money believed to be the only value worth aspiring to. Idealistic notions like honor, loyalty, and rectitude were still taken seriously - if not always followed - by the pastors and advocates of which the Gide clan consisted.

Even the concept of culture maintained a definite meaning in this orderly, bourgeois world. Not that Aunt Clara or the née Rondeaux were ~~sensitive~~ connoisseurs of art and literature - naturally not. But they considered it comme il faut to be familiar - in some degree at least - with the works of French classical writers, German composers, Dutch and Italian painters. Needless to say that anything risqué ^{or} frivolous was strictly out of the question. As long, however, as the genius respected the taboos of prudishness, his work was tolerated, even enjoyed at times, by the civilized Puritans.

Madame Gide was in the habit of taking her son to all art exhibitions recommended by the conservative sheet, Le Temps. Conscientious as she was, she would cut out, ~~of the paper,~~ and carry along to the show, the article in which Le Temps appraised the paintings in questions. Instead of looking at the canvases, Madame would reread, in front of them, the verdicts of the critic, as she feared to be impressed by the wrong things otherwise,

(if)

or to be not impressed altogether.

As for music, the widow preferred Mozart and Beethoven, ^{but} ~~and~~ did not really object to her boy's fancy for Schumann. ^{however} ~~But~~ Chopin was disapproved of on account of his "morbidity." When the great Rubinstein gave a series of piano recitals, in 1883, André was not allowed to attend the evening devoted to Chopin's work. It may be that his subsequent passion for the Polish romanticist results from such memories. Several decades later, in his Notes sur Chopin (1931), Gide speaks derisively of certain reproaches to which Chopin and Baudelaire were equally subjected: "Unsound music, one said about Chopin; unsound poetry, about Baudelaire..." Characteristically, Baudelaire was long Gide's favourite poet, whereas the love for Chopin accompanied him throughout life. Not only did he never get tired of listening to his Etudes and Préludes, but it remained one of his ~~most~~ dearest pastimes to play them at the piano himself.

During a certain period of Gide's youth the spell of the theater almost superseded that of art, books, and music. The Odéon, the Comédie Française, the Opéra Comique, became the focus of his imagination, the temporary center of his life. But this fervent hobby did not last nor did it have significant consequences for André's further development. The same dramatic devices that once captivated and enchanted him, became later unbearable to his taste. "Maybe I had too much of it, at the time?" the former theater fan wonders, in Si le Grain ne meurt. "Everything ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ the theater now strikes me as pre-arranged, conventional, exaggerated, and dull."

Be this as it may, what ^{counts} ~~matters~~ is that Gide's tutors and relatives, and ~~that~~ above all his mother, considered artistic impressions a vital part of their educational scheme. No matter how cautiously and arbitrarily selected these impressions may have been, the stimulus due to them is ~~indeed incalculable.~~ still important enough.

It was from his family that Gide received a first ~~inkling~~ inkling

of science and literature. The contact with his uncle, Charles Gide - an economist of international reputation - could not but enrich his young mind. Even more valuable is, perhaps, what he owes to the humble spinster, Anna Shackleton. A remarkable linguiste, the penniless mademoiselle spent her ~~spare~~ time by translating the masterworks of foreign literatures into the French language. Gide dwells in his memoirs on the merits of her adaptations - praising especially the fine job she did in the case of Goethe's hexameter epos, Reinecke Fuchs. Thanks to the meek old lady, he became first acquainted with Goethe and also with the delights of botany. For Mademoiselle Anna was at least as interested in plants as in poetry - an amiable spleen which greatly appealed to her young friend and pupil. In fact, botanic studies ~~like music~~ were to remain ^{like} music, ^{one of the occupations he could always have recourse to when} his mind rebelled against the perpetual strain of creative ^{thought} ~~endeavour~~.

It was within the circle of his family that André found the girl whom he never ceased to love, nay, to worship with a ^{divalrous} ~~strangely romantic~~, almost religious devotion. His future wife, Emmanuèle, was his cousin from the maternal side. ~~The pure romance began early.~~ Emmanuèle and André were children when they met, in Emmanuèle's home at Rouen. She was pious and sensitive. Her cousin and admirer later described the mysterious ^{melancholy} ~~sadness which fascinated~~ in her look and smile, ~~which moved and enchanted~~ him. "Not that I knew she was sad; for she never told me. But between my cousin and me there ~~was~~ already was that conscious affinity of all thoughts and feelings, which I wholeheartedly wanted to ^{develop and to} ~~deepen~~ and to perfect."

They played and they prayed together. Together, they explored and relished the miracles of nature. And, some years later, they embarked together - two congenial wanderers - on the infinite excursions into the realm of letters. "The extreme interest I now took in everything chiefly sprang from the fact that Emmanuèle accompanied me everywhere,"

Gide said when reviewing this period of his spiritual awakening. "I would presently inform her of any new discovery, ~~made~~, and my joy was not perfect unless she shared in it."

The three crucial discoveries of his youth were the Bible, ~~the~~ Greek mythology, and the Arabian Nights. The complicated structure of his intellectual organism is entirely based upon this triune revelation.

Of course, the intimate and thorough knowledge of the Scripture was taken for granted in the Gide ménage. But André's religious obsession had nothing to do with the obligatory routine. At a time when other lads busy themselves with foot-ball or stamp collections, he was absorbed in a fervent and meticulous exegesis of the Gospels. "I read the Bible avidly, gluttonously, but methodically," he reports, in Si le Grain ne meurt. He perused the sacred text with the searching enthusiasm a scientist may experience in deciphering the traces of ~~nature or of~~ ancient civilizations. As a boy of fifteen, Gide tasted the double ecstasy of faith and criticism. He ~~conceived and~~ studied the Holy Word great work of art, and a historic like a ~~compensating history~~, and but at the same time conceived it as what it is - namely, the revealed essence of Divinity.

The Book of Books disclosed graciously its intrinsic balm to the eagerness of this precocious youth. So powerful was indeed the flame of this early ecstasy that it shed its light throughout a long and eventful life. The prayers cried out by the aging man will resound his juvenile impetrations. Fifty years after his First Communion he will not have to discover Christ any more: he will rediscover Him. By remembering his own childhood he will remember the Lord:

"Je reviens à vous, Seigneur Christ, comme à Dieu dont vous êtes la forme vivante. Je ~~suis~~ suis las de mentir à mon coeur. C'est vous que je retrouve partout, alors que je croyais de vous fuir, ami divin de mon enfance."

This candid invocation appears in one of Gide's more recent works - one of the finest testimonies of his mature thought and faith, Les Nouvelles Nourritures (1935). In the same volume, however, we find also the reaffirmation of ~~another belief to~~ ^{his} his striving youth adhered to - ⁱⁿ the belief in Hellas and the immortality of her gods. "Who dares say that the Great Pan is dead?" exclaims Gide, at the age of almost seventy. "Through the haze of my own breath I have seen him. My lips are longing for his ^{rarest} ~~touch~~..."

"The first condition to understand the Greek myths is to believe in them." With these words opens a brilliant essay about Greek Mythology Gide composed in the prime of his manhood.

He never betrayed the Olympus which comforted and elated him when he was hardly more than a child. Early versed in all kinds of darkness and entanglement, he responded gratefully to the serene persuasion of Hellenic Beauty. Man's errors and sufferings appear less bitter, easier to bear, when ^{accompanied} ~~watched~~ by the majestic smile of Apollo and Aphrodite. The lonesome, sensitive child - André, cloistered with his mourning maman - recognized in Ulysses the hero-wanderer he would have wished to be. Oh, to join this illustrious brother in his wondrous adventures! To share the hardships of his pilgrimage would also mean to enjoy - bound with him at the mast - the inconceivable sweetness of the siren songs; it would mean to participate in his wiles and pranks; would mean freedom and danger, pride and happiness.

Or would it be even more ^{wonderful} ~~thrilling and hazardous~~ to be the companion of Sindbad the Sailor or ^{of} the disguised caliph when he loitered, incognito, in the midst of his gaudy subjects?

The Arabian Nights were the first book, after the Bible, Gide read and loved. Twenty years afterwards he said that "the prodigious inventions" of these tales had never ceased to appeal to his curiosity; (the

italics are Gide's;) that he remained captivated by the sensual flavour ^{of the} ~~with which this oriental world is imbued - a sensuality which is intoxicating, billow-like, and mixed with terrific laughter.~~ This sensuality, tells us Gide - in his treatise, Les Mille Nuits et Une Nuit (1900) - consists simply of conceiving the present object and the current moment as an aim in itself, not as means to accomplish a "superior" objective.

It is the rampant avidity of both spirit and senses which enthralls him in the Arabian Nights. In comparison, all Occidental vagaries and romances appear cautious and lustreless. "How far are we from Greece!" exclaims Gide, and then quotes Ulysses, whose figure and destiny seems relatively akin to the oriental pattern. But even he ^{the} most daring, most cunning one among the Hellenic heroes ^{the sailor} ~~cannot~~ cope with Sindbad, ~~a great wanderer~~. For Sindbad has no Itacka awaiting him, no wife, no son, no dog. Nor are there any feelings to restrain his ^{fervor} ~~energy~~. No being could be freer, more ^{vagant} ~~floating~~, more detached. It even seems that Sinbad has ^{no} ~~any~~ ^{just} ~~only~~ new masquerades for every new adventure. His character consists but of one sole impulse, which is precisely the one impelling him to ever new risks - that is, an insatiable and inordinate curiosity.

Curiosity - an unquenchable thirst for action and suspense - is the one motive power behind ~~the~~ all horrors and splendors of the Arabian Nights. There are no divine restrictions - none of the threats or promises so lavishly used by Jehovah. In the bedeviling maze of oriental cities instinct alone decides upon what Allah allows, what not.

Yet Gide goes as far as to compare the Arabian Nights to the Bible. Those who fail to understand and love either the one or the other, are equally strange to him. He might have added the Hellenic myth as the third component without which he could not have become what he is and we could ^{not} ~~understand~~ him.

"How I envied him his Protestant childhood!" Jean Cocteau ^{said} ~~and~~, referring to André Gide. "I visualized him skating with singular grace on the waters of Russia, with a Bible in his hand. In beautiful English style he wrote his name on the ice..."

He forgot to mention the grand setting in the classical French style in front of which the daring pirouettes were executed, and the thunderous German orchestra that accompanied the performance.

The scion of Puritan pastors, peasants, and lawyers - the heir of a ripe bourgeois civilization and of an agreeable bank account, was keen and resilient enough to absorb and integrate the most incongruous elements of the occidental genius. Diligent and methodic, for all his erratic ^{moods} ~~glances~~, he delved into the treasure-laden labyrinth of European Thought - exploring the cosmic grandeur of Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe; Racine's ^{noble} ~~simple~~ perfection and Molières revealing drolleries; the baroque secrets of German Romanticism; the bountiful wisdom and ~~comic~~ wit of the English narrators; the divine ^{confusions} ~~glances~~ of Russian mysticism, and the transparent depth of Stendhal and Baudelaire.

^{idea of culture has never been}
Gide's ~~heritage~~ is not limited by frontiers or prejudices. It comprises Dickens and Montaigne, Pushkin and Lafontaine, Rimbaud and Hölderlin, Whitman and Verlaine. Goethe meant almost as much to him as Racine; Nietzsche, more than ~~the~~ Pascal. The acquaintance with Dostojevski ~~was~~ was one of the turning points in his development. The frantic struggle of the Russian visionary seems more moving and significant to him than Balzac's royal self-assurance and "generous imperfection." Also, he plays Dostojevski off against Tolstoi - the inspired agonies of the epileptic against the Homeric equilibrium of the amazing squire who composed the saga of War and Peace.

For Gide's enthusiasm was at no point indiscriminate. Even in the days of youthful receptivity, he felt it necessary to make his choice

among the manifold riches offered to him - to select whatever he deemed most wholesome and adequate. ~~for his respective needs~~. True, he was disposed to accept too many influences, rather than ~~to~~ reject a single one that promised ^a new stimulus. In a ^{brilliant} ~~powerful~~ address, De L'Influence en Litterature (1900), he ventured to defend all influences as such - no matter if "good" or "evil." A ^{strong and flexible} ~~vigorous, creative~~ nature - Gide holds - may succeed in transforming pebbles into bread - dubious advices into real inspiration. Did not Goethe pride himself on devouring everything recommended to him by Herder?

But in this particular case a selection was made all the same - as Gide must have realized but failed to mention - :if not by Goethe himself, then by his trusted mentor. As for Gide, he had no experienced friend whose ^{guidance} ~~advice~~ he could have followed without questioning. In fact, he was not the man to follow blindly any kind of advice. Notwithstanding his unconditional eulogy of all influences, he knew very well how to pick out the right ^{ones} ~~thing~~ - that is to say, ^{all those} ~~anything~~ that could help him to recognize and fulfill another potentiality of his own being.

For this has always been, and still is, the essential purpose of his roving curiosity - to scrutinize and clarify himself by penetrating the spiritual substance and experience of others. Self-identification is the ultimate goal of all his intellectual adventures and transformations. Those who are afraid to jeopardize their personality ^{by} ~~through~~ the contact with others, are likely to be of rather tenuous substance themselves. How absurd and how undignified are their fears! They mean to protect their "original character", while in reality preventing it from deepening and growing. ~~Those who are afraid of influences and deprive themselves of them, thus betray the poverty of their soul.~~

Gide believes in, and reaffirms, the old saying, that nobody can be taught from without what he does not have within - if only latently and

subconsciously. The admiration one creative individual feels for another will not change his own intrinsic being: quite the contrary, it will awaken and legitimate what might have remained, otherwise, in a state of uncertainty and repression.

Later, in the days of his maturity, ~~and mastery~~, Gide was inclined to modify even more drastically the significance of outside influences. "It may be pretty hazardous to assert," he wrote in 1924, "that one would have had ~~the same~~ ^{certain} ideas, even without having read the authors from whom these ideas seem to be derived. And still I cannot help feeling that my views would be about the same if I had known neither Dostojewski nor Freud nor Nietzsche nor X or Y, and that what I found in them was a confirmation rather than an awakening call, (plutôt une autorisation qu'un éveil). Above all, they taught me no longer to doubt myself, not to be afraid of my own thought but to ~~let~~ ^{accept} ~~abandon myself~~ to its guidance, as it turned out to be their guidance too."

The young man, however, ~~which~~ with whom this chapter deals, had not yet attained such a high degree of spiritual independence. To him, influences meant something more decisive than "encouragement." His impressionable mind was easily touched and seized by any appeal that carried a congenial tune, a welcome stimulus.

He who was destined to revive and reaffirm the classical French tradition, first abandoned himself to the sweet narcotic of extreme romanticism. It was not the romantic poets of France by whom he felt attracted - not Chateaubriand or Musset. Reading the works of Browning he thought, with patriotic pride: "But we have Victor Hugo!" But a new occupation with Hugo's pompous oratory was rather embarrassing. "Nothing could be more magnificent, nothing more absurd," ~~he~~ ^{the young reader} observed in his diary. And when he was asked, some time afterwards, whom he deemed the most outstanding French poet his succinct answer was:

"Victor Hugo, alas."

His heroes, at that point, were mostly British or German. He was all taken with Keats and Hölderlin, ^{Coleridge} ~~Poetry~~ and Novalis, Shelley and Heinrich Heine. Byron cast his saturnine spell on him, as did Arthur Schopenhauer - in a different, more cerebral fashion. He reveled in Schumann's floating melancholy - so well in keeping with Manfred's bombastic gloom. It was his ambition to translate the fragmentary novel of Novalis, Heinrich von Ofterdingen, and Chénissio's lovely fairy-tale, Peter Schlemihl. But later, when he really adapted foreign masterworks, the originals he chose were mostly written in English. He preferred ^rShakespeare and Whitman, Conrad and Tagore to the German romanticists. The two exceptions are Goethe and Pushkin - two classics of highly cosmopolitan stamp.

This gradual shift from the Germanic sphere to the English is characteristic and significant. In his later years, Gide rather distrusted the Teutonic attraction, to which he had hitherto been only too sensible. True, he had no passion for Wagner to overcome: this typical disease of his epoch and generation was entirely spared to him. Gide had always been impervious to the massive seduction of the Sorcerer of Bayreuth: he did not need "overcome" the sirens of Tristan and Parsifal. ~~nor did he ever want to overcome Goethe's powerful authority. "From my twentieth year I actually lived on Goethe," admitted Gide, at a time when Heine and Schopenhauer, Schumann and Novalis had long lost their grip on him. But while he never ~~did~~ denied his enormous indebtedness to Goethe, he questioned occasionally Goethe's indebtedness to Germany. In his "Reflections about Germany" (1919) we find this eloquent passage:~~

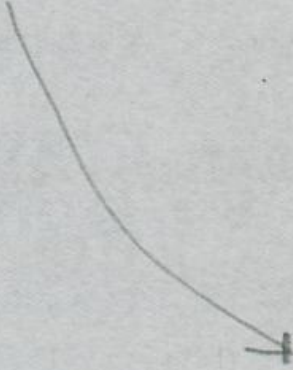
~~"Who could be more Spanish than Cervantes? More English than Shakespeare? More Italian than Dante? More French than Voltaire or Montaigne, than Descartes or Pascal? Who could be more Russian than Dostojewski, and still more universally human than all these? But I hardly dare ask: Who could be more German than Goethe? For, in Germany's case,~~

This complete immunity to the Wagnerian bacillus is indeed a striking proof of Gide's extreme independence in all matters concerning taste and style. While "whole Paris" was smitten with the portly heroes and heroines of the "musical drama", he remained glacially unmoved. His language is as blunt as could be when he answers an inquiry of the Berliner Tageblatt concerning Richard Wagner's influence in France:

"I have a horror of Wagner's work and personality; my passionate aversion has constantly increased since my childhood. This prodigious genius is crushing rather than exalting. He has encouraged scores of snobs, scribblers, and half-wits to think that they are fond of music, and has made some artists believe that genius is something that could be learned. Germany has never produced, perhaps, anything equally great and equally barbaric."

Did Gide deem Wagner typically German? It may be, alas, that he thought him more characteristic than, for instance, Goethe, whom he always admired and at times nearly worshipped. But while he never denied his vast indebtedness to the author of Faust and Tasso, he questioned occasionally Goethe's indebtedness to Germany. In ~~his~~ Gide's "Reflections about Germany" (1919) we find this eloquent passage:

"Who could be more Spanish than Cervantes? More English than Shakespeare? More Italian than Dante? More French than Voltaire or Montaigne, than Descartes or Pascal? Who could be more Russian than Dostojewski, and still more universally human than all these men? But I hardly dare ask: Who could be more German than Goethe? For, in Germany's case, —



Prussia is responsible for a terrible misconception. For Prussia has subjugated Germany so completely that we are forced to think: Goethe was the most un-German one of all Germans."

It may be ^{true} - in fact, it seems certain to me - that the German vein in the compound of Gide's vision has been greatly exaggerated ~~partly~~ by his German admirers who claimed him as a disciple of their native masters; partly by the French nationalists who took him to task for his sympathy with the Teutonic anti-Christ. But it is also true that Gide at times unduly belittled what he owes to the German genius. It sounds somewhat surprising to hear from him this reply to an inquiry about the influence of German culture:

"I can hardly formulate an opinion about 'German influence'; for I do not have any opinion in this particular matter. True, ~~I~~ in my youth I was considerably impressed by Germany; but, after all, the best thing I learned from Goethe, Heine, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche is, perhaps, their admiration for France."

This he wrote in 1903 - twelve years after the publication of his first book, Les Cahiers d'André Walter. The anti-German reaction was maybe inevitable, according to the dialectic law ~~according to which his intellectual mechanism functions~~, inherent in his mental structure. He had gone very far - as far as possible - into the direction of musical pessimism, which is precisely the mood he confounded with the notion of German. What he had most deeply loved in German romanticism, and what he subsequently tried to eliminate, was the ^{melancholy estrangement from} ~~naughty helplessness in face of~~ reality - the Hamlet complex of the German genius.

Julien Green reports ~~in his diary~~ ^{about Hamlet} on a most illuminating conversation he once had with Gide. Hamlet's question - "And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?" - suggests, according to Green's interlocutor, that the Prince of Denmark feels like in exile outside Germany. This nostalgia

for Wittenberg may be understood as an additional hint at the essentially German character of Hamlet's problem and tragedy. To be or not to be - ^{been coined} says Gide - could have ~~been~~, almost, by Arthur Schopenhauer. This constant hesitation, this inability to act, this infirmity of purpose is neither British nor French but ^{typically} German.

The young André Gide, and his first hero, André Walter, indulge, indeed, revel in Hamlet-like dilemmas and inhibitions. Hyper-sensitive and hyper-vulnerable, they belong to those who have "thought themselves weary" - to use ^{Goethe's} ~~a formula coined by Goethe~~. André - Gide or Walter - is paralyzed by introspection, incapable of coping with reality.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action..."

Hamlet's wail might be set as a motto at the beginning of Les Cahiers d'André Walter.

The book is neither a novel nor a treatise or a prose poem, but a loose compilation of lyric ^{and} philosophic ^{apophyses} ~~essays~~ - the posthumous confession, allegedly, of a young man who was destroyed by an overdose of music, madness, and meditation.

He enjoyed ^{his own} life in ~~a~~ way ⁺ which is a highly morbid and complicated way, to be sure. While ~~he kept~~ fighting his carnal ~~instincts~~ and appetites, he relished ^{the} more delicate sensations ~~offered to us in this world~~ - perfumes and sounds and tints; tears and smiles and grand, wasted gestures; white blooms, and music - music above all: "de la musique avant toute chose... de la musique encore et toujours..."

He loved ^{sweetheart} also a girl: the imaginary André Walter pays homage, ecstatically, to the quasi-imaginary ~~love~~, Emmanuèle, of the real André Gide. But his love is as airy, as floating and noncommittal as everything in

this book. How could he love ^{anyone} ~~him~~, really and completely, since he is in love with his solitude, and wants to remain pure - to overcome the coarse temptations of the flesh. "Les corps me gênent," admits this ~~ethereal~~ ~~lover and~~ ascetic fiancé. Surely he desires the ultimate and perfect communion with Emmanuèle; but it is only in another world that he hopes to attain it. Here ^{below,} he would have to sacrifice his chastity ~~to embrace~~ ~~her~~ - too high a price for a happiness that could not but be imperfect and illusionary. Leaving poor Emmanuèle to her own silvery reveries, he spends the summer nights with Chopin and Baudelaire - intoxicated ^{by} ~~with~~ sterile subtleties and ^{by his morbid} ~~with his destructive~~ pride: ~~of being pure.~~ "Oh Seigneur! je suis pur! je suis pur! je suis pur!"

What an odd, disquieting prelude is this hallucinatory confession! Gide himself was pretty hard on it, in a preface he added to a new edition of Les Cahiers, in 1930 ⁺, almost forty years after the first publication. He sharply disapproved, from the point of view of his maturity, of both the style and the moral attitude ^{manifest} ~~manifest~~ in his juvenile outburst. "What embarrasses me most in re-reading my Cahiers," he says, "is the self-indulgence with which every page is tainted."

Yes, the young man - high-minded but callow - who appears ⁱⁿ in the sentimental masquerade of an André Walter, certainly indulged in all kinds of vagaries and eccentric poses. His rhapsodic prose is ^{rather shapeless} ~~shapeless~~ and turgid, teeming with stylistic mannerisms and incongruities. But it is also full of superb and arresting things ⁺, inspired images and persuasive accents. Les Cahiers ~~resound with tunes of childlike, violent sweetness.~~ ^{fashion stirring} They are, in their own way, as ~~truthful~~ and authentic as anything Gide has written. In fact, this opening song is indispensable to understand the symphony of Gide's work, which is ^{now} ~~to unfold subsequently~~ which is on the point of unfolding.

* * *

"In order to oppose myself I first had to scrutinize my own being," Gide says in his retrospective remarks about Les Cahiers d'André Walter.

The first period of his creative writing is completely devoted to this painstaking effort of self-analysis. After having abandoned himself, in the Cahiers, to his rampant emotions, he found a more restrained ~~way~~ approach to the mysteries of his ego. The new pattern was a kind of poetic treatise or dialectic sermon in which he exposed certain aspects of his inner drama.

Le Traité du Narcisse (1892) - the first and most significant achievement ^{in line} of that ~~time~~ - presents the Artist in the mythic disguise of ^{the} that antique youth who was too perfectly handsome to fall in love with anybody but himself. Absorbed in the reflection of his own immaculate ^{image} ~~lines~~, he despised the flattering propositions of the nymphs, who ^{are} ~~were~~ rightly shocked by such a grossness. Poor Narcissus! Envious, deplorable lad! How ^{can} ~~could~~ he know that he hurt those ladies as he ^{does} ~~did~~ not even perceive their existence? "The poet is the one who contemplates," tells us the Tractate of Narcissus. "What does he contemplate? The Paradise."

The Paradise is the perfection - the original pattern of which all things are but inadequate copies. The Paradise is the archetype of ~~an~~ this imperfect creation, the idea inherent in all palpable and perishable ^{forms} formations ~~of~~.

Every artist ^{keeps} ~~has~~ hankering for the Paradise. His incurable nostalgia for the Idea behind the things is his innate curse, his permanent affliction, and also the source of his genius, the heart and life of his vision.

Where can he hope to find it - his Paradise Lost, his Idea, his Perfection? Not in reality, to be sure: reality is impure and distorted. Only the reflection of his own nostalgia - only the images of his dream contain the memory of the "pure Eden", the "Garden of Ideas."

Reality is unreal. Only the symbol has reality.

Gide's juvenile treatise bears the subtitle, Théorie du Symbole.

It is an eloquent and candid testimony of the Symbolist movement, to which Gide adhered at the time.

The same goes for the other products typical of that phase - La Tentative Amoureuse (1893), Le Voyage d'Urien (1893), and Paludes (1895.)

As for the last, it already marks, or at least foreshadows, a turning point and liberating crisis. For in Paludes the "Hamlet complex" is subjected, for the first time, to a satiric treatment. Here Gide pokes fun at his own double - a Parisian décadent who has lost the ability to do anything, to make any decision - all entangled in the labyrinth of his psychological complications. The neurotic aesthete, whose follies and tribulations are dramatized and mocked in Paludes, is indeed the same who formerly described his obsessions, without any self-irony, in such at once brittle and ponderous essays as La Tentative Amoureuse.

This Tractate of Idle Desires exhales the same pathos of renunciation and solitude which resounds throughout the desperate monologues of the miserable, lovable André Walter. The hero of La Tentative - a pensive young gentleman named Luc - is no less harassed and disconnected, notwithstanding the philosophical serenity he displays. If André Walter clamored for purity and struggled against temptation, Luc placidly recognizes the vanity of desire. A scholarly ascet, he quotes Calderon's word to the effect that "the desire is like a flame: whatever it touches falls to ashes: nothing remains but a weightless dust which a breath can disperse. Let us think, then, of what is pure and lasting!"

"Things are not worthwhile to go out of one's way for their sake," With these words Luc begins his credo. "We may embrace them as we pass by; but our ultimate goal is infinitely beyond all things -

why should we delude ourselves? Things are fleet and evasive. Our goal has to be immovable, and we will wander to reach it. Our sole goal is God; we will not lose Him of sight, as we perceive Him through all things."

Does one recognize the double impact of this philosophy? It echoes the Platonic concept of the Idea which is more real than reality, and, at the same time the Christian doctrine which warns us not to overrate the importance of mortal stuff: the ultimate Truth is transcendental; everything here below, only illusion and symbol. Luc, an inspired pilgrim - at once ascetic and hedonistic - continues his march towards God. His path is lined by works of art to his right, by beautiful landscapes to his left: but in front of him is always the open road.

We will wander to reach Him... This leitmotif, intonated at first in the tractate of Idle Desires, anticipates one of the leading thoughts woven to and fro throughout the texture of Gide's entire work. With this announcement - that he will have to wander - ^{Luc} ~~he~~ refutes and overcomes, at least in principle, his Narcissic isolation. André Walter was ecstatic but motionless - all absorbed in his own image, like Narcissus. Both André and Narcissus ~~disdained and~~ avoided reality. Luc, however - one degree more mature and more virile - already attempts to perceive God without - ~~not~~ ~~exclusi~~ longer exclusively within his ego. At this point his quest begins.

It begins timidly and reluctantly, to be sure: Le Voyage d'Urien shows us how difficult ~~and painful~~ it must be to break through an Ivory Tower. The will to escape, to rove, to take chances, may precede the actual ability to do so. Gide made up his adventures before he dared to face them in reality. How blurred and pallid are the baroque ^{takes} ~~experiences~~ of his invented travelers! How playful and precious - compared with the striking simplicity of his later accounts! The skies that witness the fights and romances of these errant knights seem illuminated by

hectic suns and artificial stars. The fruits they eat are dream fruits; the oceans they cross do not exist in reality. In the end the author has to admit, to the lady to whom his fantasy is dedicated: "I have fooled you, Madame. We have never made this journey. I beg your pardon for having lied to you. All these adventures took place in my imagination. I did not leave the cave of my reveries. I passed through life without seeing it. I spent my life reading books."

He might as well have said that he remained cloistered in the solitude of his dreams - even when traveling. For at that time ^{he}, about 1890, ^{he} Gide began to travel, or rather, he began to move from one place to another: not so much because he was avid for new impressions but impelled by disgust with the things and faces surrounding him. The occasional notes he took during these early trips sound indeed rather ^{rather} dreary. In ~~Brugge the Venice-like pearl of Belgium~~ / our weary tourist confides to his diary:

"Seen Brugge and Ostende, yesterday. Such a boredom, such a lugubrious languidness overwhelms me as soon as I am in a new city, that my sole desire is to leave immediately. I have been strolling along the avenues in a state of veritable distress. Even if these things are admirable - the mere idea that I should look at them appals me."

And, again, on the last day of the same journey:

"Grottes de Han. August 7, 1891:

Just finished War and Peace.

Began to read it the first day of this trip; ended, the last day. Never before, I believe, I have lived so completely in and with a book. Really, I did not travel. The other day, in the famous grottos, I could hardly ^{concentrate} look at them. I kept thinking of Schopenhauer who awaited me in the car, and it ^{irritated} ~~irritated~~ me that I had had to stop reading. ~~to look at a~~ ~~landscape.~~

The only reality he recognized as such - the only sphere where he felt at ease and not in exile; the only dimension ~~of life~~ he actually knew and loved, is Art - art as an aim in itself, for its own sake, l'art pour l'art - at once the essence of life and the balm that makes its bitterness endurable. "The work of art," Gide said, in one of his early essays, Littérature et Morale, "has an equilibrium beyond time, an artificial soundness." And he loved Delacroix for saying:

"There is a sort of validity in art which is lacking in man."

It was not an artist's fame that attracted the shy and haughty young man - quite the contrary. Again and again he insisted on his indifference to, even his contempt of, quick and noisy success. The author of Les Cahiers d'André Walter ~~was~~ did not only not run after popularity but actually avoided and spurned it. He tried to hide behind the character he created: his first book was published anonymously, as though it were really the legacy of a defunct vagabond. The volume was brought out at Gide's own expenses and read (not always bought!) by a few hundred people.

Decades afterwards, at the peak of his fame, Gide remembered, with sincere nostalgia, the peaceful days of darkness: "Oh! happy time when I was not yet heard! And how well one speaks as long as one speaks in the desert!"

~~And~~ "Of course, I spoke in order to be heard," he added, "but by no means in order to be heard at once."

He spoke, he wrote, he sang, and he lamented in order to be heard by ~~the~~ other artists - by his peers, his colleagues, his friends. For there is no such thing as art for its own sake. But there is such a thing as art for artists. And that is precisely what flourished in the Paris of 1890 - the intellectual center of the fin de siècle, the artistic capital of the world.

Life was gregarious, in the Ivory Tower. The eremites stuck together, sneering collectively at the Philistines and at those fellow-artists who fawned upon the Philistines - namely, the outdated, tiresome, clumsy, plebeian, ~~opportunistic~~ Naturalists.

The embittered reaction against Zola and Taine, Renan and the Goncourts, was the motive power behind all Parnassian and Symbolist devices. The naturalistic school had degraded art to a parrot or propagandist of scientific theories or political programs. The Symbolists - clustering around their poet, Stéphane Mallarmé - despised as trivial and journalistic the faintest trace of social criticism, the most casual allusion to ^{any} topical issues that crept to the work of art. Only "the Absolute" counted, only the form, the disinterested play of rhythms, colours, and sounds.

Academics or Sybarites

They were not ~~trivial~~, those intense young men of Montmartre and the Latin Quarter. They took their métier and mission as seriously as saints or strategists take theirs. At once blasé and exacting, they criticized and analyzed each other - exclusively concerned with their own problems, their own evaluations, their own hierarchy. The heirs of a mellow and secure civilization, they commanded plenty of leisure and, in most cases, ~~just enough~~ ^{financial} sufficient funds to indulge in their caprices and intuitions ^{public} ~~regardless~~ of the tastes and the requirements of the ~~outside world~~. The painters portrayed the poets, the poets wrote lyrics for the musicians, the writers dedicated their books to each other. Gide dedicated every new tractate to another friend: La Tentative Amoureuse to Francis Jammes; Le Traité du Narcisse to Paul Valéry, and so forth.

The time when terms like "solitude", "estrangement", "isolation", occurred most frequently in Gide's writings, was, paradoxically, the most social time in his life. He was one of the Symbolist clique. He belonged to a cotery.

It was an ideal time for esoteric movements. On Tuesday afternoons Mallarmé received his disciples - including the young André Gide - in his modest apartment. While the men discussed the highest and finest things, Madame Mallarmé concentrated on her embroidery, and Mademoiselle Geneviève, her daughter, prepared a grog for the poets. Sometimes a painter would join the literary gathering - Gauguin, for instance, or Whistler. Or one of the high priests of the slightly outdated Parnassus would drop in and display the most affable suavity towards the young colleagues. The celebrated Parnassians, Viconte de Lisle and Herédia, were frequently seen among Mallarmé's Tuesday guests, while many of the Symbolist crowd showed up at Herédia's Saturday receptions.

Herédia's home, in the rue Balzac, was more worldly and sumptuous than Mallarmé's austere dwelling in the rue de Rome. Not only the poets flocked to his "Saturdays", but also diplomats, journalists, and society women. As for André Gide, he felt awkward and inhibited in the midst of these ^{assemblies} brilliant crowd. "I would have died with embarrassment," he confesses in Si le Grain ne meurt, "if it had not been for Pierre Louÿs."

His diaries of that time are full of references to this rakish, amiable pal - Pierre Louÿs (or Louis), who played the role of a mundane mentor in his relation to the grave and bashful young Gide. They had met at the École Alsacienne, where they were classmates and rivals. ~~They~~ were the two brightest boys of the lot, André and Pierre and both wrote poetry. ^{as} ~~Pierre~~ Louÿs found out when he surprised ~~André~~ ^{Gide} absorbed in a volume of Heinrich Heine. "You're fond of that kind of stuff?" Louÿs grinned. "I bet you try to write verse yourself."

The two had the time of their lives ^{later,} when they sauntered together through the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter - provoking the bourgeois and evaluating the cosmos. Pierre read poetry to André. André played Schumann and Chopin to Pierre. They needed no other

audience. To woo popularity, to become professional, would have meant to betray the intrinsic rules of this friendship.

Louÿs made himself guilty of this unpardonable trespass when he condescended to the cheap taste of the masses and produced a novel, Aphrodite, that appealed to the "Boulevard." It was ^a success, and success was tantamount to betrayal.

Others remained faithful to the romantic innocence of the vanguard, f the exclusiveness of a high-minded dilettantism. Paul Valéry, for one, never acquiesced in the requirements of vulgarity. His ~~affectionate~~ ^{friendship with André} relation to Gide was destined to survive all other comradeships of that period. Long before Valéry had written any of the things to which his glory is due, Gide sensed the aura of his coming greatness. Both were effusively young, and both fascinated by the promise emanating from the other's yet unproved genius. Forty years afterwards Gide could assert - in an article appraising the work of a third writer - that, in his opinion, the art of that novelist is "one of the most admirable accomplishments in our time: I would indeed say, the most admirable one, if Paul Valéry did not exist."

The novelist in question was Marcel Proust, who, in the early nineties, made his timid entrance in the literary salons, under the auspices of Anatole France. But Gide, whose attitude towards the grand old man of French letters was always rather chilly, was scarcely interested in France's protégé - a coy and sickly young snob. The story has often been told - also by Gide himself - how the Nouvelle Revue Française turned down the opening volume of Proust's À la Recherche du Temps Perdu, thanks to, or rather, by the fault of, its reader of that time - namely André Gide.

In 1890 and 1895, however, there was no Nouvelle Revue Française as yet, and Gide was by no means in a position to decide upon the policy of any major publishing house. There were only little magazines

springing up like mushrooms and mostly disappearing with equal swiftness. Gide was involved in many of these ventures. First he founded the little Potache Revue ("Schoolboy's Magazine"), together with Louÿs and a number of other pals. Then it was La Conque ("The Shell") - about as shortlived and as ^{amateurish} ~~unprofessional~~ as its predecessor. As for Le Centaure - following La Conque - it could pride itself on original illustrations by Odilon Redon and Puvis de Chavannes. At the Revue Blanche Gide succeeded Léon Blum as literary critic. At L'Ermitage, he was a fellow-contributor of Rémy de Gourmont, whose cultural chauvinism he was to oppose so violently in later times. It was from L'Ermitage that the Nouvelle Revue Française emerged, in 1908 /, after a good deal of inside intrigues, ^{and quarrels} ~~frictions, and complications.~~

But we are not yet as far, at this point of our report. Frankly, we enjoy lingering, for a little while, on those ^{normal} ~~wonderous~~ years of expectation and obscurity. How curious! how stimulating, to imagine the savage pranks Gide performed together with Henri Ghéon - a young writer of overflowing vitality, and André's most intimate friend when the relation to Pierre Louÿs cooled off. How amusing! to visualize Gide chatting with Henri de Régnier - one of the most colourful Parnassians and a brilliant man of the world. ~~to meet~~. Gide was heartily devoted to him. "Je l'aime énormément," he exclaims in his journal.

One evening Gide found de Régnier all downhearted and despondent.

"What's the matter?" asked Gide.

"Ah! mon ami!" sighed the poet /, shrugging his shoulders and dropping his monocle. "I'm getting old - that's all. Almost thirty already..."

"How long all this seems ago!" the aging Gide muses in his memoirs, ~~after having told this anecdote.~~

Long ago... It was the time when Gide, after the publication of Les Cahiers d'André Walter, received an enthusiastic note from

Maeterlinck and a scathing judgement from Huysmans, who described Gide's ^{work} ~~artistic experiment~~ as a "product of hideous vulgarities." The time it was when the eager beginner could jot down in his diary these three laconic, suggestive words:

"Visite à Verlaine."

Or, in Bruxelles - under the date of July 23rd, 1891:

"Bade farewell to Maeterlinck" (who had read to him, the preceding day, The Seven Princesses.) "We just began to chat. I regret all the things we might have told each other. I would like to write to him. The desire to work in solitude possesses me again."

Maeterlinck is of admirable energy."

There ^{were} ~~was~~ congenial minds scattered all over Europe. The creative élite, entirely cosmopolitan, formed something like a masonic order, whose members recognized each other, everywhere, by certain rites and gestures. From St. Petersburg to Lisbon a ~~certain~~ set of people ^{were} ~~was~~ occupied with the same issues: the antagonism between Nietzsche and Wagner, Ruskin's style, the Pre-Raphaelites, the Lake Poets, the chances of the poetic drama, Debussy's ^{musical impressionism} ~~orchestra~~, the bon mots of Oscar Wilde, the revolutionary impact in the works of Ibsen, Hauptmann, ^{and} Shaw.

^{timid and} Gide - the ~~very~~ touchy Gide of 1890 - maintained personal contacts with the whole Pantheon of the fin de siècle. He knew Verhaeren and Rodin, D'Annunzio and Hofmannsthal.

As for the last, he might have ^{had} ~~given Gide~~ more ^{to give} than ~~he~~ ^{Gide} was willing to accept, at the time. No doubt, there are signal affinities between Hofmannsthal's early style and André Gide's beginnings: the same blend of fastidious sensitivity and melancholy reserve in their approach to life; the same juvenile grace, the same solemn elegance of expression. Yet it seems that Gide was unaware of this similarity, or that this rapport had already ceased to exist when the two writers met, in 1905.

At any rate, Gide's remarks about the Viennese poet convey only a somewhat desultory interest on his part. "It is rather strange," he says, "that I find nothing worthwhile to repeat, after a two hours conversation with him. And still I like him a lot. But there seems not quite enough darkness in his character, nor does he have great mysteries to conceal. I enjoy chatting with him all the more as it is ~~mostly~~ he who does most of the talking, it would be very pleasant to see more of him."

They did not see a great deal of each other, though, during the years to come.

Yet it was in part thanks to Hofmannsthal that Gide came to know quite a few of the Austrian and German aesthetes who, in their turn, were instrumental in introducing Gide's early books to the esoteric avantgarde of the Germanic countries. Franz Blei and Hermann Bahr - two leaders of the aesthetical renaissance in Vienna - spread Gide's reputation through the many little magazines they controlled. In Munich he made the acquaintance of Rudolf Kassner - one of the most sagacious German critics and connoisseurs - , who was the first to speak to him of Kierkegaard, the religious thinker of Denmark. This was indeed a valuable tip. Gide used it presently, in a speech he delivered on the occasion of a French art exhibition which just opened in Weimar, under the auspices of the Grand-Ducal court. Gide's host in the Goethe-town was Count Harry Kessler, # a cosmopolitan man of letters and of the world; one of Hofmannsthal's life-long intimates.

The finest translation, probably, ever made of any of André Gide's works into any foreign language, is the German version of Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue, by Rainer Maria Rilke.

The contact with Rilke was more lively and, above all, more lasting than the transient rapports with his two peers in the domain of German poetry - Hofmannsthal and Stefan George. The latter crossed Gide's path but

once, in 1908 - at a time, that is, when George was already the idolized center of a mystic cult. Gide, according to his own account, was looking forward to shaking hands with the man whose work he greatly admired - "that is to say, whatever I am able to understand of it," as adds with a queer mixture of modesty and malice. For Gide realized of course that George's ornate auguries were considered utterly obscure, even by German readers.

What Gide and George have in common, among other things, is their enthusiasm for Mallarmé. There was a period in George's life when he was closer to the Parisian Symbolists than to the Teutonic professors, who later usurped his legend and tried to corrupt his style. When he met André Gide he was just at the juncture between the aestheticist phase of his development and his subsequent role of a hero and herald of sublime Nationalism.

The conversation at the luncheon table may have been interesting enough. However, Gide contents himself, in his journal, with registering all details of George's appearance - including the shape of his hands, the colour of his complexion, and the material of which his clothes were made. The result of this effort is a nervy sketch showing an impressive figure of sacerdotal beauty and dignity. But, alas, the august apparition is mute.

Gide's D'Annunzio is more eloquent. He talks not only literature but also hygienics; in fact, we hear him outline a complete strategy of wholesome life, with plenty of horseback riding, extensive walks, and all kinds of tonic exercises. As for literature, the Italian genius announced his dislike of Maeterlinck, whose style he deemed "too simple," and also of Henrik Ibsen, in whose works he missed Beauty. His inquiries about French writers indicate knowledge rather than curiosity. So stupendous is the great man's familiarity with literary goings-on in Paris that Gide exclaimed

claimed at last: "But you've read everything!"

D'Annunzio
"Everything," ~~he~~ confirmed gravely. "I believe in reading everything."
After a while he added: "We read everything as we don't cease to hope
that we may find, eventually, the true masterwork awaited by all of us."

The true masterwork....: One might find it by reading everything, but
one is not likely to create it as long as one reads too much.

The young writer whose ~~quest~~ *quest* ~~actual growth~~ we accompany became frightened
by the perfumed narrowness surrounding him. The atmosphere in all
these drawing rooms was at once stale and hectic - unwholesome to
breathe. Was it a bedlam's climate? Or the sultry mist of a hothouse?
Or was it simply the stifling air of jail?

No matter what kind of air - this young man was sick and tired with
it. At one point he had already thought of suicide - disgraceful,
craven idea! He ~~was afraid to be ill~~ *thought himself gravely*; (the tuberculosis that had killed
his father!) He feared also that he might lose his mind.

He had to overcome his ascetic ideals and fastidious vagaries, his
depressions and inhibitions. He had to forget all about his Puritan
past and his Symbolist presence, or else he would go to pieces.

He was doomed, mercilessly, if he could not forget about his being
an heir - the heir of Protestant Ministers and ~~of~~ *of* Stéphane Mallarmé, of
wealthy industrialists and of the Parnassians, of Mademoiselle Shackles-
ton and Uncle Charles Gide and ~~of~~ *of* the École Alsacienne.

To forget Chopin! and Baudelaire and Pushkin and even the Holy
Bible! To abandon the heritage!

To forget what other men have ever written, and what they have
loved and thought! To forget what ~~one~~ you have thought and loved
yourself!

To be born anew....

Kap

III

The exemplary sinner - according to pious legends - inevitably reaches the point where he feels fed up with sin: whereupon he withdraws presently to the desert to atone for the fun he had. There - surrounded by sand - the penitent lives on grasshoppers and keeps striving for sanctity.

Our story, then, is a reversed legend - namely, the truthful account on a man who went to the desert, not to gain sanctity, but to get rid of it. Besides this tale contains the unmistakable ingredients of an edifying parable - including a wicked tempter who is punished eventually. As for the Devil's victim, we are sorry to say that he does not feel remorseful at all but rather regrets the irretrievable years wasted with sanctity. A typical convert, he overdoes his new ~~sinful~~ creed and makes a little too much fuss about the vices he just acquired.

The tempter has neither horns nor a club-foot but looks quite alert and jolly - a enterprising colossus with wide, lustrous eyes and a proud, sensual mouth in a pale, rather flabby face. His pure, beautiful forehead is framed by rich, perfumed hair. His gait has a voluptuous, heaving quality. He wears too much jewelry and smokes too many cigarettes (with gold tip).

As for the victim, he is young and shy - almost priest-like in his dark ^{outfit} ~~garment~~. The pallor of his face is all the more conspicuous as it contrasts with a black beard and moustache - a paradoxical adornment of this delicate physiognomy.

On a gloomy day in January, 1894, our traveler arrived in Algeria, where he hoped to find sunshine and laughters and the perfumed breath of spring. But Algeria looked as bleak and murky as could be - utterly devoid of any exotic charm. So the traveler, disappointed, packed up his affairs mostly consisting of books - a heavy, cumbersome burden. The works of

English novelists and German thinkers had accompanied him from France to Switzerland, and across the Mediterranean. He carried Dickens and Fichte along as he now made for the desert.

He stopped at a place named Blidah - nearer his goal, the Sahara; but not yet quite near enough.

He was disillusioned again. Where were the cloudless horizons, the glowing colours and sweet fragrances he had hankered for - back there in Paris and the dreary mountain resorts of Switzerland? In Blidah, a low, rainy sky hung over freezing palm trees. For three long and depressing days the young man kept roving through squalid streets - aimless, joyless, and lonesome.

At the end of the third day he decided to leave.

Waiting for his hotel bill, he loitered in the lobby, while his book-charged luggage was already piled up in the omnibus. Automatically - out of boredom, rather than induced by curiosity - he studied the black board, on which the hotel displayed the names of its current guests. The two last names of the list startled him - Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas, from London.

Gide's first reaction was to wipe out his own name, inscribed on the board not far from the names of the English visitors.

What prompted him to make such a futile and impolite gesture?

He did not feel like seeing anybody, in the first place. Besides the idea of seeing Oscar Wilde embarrassed him particularly. For, ~~at that~~ our somber young wanderer was not yet quite free, at that point, of conventional inhibitions, and people began to say funny things about Wilde. While London society grew indignant at his provocative conduct, the literary world of Paris was rather inclined to ridicule his forced and fatuous eccentricities. "On se scandalisait un peu," according to Gide's report: "mais surtout on le prenait à la blague."

Gide erased his name as he feared Wilde might discover it, ⁱⁿ at the last moment, and follow him to the station. A meeting with him seemed undesirable - first, because Gide wanted to be alone; secondly, on account of Wilde's scandalous reputation; thirdly... But the third point is vague - a matter of conjecture, rather than of knowledge. In our opinion, the priest-like tourist was simply scared in face of the unexpected proximity of the tempter. He sensed danger. He wanted to escape. He ran away, or rather, he tried to do so.

Of course, he did not succeed. Too chivalrous to dodge risks and insult old acquaintances, he changed his mind as soon as he reached the railway station. Before it was too late he recognized, blushing, the foolishness of what he ^{was doing} ~~had just done~~. How silly and ungrateful! - he thought - to cut a man to whom he owed so much delight and instruction. After all, he used to see a good deal of Wilde, three years ago, in Paris - and how intensely he enjoyed seeing him, at the time! Then the enfant terrible of English literature was at the peak of his dazzling career: he possessed and emanated what Thackeray calls "the principal gift of great men" - success.

"His gestures and looks were triumphant:" thus Gide described subsequently the effulgent Wilde of 1890. "His books startled and charmed. His plays drew jammed houses in London. He was rich; he was grand; he was handsome, pampered, celebrated. Some of his admirers compared him with an Asiatic Bacchus; others, with a Roman emperor; others again, with Apollo himself. And, in fact, he radiated."

This is the kind of thing Gide remembered, lingering in the dreary waiting room. What would Oscar think of him when he noticed that he had effaced his name from the black board? He could not but feel bitterly hurt - betrayed by another friend. "I have always been looking for friends,"

he had said to Pierre Louÿs, a few months ago: "And all I found were lovers."

Half because the danger tempted him, half out of pity with the endangered tempter, Gide walked back to the hotel and shook hands with the Devil.

He found Wilde considerably changed - not so much his appearance as his spirit and attitude. His bon mots and motions, his mannerisms and puns - his whole behaviour had assumed a desperate violence, something savage, almost frightening. His laughter sounded forced when he told André Gide:

"I am in Algeria as I am fed up with art. From now on I refuse to adore anything but the sun. Haven't you noticed that the sun abominates and paralyzes thought?"

And, again: "Do you know my real tragedy? I have put my genius in my life: in my work, just my talent."

What ominous undertones in his mirth as he ranted:

"My cardinal duty is to have a tremendous lot of fun. Fun - not happiness! Happiness doesn't count: I don't want it. We must always aspire to the more tragic solution..."

Haunted by his lust for fun and tragedy, he paraded his vices in the streets of Blidah and Algeria - prodded and provoked by Lord Alfred, who relished scandal as a child relishes candy. Surrounded by the scum of the Arabian underworld, Oscar, the "King of Life," strutted in front of the shocked tourists from London, New York, and Paris. Indiscriminately, he distributed money among the attractive rascals tagging to him wherever he went. "I hope to demoralize the whole place," he would boast, cheerfully.

It may be doubtful whether there was much to demoralize, in the case of the native prostitutes and procurers. At any rate, the tempter did

a remarkable job in demoralizing one young Puritan, ~~and so~~ ^{Voyager}
~~not that he displayed all kingdoms of the world in front of his bash-~~
~~ful victim.~~ His bait was ~~small but irresistible~~ the svelte, dark-skinned
body of an Arabian youth.

The great pleasure of the debauchee is to debauch others. Wilde had
the time of his life when he revealed to his timid friend certain penchants
inherent in his nature but repressed hitherto, and also the appropriate
methods to satisfy ^{such} ~~his~~ desires. Tickled "like a child and a devil," the
seducer watched the struggle taking place in his victim's soul and reflec=
ted in his twisted face.

The setting of André's fall was a sordid joint in Algeria. The instru=
ment of corruption was a handsome flutist named Mohammed - sweet and
slender, only fourteen of age. Gide gazed at him - spellbound, bewitched.
Suddenly he felt on his shoulder the blandishing touch of Wilde's soft
and enormous hand.

Whispered the tempter: "Dear, vous voulez le petit musicien?"

And the victim - in a strangled voice, almost soundless - produced
his pivotal:

"Yes."

Satan burst out laughing. He shrieked, bellowed, almost suffocated -
overwhelmed by a veritable tempest of hilarity. "I beg your pardon," he
panted. "But you're too funny for words..."

The Devil had plenty of fun; and so had, indeed, the victim.

The significance of the Algerian episod in Gide's biography can be
gauged only when we fully consider the inordinate qualms and scruples
accompanying and preceding it. There is nothing reckless or cynical about
this ultimate compliance to long-oppressed appetites. The new experience
did not seem an aberration to him - rather a liberation. He rejoiced at

INSERTION, PAGE 68:

First line of the page: to cut out "André Gide"; full stop after "young Puritan"; then to insert the following sentences:

A few years before, in Paris, Wilde had said, when he first met André Gide: "I don't like your lips. They are straight like the lips of those who have never lied. I will teach you the art of lying to the end that your lips become beautiful and voluptuous like the lips of an antique mask." Evidently, the tempter did not follow a sudden whim when he corrupted his inexperienced companion; it was an old favourite plan that he could now carry out at last.

The first sentence of the next paragraph to be cut out - from "Not that..." to "victim." To continue with: "His bait...."

having found his predestined form of eros, or what he called his own inborn normalcy.

"Ah! de quel enfer je sortais!" he exclaimed - by no means in reference to his present depravity but alluding to his past ~~outrages~~ privations. What he had passed through was hell; what he now experienced was heaven.

"O happy earth! reality of Heaven!" Gide's heart echoed Shelley's jubilation as he wandered and ran through the desert - alone but no longer lonesome; elated, intoxicated, in raptures, his heart ~~longed~~ winged and weightless like a bird rising to the azure.

Where to, flying heart? To what dizzying heights do you soar, daring bird? Be careful! Those who go up too high are likely to fall the deepest. Look at your master-flier, your arch-hedonist, your glamorous prince of sin. Look how he provokes and precipitates his undoing!

Did Wilde not realize what he risked when he returned to London to challenge Lord Alfred's father, the quarrelsome Marquis de Queensberry? It was his fate he challenged, and he knew what he did.

Gide remained in touch with him throughout the tragedy, if only with intervals. He saw Oscar, the King of Life, transformed into a ex-convict called Sebastian Melmoth, hiding in a humble village, Berneval near Dieppe. What saddening contrast between that dreary hole and the colourful settings of Wilde's former adventures! What anti-climactic epilogue to a fine and hazardous drama! He who had once sparkled with wit, now just lied and lamented like any broken-down adventurer, any stranded impostor.

"Don't be hard on me!" Sebastian Melmoth whimpered. "Don't be hard on a man who has been beaten!"

Was this the inevitable result of "living dangerously"? Humiliation and wretchedness - was that the end of the flight? The intrigues and treacheries of "Bosie", the once beloved friend; the harassing want of

money; the inability to work; the loneliness of an outcast; finally the collapse, the squalid and trivial end - was all this the price that had to be paid, inexorably, for defying society? But no warning example could mar or moderate ^{the kindled in Gide's heart.} ~~his~~ new ecstasy. If there were risks involved ~~in this effusive bliss~~ - he had to accept them, there was no choice. Besides he knew at bottom that the dangers confronting him were not the same by which Oscar Wilde was crushed. For Wilde was a genius of life: which means that his inward drama had to become manifest entirely in his actual biography. Gide, however, is a genius of thought. His crucial adventures take place within himself - occasioned or illustrated by the vicissitudes of his empirical life. The polarities and tensions of his cerebral quest do not need to be punctuated or verified by any extraneous triumphs or tribulations.

When André Gide read in the papers - in December, 1900 - the news of Wilde's pitiful end in Paris, he must have been moved and grieved. For the life just extinguished had crossed and influenced his own at a juncture of extreme significance. Oscar Wilde ~~was~~ purified at last of all distortions and mannerisms, had fulfilled his fate according to the law inherent in his being. André Gide, deprived of a friend, continued his pilgrimage.

There is no reason to question the sincerity of the chagrin with which he stated - in his pamphlet, In Memoriam Oscar Wilde (1910) - that technical circumstances prevented him from joining the meagre cortege behind Oscar Wilde's coffin.

André Gide, at the time, ~~sojourned~~ ^{sojourned} in Biskra again.

Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco meant to him what Italy meant to Goethe - a vital turning point and joyful revelation. Gide was wont to quote an enthusiastic word he attributed to Goethe - erroneously, as he

he was to find out. In Gide's version, Goethe expressed his gratitude to Rome and the Southern skies by exclaiming: "Endlich bin ich geboren!" (Finally I am born!): while his actual working - more moderate and less beautiful - was, "Endlich bin ich geborgen!" (Finally I am secure.) Gide's misquotation - discovered and rectified by himself - rather improves the original; or at least renders the citation more applicable to his own frame of mind.

For it was indeed a psychological rebirth he experienced in the oases of Biskra and Tougourt, in Blidah and Kairouan. Suddenly, as by magic, he saw, felt, understood Life. The pallid cult of ~~the~~ pure Ideas faded away - superseded by this ~~new~~ rampant sensation. Nothing seemed valid and relevant but the palpable, perishable, adorable stuff of which earthly things are made.

Of course, this ecstasy infinitely transcended the sexual impulse from which it originated. Nor can this erotic-pantheistic credo be reduced to the ^{cynical} ~~slippant~~ hedonism ~~as~~ preached and demonstrated by Wilde. Gide's emotion no longer is fastidious but has become cosmic, comprehensive, billow-like: its sweeping embrace includes flowers and clouds, fruits and rivers, statues and stars and streams. All things ever created - this ^{exuberant} ~~effusive~~ credo proclaims - all fleet formations and mortal phenomena inhere and indicate God, but none of them can reveal Him. Therefore, who contents himself with one love inevitably misses divinity in millions of other forms. The most vagrant tenderness - the most unfixed ^{delight} ~~delight~~ is the nearest to the Supreme Being.

I call GOD everything I love, and I love everything: This is the ~~rhapsodic~~ idiom of the indiscriminate, universal lover - the rhapsodic, boisterous style of Les Nourritures Terrestres.

This dithyrambic outburst of sensual gratitude is the main product of ~~this~~ phase ^{of} Gide's development. Published in 1897, it marks the end ^{the new}

of Symbolist aestheticism, in Gide's personal ^{career} ~~case~~ and ~~+~~, less conspicuously, ~~+~~ in French letters at large. Not that the Symbolist school as such disintegrated; but it stagnated, lost momentum, ~~which implied its spiritual death~~. The decease of Stéphane Mallarmé, in 1898, seemed to seal a decline which had begun with Gide's apostasy.

For there can be no doubt that the streaming eloquence of Les Nourritures deviates entirely from the Symbolist pattern and disregards the basic principles of the movement - namely, the supremacy of Idea and Symbol, brief, of the Absolute over reality. The same Gide who had hitherto preached the vanity of desires, now cried out his powerful song-of-songs glorifying all forms of passion and joy. Narcissus gave up his splendid isolation - attracted by more palpable splendors than his own beauty mirrored in the well. He embarked on seeking other beauties, other kisses, other wells. Narcissus had become thirsty - burning with unquenchable thirst.

Les Nourritures Terrestres are the song-of-songs of all thirsts. It extols the thirst even more hymnically than the ^{satisfaction} ~~act~~ of drinking or the fruits that give the refreshing juice. Insatiably, the vagabond-lover keeps searching for new liquids, whose irretrievable flavours would make for even more thirst.

Où sont, Nathanaël, dans nos voyages
De nouveaux fruits pour nous donner d'autres désirs?

Nathanaël is the imaginary disciple to whom Gide addresses his ~~inspired~~ sermon: the whole abundance of praises and auguries is meant to instruct, to liberate, to awaken him, the made-up youth and ideal listener - "toi, mon Nathanaël, que je ne pas encore trouvé."

Gide teaches Nathanaël what he, in his turn, has been taught by Ménalque. Ménalque is as unreal as Nathanaël - or as real, perhaps, as is Gide's passion for both. He, who is teacher and disciple in one, is in love with his teacher and with his disciple. He tells the ~~former~~ latter ~~what~~

what the former so often impressed on him: that only Love counts - "Love, not serenity pure, but strong from weakness," (to use Robert Browning's words); not compassion but passion; ("Non point la sympathie, Nathanaël - l'amour!") not wisdom, not wealth, not security - only Love.

Ménalque has taught André Gide, who repeats it to Nathanaël, that the more things and faces we know the more we can desire, and the more we desire the better. We ought to know indeed all things and faces to love all of them with all our love, always.

Oh! my Nathanaël, I will teach you fervor!

Nathanaël is urged to keep moving, changing, seeking. A strenuous, uprooted life is preferable to tranquility. André Gide contradicts, refutes André Walter. The fear of risks and of action ^(now considered) is ~~disgraceful, ridiculous~~. Gide-Ménalque glorifies action as such - quite regardless of its ethical implications:

"To act without judging whether the action is good or evil! To love without worrying whether it's right or wrong!"

The Hamlet complex seems infinitely remote. Nathanaël is told that act he must; for every perfect action results in lust, and lust is what we should aspire to, always and above all:

"Oh! Nathanaël, do not distinguish between God and your happiness!"

The ^{message} ~~approach~~ of Les Nourritures Terrestres is anti-intellectual and anti-historical. ~~The approach to life this book advises and glorifies~~ is free of all moral balast, opposed to all traditions and principles. Nathanaël is warned against memories and against affiliations. He must not stay anywhere. Nothing is more pernicious to him than his home, his family, his past. He is to forget his past, to break off the bridges behind him.

Gide wants Nathanaël to throw all books away - even Les Nourritures Terrestres:

"Nathanaël, à présent, jette mon livre! Emancipe-t-en! Quitte moi!"

This is the master's farewell to his beloved, nonexistent pupil:

"Emancipate yourself! Abandon me! Distrust this book! Realize that it ^{expresses} ~~represents~~ just one possible attitude towards life - just one among thousand others. Seek yours! Don't waste your time by doing things which anybody else could do as well as you! Develop those qualities that are unique, that nobody else commands! Make of yourself - patiently or impatiently - the most irreplaceable being!"

Does one recognize the grand, rousing accents? Gide-Ménelque echoes Nietzsche. Les Nourritures Terrestres read in parts like a French version of Thus Spake Zarathustra.

André Gide later ^{disclosed} ~~suggested~~ that he was not yet familiar with that particular work when he composed his book. Moreover, ~~he indicated that~~ he likes Zarathustra less than anything else by Nietzsche. "Tried for the seventh or eighth time (at least) to read Also sprach Zarathustra," ~~we~~ he says in his diary. "IMPOSSIBLE. The very tone of this book is unbearable to me. And all my admiration for Nietzsche will never make me bear it."

But this was in 1930, ~~at a time, that is,~~ when Gide no longer approved of his own early style, either. True, he never was quite so hard on Les Nourritures as he was on Les Cahiers d'André Walter. Yet what he has to say about the former, in a posthumous Preface (1926), sounds reserved and even somewhat apologetic. He explains ^{the} ~~the~~ lyrical ^{mannerisms} ~~affluences~~ ~~of his former vision~~ partly ~~as~~ as a natural and necessary reaction against Symbolist artificiality; partly, out of his personal state of mind and health, at the time.

"Les Nourritures Terrestres," we read, "are the ^{product} ~~poor~~, if not of an invalide, at least of a convalescent - of somebody just recuperating from a long disease. There is, in its lyricism, the excess of one who embraces life like something he had already thought lost."

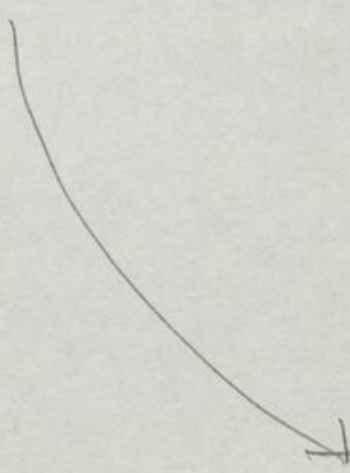
But this is Nietzsche again - unwittingly so, perhaps; out of a natural affinity, rather than by direct influence; yet the resemblance is striking, unmistakable. The stimulus inherent in the state of convalescence - both spiritual and somatic - is indeed a leitmotif ~~which~~ throughout the second half of Nietzsche's lifework. Again and ~~a~~ again he dwells on what he owes to his suffering, and describes, in dozens of suggestive variations, the exuberant joy succeeding long periods of darkness and apathy. In his ^{amazing} ~~significant~~ introduction to The Joyful Science - to take one example at random - he deduces the origin of his entire vision from this one central, indivisible experience - malady and recuperation.

According to Nietzsche's reports, the state of convalescence can be tantamount to an ecstatic awakening, a shock-like revelation. "A joy, strained to a tremendous pitch which sometimes seeks relief in a flood of tears," - thus he describes the divine hour when he conceived - or rather, received, all ready-made - the complete structure of Zarathustra: "A perfect ecstasy, with the most distinct consciousness of an endless number of delicate shocks and thrills to one's very toes; a feeling of happiness, in which the most gloomy and painful feelings act, not as a contrast, but as something expected and inevitable, as an essential colouring within such an overflow of light.... This is my experience of inspiration. I have no doubt that we should have to go back many thousands of years before we could find anyone who would dare say to me: 'It is mine as well.' "

Was André Gide the one, perhaps, who might have dared say, "It is mine as well!" - who passed through the same adventure, not thousands of years before Nietzsche but hardly one decade after him? Nietzsche's boastful and glorious account on Zarathustra's not quite immaculate conception dates from 1888 - just nine years before the appearance of Les No^uvritures Terrestres.

It hardly matters whether Gide was directly inspired by the German poet-philosopher when he composed his glowing eulogy of desire. Suffice it to say that Les Nourritures are saturated with Nietzsche's spirit and rhythm. The emotional approach of Zarathustra and of the Gide of that period is basically the same: both deny and disparage the ascetic ideals; both stress the supremacy of biological values ^{over} ~~against~~ ethical virtues; both challenge Christian morale and preach a Transvaluation of all values. Gide's exaltation of energy and action, his vision of Dionysiac love - played off against Christian charity - , his whole idolatry of life, even the cadence of his style, the fusion of sacerdotal and iconoclastic gestures - all this is typically Nietzschean.

Of course, that is not to say that Gide embraced Nietzsche's ideas altogether: the Will to Power philosophy, the rabid denouncements of both Reformation and Revolution, the cult of the Superman, and many another ingredient of that arbitrary prophecy is essentially strange or even inimical to André Gide's vision. Nor do I mean to suggest that Nietzsche's influence, predominant as it may be, is the only one, or the only important one, traceable in the texture of Les Nourritures Terrestres. Evidently, there are other currents, other overtones. We might go back to Jean-Jacque Rousseau's Retour à la Nature to locate the spiritual sources of this sentimental paganism.



The ~~irrationalism~~ of Gide's ~~vision~~ suggests the influence of Henri Bergson, whose first books came out shortly before the publication of Les Nourritures. True, his most famous work, the Creative Evolution, appeared only ten years afterwards, in 1907. But Bergson's new approach to physics and metaphysics, his exaltation of Motion and Intuition, were already perceptible in the air, if only as a promise, an indistinct hope and challenge. Gide's youthful enthusiasm anticipated the philosophy of the élan vital, years before Bergson established it as a system.

Also, certain fragments of Rimbaud's savage and tragic song are interwoven in the milder symphony of Les Nourritures. Arthur's Drunken Boat was one of the vehicles André used to reach his African dream land. But he stopped in the lush oases of Morocco and Tunisia, while his desperate brother and predecessor had ventured on the gruesome solitudes of ~~Abyssinia~~ the interior.

Rimbaud went farther than Gide. That is why Gide had to write, in 1905: "The reading of Rimbaud... makes me feel ashamed of my own work."

But Rimbaud perished. His romanticism has the compelling grandeur of cosmic catastrophes. Whatever he wrote foreshadows and extols his own doom.

Gide - less violent, more tenacious - continued to live. He resisted. His dithyrambs do not sing disaster: they sing life:

"Oh my Nathanaël! I will sing you the evening song and the morning song; the songs of departure and the songs of sleep; ~~innumerable songs~~ / songs about high-ways and parks and children and diseases; songs of cities and of solitudes, of figs, grapes, and pomegranates; songs about fountains and butterflies and tempests and prostitutes. Did I already tell you about the various flavours of café? Did I duly praise the many sorts of Arabian candy? Did I enumerate the innumerable ways

of making love, playing with animals, praying to our God? Did I indicate at least the millionth part of the billions of miracles of which our life consists? As to me, I know of nothing else but miracles."

Does the last line ~~the italicized one~~ differ in any respect from the preceding text? It is neither Gide's nor my own, but Walt Whitman's.

The great American's grip of Gide's thought and feeling is as powerful, ^{not so} and ~~is~~ ambivalent as the authority Nietzsche wielded on him. ~~Among all influences a receptive is subjected to in these days, Whitman's is un-~~

~~doubtedly the most wholesome one.~~ Free of hysteria and aggressiveness,

^{Whitman's} ~~his~~ mighty appeal ^{transmits} ~~conveys~~ confidence and creative passion. His approach to things is sturdy and realistic, for all mystic exuberance involved.

Whitman is an excellent master for an impressionable and yet independent disciple like ^{the} young André Gide. Throughout the Nourritures we recognize the tonic enthusiasm of his trans-Atlantic inspirer. Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road, - Healthy, free, the world before me... Whitman's effulgent carol might be a part of Gide's joyful sermon to Nathanaël.

It is in this spirit of Joy that Whitman and Gide resemble and find each other. Joy! Joy! all over Joy! - this is the message of both the Leaves of Grass and Les Nourritures Terrestres. Without jeopardizing his originality, Gide was free to employ, in this particular context, Whitman's technique of sweeping enumerations, his famous way of cataloguing the splendors of this world. The grandiose pedantry of Whitman's cosmic surveys is an element also of Gide's style at that point. Whitman and Gide agree that "all forms are lovable as all of them express God," and both - remarkably conscientious in all their ecstasy - are therefore anxious not to omit any phenomenon.

"Nathanaël, I will teach you that all things are divinely natural."

Whitman could have addressed himself with these words to one of his unknown brothers -: "Camerado! Whoever you are; wherever you are, I wish to talk to you about all divinely natural things..."

"Nathanaël," says Gide, "je te parlerai de tout."

Of course, the Leaves of Grass are a greater book than ~~the~~ Les Nourritures Terrestres. Whitman delivered his complete message in this cataractic hymn, which remains his definitive and glorious testimony. The Leaves of Grass ARE Whitman.

As for André Gide, he must ^{not} be identified with any of his books. As a complex whole and organic entirety, his writings inhere his beings; but every individual work discloses only aspects and potentialities of his character and his message.

In the case of Les Nourritures it would be particularly dangerous to take this document of one Gidean vein for the expression of his totality. Gide has warned himself against such a misconception.

"One judges me ^{too often} after this work of my youth," he complains, in his introduction to a later edition, "as if the ethics of the Nourritures were that of my entire life; as if I had not been the first to follow the advice I give to my young reader: 'Throw my book away and abandon me!' Yes, I abandoned presently the being I used to be when writing Les Nourritures. In fact, when I examine my life the predominant feature I find is by no means unsteadiness but, quite the contrary, loyalty."

A critical reader might object, at this point, that Gide, by revoking the doctrines of his vernal panegyric, paradoxically adhered to them: he recommended inconsistency in Les Nourritures and behaved accordingly - namely, inconsistent. His own statement, that he followed the advice of his ^{early} ~~present~~ sermon, does not quite jibe, apparently, with his subsequent assertion that his prevailing quality is loyalty - not

the unsteadiness he praised in his callow youth.

The solution of this seeming paradox is, perhaps, that Gide can be loyal only by giving the impression of disloyalty. He would ~~never~~ betray the inmost law of his nature if he became consistent - that is, limited.

Les Nourritures reveal the immaturity of their author, not by preaching inconsistency, but by being unduly consistent. In none of his later works Gide has been as one-sided as he appears in Les Cahiers d'André Walter and in Les Nourritures. His subsequent books all inhere, dialectically, the antithesis to their central thesis, the counter-tendency which at once modifies and strengthens their predominant theme. But the two early works, while balancing one another, are unbalanced in themselves. The Dionysiac hedonism of Les Nourritures is as un-Gidean as was André Walter's hysterical sanctity. One has to visualize the two extremes together to find the human face behind the Janus mask.

"They want to know my secret," King Saul says in André Gide's drama:
"But do I know it myself? I have many secrets."

The holder of many secrets has to employ many idioms to express himself, to unload his woeful and joyful heart. Not always - or rather, not more than once - he can indulge in the redundant vocabulary of Gide's early work. After Les Nourritures Terrestres his style suddenly hardens, contracts, becomes almost rigid, as if afraid of too much melody. The King Saul, of whom I have just quoted a suggestive word, appears at times almost inarticulate. Harassed by his demons, torn by his fears and desires, he cannot formulate his tragedy but only cry out his anguish. The intolerable strain of suffering has reduced his royal eloquence to rugged walls and frenzied outbursts. David has his voice and beauty; young Jonathan has youth and also the love of David; but the King has nothing except his demons. Whatever he touches becomes terrible. Those he loves turn against him. "Tout ce qui t'est charmant t'est hostile," says the sorceress to

the tormented King.

Gruesome words, these! - a scathing, merciless verdict. It seems almost incredible that it should originate from the same author who announced, about the same time, that he did not want to miss "any sweetness on earth."

Saul, a drama in five acts, was not released before 1903 but written shortly after Les Nourritures. Gide withheld the book edition as he hoped to see his play on the stage and thought a premature publication might hamper its theatrical chances. Yet the production which Antoine had been planning for was prevented by circumstances. A play by Brieux that the famous director brought out was a complete failure leaving the company without any financial funds. Thanks to the disastrous "Outcome of the Race" (the title of Brieux's work) Antoine could run no more risks and had to drop Gide's philosophical drama.

The disappointed author had better luck with another dramatic effort, Le Roi Candaulus (1901). This time the plot is derived from Greek antiquity. The drama is based on Herodote's report on a generous king, Candaulus, who permitted ⁷, or practically forced ⁷ a humble fisherman, Gyges, to have a good look at his, the king's, wife, Queen Nyssis, who was to appear, on the occasion, without anything on. There are other things involved - magic rings and so forth. But the scandalous generosity of the monarch is the central theme, especially in Gide's interpretation. Gyges kills the king after having gloated on the nakedness of his wife. According to Friedrich Hebbel - a German playwright who used the same story fifty-five years before - the humiliated lady (who is called Rhodope, in the German version) commits suicide, notwithstanding the fact that her disgrace has been drastically revenged. Her French double, Nyssis, has more common sense. She gets married to Gyges, who has seen her anyhow. The first command of the new master is that the Queen veil her face ~~for~~

in front of every man - except, of course, her own, who happens to be the murderer of her legitimate husband.

Le Roi Candaule was the first work of Gide to be seen on the stage. In Paris it was produced by Lugné-Poe, who played the part of the King, while the famous De Max (to whom Saül is dedicated) was Gyges, with Madame Claude Farrère assisting him in the role of queen Nyssia. The experiment was successful enough to be repeated in Prague, Vienna, and other cities. In Berlin, where the play came out in 1908, the whole press disapproved angrily of Gide's effrontery in competing with Hebbel. A living Frenchman who dares to rival a great old German classic? It was too much for the critics of the Imperial capital. Gide quotes in his diary some of the 153 newspaper clippings he received from Prussia - all of them "insulting, stupid, dishonest, and infamous." Said one of the augures on the Spree River:

"Hebbel's vision is, in our opinion, as infinitely superior to Gide's as is Kleist's presentation of the Amphytrion legend to that of Molière."

And the bilious gentleman did not even know as yet that another impudent Frenchman, Jean Giraudoux, was to add another Amphytrion, the thirty-eighth, to those by Kleist, Molière, and the thirty-five others.

Gide hardly aspired to the fame of a dramatist. His attitude towards the theater was always reserved, at times even inimical. The book edition of Le Roi Candaule is preceded by a preface, ~~that sounds somewhat apologetic~~ in which the author reaffirms his skepticism as regards the validity of dramatic art. "Even if my play ^{has any} ~~is~~ to ^{be a} ~~have~~ success," Gide remarks, "it ^{might} ~~could~~ be on account of a miscomprehension. The enthusiasm with which the plays of M. Rostand are received by the public makes it very plain that success and literary quality have nothing to do with each other as far as the theater is concerned."

Le Roi Candaulus, like all other works of Gide, is conceived and composed, not for the sake of ~~certain~~ effects, but ^{to express and clarify certain} ~~for the sake of~~ ideas. The issue ^{at stake} this time, is the antagonism between generosity and discretion, ~~between~~ frankness and shame - a problem most relevant to Gide's work and most appropriate to be tackled by the author of Les Nourritures Terrestres. For that book, published only four years before the Candaulus drama, is a striking manifestation of frankness and of generosity - "generous to the point of vice," as Nietzsche said in reference to the Candaulus-Gyges situation.

"It is a noteworthy fact," Nietzsche observes, in another context, "that excessive generosity involves, necessarily, the loss of shame."

A warning to artists!.... That is ^{what} ~~the~~ Nietzsche ^{had in mind} ~~meant it~~, and ~~that~~ what André Gide meant with his Candaulus parable. The king who reveals the nakedness of his wife symbolizes the artist who wants the whole world to witness his most intimate, most delicate experiences. The artist, unduly expansive by nature and profession, prostitutes himself and also what he loves by making a show out of his romance or tragedy. His exhibitionism shocks, and rightly so, the upright man who is Gyges. He kills the decadent aristocrat - Candaulus - who was generous and tactless enough to let him into the sanctum of his royal existence. ~~Thus the plain fellow protests against the royal attempt to fraternize with the people.~~

Those who are invited to partake in the refined entertainments of the happy few, prove sometimes less democratic than their hosts try to be. The masses may grow indignant when the élite becomes indiscreet and gives up its splendid isolation. Far from feeling flattered and obliged, the plain fellows may turn out to be hurt and angered by the unwished-for confidence of poets, royalties, and the like.

Candaulus was too happy, as was the Gide of Les Nourritures.

The happy King wanted to communicate his tremendous joy to others, as wanted Gide when sharing his bliss and wisdom with Nathanael - and with the world.

The priest who unveils the mystery of the temple profanes the gods: this is the meaning of Gide's play on King Candaulus.

Beware of profanation!

"Listen, dear," Oscar Wilde said to Gide, in Berneval. "Les Nourritures Terrestres - that's fine, that's excellent... But now you must promise me something: from now on never write the word I again!"

And as Gide didn't quite understand:

"You see, there is no first person as far as art is concerned."

Gide, who quotes this bit of dialogue ~~himself~~ in his booklet on Oscar Wilde, does not comment upon it. But he followed the advice - ⁱⁿ some degree at least; that is, as far as seemed wholesome to him and compatible with the requirements of his genius.

He ventured on a regular novel - an objective narrative, with a plot and a hero. He wrote L'Immoraliste (1902.)

It is a confessional novel, couched in the first person singular: Wilde would have disapproved of it. The leading character, Michel, tells his story. The novel is his confession.

But Michel is not André Gide - or, rather, he is not the whole André Gide. The character in the novel embodies and exaggerates certain qualities of his author. He does not discuss or preach these qualities but represents them, objectively. In other words, Gide, by writing L'Immoraliste, has not contented himself with exposing his own drama as he did in his previous works, but has created something new, ~~an~~ autonomous cosmos, a miniature world with its own equilibrium, its own

justice and beauty.

The affinities between Michel and André are evident enough, to be sure. Many elements of Gide's own biography and Gide's own dilemma are interwoven in the Immoralist's confession. Michel's youth, like Gide's, has been darkened by Puritanism and the constant intellectual strain. Michel's wife, Marceline, bears obviously the angelic features which Gide loved in Emmanuèle.

The man who wrote L'Immoraliste got married to his pious cousin, on October 8, 1895. Emmanuèle did not mind his erratic habits, or at any rate did not prevent him from indulging in them. Gide, the husband, roved through the world - no less unbound than ^{did} Gide, the bachelor, ~~used to be~~.

As for Michel, he takes his wife to the very spots in Northern Africa where his author made the acquaintance of Mohammed and Athman (Gide's Algerian guide and favourite companion for a number of years) and of many others.

Michel falls sick with tuberculosis - the disease with which Gide feared to be stricken, ~~himself~~. He recovers, and experiences the exuberant euphoria described in Les Nourritures. The well-being of convalescence assumes the character of a true paroxysm - slightly disquieting for poor Marceline: particularly since her husband appears only too sensible to the rakish charm of Arabian youth.

In Italy he is bored, as was Gide when he stopped there, on his way home from Tunisia. Here the novel takes up and reaffirms another theme intonated in Les Nourritures Terrestres: the disgust with knowledge and civilization. The Immoralist, intoxicated with life, becomes irreverent, anti-historic. Abandoning himself to every fleeting moment, ^{to} every sensation, he arrives at scorning and disregarding the legacy of past generations.

The country house in the Normandy where Marceline and Michel settle down for a while, is called La Morinière and a meticulous reconstruction of Gide's estate, La Roque, that he inherited from his mother. Madame Gide, née Rondeaux, deceased shortly before her son got married: in fact, André's engagement with Emmanuèle was decided upon in front of the mother-in-law. Michel married Marceline to make good a promise he gave to his dying father.

Michel's conduct in La Morinière is at ^{at} last as nasty as it was in the African oases; if anything, it deteriorates. He loses all sense of discipline and duty; fools around, promiscuously, with peasants and vagabonds; worships the Great Pan and neglects his wife. The last is all the more objectionable as Marceline, at this point, is in a very bad way indeed: she has contracted the tuberculo^{us} infection which her husband caught and cured in Northern Africa. It seems only natural that the new patient should seek healing in the same tonic climate. The young couple leaves for Algeria once again.

But Michel turns out to be a pretty dangerous travel companion for an invalid lady. The more her vitality dwindles, the more violent his becomes: he runs wild altogether. The renewal of his contact with Ménalque - you remember Ménalque, of course? - cannot but exacerbate his already critical state. This ^{arrant} ~~ad~~venturer and anarchist gives Michel the kind of talk Gide used to convey to Nathanael: about the irretrievable seconds which have to be relished, regardless of past and future; about the cumbersome implications of an orderly life, and the dreariness of moral principles, and other questionable ideas all apt to undermine the last remnants of decency in Michel's character.

Marceline has to suffer from Ménalque's hazardous theories. Her husband - now absolutely reckless and cynical - drags her from place to place, from oasis to oasis - Touggourt, Kairouan, Biskra: the whole

list so familiar to us from Gide's Feuilles de Route. A native lad by the name of Moktir - a double, probably, of the fabulous Athman - joins the curious menage. This is more than ~~Mr~~ Marceline can take. She collapses. The description of her agony is one of the most cruel and most compelling things Gide has ever written.

What, then, is the meaning of this dismal tale? No doubt, Michel behaves in a criminal fashion. Marceline is as meek and patient as could be - a truly seraphic figure. Does that indicate that the purport of the book is a moral one, in a conventional sense? Does Gide take his hero to task? Does he arraign and condemn Michel? Or does he approve, quite the contrary, of the young husband's abominable behaviour? Does the author endorse Michel's irresponsible tenets? Is the tale meant, perhaps, to vilify virtue (i.e. Marceline) and to extol wickedness, in the person of a sadistic scoundrel?

According to Gide's own statement, his novel is neither an accusation nor an apology. The author does not intend to justify his hero nor does he care to indict him. He is neither "in favour" of Marceline and "against" Michel, nor the other way round. Is Shakespeare in favour of Hamlet or of Ophelia? Does Goethe side with Faust or with Margerite? This is Gide asking. He answers in the negative - almost needless to say. The writer, he asserts, is not the one who judges but the one who forms. He is inherent in all his characters: it does not behove him, therefore, to come out for or against any of them. The artist is detached, disinterested, God-like. Like the supreme Creator he contents himself with demonstrating certain energies.

"In art," Gide proclaims, "there are no problems for which the work of art as such ^{is} ~~were~~ not an adequate solution."

This is wholly true but by no means the whole truth. Ibsen was not wrong, either, when he said that creative writing is tantamount to

exposing and judging the devastating forces latently inherent in one's own self. How could the writer aspire to the aloofness of God? How is he in a position to know that God is indeed impartial? And is not The Immoralist in itself a striking and moving example for the subjectivity of all art? Evidently, it is a document of self-scrutiny and of self-indictment; in fact, the very effectiveness of the novel is due to its autobiographical impact.

No, it is also due to its objectivity.

To say that L'Immoraliste is a great work of art - which it undoubtedly is - implies the twofold nature of its ^{persuasion.} ~~support and attractiveness.~~ ~~significance.~~ The work of art is at once personal and detached: the real artist is confessor in the double sense of the term - he judges and confesses simultaneously; he is within and without his creations.

Yes, Gide is Michel: the Immoralist is derived from his author's innermost substance. But Gide is also Marceline: he shares in her martyrdom by describing its sinister details.

L'Immoraliste refutes and at the same time reaffirms the emotional philosophy of Les Nourritures Terrestres. The analytical novel objectifies and pushes to the extreme what has hitherto been presented in a more nebulous manner - namely, the idea of radical hedonism. If Nathanaël took Gide's advices literal, he would become like the Immoralist; that is to say, he would ruin his life and that of his wife to boot.

Gide points out the dangers inherent in his own doctrines but he does not revoke what he has preached before. There is no contrast between L'Immoraliste and Les Nourritures which could be compared to the antagonism between the latter and Les Cahiers d'André Walter. For while those two early works dramatically contradict each other, the novel dramatizes the abstractions of the Dionysiac credo. If it is true that the story of the Immoralist demonstrates the impracticability of absolute ~~of absolute~~

liberty and rampant libido, it is also true that it proves and praises the glorious appeal of a lustful and dangerous life - a life beyond good and evil.

Certainly, the sinister Michel who destroys Marceline is refused, condemned, and doomed. But would the author prefer a tame, virtuous hero? Would he like Michel more if he had not abandoned his Calvinist home and past? A demure, Puritan Michel could hardly conceive the sort of reveries and questions for the sake of which André Gide remains fond of his hero, in spite of everything.

Muses the murderous Michel:

'I want to perform new deeds. I am longing for unknown lands. Does man already know everything? Has he scrutinized his own being? Has he disclosed already his last, ultimate secrets? Will he have to repeat himself from now on?

'Or are there still ^{de}unprecedented issues to tackle? New experiences ^{make?} to ~~define~~? Unknown miracles to explore? No doubt, there must be tremendous treasures yet undiscovered: with every new day I am more sure of it. There must be splendors, somewhere - blocked and buried, for ages, by a labyrinth of conventions and inhibitions...'

This is the Immoralist who is truly André Gide's brother. He intonates a theme ^athat will reverberate throughout Gide's thought and work. He articulates the heart and the motive power of Gide's creative effort: curiosity as ethical impulse; adventure as method and mission; the discovery of man as the goal.

He who strives and struggles is neither right nor wrong. The only measure to judge him are the fervor and purity of his effort.

Is the Prodigal Son a sinner? He is, from a bourgeois, or rather, from every social viewpoint. For he gathered all his belongings, and took

his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. He is a parasite: any collective morale - ^{whether} ~~no matter if~~ conservative or revolutionary - must disapprove of him.

But he is objectionable to the immoralist as well. For he is weak and ~~also~~ a failure. Unable to endure the hardships of dangerous life, he gives in, returns to his home, and prostrates himself: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and I am no more worthy to be called thy son..."

All of us know the story submitted by our Lord to explain his lenience towards the outcasts and sinners. The Pharisees, who were covetous, heard all these things: and they derided Him. But the poets and dreamers ~~were~~ have always been especially sensible to the magnanimous message of Jesu beautiful tale. The prospect of the fatted calf that would be killed to celebrate his return, was comforting and elating to many an errant youth. And what infinite solace emanates from Christ's generous paradox to the effect that he who was lost and devoured his living with harlots will be not only forgiven but even preferred to his brothers, who stayed at home, and served, and never transgressed a commandment.

To André Gide the lovable parable became a ~~veritable~~ mine of profound allusions and meaningful contradictions. He had never quite ceased to visualize himself as the prodigal son - the one who wastes his substance and leads a riotous life. He was not completely sincere when he proclaimed: "Nathanaël, I no longer believe in sin!" He wanted to impress Nathanaël and also to drown the soft but penetrating voice of his conscience. He ^{believed} always in sin, with one part, one ~~tiny~~ central element of his being.

Gide's pose towards Nathanaël resembles the attitude of the Prodigal Son towards his younger brother. The dialogue of the two is the concluding and, perhaps, the most enchanting scene in the enchanting composition of Le Retour de L'Enfant Prodigue (1907).

This superb piece of chamber music is, in its minor, unassuming way, the finest, most nearly perfect thing, perhaps, side has ever produced. With ~~and of~~ playful gravity and ^{solemn grace} ~~musical precision~~ the author resumes and fuses all emotional themes of his striving youth: the weariness of the heir; the rapture of his escape to freedom; the rebellion against obsolete conventions and limitations, but also the grandeur and validity of the heritage; the rousing appeal of the distant and undiscovered, and, again, the legitimate power of the familiar, indisputable hierarchy.

"Leaving diffused and yet entangled the double inspiration that ^{kindled in my heart} ~~kindled in my heart~~, I do not attempt to prove the victory of any god over me - nor mine." With these words the author presents the pious picture he has composed to his own "secret enjoyment."

No ~~the~~ problems ^{or} ~~and~~ antagonisms ~~are~~ are ~~not~~ solved in these dialogues; but they are purified and transfigured by the magic of art. There is nothing proven, save the inevitability of certain basic polarities, which have to be accepted as intrinsic parts of our substance and of our ~~quest~~ ^{quest.}

The Prodigal Son was right when he ran away: he wanted to burn with a more glorious flame, he sought new passions, new inspirations. He was right also when he surrendered and renounced his rampant vagrancy. He was right to admit his defeat, to follow the voice of his conscience which ~~he~~ was too the voice of his love. For the Prodigal Son loves his father. He was right to go home.

His first dialogue will be with the Father, who is all forbearance and kindness. Asks the Father:

"Son, why did you leave me?"

And the Prodigal Son: "Did I really leave you? Father! are you not everywhere? I have never ceased to love you."

And as the Father inquires whether the son was happy, ^{far away} ~~separated~~ from him, the son says to him, truthfully: "I have never felt ~~separated~~ from ^{far}

you."

The Father knows that his son does not lie to him. He knows his son: he has made him. There is no impulse or thought in the seditious child that does not come from the Father.

"I know what drove you ^{away,} ~~out, to the open roads,~~" says the Father. "I was always with you."

"Father!" exclaims the son. "Does that mean, Father, that I might have found you again, even if I had not come home?"

"You were right to come home, ~~my~~ son, as you felt forlorn and weary."

He says also more severe, more frightful things - the mild, knowing Father. For he is not only the Father of the Prodigal Son, he is the Father of the virtuous son as well - the Prodigal Son's older brother, the one who remained at home and transgressed no commandments.

~~He~~ is right too, in his way - as the second dialogue demonstrates. The older brother ^{He} believes in hierarchy, law, and order. The Father's House is the only order, the sole reality he recognizes. Whoever betrays the House betrays the Father as well. The voice of the older brother is the voice of the Holy Church - more stringent and forbidding than the Father's word.

Not that the older brother rejects the Prodigal Son: he welcomes his final submission. But he is exacting and merciless. His ambition is to impress his own faith and form on the restive, depleted sinner.

"Brother," says the Prodigal Son. "We are hardly alike."

"It's your fault," says the brother.

"Why - my fault?"

"Because I am in order. In whatever you differ from me, it cannot be but heresy and transgression."

The older brother is right.

So is the mother - naturally she is. Mothers are always right. The conversation with her - the third one of the cycle - deals mostly with

Chapter Four:

STRAIT IS THE GATE...

The road of excess leads to the palace
of wisdom

William Blake

Connaître Dieu, c'est le chercher.
André Gide

simple and solid things. She wants her boy to get married. She is glad to have him again. But she is also worried - not because of the Prodigal Son, to be sure: he is back, he will be all right. But there is another boy, the youngest. He seems restless, these days. Is it now his turn to toy with dangerous thoughts? Will he too run away and live riotously? In this case he will have to fill his belly, eventually, with the husks that the swines do eat. Mother knows life - or doesn't she?

If she knows life, and if she knows her boys, why, then, does she ask the Prodigal Son to talk to his younger brother? How can she make such a blunder? Does she expect in all earnest that the stranded runaway will have a good influence on her new problem child?

Or does she want, at bottom, that her kid go off and take chances? Would she prefer, perhaps, to see him encouraged, rather than warned and scared?

Mothers are often puzzling but never entirely wrong.

So the Prodigal Son has his fourth talk with the youngster.

Does he corrupt the child? He only confirms what the other has already divined in his reveries: that there are other kingdoms to discover, outside the hierarchy of the House, and also lands without a king. The traveler - exhausted but still glowing with the seduction of foreign zones - offers the fruit of adventure: not the apple of wisdom which quenches the thirst, but the savage pomegranate whose bitter-sweet aroma makes for more thirst and makes you love your longing. It is the same fruit Ménalque offered to André, André to Nathanaël.

"Leave your home and your dogmas!" says the Prodigal Son to his little brother. "Go! Be strong! Forget us! May you return no more..."

The younger brother runs away. He is right.

The geometric pattern according to which life proceeds is neither a straight line nor a zigzag but a spiral curve. The spiral seems to obey a double magnetism: its ascension is punctuated by an inherent backward tendency. The rising swing is more powerful than its opposite, to be sure. And yet the energy manifest in the moving line would ^{betray} ~~betray~~ its intrinsic law if it followed exclusively the appeal from above and disregarded its proclivity back to the ground whence it originated.

The curve of André Gide's biography is particularly apt to illustrate and dramatize this twofold trend. Evidently, his advance is constantly interrupted and modified by what may look like relapses to long overcome conflicts and conceptions. Every idea that has once been central in his philosophy will remain relevant to his thought: sooner or later he reverts to it and reaffirms its validity on a higher plane. The elements of which his vision consists - incongruous, divergent as they may appear - are not only interrelated among each other but also cohere with a common basis. One might almost say that Gide's entire work is organized around ~~devoted to~~ a very few leading thoughts, which we find constantly resumed, varied, and amplified.

Whenever he has assimilated a new ingredient to the organic compound of his ~~personal~~ identity, he is likely to return to a previous stage: ~~his quest~~ to transpose, as it were, his older experience up to the newly attained level. Thus he succeeds in maintaining the spiritual continuity indispensable for a sound and creative growth.

Of course, these regular resumptions of already familiar themes is less stimulating than to explore virgin zones and to walk on untrodden paths. What is really a steady, consistent progress might be felt, subjectively, as ~~a~~ decline and self-repetition. It can ^{not} ~~hardly~~ be elating to

take up, once more, the ascetic ideals of one's youth, after having forsworn and refuted them in glowing manifestos. Was André Gide not through with the notions of "sacrifice," "sanctity," and the like? After all, the author of L'Immoraliste and Les Nourritures Terrestres could hardly exalt purity and virtue again. Couldn't he? He could: in fact, he had to - compelled by the inmost ^{law} ~~instinct~~ of his nature. The concepts of sanctity and renunciation are realities in his life, cogent and valid for ever; he is not free to deny them. All he can and must do is to develop and deepen their purport.

Yet the formulas and demands of the ascetic morale may have seemed stale and tedious to him, after his bold excursions into more breezy, more colourful spheres. He had gone daringly far into one direction: now the reverse tendency of the spiral line forced him to take a step backwards. He followed, but grudgingly.

There was a period of depression and uncertainty in Gide's life, after the appearance of The Immoralist. Not that he was altogether despondent: The Return of the Prodigal Son, written in that time, does not look like a downhearted man's achievement. Still a gloomy vein prevails in most documents of that epoch. The euphoria of moral awakening and physical convalescence was superseded by darker and deeper moods. Gide, who had praised the rapture of native potency, now dwelt on the profound stimulus ^{inherent in suffering and} ~~emanating from disease, and suffering~~. Characteristically, he quoted Pascal who besought God to let him make the right use of his malady. "The Disease as source of restlessness," André Gide adds. "Nothing to expect from the satisfied ones. The value of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, just like Nietzsche's, is due to their malady. Without his ^{illness} ~~malady~~, Rousseau would have been an unbearable rhetor in the line of Cicero."

And what would Gide have been without his insomnia and his constant headaches? ^{his} complaints about ^{all kinds of physical disturbances} his state of health multiple in ~~his~~ ^{diary} of that period. The herald of Joy appears moody, at times bilious and almost cranky. He seems rather lonesome too, notwithstanding the ~~the~~ comparative popularity of his novel. The public was fairly pleased with The Immoralist. A real novel at last! - something they could pigeon-hole according to their accustomed patterns. But the vanguard's reaction was all the more chilly.

Gide had no "circle", no followership, at that point. The group around the Nouvelle Revue Française ~~was~~ was not yet established, while his former contacts had definitely ceased to exist. As for the Symbolists, Gide's judgements become increasingly ~~biting~~ derogatory. He blames them for their complete lack of curiosity and élan, their corrosive pessimism, their resignation. Even Henri de Régnier, hitherto so ^{warmly} admired, is not exempted from this ~~scathing~~ verdict - let alone Pierre Louys, who ~~had~~ degraded his gifts to the nether world of trash.

The aversion was mutual, for that matter. The Symbolists, or what remained of ~~them~~ ^{their cotery}, were pretty hard on Gide, in their turn. L'Immoraliste was a gross disappointment to them - even more naturalistic than Les Nourritures, and, hence, even triter. Rumor had it that the great Heredia, briefly before he passed away, mumbled something to the effect that "poor André Gide will never do anything."

Small wonder, then, that Gide avoided Paris, where even the moribund seemed malicious. More haunted than ever, he led his ~~constant~~ nomadic life between Marseille and Morocco, Central Europe, Northern Africa, and Asia Minor. It was at that time that he transcended the traditional scope of his ^{journeys} ~~travels~~, from Berlin to Biscra, and ventured ^{on} ~~an~~ expedition to Greece and Turkey. From the ~~last~~ trip resulted a slim collection of travel notes published under the title La Marche Turque. The Oriental diary - a rather ~~resultary~~ piece of writing,

flimsy

incidentally - carried a dedication to "Em.", i.e. Madame Emmanuèle Gide. The young husband and solitary vagabond apologizes for the "inadequate letters" he wrote to his wife from "down there", and offers her some "even more inadequate pages" as a well-intended postscriptum.

What an odd ménage! - disorganized, eccentric, and yet not without a certain respectability. Everything was done on a large scale. For a while the Gides had three homes, in none of which the master spent much time. Emmanuèle had inherited an estate, Cuverville, in the Normandy, whereas André owned La Roque, that came to him from his mother. Moreover, the young couple bought a villa in a fashionable suburb of Paris, with the intention of "making a house." But it was not a big success. Gide, who can be a charming host in the country, is scarcely equipped to face the intricate requirements of metropolitan social life.

Was he happy, with all his country seats and Oriental impressions? We are not entitled to ask ^{this question.} His diary is utterly discreet as far as his married life is concerned. All we know, or are allowed to guess, is that it meant a more essential and more predominant experience ^{to him} than ^{he chose to} he ~~ever~~ admitted ~~expressly~~. As regards his romance and his engagement with Emmanuèle, Gide's memoirs are detailed and eloquent enough. But what follows, the marriage proper, seems shrouded in mystery. In the published version of the Journal everything in respect of Madame Gide is omitted, except a few references to Em. ^{all rounded in the} ~~which are cautious and~~ ^{most} ~~noncommittal~~ ^{fashion.} Even when he has lost her, as an aging man, he will content himself with one veiled allusion to "the secret drama of my life."

There can be no doubt, however, that this "secret drama" is of cardinal significance for Gide's development and production. ~~There had~~ ~~no other proof for this fact, there is the stirring~~ ^{which suggest} evidence of two master novels - after The Immoralist, a second work immortalizing Em., namely Strait is the Gate... (La Porte Étroite. 1909.)

To prove this, we have the stirring

If the former is a dramatic exposure of the author's "wicked" impulses and doctrines, the latter was originally conceived as a satire on his - and, perhaps, on Em.'s - ascetic aspirations. La Porte Étroite is the narrative pendant to Les Cahiers d'André Walter and to the ^{following} tractates, ~~that~~ ~~followed~~, just as L'Immoraliste illustrates ~~and objectifies~~ the tenets of Les Nourritures Terrestres.

The story ~~of~~ L'Immoraliste is ~~that~~ of a man who destroys his own happiness, and the life of his wife, ^{by} ~~through~~ his immoderate avidity; La Porte Étroite is the story of a ~~man~~ woman who destroys her own happiness and life, and the happiness of the man she loves, ^{by} ~~through~~ her immoderate virtue. ^{her} ~~That~~ ^{Originally} it was Gide's idea to prove, even to ridicule, the futility of unwished-for sacrifices.

The first reference to this theme occurs as far back as 1894 - shortly after the publication of Les Cahiers d'André Walter. "It is good for a soul to recognize, as long as it is still young, that we cannot lose sight of God, no matter to what direction we turn." And ^{Gide} ~~he~~ adds, ominously:

"Possibility of distress: A soul that believes it has served God in a fallacious way. (Death of Mlle Claire.)"

A foot note informs us that Death of Mlle Claire is to become, fifteen years afterwards, Strait is the Gate... Mademoiselle Claire, who serves God in a fallacious way and perishes, will be resurrected in the more effulgent ^{shape} ~~form~~ of Alissa, the ~~castable~~ heroine of La Porte Étroite. Even the faintest traces of irony are removed from the definitive version of her adventure.

And yet it is not too difficult to imagine the plot of La Porte Étroite treated in a satirical manner, as Gide had first ~~well~~ planned to do. Alissa's story would indeed ~~yield~~ ^{provide} material for a delicate, suggestive comedy - the melancholy farce of a high-minded but ^{somewhat batty} ~~slightly pinched~~ young lady who makes a mess out of things - impelled by her fixed idea

that God wants her to do so.

Alissa loves her cousin Jerome; (yes, the boy she loves is her cousin: just in order to stress, as it were, the autobiographical impact of the situation.) Jerome, in his turn, loves nobody but Alissa. But she is not the only one who loves him: Alissa's sister, Juliette, falls too in love with Jerome. The incident is in itself not grave; for, in the first place, Juliette is rather on the frivolous side; besides she will be taken care of by another admirer. Nobody expects Alissa to give Jerome up for the sake of Juliette; but that is what she does: in fact, she abides by her noble gesture, even when Juliette has already contented herself with ^{another man.} ~~the boy she has had in reserve.~~ As for Alissa, she is now in love with her sacrifice rather than with Jerome. She does not want to renounce her renunciation. After having sent Jerome away, she dies in a state of ecstasy and frustration.

It would be feasible and also pardonable to tackle this ^{affair} ~~material~~ in a diabolical fashion. Alissa's sacrifice might be judged with the sardonic ~~skepticism~~ skepticism of a De La ~~Roche~~ Rochefoucauld, that classical debunker of fine emotions and bombastic words. His Maximes offer a profusion of caustic wisdom revealing the petty motive powers behind our bumptious gestures. As for man's moral resistance to carnal passion, the irreverent psychologist suggests: "Si nous resistons à nos passions, c'est plus par leur faiblesse que par notre force." - a truthful word, which is strikingly confirmed by William Blake. "Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained," he observes in The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. And since we have already referred to this astounding opus, the bearing of which on Gide's thought will have to be elucidated later on, we may as well quote another "Proverb of Hell" ^{(that might seem} applicable to Alissa:

"He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence."

But renunciation too is action - the most dramatic and dynamic action, perhaps. For ~~most~~ human impulses and gestures ^{in general} are corrupted and dislocated by interest - the interests of greed, vanity, lust. Only the disinterested the gratuitous act~~ion~~ has the original grandeur inherent in all manifestations of nature of and ~~of~~ genius. A sacrifice, therefore, is the more admirable the more futile it seems. Was not Nathanael urged, in Les Nourritures Terrestres, "to act without worrying whether the action is good or evil"? Alissa, on her part, follows this advice, in a somewhat modified, if not reversed, sense: she makes her sacrifice, regardless of its ~~useful or pernicious~~ consequences. Thus La Porte Étroite resumes another leitmotiv of Gide's work - the postulate of the gratuitous energy - and fuses it, surprisingly, with the idea of renunciation and self-denial. Far from mocking or disparaging Alissa's inutile gesture, the novel exalts her martyrdom just on account of its ~~personal~~ futility.

Besides the question remains, and is greatly relevant, whether a disinterested action is necessarily a voluntary one. Maybe Alissa had to act the way she did? "Sanctity is not a choice but a compulsion," she discloses to her friend, underlining the word "compulsion" three times in the text of her letter. "If you are the one I have believed you to be, you will not let yourself be distracted from it, either."

Alissa renounces, in fact, refuses Jerome because she loves him too much. ("Ah! sauras-tu jamais combien je t'aime...") She is afraid to taint ~~and to distort~~ the miracle of her love by its fulfilment in this sordid world, ~~of ours~~. Like André Walter, she is unable to conceive the ultimate and perfect communion with the beloved being, except in a purer, transcendental sphere. Like Luc, in La Tentative Amoureuse, she suspects desire to corrode and burn whatever it may touch. But she is also the sister of Ménéalque and Nathanaël. Akin to those va-rant lovers, she prefers the sensation of thirst to the satisfaction of drinking: the unending quest to the transient illusion of happiness.

Her prayers and contemplations echo Gide's innermost thoughts. Her drama springs from the same striving unrest which is his basic impulse. Neither Gide nor Alissa are sure of God and His unfathomable intentions. Both agree that "to know God, is to seek Him." You will not seek me, says Christ according to Pascal, "unless you have found me already."

God - the God of Alissa, the God of Gide, our God - is not a fact but a problem; not a possession but a goal. The Pharisees, who deem themselves close to Him, are in reality farthest from His Truth. Not the knowledge of God is the truly religious experience, but the ^{search} ~~quest~~ for Him. He who dares to locate the Strait Gate, will go astray: he will find the broad one that leadeth to destruction. But everyone who asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth.

The pious heroine of La Porte Etroite speaks unmistakably in Gide's own voice, she vocalizes the heart and crux of his philosophy when she confides to her diary these bold and beautiful words:

"I imagine the celestial bliss, not as a fusion with God, but as a continuous, infinite approach... In fact, if I were not afraid of ~~playing~~ playing with words, I might daresay that I would sneer at a bliss that is not progressive."

This is the wanderer's voice - the challenge and impetration of the eternal seeker. He does not believe in dwelling anywhere, not even in paradise. To him paradise is nothing stable or secure but an elusive prospect - infinitely attractive and intriguing in its perpetual flux. Gide's whole work confirms what he divined in his youth, playfully disguised as Narcissus: that the Kingdom of Heaven (i.e. the Paradise) will not be given to us by grace but will have to be sought and conquered.

"Le Paradis est toujours a refaire:" this axiom connotes a complex moral creed, from which a social and political credo may emerge ~~one day~~ in the future.

prepared

Only he who has overcome the inertia of selfishness will be ~~able~~ ^{prepared} enough for the hazardous march towards God. The metaphysical quest presupposes the physical sacrifice. Thus the concept of Progress fuses with the ethos of Renunciation. Whoever wants to reach the Strait Gate must first pass through the bitterness of self-abandonment. Says the Lord:

For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life, the same shall find it.

It is this word - at once so comforting and so frightful - which we will find quoted and hinted at, throughout Gide's entire work. He has interpreted it in many ways and in many different contexts; again and again he praised it as "the mysterious center of Christian ethics, the divine formula of happiness: the individual triumphs by renouncing the individual."

This sacred paradox is the gist and essence of that fragile and yet powerful composition, La Porte Étroite.

From an artistic point of view, the novel marks a signal progress, compared, not only with Les Cahiers d'André Walter, but also with L'Immoraliste. As Alissa renounces her fleshly passion for the sake of a purer beatitude, the Gide of La Porte Étroite seems to have forsworn ^{this} all literary mannerisms, ~~and seductive devices for the sake of a concise, classical style.~~ There no longer are shrill or redundant outbursts; no glaring colourings, no hectic exaggerations. Everything in this ~~novel~~ novel is perfectly simple and, therefore, perfectly beautiful.

If the atmosphere in L'Immoraliste seems to phosphoresce with uncanny flares and flashes, the landscapes and interiors in La Porte étroite are bathed in an equable light - limpid and silvery. A pure, nacreous hue is cast over all things and faces; we can perceive its reflection in the sedate and yet passionate dialogues and, above all,

in the fervent and delicate intonations of Alissa's voice. There is a strange ~~an~~ overtone of serenity, even in her sorrowful meditations. She performs the gesture of sacrifice with an elegance that is truly heroic. Her affliction becomes never ugly or hysterical. She dies as she has lived and loved - placid and composed, a religious clairvoyant with superb manners, ~~and a remarkable vocabulary at her disposal.~~

The whole work has this tinge of ^{classical} ~~sublime~~ conventionality: its shape and ~~its~~ ^{calculative according to} tempo seem to be ~~inspired~~ ^{formulas} by the august ~~advice~~ of Corneille and Racine. The drama develops without any superfluous ballast - skillfully timed and measured, with a minimum of apparatus and personnel. All characters introduced are strictly necessary for the proceeding plot: besides Jerome and Alissa, there is just the traditional second couple - Alissa's sister, Juliette, and the boy who is in love with her; finally the mother of the two girls, Madame Bucolin, whose objectionable conduct incites in Alissa the longing for sanctity. A few minor figures remain completely faceless and impersonal: they are employed and abandoned with that lofty negligence shown by classical tragedians towards lackeys, confidants, and the like.

Right the opening scene is a masterpiece in itself. The setting is the garden of the Bucolin home, near Le Havre - a garden which is "not very large, not very beautiful, and which distinguishes itself by no particular feature from many another garden in the Normandy." Yet it becomes the garden par excellence to everyone who reads, and can appreciate, the meticulous and plastic description. Small wonder that such a fastidious expert in French letters as André Gide was fully satisfied ^{by} ~~when he read~~ this initial passage, ~~to his mind~~. "Certainly, the description of the garden is good," he notes in his diary. "But as for the rest...?"

Of course, there are also hours of doubt: every creative mind is familiar with the downhearted moods Gide registers in his journal. "Yesterday I read to Jacques Copeau what I have written of La Porte Etroite. It displeased me enormously. I was not far from throwing the whole thing into the fire..."

Copeau - one of the founders of the Nouvelle Revue Française and, subsequently, the ~~manager~~ ^{director} of an experimental theater, Le Vieux Colombier - saved the situation by his constructive advice. Gide changes his mind and spares his manuscript. But it will take four more years before the novel can go to press. And in May, 1910, a few months after publication date, the author feels that, "if I died today, my whole work would disappear behind La Porte Etroite: it is my only product that does actually count."

~~He remained particularly fond of Alice's wistful romance.~~ The write-ups in the press were ~~nowhere~~ about as clumsy and insidious as usual; but Gide seemed unusually sensitive this time. The same critics who had first been shocked by L'Immoraliste now disapproved of La Porte Etroite as it differed too glaringly from the former. What ~~was he~~ was he up to, that vexatious imp of Gide? They had just labeled him as demoniac and a bit salacious: how could he dare surprise the gentlemen of the press with his sanctity-stuff?

"It ~~disturbs~~ ^{perplexes} my reviewers that these contradictory veins have coexisted, and still coexist, in my spirit," Gide observed, ~~in reference to the inadequate criticisms.~~ "Whatever the book may be that occupies me, at one point, I never give myself to it entirely: the subject which is going to claim me next develops simultaneously, at the other extreme of my being. If somebody believes he might identify me with my most recent product, he is utterly wrong: it is always from my last-born child that I am most different."

Small wonder, then, that the hopes of his religious-minded friends

were presently disappointed. Did they expect this proteus to abide by his pietist disposition? Before long the mystic vein manifest in La Porte Étroite was to be superseded by rather irreverent, even blasphemous trends. Gide's literary output from 1910 to 1914 must have ~~been~~ ^{revolting} ~~been~~ ^{readers} to the devout Catholics among his ~~and~~ ^{readers}. But even when his religious streak became predominant again, during the Great War, his philosophic and emotional approach to God remained incompatible with the rigid tenets of a Paul Claudel.

The friendship between Claudel and Gide is one of the paradoxical features in the biographies of both men and, incidentally, testifies to the spiritual rank and independence of both. Their congeniality proved sound and stable enough to outlast many an occasional quarrel and the principal divergencies of their views. Claudel, the Catholic, could forgive André Gide for his heresies as he was aware of his friend's deep and candid religiousness. As for Gide, he could overlook Claudel's almost brutal fanaticism, as it was free of any petty, hypocritical features and always * radiant with the flame of genius.

Besides Claudel's concept of Christianity harmonizes with Gide's in more than one respect. The notion of Joy, this living ^{gist} ~~part~~ of Gide's faith, is central also in Claudel's credo, for all its unyielding gravity and apparent somberness. Claudel's metaphysical fervor scarcely effects his attitude towards love and life. ~~The~~ Ascetic morality is to him the poor and even somewhat disturbing daughter of the Christian religion: it is for the sake of this ^{magnificent} ~~patience~~ Mother that one has to tolerate the child and treat her with all exigible courtesy. Claudel must have sounded familiar and sympathetic to Gide when he exclaimed:

"And surely we love Jesus Christ; but nothing on earth could make us love morality."

The situation became more precarious with regard to intellectual

evaluations. No doubt, Gide was irritated, if not outright disgusted, when Claudel ranted against "that ass of Goethe," or denounced - in his poem Magnificat - "les Voltaire, et les Renan, et les Michelet, et les Hugo, et tous les autres infames!" His rabid maledictions are indeed outrageously un-Christian. Or is it in keeping with the ethics of Jesus Christ to ^{assert} ~~claim~~ that the souls of those fallible but respectable men (including Goethe and Kant) are now with "the dead dogs," while their works rot with the gargabe. "They are dead," chides the Christian poet, "and their names after their death still exhale poison and putrefaction."

In other cases Claudel and Gide could admire together. Rimbaud and Baudelaire, for instance, were their mutual heroes. And still there were disagreements, even when their judgements agreed. Claudel's interpretation of Rimbaud's greatness irked Gide even more, perhaps, than ^{his} ~~the~~ inordinate disparagement of Goethe or Voltaire. The seditious poet of Le Bateau Ivre and Une Saison en Enfer became, in Claudel's presentation, a herald of metaphysical ecstasies. Gide had to witness how Rimbaud, the rebel and ruffian, was claimed, usurped by the Holy Church. "Arthur Rimbaud is my friend," he insisted, "and if I love him otherwise than you do, I love him in the way he prefers to be loved." But Claudel was equally persistent. Rimbaud meant too much to him; he could not give him up.

His tenacity in this feud about Rimbaud's soul is comprehensible in view of the ^{pivotal} ~~signal~~ role the vagrant genius played in Claudel's conversion. Paradoxical as it may sound, it was under the impression of Rimbaud's glorious blasphemies that Paul Claudel - eighteen years old, at the time - discovered the sources of Faith in the depth of his dried-out and darkened heart. Rimbaud was the tool employed by Providence to illuminate this muddled and blinded youth; Claudel describes the

miraculous experience in a moving account, "My Conversion," (published in 1913, twenty-seven years after the event.) The spectacle of the vespers at Notre Dame confirmed and completed the revelation first started by Rimbaud's appeal. "All of a sudden my heart was touched: I BELIEVED. It is true! God exists - there He is! He is somebody, is a being as personal and real as I am. He loves me, he calls for me!"

All converts are possessed by the fixed idea of converting others. Claudel is a persuasive recruiting-officer for the holy ranks. His appeal is effective, almost irresistible, by virtue of his dynamic personality and his iron faith. Gide often described how puny and weak he feels in front of Claudel's mighty stature: "He dominates me, he overwhelms me; he has more foundation and more surface, more health, more money, more genius, more power, more children, more faith - he is more of everything than I have."

Yet Gide had more tenacity in resisting than Claudel had in wooing him. Claudel made scores of Catholic proselytes; but Gide was not among them.

"Drop your hideous Nietzscheism!" he was urged by Francis Jammes, who had seen the light, as far back as 1905. "Don't hesitate any more! The Church, France, your friends - all of us want you to join us."

But his response was, No.

"Hurry up!" wrote him another beloved friend - Charles-Louis Philippe, the author of Bubu de Montparnasse. "Make up your mind! Be a man! I know in advance what you are going to choose. We will choose it all."

But Philippe's request was rash and emotional. He had not yet made his choice himself, and he never did; or rather, he made it against Catholicism. The example of Claudel's vigorous harmony had almost induced him to take the decisive step. "I am positive," Gide said in his fine obituary speech about Philippe, in 1910, "that, at a certain point,

he was quite ready to submit himself to Catholicism." But then he points out that his late friend overcame at last the spell Claudel cast on him, and liberated himself of an influence which was "something more powerful, more important, and more dangerous than the authority of an individual writer. For what hid, or rather, did not hide, behind Claudel was the Church, I believe," Gide concluded this passage, "that I remain objective when I state that Philippe, after a long time of hesitation, deemed it a victory not to yield to this influence in the end."

The same goes for Gide himself. More and more of his friends embraced the Catholic creed - Jacques Maritain, a former Protestant, and Charles Péguy, who had been anti-clerical. During the bitter War years the number of conversions multiplied. Jacques Riviere - the highly gifted young critic and essayist whom both Claudel and Gide had wooed and influenced - finally made his decision in favour of the latter: that is to say, he had recourse to the Church. So did Jacques Copeau and, most emphatically, Gide's old companion, Henri Ghéon. But Gide remained reluctant.

No doubt, he, too, was sensible to the vast attraction of Rome: there must have been hours when the holy harbour tempted his roving mind. The calamity of 1914 could not but afflict and upset him to the very depth of his being.



Everything he believed in and loved appeared imperiled, doomed. The world he knew - a hospitable world, boundless and bountiful - writhed and crumbled, shaken, as it were, by the grip of a wrathful god. Obviously, so sweeping a tribulation could not be without moral sense: it was imposed on man as a dire warning, if not as punishment. Something must be wrong, essentially, with our acts and thoughts, to provoke, to justify such devastating lesson. Nobody should exclude himself from the collective guilt as nobody is exempted from the general castigation.

What is my trespass, Lord? asked this solitary sinner, André Gide. Surely, I too have failed. How? Why? What do you want me to do?

Maybe he had missed the Strait Gate as he insisted on seeking It by himself? His solitude was his ^{transgression} ~~fault~~, perhaps? If so, he had to give up his arrogant isolation, to join in the prayers of the community, of his people. What temptation! - to accept the shelter magnanimously offered by the Papacy. "You just anticipate what I may do in the nearest future," Gide wrote to a friend who became Catholic.

But he waited and wavered - torn by his contradictory qualms and inspirations. At one point he seemed inclined to side with the Royalist-Catholic-Nationalist movement of the Action Française; a message to Charles Maurras, in 1916, ^{discloses} ~~testifies solemnly~~ this transitory mood. But he withdrew again - always evasive, oscillating between ~~various~~ extremes. ~~He found it painfully hard to fix on any specified creed, to renounce his freedom, to make up and thus limit his mind.~~

It was easier and better to keep silence, ~~to~~ rather than to adapt his words to any pattern or program. ~~Along silence it was from 1914 to 1919.~~ A brief essay about Baudelaire - a masterpiece, by the way - is everything Gide published ^{from 1914 to 1919} ~~during the First World War.~~

Not that he ceased to produce, on the contrary. The output of those years is voluminous, with Si le Grain ne Meurt and Corydon as the two

major items. But both works were published only several years after the end of the War. The same goes for Numquid et Tu...?, a slim booklet of religious meditations composed about 1916.

This aphoristic commentary on the Gospel is, in my opinion, by far the most significant piece of writing Gide accomplished ^{during} ~~in~~ the War — ~~was~~ definitely superior to both the somewhat disappointing autobiography and the painstaking treatise on homosexuality. A stirring document, profoundly marked by the anxiety of those ^{trying} days, it can be well ^{stand} ~~compared~~ ^(the) ~~comparison with~~ Claudel's Conversion. And yet the differences between the two accounts are even more revealing than the parallels. How humble and human is Gide's zealous uncertainty in contrast to Claudel's grand and triumphant faith! Gide's prayer seems to consist of ^{passionate} ~~ardent and anxious~~ questions, whereas Claudel's credo is positive, stern, aggressive. Claudel's belief rests stolidly on the doctrines and the ritual; Gide has to conquer every truth himself — constantly beset by new doubts, enthralled and bewildered by new discoveries. The message of the Lord remains always surprising to him: "La Promesse du Christ est toujours nouvelle d'une promesse infinie."

Claudel's vision is primarily transcendental; his religious pathos depends entirely on his ~~ardent~~ ^{transient} faith in the existence of another world. Our ~~worldly~~ affairs are real and relevant only because, and as far as, they are connected with the ultimate realities of Heaven and Hell. ~~It is from the eternal life above that results the validity of our transient doings.~~

But Gide says: No. It is here and now that we experience the real thing, the eternal life. For Jesus says, I AM the way; I AM the truth; I AM the resurrection. ~~The~~ ^Eternal life is not only in the future. It is here, from now on, present in all of us. We will possess it as soon as we consent to ~~to~~ abandon ourselves, to attain the renunciation

that gives us the resurrection in eternity.

"Neither behest nor ruling: simply the secret of the supreme felicity revealed by Jesus Christ in the Gospels. 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them (John XIII, 17). Not 'happy shall ye be' but 'happy are ye.' Here and now we can share in that perfect bliss."

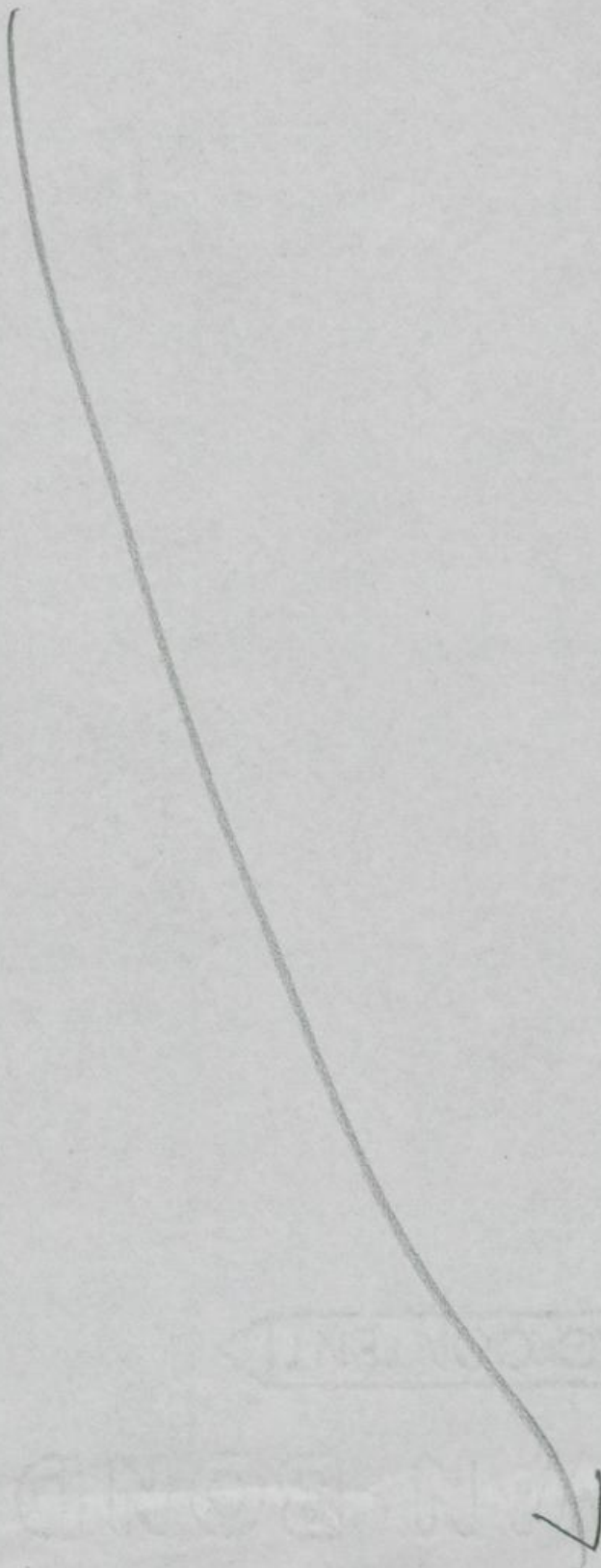
This paragraph is quoted, not from Numquid et Tu...?, but from Gide's extraordinary essay on Dostojevski. It was only in 1923 that he concluded and released his studies on the Russian novelist-visionary. But the religious War diary proves eloquently, if implicitly, that Gide's passionate concern in Dostojevski's work dates from long before. "I am struck," says Gide, "every time I read the Gospels, by the insistence with which the words, 'Et nunc,' - 'And now' - are repeated over and over again. And certainly Dostojevski too was struck by it."

He quotes ~~this~~ passage from The Possessed to prove the affinity between his concepts and Dostojevski's.

What Gide says about Dostojevski often sounds as if it had been said by somebody else about Gide. For instance:

"But, you may well contend, if feeling is to overcome thought, and the soul know no state but this vague expectancy susceptible to every outside influence, what can result except complete anarchy? It has been said, and of late more frequently, that anarchy is the consummation of Dostojevski's doctrine. A discussion of his beliefs would lead us into a far country, for I can anticipate the storm of protest I should provoke if I dared to affirm that Dostojevski does not plunge us into anarchy, but simply and naturally leads us to the Gospels. On this point we must be clear. Christian doctrine as contained in the New Testament is usually seen by people of our nation through the medium of the Roman Catholic Church, as she has modified it, moreover, in harmony with her own needs. Now, Dostojevski abhors all churches, the Church of Rome in particular. He claims it is his right to accept Christ's teaching directly from the

Scirptures, and from them alone, which is precisely was the Catholic
cannot possibly concede."



simply towards the Gospel. Let us be very clear: the Christian philosophy as manifest in the Gospel is usually conveyed to us, here in France, through the intercession of the Catholic Church. As for Dostojevski, he abominates all churches, and the Catholic Church in particular. He asserts to obtain the advice of Christ ~~solely and directly through the Scripture~~ solely and directly, which is of course something quite ~~inconceivable to any Catholic.~~

But it was Gide, not Dostojevski, who said to Paul Claudel:

"It is by no means free thought that prevents me, but the Gospel itself."

"~~What~~ Prevents you - from what?"

"Why, from entering the Church, of course. You Catholics don't know the Gospel. And not only that you don't know it, you don't even know that you don't know it. You believe in all earnest ~~to~~ you know it: that is why you continue to ignore it."

No, he could not come to terms with the Church. Like Dostojevski, like Kierkegaard he preferred the direct dialogue with his Lord, without any go-between or interpreter. There are Lutheran undertones in his grim defiance to the Catholic tutelage. But even the system of strict protestantism seems oppressive to him. His credo is:

"I am neither a Catholic nor a Protestant: I am a Christian, quite simply."

Was it not Christ himself who destroyed obsolete formulas? Christianity will serve man as a prop and a spur, for many years and centuries to come. But it must get rid of its outdated, cumbersome apparatus. The churches, ^{whether} ~~both~~ Catholic and Protestant, have long become instruments of hindrance and restriction curbing man's approach to the Supreme Being.

The unfortunate development began with Paulus, whom Gide persecutes with the same obstinate antipathy Nietzsche had for that apostle. "It

is never Christ, it is Paul who hurts me: in his sermons - never in the Gospel - I find again what once estranged me from the Lord." It is easier to him to believe in Christ's miracles than to accept the sophisms of Saint Paul. There occur things in the Letters to the Corinthians, and elsewhere in Paul's writings, that offend Gide's taste and logic. For there is one notion he cherishes even more than his Faith - namely, Truth.

This uncompromising truthfulness is, perhaps, a part of his Puritan heritage. Honesty ranks above all other virtues in the hierarchy of Gide's evaluations. "Honnêteté," he notes in his diary. "Tout ce qu'il y a dans ce mot." We may remember that it is this French term - honnêteté - which appears again and again in the German prose of Nietzsche.

Gide rejects sternly what we may call the Jesuitic morale - the doctrine, that is, which holds that the aim justifies the means and that you can promote the truth by lying. Gide has dealt with this double-faced morale in one of his dramatic tractates, Philoctète, written soon after Les Nourritures Terrestres. Here it is Ulysses who represents the conditional ethics according to which even felony is allowed, as long as it serves a noble cause - in this case, the interests of the Hellenic army. Philoctetus - abandoned by the Greeks on a desert island - and the young son of Achill - supposed to rob him of his last belonging, the arc of Heracles - refute this purposeful morality. The forsaken hero is touched by the grace of the Olympians. * He talks beautifully. "You are very eloquent," says Ulysses, "for somebody who suffers."

And Philoctete: "wherever I go, I am a son of Hellas."

Ulysses: "But you have nobody to talk to, any more."

Philoctete: "I have learned how to talk since I no longer address myself to men. I realize now that words are more beautiful when they don't serve any purpose."

Thus Gide adds his eulogy of the disinterested word to ^{his} philosophy of the disinterested action, - a highly topical concept, in the days of the Dreyfus Affair. For it was under the impression of this rousing scandal that he conceived Philoctète and reaffirmed his unyielding notion of truthfulness above all. The adherents to army and church betrayed the truth for the sake of lofty abstractions which, in their turn, served as ~~incredible~~ ^{shoddy} disguises of practical interests. Gide took the side of the Jewish Captain - that is to say, of truth.

We read in his journal, A propos de Maurice Barrès:

"What he calls 'the Protestant spirit' that is in fact that 'dangerous' spirit of probity which induced the Jansenists to write:

'To whatever country or whatever ~~sect~~ ^{sect} you may belong, you must not believe save what is true and what you would believe even if you belonged to another country, another sect, or another profession.'

It seemed to him that those of his friends who became Catholic; also became untruthful. Not only Henri Massis, the cunning Neo-Thomist, twisted the truth, and ^{also} ~~his~~ his quotations out of Gide's writings, according to his respective purpose. Even the candid Francis James indulged in ~~innumerable~~ fabrications. Gide had to rectify publicly certain misrepresentations spread by his old friend - some of them innocuous, others fairly disagreeable. After having enumerated and corrected several "mistakes" and having closed his note, "bien affectueusement, ton...", Gide had to add this amusing postscriptum:

"I just happen to read, in the Revue Universelle, your poetic description of La Roque: draw-bridges, decaying walls, an owl in your slipper, and so forth; all this is delightful. I cannot help believing, however, that a little bit of truth might have been even more interesting. But you feel, undoubtedly, that it wouldn't have fit your style."

It is a farce and a morality, and a farce about phony moralities, and a moral, merry-making challenge to all fools and ^{to} all popes of fools and ^{to} all popish follies and foolish poperies. In short, it is a gorgeous extravaganza and the most ravishing harlequinade.

Its aggressive wit is by no means one-sided but comprehensive. It mocks not only the high clergy in Rome but also the obtuse materialism of certain "free-thinkers" such as Professor Armand-Dubois, the free-mason, who dissects rats, believes in Progress, and, in jocose veins, would refer to God as "Monsieur le Principal." But in the end a pretty tenuous "miracle" illuminates this smug gentleman: he foreswears free-masonry - thus ruining his worldly career - and becomes a religious fanatic.

Professor Armand-Dubois makes an ass of himself. So does Julius de Baraglioul, his brother-in-law, a successful novelist of the mundane-Catholic type. He ~~aspires~~ ^{is} to the French Academy and allows the association of merry-makers to mystify him with a vengeance. His sister, ~~la~~ Comtesse Guy de Saint-Prix, is no smarter: the chief of the merry-makers - a philosophic crook called Protos - pays a visit to her and - oh, shame! oh, ~~she~~ fun! - she falls for his preposterous rodomontades. The crook, disguised as a priest, convinces the grand lady that His Holiness the Pope has been kidnapped by the ~~freemasons~~ ^ffreemasons and is imprisoned somewhere in the vaults of the Vatican, while a counterfeit Pope receives the homages of Christianity. It is a complicated intrigue - shrewdly woven and circulated. The kidnap affair is somehow linked with the mystery of Meyerling, where the Austrian Crown Prince was found dead with his mistress - a joint suicide, according to the official version, but a dire crime, according to the merry-makers. The murderer of Prince Rudolph shares the prison of His Holiness. Several kings and wicked cardinals are involved in the lurid plot. Everything is extremely secret and dangerous. Comtesse

Guy de Saint-Prix is expected to contribute a considerable sum to the funds for the Crusade to rescue the Holy Father.

Madame la Comtesse writes a check and confides the secret to her best friend. The best friend's husband, a certain Amédée Fleurissoire, ventures on a pilgrimage to Rome - determined to unmask the Pope of Fools and to liberate His Real Holiness. He is a queer old chap, Amédée Fleurissoire - awkward and pathetic but not without engaging qualities. ^{First, he has} ~~he is~~ a terrible time with the bed bugs in Italian inns. In Rome, a member of the merry gang lures him into a brothel. There Amédée loses his innocence. An experienced girl, Carola, seduces, or rather, rapes him. Amédée bursts into tears when the sinful act is over. It is a moving scene, quite apart from its being ^{screamingly} ~~exceedingly~~ funny.

In Naples, Amédée meets a phony cardinal - a cardinal of fools. Protos shows up again as a priest. His intelligence - remarkably developed by nature - is somewhat obfuscated and confused by Nietzschean slogans. He wants to be a superman, beyond good and evil. He, too, makes an ass of himself.

As for poor Amédée, somebody pushes him out of ^a ~~the~~ running express train, between Rome and Naples. He is gone for good: assassinated by the reckless merry-makers, we suppose?

Wrong, again. Protos had no interest in killing M. Fleurissoire. In fact, nobody could gain anything by the crime. Yet it was committed. Who, then, committed it - wantonly, senselessly, just for the murderous fun? Who is that cynical, that monstrously cruel?

It's Lefcadio - who else could it be? Lefcadio, the old pal of Protos; (but not mixed up with the pseudo-Nietzean racket;) Lefcadio, the half-brother of Julius de Baraglioul and of the Comtesse Guy de Saint-Prix, ^{(whose father, the} ~~old Count de Baraglioul, an enchanting old sinner,~~ had once an affair in Bucharest with a dame of signal beauty and hospitality. A son resulted

from this frivolous liaison. And what a son! What an amazing fellow!

From his jolly maman Lafcadio inherited ~~his~~ his looks, his ^{sensual} attraction, his irresistible smile, and the complete absence of any scruples or inhibitions. His brilliant manners must come to him from his father's side - this nonchalant elegance typical of his gait, speech, and outfit. A badly fitting suit is to him what a lie is to a Calvinist.

He is nineteen years old - Lafcadio without a country and without a conscience, the spirited good-for-nothing and rakish adventurer. He possesses nothing, except a fine vocabulary in six languages he picked up in the boudoir of his mother; nothing, except his wit, his youth, his pride, his instinct, his vitality. He is very generous, Lafcadio, and alarmingly erratic. He defies all sacred laws of society but imposes upon himself the most castigation when he has somehow transgressed his own self-styled, capricious code of honor. Reckless to the point of outright brutality, he still risks his life to rescue a child out of burning building. He has features of Balzac's Rastignac and of a young, well-bred horse. He resembles Stendhal's juvenile hero, Julien Sorel, and he has also elements of an ordinary impostor. He has something of a child and of a genius and of a monster. He has not much in common with Dostojevski's haunted amateur criminal, Raskolnikov, although his, Lafcadio's character, seems at times to be conceived as a parody of the somber Russian.

Both young men, Lafcadio and Raskolnikov, commit an unmotivated crime - the former, by pushing an innocuous old gentleman out of a running train; the latter, by slaughtering a pathetic old woman. But Raskolnikov's murderous impulse springs from an intellectual obsession: he wants to prove that he is a superman. (Lafcadio's crony, Protos, commits felonies out of similar considerations.) Lafcadio, however, acts under a sort of facetious compulsion: he just feels like doing what he does, there is no

principle or purpose behind his action, he does not care to prove anything but is impelled by sheer energy: his wanton misdeed is l'acte gratuite, the disinterested effort in its purest form, pushed to its utmost, paradoxical extreme. He is aware of all risks involved while he acts; but to him danger means an additional, or maybe the decisive, attraction. No doubt, he would accept his punishment, even death, if need be: he is perfectly prepared for it. But he does not seek it, as does his pensive cousin in St. Petersburg. Raskolnikov is torn by remorse: the whole novel is but the story of his repents, climaxing in his final confession. Lafcadio, much more buoyant and more cynical, does not think of confessing, nor would he fall in love with a humble prostitute. Not that he has anything against prostitutes in principle: he has an affair with one, at the beginning of our story. Carola - the same Carola who ^{seduces} subsequently Amédée - is sincerely in love with Lafcadio - the same Lafcadio who lives with her only "for hygienic reasons" and who will assassinate poor Amédée out of similar motives. Carola, the ~~bragging~~ good-natured whore, is dropped, bluntly and brutally, by her ^{radiant} ~~affluent~~ boyfriend, who is all nature, no goodness. In the end he is busy conquering a sweet and serious young creature of a finest stock - the stock couldn't be finer: it is Lafcadio's own. The girl in whose arms we leave him happens to be the daughter of Julius de Baraglioul, the tiresome novelist, whose enterprising father ~~he~~ begot also Lafcadio, nineteen years ago, in Bucharest, Rumania.

No, he is not going to give himself up to the police. He is going to live. He will abandon the girl who now covers his face with ~~his~~ her kisses. She loves him, and will continue to do so, notwithstanding his crime and his instability. So does Gide. So do we, the readers. How could we help loving Lafcadio, the jester, the crook, the hero? Who would be angry at him? Who would take him to task for his daring follies, since the world

surrounding him seems to be populated exclusively by swindlers and their stooges?

And then, what he has done may be grisly; but, after all, it's only a merry-maker acting in a Sottie...

All living creatures mirror and explain their creator, or at least one aspect and potentiality of the creative ~~character~~^{mind} from which they emerged. Just as all men bear the mark of their divine descent - however blurred or dislocated - the characters conceived by one novelist are all akin to each other as they are all akin to their poet. Every work of art is a self-portrait.

We recognize Gide's grave and spiritual physiognomy behind Lafcadio's impishly charming grimace. Yes, this dashing and dangerous youth is made from the same stuff that is André Walter's and Alissa's and the Immoralist^{on}. His inordinate antics and paradoxes, his innocence and his tricks, all his emotions and actions are imbued with the unmistakable flavour of Gide's style and personality.

"It is certainly easier for me to make one of my characters speak than to express myself as myself, undisguised." This is Proteus's confession. He continues: "There is nothing in my work I have written with more easiness than Alissa's diary or the monologues of Lafcadio, nor is there anything better. When producing ~~these~~ such things, I forget who I am, if I have ever known it..."

Does he abandon himself to become Lafcadio? Or is the fictitious individual an emanation of his own substance and energy? But what is the difference? Is there any difference, really?

The question becomes somewhat more perturbing in the case of an unpleasant and untruthful character such as the hero in Gide's following book, La Symphonie Pastorale (1919). The Calvinist Minister, whose diary

communicates the whole story, is an unctuous hypocrite who cheats not only his environment but also deludes himself. With complacent circumstantiality he dwells on every detail of his little drama. We see the winter landscape of the remote mountain valley in Switzerland where his personage is situated, and we sense the glacial peace of the night when the Minister was called to a moribund old woman, somewhere in the snowy solitude. It was in her hut that he found the wretched, ~~half-beastly~~ creature that was to play such a decisive role in his life - Gertrude, ^{blind} the ~~little~~ niece of the defunct old woman -; a pitiful half-wit, filthy, and unable to speak, almost beastly.

No doubt, the pastor's spontaneous impulse to take the poor idiot along is in itself noble and laudible. He is ^a Christian, he feels sorry for the miserable orphan. But, again, is he not a little bit too pleased about his own charity and goodness? And, besides, there is his wife at home - a commonplace, sturdy person without understanding for his immoderate generosity. He knows, of course, that she will disapprove of his eccentric gesture. But he also knows that she will be, nevertheless, as practical and helpful as usual. It is she - the pastor's homespun wife, not the inspired pastor - who tackles the unappetizing job of transforming her unwished-for guest, Gertrude, from a fetid wreck into a clean human being. As for the pious man, he contents himself with awakening, little by little, the girl's darkened and frightened mind.

His diary informs us of her gradual progress. She learns how to speak and to laugh, how to believe in God and in His earthly representative, the pastor. She is innocent and lovable. He loves her.

Is his love still pure and fatherly? His notes divulge what he does not admit to himself: that his feeling for Gertrude has long transcended the sphere of paternal-pedagogical interest. This is not sympathy, any more: it is passion.

He refuses to grasp the obvious, palpable truth, even his violent

when

jealousy ~~becomes an additional proof~~ ^{dramatically reveals} for his emotional entanglement. His son falls in love with the sightless belle. The ~~same~~ pastor - blinder than his angelic protégé - raves but still fails to realize why. He keeps lying - doggedly, desperately: lying to his wife, who looks through his obvious devices; lying to his son, who yields to the paternal authority and renounces Gertrude; lying to Gertrude herself, whose idea of the world and of his own ^{character} ~~appearance~~ he falsifies and confuses with his mendacious, purposeful eloquence.

The swindle ends as Gertrude gains her eyesight, thanks to an operation. Now she sees, and she understands. It is the young one she loves - the pastor's son, not the pastor. She recognizes at last the true nature of the old man's devotion. She shudders. Everything falls on her. She has perceived the existence and might of Evil - too suddenly and overwhelmingly so as that she could bear it.

The end is tragedy - with the son joining a Catholic order (the most scathing gesture of protest against his Calvinist father he could possibly think of); with Gertrude committing suicide, and the pastor left all alone - alone with his homely, frustrated wife, his guilt and his distress. He tries to ~~try~~, but his heart is "as arid as the desert." From his withered heart rises his desolate prayer:

Our Father which art in Heaven...

Now, what has Gide in common with that broken-down old hypocrite? Where is the affinity between the created character and the creator? Or is Pastoral Symphony just another tour de force executed with detached mastership?

But there can be no doubt that Gide has furnished his dreary hero with certain features inherent - more or less latently - in his own personality. In fact, he lays many an idea of his own into the mouth of the deceitful Minister, where they presently tarnish and lose all validity. The cunning lover employs big and beautiful words - Gide's

words - to camouflage or to excuse his illegitimate passion. How cleverly he tosses about with such grandiose notions as "pure love," "True Christianity versus Puritan prejudices," "educational fervor," "self-sacrifice," and so forth. When Gertrude - yet without eyesight - asks him whether there is anything evil about her being so fond of him, he answers, slyly and evasively: "Love can never be evil." And when his poor wife reproaches him, rather early in the course of the story, with preferring the blind stranger to his own children, he invokes the Gospel, sacrilegiously. Does not Jesus teach us that a sheep that was lost and has been found again is more valuable, indeed, more lovable than the rest of the flock that never went astray? And Gertrude - blind and dumb as she was - must she not be considered a lost sheep? So why should we not make merry and be glad? For this thy sister was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

But the pastor's wife does not make merry and is not glad at all. Nor was Gide, I suppose, when twisting and polluting his own favorite tenets by lending them to his hideous double and self-caricature. He who never admitted that a fine cause could ever justify evil means, now mirrored himself in a man who abuses the finest reasons for the sake of an evil cause.

If it is an act of paradoxical unselfishness to invent arguments for one's own enemy - as Gide does, at times - it implies much more of a self-inflicted torture to make a hateable person employ and mar one's own thoughts and principles.

Conceived as the utmost contrast to the cheerful escapade of Les Caves du Vatican; saturated with the gloom and the anxiety of the preceding War years, La Symphonie Pastorale is the subtlest and most scathing self-indictment Gide has ever issued - more relentless, indeed, than L'Immoraliste, and much more bitter than the hilarious self-irony of

Paludes, where the most acrid criticism is mitigated by a hearty laughter. But there is no trace of gaiety in La Symphonie Pastorale. The setting is of bleak austerity; the colouring, dismal and murky. Proteus does not allow himself the faintest smirk or giggle. This time his metamorphosis looks terribly like a self-flagellation.

Lafcadio is in the habit of tormenting himself with a glowing knife when he has violated one of his own arbitrary taboos. For what secret transgression did André Gide want to atone when he hurt himself with the glowing steel of his well-turned, revealing word?

"There is no monster or miracle on earth that concerns me more than my more character. ... The more I explore and scrutinize myself, the more my deformation amazes me - the less can I understand myself."

It is with wholehearted approval that Gide quotes these words, in his brilliant Essai sur Montaigne (1929). The great French humanist of the sixteenth century belongs to his most beloved and most trusted masters. It is by no means Montaigne's famous "Skepticism" by which Gide feels mostly attracted. The noncommittal gesture - "que sçai-je?" - would not in itself be helpful and constructive, if it were not for the new humanistic pride and probity already inherent in such ~~questioning~~ sturdy agnosticism. Insertion ~~"It seems," says Gide, "that after Pontius Pilate's ghastly question, What is Truth?, Montaigne resumes, in his turn - quite humanly, though, in a strictly profane and very different sense - the divine answer of Jesus Christ: I am the Truth."~~

This is the twofold lesson Gide obtained from his illustrious friend, Michel Eyquem de Montaigne: that self-scrutiny, self-analysis, complete sincerity towards oneself, is the beginning and, perhaps, the crown of all wisdom; and, that the most pertinent way of teaching anything to anybody is, to communicate - frankly! without retouch! - what one may have found out about one's own inmost conflicts and conditions.

Insertion

p. 133 the end of the fourth paragraph, from ("It seems," says Gide..... >>
is to be omitted, or rather, to be replaced by the following lines:

"To Pilate's cruel question, What is truth?, which re-echoes down the ages," writes Gide, "Montaigne seems to have assumed, though in a quite human and profane manner, and in a very different sense, Christ's divine answer, I am the Truth. That is to say, he can know nothing truly but himself..."

Then the text continues with the new paragraph, This is the twofold lesson.....etc.

p. 223, in line 14 from the top, following the words, to a Marxist fanatic, the following words should be added:
and intransigent puritan

The sentence continues with, who defamed Nietzsche....etc.
In the following line, the word he is to be replaced by Gorki (What Gorki had to say.....etc)
The word was in the same line (following Dostoevski) is to be changed into

sounds
The next sentence, beginning with The author of Corydon is to be omitted. (Cut from The author until against society . The two opening words of the next phrase, What had, are also to be cut. The sentence begins with these words:

The author of La Porte Etroite has almost nothing in common....
etc.

Gide is delighted by what he calls Montaigne's "heureuse audace dans l'indiscrétion personnelle." He relishes all details the jolly nobleman confides to him as to his most intimate experiences, psychological or somatic. To Gide, it is thrilling news that the author of the Essays ^{is} ~~was~~ able to hold his water for ten hours or so. If the ^{fact} ~~disclosure~~ as such is not startling, Montaigne's indiscreet wish to disclose it is charming and significant in itself. This ^{unusual} ~~inordinate~~ frankness implies much more than sheer exhibitionism, according to André Gide. It connotes a valliant protest against canting conventions: what is concealed in general - everything devious and stealthy is precisely what fascinates him most and what he likes to display.

King Candaulus, we remember, was prompted by similar impulses when he he prostituted his wife - a flagrant slip for which he had to pay with his life. Gide, who dramatized this edifying story, cannot be unfamiliar with the antagonism between shame and sincerety. And yet his "indiscreet wish" to exhibit his secrets - his pedagogical proclivity to teach the world a lesson by unveiling his privacy - this innate disposition to expose himself got the better, more often than not, of any conventional scruples. His extensive autobiography, Si le Grain ne Meurt, (published in 1926) is of a meticulous straightforwardness compared with which Montaigne's "fortunate audacities" look like hypocritical lies.

I am afraid that I may have been ^{unduly} ~~perhaps~~ hard on this particular work of Gide when I referred to it, in a preceding chapter. Didn't I call it "somewhat disappointing"? What a rash and superficial judgement! I am tempted to take it back. But I can't. I want ~~to~~ this essay to be as sincere as is the author it deals with. How, then, could I mince or modify my words? The truth is that I was disappointed when I first read Si le Grain ne Meurt, and that I cannot help feeling the same way whenever I read it again.

That is not to say that Gide's memoirs are lacking in unforgettable scenes and images: there are many of them, particularly in the childhood chapters, but also in the following parts. What he tells us about his first literary impressions and religious qualms ~~come~~ comes off beautifully. The same goes for certain school souvenirs - especially the first contact with Pierre Louys, at the Ecole Alsacienne. The third volume offers a good deal of lively information about the literary milieus in Paris, about 1890; there are striking sketches of Mallarmé, Heredias, and the sophisticated crowd that flocked to their receptions. The Algerian episod, finally, with its elaborate double-portrait of Oscar Wilde and Lord Douglas, is perhaps the climax of the whole account.

It is there, in the African chapter ~~that is~~, near the end of the story *, that the "shocking" details occur - six pages, or so, in a work that comprises about six-hundred. Evidently, these risqué passages have attained a popularity entirely out of proportion. I have heard people discuss Si le Grain ne Meurt as a salacious book - "the book, you know, in which he tells all that dirty stuff about Wilde and Douglas and the little Moors," -: while, in reality, Gide's memoirs are mainly concerned with such earnest matters as Symbolistic art, puritan pastors, Beethoven, country life, botanizing spinsters, and young André's innocent romance with Mademoiselle Emmanuèle.

Why, then, do so many readers choose to remember solely the delicate interlude with the Arabian lads? There must be more ~~and~~ serious reasons for this undue emphasis than just the ordinary predilection for the sexual sphere. It might be that the Algerian adventure strikes the reader as particularly thrilling and colourful as the rest of the book is somewhat poor in colour and suspense. Moreover, the "revelation of the desert" - as one of Gide's biographers, Léon Pierre-quint, terms the African episod - seems to be the logical climax, indeed, the solution ^{our} ~~at which the~~ story was driving, ~~from its very beginning~~, at all along.

The anguish and apprehension of André's childhood; his abrupt and irrational outburst, "Je ne suis pas pareil aux autres!"; the moral struggle of his later years; the strangely seraphic flavour of his relation to Emmanuele - all this becomes intelligible in the light of what has happened under Wilde's devilish auspices. By disclosing his "deformation" - to quote Montaigne's formula - Gide provides us with the clue to the labyrinth of his inner drama.

There can be no doubt, of course, that Gide's erotic penchants and experiences are of signal relevance to his development in all respects. One does not need be an unconditional adherent to Freud's doctrines to recognize the vital bearing of sex on the human life. It was not the founder of the psychoanalytical school but Nietzsche who called sex the root and basis of all artistic creation. According to him, a man's sexual inclinations can be traced even in the most lofty and disinterested manifestations of his genius. And still we ought to beware of premature conclusions - in general, I mean, and especially as far as Gide is concerned. "Ne me comprenez pas si vite, je vous en prie!" His request is applicable to his erotic problem as to any other aspect of his character.

Let us be frank and factual! Gide discloses, in his memoirs, that he has had sexual intercourse with young Arabians in Algeria, fifty years ago. That is all, or rather, would be all, if it were not for a brief but significant phrase following the scene with Mohammed - a sentence to the effect that this escapade helped him in finding his "normality." We are not told, however, whether this normality implies a lifelong fixation on Arabian boys. In fact, Gide is much more discreet than his reputation suggests and than he wants to appear. As far as I can see, his whole work, including his Journal, contains no direct reference to

his sexual experiences, except the one passage in Si le Grain ne Meurt. We are not told whether the Algerian incident was followed by others of a similar kind. There are scarcely ~~any~~ ^{any} hints at ^{any} young men among Gide's acquaintances, save Marc Allegret, the companion of the Congo journey, who happens to be descended from a family very close to Gide's. Nor do we learn much about the women who might have played a role in his life. I have ^{before} tried ^{to} stress Gide's extraordinary reserve with regard to his marriage. ~~He~~ He is not more expansive in respect of other romances. How about the liaison which resulted in the birth of Gide's daughter? The young lady was presented as his niece, as long as Madame Gide was alive. But with Emmanuèle deceased, the widower recognized his illegitimate child officially. Yet the published version of his Journal offers no ~~one~~ clue to this love affair of great consequences.

One of Gide's most intimate friends once said to me: "He is terribly difficult to understand, our great André. It tickles him to bamboozle all of us. Take his relation to women, for instance! Most people take it for granted that he doesn't care much for dames. Wrong! Women mean more to him, in a sense, than do men. And it's not only Emmanuèle I am thinking of. As for her, she has more power on him than any other being, male or female. I believe he would sacrifice his dearest friend if Emmanuèle insisted..."

Gide's work seems to confirm what his intimate divulged to me. The female element among his characters is at least as significant as the male. As for the topic of homosexuality, it plays but a secondary role. One voluminous treatise, Corydon, is devoted to this subject, and there occur allusions - not very obvious ones, though - in L'Immoraliste and Les Faux-Monnayeurs. And yet it seems out of the question that Gide would ever have recourse to certain ^{contrivances} ~~devices~~ as employed by Marcel Proust, for instance. On the contrary, Gide disapproved, repeatedly and sharply, of Proust's cunning policy which consists of presenting the boys he was

interested in disguised as girls. The Albertine, in À la Recherche du Temps Perdu, was actually an Albert: all those in the know were fully aware of this trickery. Gide sounds indeed rather angry when he notes in his diary (1921):

"Perplexed and indignant after having read the last pages of Sodome et Gomorrhe (in the December issue of the Nouvelle Revue Française). Knowing Proust's nature and opinions the way I do, it is difficult for me to see there anything but a faint, prompted by the desire for self-protection. His camouflage is as clever as could be; for nobody could be interested in unmasking it. Yes, this offence ~~against~~ truth is likely to please everybody - the heterosexuals, as it justifies their prejudices and animosities; and the others, who will profit by the alibi and by the lack of resemblance between them and the characters Proust portrays. In short, Sodome et Gomorrhe, more than any other piece of writing I have ever read, is apt to foster the general cowardice and to encourage public opinion to abide by its fallacies."

What annoyed Gide, furthermore, is the way Proust seems to confound homosexuality and effeminacy. Baron Charlus, the macabre hero of Sodome et Gomorrhe, is indeed the embodiment of ~~effeminate~~ ^{neracy} degeneration. Not that the portrait of Charlus is unfairly or malignantly drawn in itself: of course, there are plenty of gentlemen very much like the Baron. What may be considered unfair is only that Proust presents this morbid snob as the invert par excellence, while transposing the more appealing experiences of another character, Swann, into the less controversial sphere of heterosexual love. According to Gide, however, a bumptious freak - namely, the Baron Charlus - is by no means typical of the homosexual as such. To speak of "the homosexual" is as erroneous as to speak of "the Jew" or "the artist."

It is the main thesis of Corydon that homosexuality, just like heterosexuality, "comprises all degrees, all shades - from Platonism to

salaciousness, from renunciation to sadism, from joyful soundness to pathological gloom, from the most primitive satisfactions to the most refined perversities. The 'inversion' (i.e. effeminacy) is just one annex of it. Moreover, there are innumerable transitions between exclusive homosexuality and exclusive heterosexuality. Yet, in general people are wont to contrast what they call 'normal love' with what they deem a form of love 'opposed to nature' - and, for reasons of sheer convenience, they take it for granted that all noble passions, all beauty of spirit and of emotion, are reserved to the 'normal' side, whereas the others have to content themselves with I don't know what kind of scurvy substitutes..."

This distinction between the "invert" (or effeminate type) and the "normal homosexual" (namely, the male lover of male youth, in the Hellenic style) goes as a leitmotiv throughout the didactic dialogues of which the treatise consists. Mr. Corydon - quite an expert in his particular field - tries aptly and patiently to convince his somewhat goofy interlocutor that homosexuality is neither a crime nor a disease. A spirited and conscientious teacher, he tackles the matter from all conceivable angles - medical, literary, philosophic, sociologic, historic, and religious. He quotes Montaigne and Darwin, Pascal and Goethe, Plato and Walt Whitman. His argument includes the habits of dogs and geniuses, Christian and pagan ethics, the testimonies of statesmen, doctors, and priests. He is unusually bright and brave - that imaginary Mr. Corydon, undaunted apologist of an unpopular cause.

Frankly, I fail to see why Gide's friends and advisors should have been so worried and bewildered about this semi-scientific, impersonal essay. Nor do I quite understand why Gide was in such a state of excitement and happiness when he composed Corydon. According to his Journal, no other work elated and thrilled him in an equal degree, since the hectic days of Les Cahiers d'André Walter. Only then, as a callow, inspired youth, he

was possessed by the same enthusiasm. Les Cahiers d'André Walter and Corydon are the two only books Gide believed to be of utmost significance, indeed, indispensable, while he was engaged in writing them.

As for the former, it may be deemed an indispensable document within the whole of Gide's lifework: whoever needs and loves André Gide's production ~~as~~ in its entirety, would not want to miss Les Cahiers. In the case of Corydon, however, I do not feel quite the same way. If I had to sacrifice one of Gide's major works, I would choose Corydon, without hesitating. It is a useful book but not an inspiring ~~exemplary~~ one. Far from being unduly emotional and bold, it is rather lacking in these qualities. It presents and develops its thesis - sturdily and effectively so, with an impressive display of eloquence and erudition; but it does not include the antithesis; in other words, it is not dialectic, not musical, not artistic, not disinterested. It just wants to prove its point. In order to be persuasive, Gide sacrifices what is indeed the source and secret of his persuasion - the iridescent complexity of his style and thought.

Proteus seems a little awkward and uncomfortable in the role of a propagandist. He is more himself - he is indeed at his best when ~~he~~ he plays and puzzles, when he changes his shape and shifts from one position to another; when he phosphoresces and oscillates and intrigues.

This explains, perhaps, the relative tenuity of Si le Grain ne Meurt and Corydon. In both cases Gide tries to come out undisguised, as a man who tells his story and who puts forward his argument. But, curiously, the authentic story and the direct, unconditioned testimony fall short of his subtle, noncommittal devices. Paradoxical as it may sound, Gide sounds less cogent, indeed, less truthful when he conveys the plain truth. For the plain truth is never his truth. The plain truth is a simplification.

The more disguised, the more authentic is Proteus. We recognize his gesture and his message, whether it comes to us in the make-up of André Walter or Ménalque, of Narcissus or Candaules; with the saintly smile of Alissa or with or with the feverish glow of the Immoralist; with Lafcadio's triumphant turbulence or with the deceitful dignity of the Calvinist pastor: they are all stigmatized and blessed with his mystery, his charm, his savour, his unmistakable hue.

And this is true, not only of Gide's fictitious ^{own} self-presentations and self-transformations, but also of his essayistic masquerades. Precisely like in his novels, he at once veils and reveals his ^{own} personality when scrutinizing and evaluating the works and characters of Stendhal or Dostojewski, Baudelaire or Nietzsche, Montaigne or Charles-Louis Philippe. His polemics against Barrès, his notes on Chopin, his studies on Goethe or Racine, are indeed as integral a part of his lifework as his stories or plays. Gide's fervor and intuition are no less creative and original in the field of literary criticism than they are in the narrative or dramatic spheres. The importance of his essayistic volumes equals that of his novels, tractates, and tragedies.

There is a profusion of delightful and illuminating things in the collections of Gide's literary-analytical prose - Prétextes (1903), Nouveaux Prétextes (1911), and Incidences (1924). But even more delightful and illuminating are the countless reflections and aperçus scattered throughout his central and cardinal work, his ~~Journal~~ diary. The volume I cherish most among all things he has written, is the complete edition of his Journal, 1889-1939, ^{- more than 1300 pages,} handsomely presented by the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade. It is a treasure of a book - not inferior, in my opinion, to Montaigne's Essays or to Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann.

Of course, the art of the journal, like epos or tragedy, has its own inherent laws and logic, its specific style and its specific dangers.

The Journal, as a particular medium of expression, must not be confounded with the Confession, of which we have so many samples in world literature, from St. Thomas Aquinas to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Thomas de Quincey, and others. But the Confession, like the Autobiography, is retrospective: its objective and function is to review the way that has led to a certain climax or terminus from which the confessor shows back. The account is necessarily coloured and purposeful. The same is true - for different but equally obvious reasons - of personal letters as a literary device. Only the diary is sincere, if it deserves to be called a diary.

Some of the most illustrious journals can hardly be considered genuine. The diary of Friedrich Hebbel, for instance - the best-known document of this type in ~~the realm of~~ German literature - is an impressive compilation of axioms and aphorisms rather than a day-to-day report of its author's factual and emotional life. As for the brothers Goncourt, their celebrated Journal is really a social and literary chronicle - entirely journalistic in its purport and policy.

In other cases, again, the journal is sincere but insignificant. The daily notes of Goethe or Tolstoi, Stendhal or Dostojevski, yield certainly a good deal of enjoyment and instruction to any reader truly interested in those masters; but nobody would ever count these casual and desultory entries among the main achievements of the great men who jotted them down to keep track of their daily doings.

There are much-vaunted journals by such authors who have nothing else, or almost nothing else, to their credit. The reputation of Marie Bashkirtseff, for instance, is due to her Journal entirely, as is that of Madame de Sévigné to her letters. But a diary that constitutes a life-work can never have as much fascination and significance as has a diary that accompanies, elucidates, and completes a great literary contribution.

But if it is true that André Gide's Journal would be less attractive and less important if his other writings did not exist, it is also true that his work would be fragmentary without his diary. This is not so in most other cases. We are able to appreciate the grandeur of Dickens or Balzac, Poe or Byron, Milton or Descartes, without knowing their diaries. But to know Gide we must know his journal. Far from being an accessory, it is an essential - the heart and center of his creative effort.

Gide is a matchless master in this particular field. All his novels and tales, from Les Cahiers d'André Walter over Les Caves du Vatican and Les Faux-Monnayeurs to L'Ecole des Femmes and Geneviève, are written, partly or completely, in the form of personal diaries. The Journal which he signs himself, sums up and reaffirms all those fictitious monologues and imaginary confessions. It also contains the essence and the resumé of his intellectual endeavour, the candid and continuous chronicle of his inner adventures and actual experiences. It is not only the most valid and conscientious self-^{analysis}~~portrait~~ in modern literature, but also ~~a colorful~~ ^{the best} lively survey of a great, eventful period in European history. By registering, day by day, the oscillations, transitions, and complications of his own quest and drama, he portrays - unwittingly, as it were - the currents and vicissitudes of spiritual life at large. His most intimate experiences mirror and at times anticipate the general trend of intellectual motions.

Gide's Journal is a self-portrait in motion: hence its extraordinary charm and ~~its~~ efficacy. Not a statue but a moving picture, it presents a creative mind in the very state of roving, striving, erring, seeking, questioning, creating.

"Je ne peints pas l'estre. Je peints le passage." I depict the process of becoming, not the status of being: Gide not only quotes this maxim of Montaigne but also follows its advice. He, too, describes movement and

and change, the wandering, the reluctancies, the unending transformations.

What is his purpose in doing so? But art has no purpose: it is disinterested, ^{an} ~~aim~~ aim in itself, a sublime waste of energy. The adventures of Proteus are as many gratuitous actions.

Or is there an objective, after all? Proteus does need, perhaps, a medium to express his visions and apprehensions? Proteus is a Protestant, as we should not forget. What the Catholic confides to his confessor, the Protestant submits to God directly. As it happens in the case of professional writers, the directest approach to God goes at times over the reading public.

The Proteic Protestant is free: he belongs to no hierarchy. Responsible to no authority save his own conscience, he might easily lose his sense of direction and go astray, if it were not for his constant self-observation which is tantamount to constant self-control. That is why Proteus cannot content himself with assuming ever new and ever suggestive forms, but has to render account of the metamorphosis itself. In other words, he has to keep a diary - the daily ~~news~~ chronicle of his fleet adventures, the lasting monument of his restlessness.

CHAPTER SIX:

THE FUGUE

Without Contraries is no progression.
Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and
Energy, Love and Hate are necessary to
human existence.

William Blake.

Les extrêmes se touchent.
André Gide.

At the age of fifty-seven, André Gide published his first novel.

That is to say, he had published five other novels before, or, to be more precise, three full-length novels and two novelettes. Yet he deemed it appropriate, for one reason or another, to present Les Faux-Monnayeurs (1926) as his first novel. The dedications reads:

A Roger Martin du Gard
Je dédie mon premier roman
en témoignage d'amitié profonde.

A. G.

What, then, is Gide's idea of a novel? Obviously, he must harbour a very exacting conception of what a novel should be like, as he ~~says~~ ^{feels} that neither Les Caves du Vatican nor L'Immoraliste or La Porte Etroite deserve this particular designation.

Who are the great novelists he admires most and whose style serves him as model and stimulus?

Two facts are noteworthy and somewhat surprising:

First, Gide does not believe that French writers have excelled particularly in the field of the novel. In his opinion, the English and Russian novelists definitely surpass their French competitors.

Secondly, he is but faintly interested in the contemporary novel. Daringly progressive, even revolutionary, in his ~~political~~ ^{social} and psychological views, Gide is rather conservative in his literary preferences. About ninety percent of his reading time and of his critical wit are devoted to the classics.

As for the former point, it is profusely documented in Gide's journals, letters, essays, conferences, and so forth. One of the most revealing statements in this context is an article, Les Dix Romans Français que..., ~~featured~~ in the Nouvelle Revue Française, in 1913.

A prominent daily paper had approached Gide with an inquiry concerning

the ten most outstanding French novels. Why ^{so patriotic?} ~~exclusively French ones?~~
Gide seems irritated by this undue limitation. After having announced
his two favourites - Stendhal's La Chartreuse de Parme and Les Liaisons
Dangereuses of Choderlos de Laclos (1782) - he becomes already reluctant.

France - according to this great Frenchman - is a country "of
moralists, incomparable artists, composers, ^{orators} ~~pheters~~, and architects.
What have other countries to offer that could be matched against Montaigne
and Pascal, Moliere, Bossuet, and Racine? But, on the other hand, who is
a Lesage compared with a Fielding or with a Cervantes? Who, an Abbé
Prévost compared with Defoe? And even a Balzac - who is he, in view of
a Dostojevski? Or, if one prefers this angle: what is a Princesse de
Clèves, in comparison with a Britannicus?"

Yet the master novel of Madame de Lafayette (1634-1695) - La Princesse
de Clèves - ranks among Gide's chosen Ten, notwithstanding its inferiority
to both the contemporary British novel and the contemporary French
tragedy. Then our fastidious judge falters and wonders again:

"For want of Moll Flanders, should I indicate, at this point, our
Manon Lescaut? Perhaps. Hot, human blood circulates in her veins. And
still I cannot help feeling slightly ^{r/}embarrassed by this book. It has
too many readers, and the worst ones, too. I would much rather not
be fond of Manon..."

Three other classics included in the list can hardly be reproached
for immoderate popularity: Furetière's Roman Bourgeois, Fromentin's
Dominique, and even La Marianne by Marivaux, are as unknown - outside
of France at least - as Gide could possibly wish for.

When it comes to the nineteenth century, however, he cannot avoid
altogether the more popular sphere. One title out of Balzac's epic
treasure is obligatory in such an enumeration: Gide makes his choice
in favour of La Cousine Bette. Flaubert and Zola? No chance to get

around them. Let us select Madame Bovary and Germinal!

Evidently, Gide feels rather apologetic for his admitting that great barbarian, Emile Zola. True - he says, ruefully - none of the praises due to Stendhal ^{would} make ~~any~~ sense if one tried to apply them to Zola. Whereupon he expresses his astonishment that such a book - namely, Germinal - should have been written "in our language" - namely, in French. But then, is it not equally difficult to imagine that work couched in any other idiom? It's an annex of literature, Gide concludes. It ought to be written in Esperanto. Yet, there it is - self-evident, irrefutable ^{vital}. We cannot change it, nor can we wish, at bottom, that it were written differently.

So much for Zola. Gide's reaction is more enthusiastic, of course, in the case of Honoré ^{de} Balzac ^{a/}. Naturally; but... But why, then, does he open his paragraph about La Cousine Bette with a sentence to the effect that "it is advisable to read Balzac before one's twenty-fifth year; afterwards it becomes rather tedious..." That does not sound very flattering - particularly in view of what was said before about Les Liaisons Dangereuses. With regard to that eighteenth-century jewel, Gide congratulated himself on not having discovered it before his thirtieth year, when he was really able to gauge and relish its merits.

No doubt, Gide's admiration for Balzac is infinitely more cordial and unconditional than what he feels towards Zola. "It is vital to have read Balzac, the whole Balzac," he says. "Some literati believed they could do without him. They were compelled in the end to recognize their mistake, or else the readers recognized it for them."

And again, there are ironic reservations in which Gide never indulges when discussing Goethe or Dostojevski. Is it the national relationship that makes him carp at Balzac? We are all inclined to be unduly hard on those we know too long and intimately. Maybe it is out of such an

700

over-critical affection that Gide conceives his charmingly malicious mots in reference to Balzac. For instance: "Car il n'est jamais naïvement sublime; jamais moins sublime que quand, naïvement, il croit d'être."

With respect to Flaubert, Gide's response is even more ambivalent. The author of L'Éducation Sentimentale is probably the French novelist he used to love most profoundly, after, or along with, Stendhal. But while his devotion to Stendhal remains intact and increases rather than to decline, his love for Flaubert is less stable and becomes more and more problematic. Gide was still young, and still under the spell of Flaubert's genius, when he noted in his diary that among his sacrilegious thoughts which he hardly dared to admit to himself, was the ~~one~~ faint, secret suspicion that the beginning of Madame Bovary is perhaps, after all - don't tell anybody! - a pretty poor piece of writing.

Twenty-five years later, he is more outspoken, more relentless towards Flaubert as well as ^{towards} himself. "J'ai tant aimé Flaubert!" Gide will exclaim, in 1922, and continue, after three sad and suggestive points: " Every word written against him grieved and wounded me. For more than five years his Correspondence replaced the Bible on my book shelf. He was a source of energy to me. What he offered to my striving heart was a ~~new~~ new form of sanctity. I suppose that the disciples of Gustave Moreau may have had a similar veneration for their master. But, nevertheless, Gustave Moreau is not a great ^{or} painter, just as Gustave Flaubert, alas, is not a great writer. His style is not quite good enough considering his dogged efforts to write beautifully. The true masters - Montaigne, Saint-Simon, Bossuet - did not work under this frantic strain. When I reread Flaubert today, no longer blinded by reverence, it is never without embarrassment, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~without~~ ^{and} chagrin. I sense everywhere the tenseness, the gaucherie..."

What Gide misses in the French novel at large - not only in Flaubert's

ambitious craftsmanship - is, among other things, the virile élan of adventure and exploration, the salty breeze from the sea, the wide horizons and open spaces. "Where is in our literature that tonic ozone I breathe with gratitude and delight in so many English-written books?" Gide asks himself, wistfully. And he adds that he chose deliberately the expression "English-written" - not "English" - , in order not to exclude "the most glorious one of them all, Moby Dick."

Melville's name is among those frequently invoked and praised in Gide's diary. Also, he remains faithful to E. A. Poe - one of his early loves - and refers respectfully to Hawthorne. As regards modern American writers, however, he appears less receptive and less informed. In fact, Gide's voluminous critical work contains but a few scarce allusions to contemporary Americans. Some remarks about Henry James (with whom he was on cordial terms during the first World War); a few cordial words about Thornton Wilder, whose Bridge of San Luis Rey seems to him "de la littérature, mais de la meilleure, et même quelque chose de plus," - greatly in contrast to Upton Sinclair, one of whose early novels he happened to read in 1907 and found "quelque chose de fort mauvais, tout à fait hors littérature." What he has to say concerning John Dos Passos does not sound much more amiable. And that is about all. Not a word about Dreiser or Anderson, O'Neill or Lewis, Wolfe or Hemingway.

Not that there are any national prejudices involved - definitely not. Gide's preference for the dead is equally obvious in his notes on English novelists. His Journal teems with remarks about Richardson and Fielding, Dickens and Meredith. But as for the contemporaries, Joseph Conrad seems the only one who really arouses his curiosity. The occasional remarks about Kipling and Thomas Hardy sound rather casual and perfunctory. The name of H. G. Wells is consistently omitted, as are those of Joyce and Virginia Woolf. Aldous Huxley, whom one might think rather in Gide's line, is dismissed succinctly and cruelly: Point Counter

Point is referred to as "unreadable."

This utmost reserve regarding modern writers, including his French colleagues, is indeed a strange feature of Gide's critical approach and policy. According to Gide, all our appraisals of contemporary literature are inevitably lacking in detachment and validity. "I am under a vow to restrict myself to discussing only the dead." With this sentence Gide opens an essay on - Marcel Proust, who was still alive at the time.

In fact, Proust seems the only novelist of this century - except Conrad, perhaps - in whose work Gide took a lasting and intensive interest and by whose example he could really profit. It is true that certain elements of Proust's style and character repulsed Gide at first and remained ~~always~~ strange and unpleasant to him. He openly disapproved of Proust's crafty, not to say dishonest, mode of treating sexual matters. Moreover, Proust's social snobism, his fawning upon the Faubourg St. Germain, could not but strike Gide as somewhat fatuous. But such extraneous objections faded away completely as soon as Proust's work, at once fragile and powerful, became perceptible in its mellow

splendor and complexity. No doubt, there was a vision, was an epic scheme akin in many ways to Gide's idea of what a novel should be like in this century. Marcel Proust realized, as did André Gide, that it would be futile and tiresome to repeat the realistic or romantic patterns of the nineteenth or eighteenth centuries to communicate the problems and emotions of the twentieth. The novel of the twentieth century should differ from Nana or Pamela as a motor car differs from a carriage. "Among all forms of literary expression," so Gide says, "the novel offers by far the richest and most variable possibilities."

That is to say that the novel, under certain circumstances, may almost cease to be a novel in a traditional sense. Do Franz Kafka's hallucinatory fragments belong to the category of the novel? And if not, to what other category do they belong? And how about the epic experiments of James Joyce? And Thomas Mann's Joseph saga? To all these ^{authors} ~~writers~~ André Gide might have written what he wrote to Marcel Proust: "Your work is not a novel. There is no plot whatsoever, and yet I have never read any story with more ardent interest."

A la Recherche du Temps Perdu may seem amorphous, without structure and without suspense, compared with the master novels of past epochs. But then, is not life - our life - also disorderly, lacking in logic and in composition? With ancient hierarchies cracking and old illusions fading away, how could the novelist cling to ready-made formulas and obsolete clichés?

There is a crisis of the novel as there is a crisis in economics or in psychology. New patterns, new approaches must be defined and tested, in the realm of the novel just like in the fields of aviation or of medicine. This is a period of transitions and experiments.

Marcel Proust has his way of dealing with the crisis of the novel, and James Joyce has another way, and others have other methods again. None of these methods is André Gide's ~~is~~ - naturally not. For there is no second writer whose obsessions and insights are precisely the obsessions and insights of André Gide.

Neither Proust nor Joyce are vitally concerned with moral or social issues. Their sole preoccupation is how to present, to mirror, to express life - not how to meet its actual conflicts and requirements. In other words, they are fundamentally, almost exclusively, artists, whereas André Gide is a moralist with artistic genius. To him, ideas are more exciting, indeed, more real than emotions; or rather, it is with an emotional fervency that he approaches ideas. He is a lover of ideas - an intellectual lover, a cerebral visionary.

The organisms of ~~Ulysses~~ Ulysses and A la Recherche du Temps Perdu are dominated by all kinds of sensual images and sensations - rhythms, smells, colours, melodies, a profusion of flitting, reminiscences. The structure of Les Faux-Monnayeurs, however, is organized around a center of moral, intellectual energies. The drama developed in this ample and diffuse composition is primarily ideological. Gide's novel is a ~~is~~ Novel of Ideas.

That is why it appears comprehensive and yet exclusive - almost anarchic in its bountiful variety, and at the same time lucid, architectonic, pure. An amplitude of elements are fused in the microcosm of this extraordinary book: but all elements it contains are essential, pure - no accessories and arabesques are admitted.

"To purge the novel of all elements which do not belong specifically to its character!" demands the author of Les Faux-Monnayeurs, and continues: "One does not bring about anything worthwhile by mixing incoherent patterns. I have always abominated what they call 'the synthesis of arts', and which, according to Richard Wagner, should be

effectuated on the theater. Hence my horror of the theater - and of Wagner...

"Tragedy and comedy have attained, in the seventeenth century, a high degree of purity; the same goes, by the way, for all other genres, whatever their scope and their significance - fables, character sketches, maxims, sermons, memoirs, letters, and so ~~and~~ forth. Lyric poetry can be purely lyric - and the novel could not be purely a novel? (Purity, in art like everywhere, is the only thing that matters.)

"Nobody has succeeded, neither then nor later, in creating the pure novel - not even the admirable Stendhal, who came closer to this ^{ideal} ~~goal~~ than any other novelist. As for Balzac, however, he may be our most potent narrator, but he certainly is the one who surpassed all others in fusing and amalgamating the most heterogeneous elements. His novels are crammed with ingredients essentially strange and inadmissible to the novelistic form. That is why each of his massive books overwhelms us with ^{its} ~~his~~ power and its imperfection, its flaws and its dynamics. It is remarkable that the English, whose drama has never become perfectly pure (in the sense in which the tragedies of Racine are perfect and are pure) have attained so early a much higher degree of purity in the novels of De Foë, Fielding, and even Richardson."

This statement, paraphrased from Gide's Journal des Faux-Monnayeurs, may be apt to clarify the innermost intentions and aspirations that induced him to write his "first novel." The composition he ~~was~~ dreamt of, would have to inhere the whole confusion and disquietude of this critical moment in human history ~~but its task~~ - not just echoing the anxieties, but elucidating, dramatizing, purifying their impact. To render the chaos transparent! to organize the disorder! to rationalize the crisis! - what a bold, wonderful task! The result might turn out to be something at once intricate and lucid, a labyrinth constructed with mathematical precision, akin - to what? To the fugues of Johann Sebastian Bach, perhaps.

"What I would like to produce," Gide admitted, "is something in the line of the Kunst der Fuge. I don't see why ~~it should fail to~~ it should be impossible to accomplish in literature what has been possible in the sphere of music."

Gide acknowledges that a novel can be "impure" and yet great. (The case of Honoré Balzac.) The reader of this essay - or of Les Faux-Monnayeurs - might be inclined to ask whether a "pure" novel is necessarily a "great" novel; or, more bluntly, whether The Counterfeiters may be called a "great" book.

An outstanding connoisseur of novels, and an outstanding novelist, E. M. Forster, answers this question in the negative. Gide's book is, according to Mr. Forster, "among the more interesting of recent works: not among the vital; and greatly as we shall have to admire it as a fabric, we cannot praise it unrestrictedly now." Whereupon he chooses to "glance again at War and Peace: here the result is vital."

The book from which I just quoted - Aspects of the Novel - is one of the acutest, most delightful achievements in the field of literary criticism. Forster has an admirable manner of discussing Proust and Meredith, Tolstoi and Joyce, Anatole France and Dickens. It is from Dickens that he jumps directly to André Gide: he senses an affinity between Bleak House and The Counterfeiters - "a novel which for all its modernity has one aspect in common with Bleak House: it is all too pieces logically. Sometimes the author is omniscient: he explains everything, he stands back, il juge ses personnages; at other times his omniscience is partial; yet again he is dramatic, and causes the story to be told through the diary of one of his characters. There is the same absence of view point, but whereas in Dickens it was instinctive, in Gide it is sophisticated; he expatiates too much about the jolts.

The novelist who betrays too much interest in his own method can never be more than interesting."

The last sentence is strikingly, scathingly true. Besides Gide is fully aware of the dangers inherent in his constant self-observation and auto-analysis. His double and mouthpiece in Les Faux-Monnayeurs - the novelist Edouard, who is occupied with writing a novel about counterfeiters himself - muses over his diary: "A good novel should be conceived and composed ~~with~~ much more naively and instinctively..."

But what is a "good" novel? Or an "interesting" or a "vital" novel? Both Edouard and E. M. Forster employ their evaluating epithets in a somewhat arbitrary fashion. Why should an interesting novel not be good, or vital, or even great? That is to say, great and vital in its historic function, and according to the demands and standards of its period.

Why compare a novel of ideas with an epic saga of Homeric dimensions? It's like comparing a tennis champion with a heavy-weight pugilist. They are of different statures; they respond to different requirements; in short, they do not compete with each other. The same is true of the two novels, War and Peace and The Counterfeiters.

Of course, Gide may look ~~a little~~ slim and nervous, in comparison with the Russian giant. But then, who wouldn't? Who does live up, nowadays, to the impressive volumen of the nineteenth-century masters?

The format of an individual is something relative - not an absolute. Each epoch has its specific ~~pattern~~ pattern of greatness - an inherent maximal norm which an individual may attain, if it can. In the Renaissance this "maximal norm" was of tremendous calibre: Ibsen or Degas would appear ridiculously puny, with Michelangelo and Shakespeare around. The same goes for our contemporaries contrasted with the creative plethora of the preceding period. True, André Gide is not quite Tolstoi or Dostojevski, just as Stravinski falls short of Bach, Claudel of Dante,

Picasso of Rembrandt and Leonardo.

But the only relevant question is whether Gide's format can compete with the maximal stature of this century, and also whether The Counterfeiters represent the highest and finest attainable to this artist. Both questions must be answered in the affirmative. No doubt, Gide's rank matches the most exacting standards set by our epoch; and undoubtedly again, he gives in Les Faux-Monnayeurs the best he has to offer - the crown and climax of his genius.

And now let us have a look at the novel proper.

We must keep in mind, first of all, that the opus we are dealing with is a fugue, not a symphony. That is to say, the novel is not built in several major episodes, each with an individual theme of its own; but the whole polyphonic score develops one central theme - varying and transforming it most ingeniously, according to strict contrapuntal rules. As for this central theme... But maybe we ought to outline first the scheme of the variations.

The texture of the novel consists of a multitude of ~~episodes~~ ^{dramas}, all of which are interwoven with the utmost skill and a great deal of musical tact. The reader is allowed, or required, to visualize every ~~personality introduced by the author~~ ^{character} as belonging to several groups simultaneously and as playing ^a ~~an~~ role in several ~~actions~~ at one time. That is the way life works. A schoolboy, say, is not exclusively a schoolboy; he is also a son and a brother, and perhaps he is a lover or a criminal or a genius or what not. So every actor in the ample cast of The Counterfeiters has his function on several stages and in various capacities. The central character, if there is such a thing in this book, is involved in all dramas at once.

This central character is Edouard, if anybody - the novelist who is engaged in writing a novel called Les Faux-Monnayeurs. Edouard is

André Gide - almost undisguised. Through Edouard's diary Gide expresses his own views and reflections with regard to The Counterfeiters and the world in general. While Gide attempts ~~practically~~ to bring about a novel of the crisis, a novel of ideas, a pure novel, his character, Edouard, dwells ~~on this very~~ theoretically on all problems involved in such a delicate task.

But Edouard is by no means just a commentator; he takes actively part in the various plots. There are links between him and all other groups. His position is mainly, but not solely, that of a go-between, mediator, confessor, and confidant. Somehow ageless of type, he belongs half to the camp of the youngsters, half to the side of the grown-ups. Both parties trust him and tell him about their ~~troubles~~ ^{troubles}. And they have plenty of ~~troubles~~ troubles, all of them.

It may be more correct to speak of three main camps - not just two. For the youth sector is split in itself: the children and the young people live on different planes. The young men, between seventeen and twenty-five, are as remote from their little brothers - between ten and fifteen - ~~as~~ as they are from their aging parents and professors.

The most prominent characters of ^{the} ~~the~~ medium, or juvenile, group - in fact, the two leading figures, after Edouard, of the whole composition - are Bernard and Olivier, intimate friends but very different from each other. Bernard is the secretary and collaborator of Edouard, whose half-sister, Pauline, happens to be Olivier's mother. Her oldest son, Vincent, belongs half to the adult, half to the juvenile world, while Pauline's youngest boy, Georges, plays a crucial and rather terrible role in the children's drama. He is a pupil of Pastor Vedel, who runs a boarding school with his wife. One of George's schoolmates is Boris, the grandson of old ~~y~~ La Pérouse, who is Edouard's former teacher.

The Vedels have four children - a boy and three daughters, ~~the~~ ^a ~~oldest~~ ^{one} of whom, Laure, ~~creates her husband with~~ Vincent (son of Madame ^{is the mistress of}

Pauline, brother of Olivier and Georges, nephew of Edouard.) He abandons Laura for an exotic and glamorous woman, Lady Griffith, the mythic incarnation, as it were, of luxuriance and sex appeal. Lady Lillian comes from a gaudy and gorgeous world wondrously different from anything ever known by Madame Pauline and her boys. That is why Vincent is so sensible to Lady Griffith's attraction, while his brother, Olivier, responds with equal eagerness to the cunning appeal of Robert de Passavant, a devilishly brilliant gentleman, Lillian's male pendant, so to speak, and a great friend of hers, for that matter. Passavant amuses himself by corrupting Olivier, which irritates Edouard. For he, Edouard, ^{too} has a definite weakness for Olivier.

Now the following dramas develop - skillfully coordinated:

First, the boarding school drama, in which two youngsters have the leading parts - Georges (brother of Olivier and Vincent) ^{plays} the role of the villain, with Boris (grandson of old La Pérouse) as his partner and victim. Georges, and some other lads, are mixed up with a gang of counterfeiters; they pass false coin and behave like veritable criminals. When this ~~business~~ racket becomes too hot (the police is after them) they establish a rather weird kind of club - "The Association of Strong Men" - the main objective of which ^{it} is to drive Boris into suicide. The tragedy of Boris is the climax of the boarding school drama, which involves also Pastor Vedel - a hypocritical Puritan akin to the Minister in La Symphonie Pastorale - ; Madame Vedel who forces herself to appear more goofy than she is, as she prefers to ignore the lurid goings-on around her; Grandfather Vedel; the four Vedel children, including the abandoned Laura, Sarah - somewhat seditious and comparatively loose - , Rachel, more on the demure side, and Armand, whose high-minded and imaginative nature is distorted and stained by resentment to the stifling milieu in which he has been brought up. Finally there is old La Pérouse, grandfather of young Boris. Old La Pérouse performs his own minor drama - proud and isolated and inconsolably sad.

His abysmal pessimism accompanies the action and predicts the undoing of everybody - a bleak, discouraging oracle.

As for Edouard, he is connected with the counterfeiter affair in various respects. The false money circulated in Paris gave him the idea of his novel, to begin with. Moreover, he is keenly interested in all developments in Vedel's pension, not only out of his general curiosity, but also because of Georges (his nephew, Olivier's brother), because of old La Pérouse (his former teacher), and, finally, on account of Laure, with whom he happens to be on good terms.

The drama Laura - Vincent - Lady Griffith in itself would yield sufficient material for a full-length novel. Lady Griffith occupies a strange position among the other characters of the book. Radiant with sin and seduction, she appears utterly devoid of moral consciousness. While Robert de Passavant, the sophisticated tempter, is essentially and consciously evil, Lilian is soulless - an element rather than a human being. She cannot be solved like a problem, but has to be stamped out like a snake. And that is what Vincent does: he kills her - throwing her out of her sumptuous yacht, somewhere in Africa - and then abandons himself to a mild form of insanity.

The central triangle, however, is that of Edouard, Olivier, and Passavant. Olivier - delicate and attractive - oscillates between the two men who woo him for pedagogical, or not purely pedagogical, purposes. Edouard wins. He rescues Olivier from the wicked Passavant. The final union with Edouard is more excitement and bliss than the sensitive youth can take. He attempts suicide but fails - in contrast to the little Boris who succeeds, alas. This twofold acme - Boris' end and Olivier's awakening - coincidences, furthermore, with Bernard's ultimate trial. He meets his angel, literally. The young man and his demon rove together through the streets of Paris. A fight takes place between them. But in the end the two wanderers - boy and angel - understand each other.

Bernard is more virile, more adventurous, more resilient than his friend Olivier. Olivier needs a mentor and wavers between two; Bernard is in search of himself - of his star ^{and} ~~his~~ demon. He runs away from home when he finds out that he is not really the son of the ^{dignified} ~~gentle~~ old ^{gentleman} ~~magistrate~~ whom he thought his father. He is a bastard, like Lafcadio, with whom he has also other features in common. The Journal des Faux-Monnayeurs - Gide's commentary on his book when it was in process of construction - informs us that Lafcadio was supposed to be the leading character, according to the original plan. Is Bernard, then, Lafcadio in disguise?

No, he resembles too much the Prodigal Son to be Lafcadio's double. He is ~~much~~ less irresponsible, less impish and primitive than the radiant vagabond of Les Caves du Vatican. Bernard is reflective, not without a certain youthful gravity, for all his dashing élan.

"For what ~~purpose~~ cause should ^{my} ~~he~~ use the forces that I sense in me?" Lafcadio is not likely to ask this question which upsets Bernard.

"How to make the best out of myself?" Bernard muses. "By concentrating on one particular goal? But as for this goal, how could I select it? How can I know ~~what~~ what it is like, as long as I have not yet attained it?"

And as Edouard ~~tells~~ ^{a goal!} says something to the effect that "to live without means to live without direction," Bernard replies:

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand what I try to say. When Columbus discovered America, did he realize what he was up to? His sole goal was to move, just to go ~~straight~~ ahead. His goal - he carried it in himself..."

Is this, then, the clue, the leading thought in virtue of which the incongruous ~~the~~ elements of this book cohere and can become a living entity? Is Bernard's angel the secret center of the composition, rather than Edouard's diary with all its incisive reflections?

Yes, the heart and hero of the book is the demon - not just Bernard's, but the demon in general and as such.

The demon is not sheer, rampant energy like the one impelling Lafcadio to commit his inspired larks. Nor is this demon of purely spiritual nature like the one haunting Alissa and the Immoralist. The demon of Les Faux-Monnayeurs - Bernard's demon: André Gide's demon - is double-faced, complex, dialectic, as is the demon of the Prodigal Son.

Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, destructive and constructive impulses are combined in the truly demoniac disposition. We can trace the authority of the demon in all characters of the novel, with the one exception of Lady Griffith. She belongs completely to the realm of nature. Her cynicism is natural. Nature is not demoniac; ~~the~~ spirit is.

The demon manifests itself, diabolically, in the cynical elegance of Robert de Passavant, in Vedel's hypocrisy, in La Pérouse's rigid and arrogant gloom. No doubt, Georges and his fellow-pupils, or fellow-felons, are possessed by the demon: their grisly and risky plays are obviously inspired by his genius. Who stands behind Laura when she abandons her husband? ~~the demon who agreed to carry as she was abandoned by Vincent.~~ As for Vincent, the Journal des Faux-Monnayeurs makes it very plain what force it is that guides and confuses him:

"Vincent complies with the diabolic spirit, who penetrates him little by little. He feels to become diabolic himself; just when everything he touches ~~prosperes and succeeds~~ ^{realizes}, he ~~sees~~ his doom more than ever. He would like to ~~warn~~ warn his brother Olivier, but everything he tries in order to save him turns out damaging to the other, profitable to himself..... He ~~believes himself to be all the more~~ ^{senses} in the grip of Satan, but at the same time continues to wonder if the Evil One exists in reality. His mind is haunted by the Devil's terrible whisper: 'Why are you afraid of me? You know perfectly well that I do not exist...' In the end Vincent comes to the point of believing in the reality of Satan like in his own; that is to say, ~~that ultimately~~ he identifies himself with the Devil."

The demon harasses and mystifies ~~these~~ canting, ~~dignified~~ citizens - the pastors and housewives, teachers and officials, who lie to each other, and to their wives, respectively their husbands, and commit by stealth their dreary little crimes - unaware of the demoniac lights and voices alluring and leading them. Bernard is stronger and more loveable than his demure father (who is neither really his father nor really so demure), as he, Bernard, attempts at least - and how passionately! how bravely! - to scrutinize his own being and to disentangle the staggering pellmell of devastating and constructive impulses.

For the demon has always a twofold tendency and a double appeal: the important thing is to recognize the ambivalent impact of his spell and persuasion. That is what Socrates was driving at when he advised the youth of Athens to listen to the demoniac whisper of their inner voices. If the unconscious is the Devil's retreat, we have to lift the ~~dark~~ ^{dark} darkness ^{from} this hiding place. Sigmund Freud agrees with Socrates: what matters is to shed light upon the shadowy realm of the unconscious.

Gide agrees with both. Those characters in his novel who openly admit the presence and the power of the demon are in a better position, and are better characters, than the others who deny or conceal their own devilish tendencies. Even the murderous youngsters in Vedel's boarding school are preferable to the mendacious pastor. They follow their demon into mortal adventures - blindly and naively; whereas the old liar protects himself and breeds pestilence as do those who desire but act not.

Edouard recognizes his demon and follows him, unafraid. "Every being acts according to his inherent law," says Gide, "and that of Edouard compels him to experiment incessantly. He has a good heart, to be sure; but at times I would prefer to see him act out of interest, rather than out of a generosity which is often only the companion of his indomitable curiosity. And this curiosity might become very cruel."

And yet Edouard's greatest adventure does not spring from his demoniac curiosity; or, if it does, it changes its character, almost miraculously. There is nothing playful or cruel about Edouard's "experiment" with Olivier. Ennobled and transfigured by Love, the demon reveals, for once, the sacred flame of his divine descent.

But only for transient moments, never in the long run, is the demon altogether good or altogether evil. "There are in every man, in every moment, two simultaneous tendencies," Baudelaire remarks in his Journal Intime: "One towards God; the other towards Satan." Gide, who quotes this sentence in his admirable preface to Les Fleurs du Mal, underlines, in parenthesis, the cardinal importance of the word "simultaneous" in this particular context, and then dwells on the double proclivity of human nature. The will of every individual to maintain his own identity coherent and consistent, is constantly counterbalanced and at times counteracted by the reverse instinct which is centrifugal and disintegrating - tending towards division, dissociation, and dissolution. Prodded by this uncanny, this truly demoniac impulse, the individual is always inclined to jeopardize his own logic, to run risks, to gamble, to split, to go to pieces, to lose ~~en to compass himself~~ ^{OR} his poise, to transcend his limitations. And André Gide - although fully aware, of course, of all dangers inherent in ^{this} "centrifugal", schizophrenic trend - suggests nevertheless:

"Are here not the first signs of a new radioactive energy of incalculable value, the power of which may be such that the ancient theories, laws, conventions and pretensions, all of them, may fade away before long."

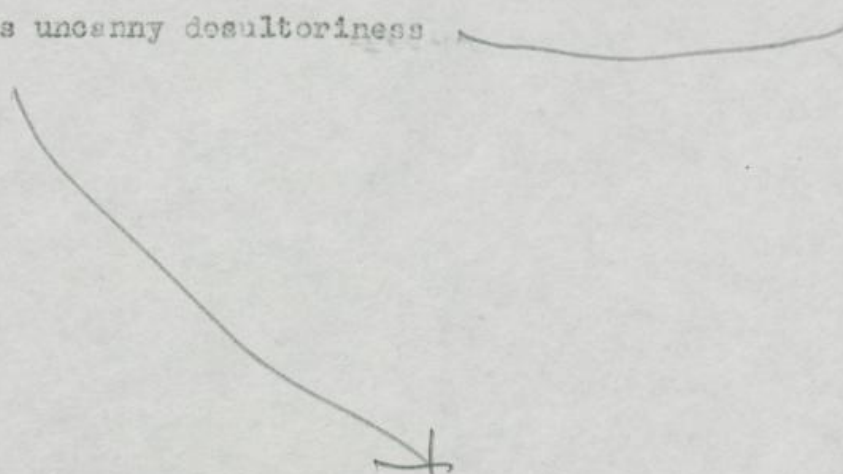
Do we recognize him, this revolutionary, dynamic demon, whose contradictory magic can compel us to fall into dire depths or to soar to ~~such~~ glorious heights? William Blake, for one, was on appallingly intimate terms with that divinely devilish Being. "This Angel," we read in the Marriage of Heaven and Hell, "who is now become a Devil, is my parti-

cular

friend; we often read the Bible together in its infernal or diabolical sense, which the world shall have if they behave well."

Gide invokes the "Proverbs of Hell" in his fascinating essay on Dostoevski, to which I referred before, in another chapter and in a different context. The work in question - a cycle of lectures delivered in 1922, at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier - is what remains of one of Gide's favourite projects; a "Life of Dostoevski" for which he compiled material, as far back as 1910. This biographical ^{study} ~~treatise~~ - meant for publication in Charles Péguy's magazine, Cahiers - was conceived somehow along the lines of Romain Rolland's "Beethoven" and "Michelangelo." But Gide's "Dostoevski" was not destined to come into being: history interfered. A bitter loss, to be sure.

And yet, it may be questionable whether the full-length biography, if written before the pivotal year of 1914, would have turned out to be as illuminating in respect of both Dostoevski and Gide as are the conferences held in the very year when Gide ventured on the composition of The Counterfeits. The rousing shock of the First World War was necessary, perhaps, to reveal to Gide the whole impact of Dostoevski's mysticism - "so much closer to Asia than to Rome" - and of his psychological profundity. Maybe this perspicacious critic, André Gide, had to pass through many a calamity and many a transformation himself, to grasp fully the inherent logic of what appears as morbid inconsistency in Dostoevski's figures. Far from concealing this uncanny desultoriness.



of his heroes, the great Russian displays and emphasizes it deliberately. That is to say, what fascinates him most in a human character is the profusion of incoherent, contradictory trends and energies coexisting in his shadowy, unfathomable depth. That coexistence appears often all the more paradoxical and disconcerting as Dostojevski pushes the emotions of his characters to the extreme or even exaggerates them to the point of absurdity.

And how about André Gide? Are not the emotional reactions of his figures often pitched up to almost unbearable heights? Olivier's attempted suicide is as illogical, as "inconsistent" as any mystic vagary of any Dostojevski character. The demon who corrupts Georges and destroys Boris is hardly more rational than Raskolnikov's murderous whim or the reveries of Prince Muishkine, in The Idiot. If Dostojevski's martyrs and visionaries are split personalities, divided within themselves - how about the Prodigal Son or the Immoralist? How about Lafcadio? "Je suis une âtre d'inconséquence!" he rants in his childlike fashion. The double optics of Les Faux-Monnayeurs, with Edouard's fictitious novel reflecting and varying aspects of André Gide's fiction, suggest a mild case of schizophrenia. Or is just that the genius has a penchant for complicated devices and by instinct prefers the indirect approach? ~~Then~~ William Blake is right, then, when he says:

"Improvement makes strait roads; but the ~~ee~~ crooked roads without Improvement are roads of Genius."

To Blake's "Proverbs of Hell", quoted by Gide with so much amused approval, he adds these two tenets, ~~part~~ of his own credo: "It is with fine feelings that one produces poor literature;" and: "There is no work of art without the collaboration of the demon." Then he tells us that every work of art is a token of the marriage of Heaven and Hell, ~~and~~ which serves him as a pretext to cite Blake once more:

"The reason Milton wrote in fetters when he wrote of Angels and God,

and at liberty when of Devils and Hell, is because he was a true poet
and of the Devil's party without knowing it."

But after having dwelt on the demoniac aspects of Blake's and Dosto-
jevski's geniuses, Gide reminds his listeners of the essential fact that
both are so ^{dazed} ~~utterly overwhelmed~~ by the truths of the Gospel that their
"ferocity" cannot but be of transitory nature - the momentary consequence
of a kind of holy blindness. Gide would like to quote some of Blake's
"Songs of Innocence" to counterbalance and rectify the impression he
conveyed by citing the "Proverbs of Hell." As for Dostojevski, his
Christian ethos has by no means always a somber or savage tinge. He is
also a great lover: he adores this life and this world - this "vast
world of delights", to use another formula of Blake. To illustrate this
streak of exuberant optimism in Dostojevski, Gide reads to his ~~listeners~~
listeners this suggestive little fragment of a dialogue from The Demons:

^{Are} ^{fond of}
~~'Do you like children?'~~

^{am}
'I do,' said Kirilov, in a rather indifferent way.

^{Are} ^{fond of}
~~'Do you like life too, then?'~~

'Yes, I do like life too. Does that astonish you?' "

André Gide is interested in children because he is interested in life
- in its growth and development, in its unending potentialities, in
the unending promise it inheres. That what is fascinates him more than
what has been. But even more exciting than the presence is the future -
that what could be and, therefore, will come into being. "What is now
proved was once only imagin'd," William Blake says. And his spirited
disciple, André Gide, adds: "What we imagine now will be proved in the
future."

One might object, at this point, that ^{Gide's} ~~imagination~~ is a little grisly
as far as the coming generation is concerned. Are his callow counter=
feiters and suicides, his little runaways and neurotics the future we
have to look forward to?

Yes and no. They bear the germs of the future, those erratic youngsters who perform their drama in Les Faux-Monnayeurs. True, their drama is lurid and disorderly. But is it their fault? Or rather the fault of a society which abides by untruthfulness, ~~and~~ oppresses the instincts, postpones and pollutes the evolution of Man? The disorderly demon of youth - iridescent, uncertain, dynamic - might become the demiurges of a truly New Order.

Boris and Georges go astray - poisoned by the blight of hypocrisy that palls M. Vedel's institute, ~~that hideous symbol of modern hypocrisy.~~ But maybe Olivier will find his way, guided by Edouard? And Bernard - did he not come out victorious from ^{his} the fight with ^{the} his angel? and what do we know about Bernard's younger brother, Caloub? Edouard is mighty curious to find out what this little stranger may be like. The voluminous, involved composition of Les Faux-Monnayeurs ends with a casual but suggestive reference to this imminent meeting. The last entry in Edouard's diary, the last sentence of the novel reads:

"Je suis bien curieux de connaître Caloub."

Thus the fugue resumes and reaffirms its intrinsic theme, which connotes and guarantees new themes and new fugues to come. The infinite melody of which romantic musicians dreamt - there it is, full of prospects and promises, severe and serene, playful and faithful and proud.

Gide shows us, with relentless realism, a generation bewildered and confused in the midst of the rampant turmoil that is our present life and ^{our present} society. He shows the struggle, the efforts, the vices secret or open, the triumphs, the aberrations. He wants future generations to receive this dialectic confession - the fugue of our ~~dialect~~ contradictory drama, le roman pure, the undisguised account of our crisis. He supposes that it may be profitable for the generations to come to be familiar with our adventures and our sufferings. He is an optimist, the author of

Les Faux-Monnayeurs. To write for future generations indicates optimism.

Gide never cared much for the immediate success of his writings. In the beginning, however, - when he composed Les Cahiers d'André Walter - this detachment had a rather melancholy flavour. In that time, he was not interested enough in the present to aspire to present success. But thirty-five years later, at the time of Les Faux-Monnayeurs, he was too keenly interested in the future to be primarily concerned with his prestige among contemporary critics. The indifference as such remained the same. But the feelings from which it springs had altered.

André Walter said, somewhat drowsily: "I don't care whether or not I am understood and liked by my generation."

André Gide - the André Gide of The Counterfeiters - says: "My fervent hope is that I may be understood and liked by generations to come."

"Why," he says, "why should we not be able to attain a sympathetic perspicacity, in virtue of which we could anticipate what is in the offing and in the making? What problems will perturb the coming generation? It is for these coming ones that I write. To answer yet unspoken questions! To respond to yet indistinct longings! Those who are children now will be surprised, one day, to find me on their path."

Chapter Seven:

FREEDOM AND DISCIPLINE

Wherever a man comes, there comes revolution.
Ralph Waldo Emerson

Je vous assure que le sentiment de la liberté
peut plonger l'âme dans une sorte de détresse;
(expliquer et développer.)
André Gide.

In Les Faux-Monnayeurs André Gide reached the climax of his artistic experiment. It is to this book that his international prestige is mainly due - particularly his fame in the United States. In France the critics were at first somewhat hesitant to acknowledge the unique significance of this astounding "first novel." Little by little, however, the reading public grasped its revolutionary impact. What Gide had accomplished, this time, was much more than a successful novel. It was a new pattern encouraging and foreshadowing other works in the same line to be put forth by the same author or by his followers - other intellectual fugues, other pure and passionate surveys of our emergency and of our future. Gide's first novel is pregnant with infinite suggestions and promises.

"What is a book?" he asked, decades before he wrote The Counterfeiters. "A lot of dead letters? No, a sack full of grain."

Would he ^{be} able to sing them out himself - these new tunes already ~~int~~
~~st~~ ~~ready~~ intonated in the ample scheme of this extraordinary composition? Apparently the composer felt somewhat depleted when he had brought this score to a provisional end. "Could be continued:" Gide was tempted to conclude his book with these words which deny that there is a conclusion. Is Edouard to produce a second volume of his Counterfeiters? Or will ^{le} Bernard prove spirited enough to describe his fight with the angel in form of a novel or a comedy?

As for Gide, he realized at bottom that he had communicated the valid formula of his message. From that point on the center of his interest shifted from fiction to the moral and philosophical sphere. The demon who hitherto obsessed all Gidean characters, including his own, gradually withdrew, to be superseded by a more rational inspiration. The romantic period of Gide's quest seemed to have reached its end.

There ~~is~~^{is} nothing abrupt or paradoxical about this anti-romantic development. The tendency away from the romantic spell is inherent in Gide's writings, from Les Cahiers d'André Walter to Les Faux-Monnayeurs. André Gide as an artist, seems preoccupied with one primary concern: to clarify and simplify his style; to purge it of all exaggerations and redundancies; to come as close as possible to the ideal of classical perfection. From book to book his idiom becomes more transparent, more concise. What difference between the dithyrambic grandeur of Les Nourritures Terrestres and the crisp sobriety that prevails in Les Faux-Monnayeurs. In Gide's early books everything floated^s and phosphoresced^s; now, each word is to the point, there are no shrill, hysterical tones any more. André Walter reveled in fancy images to describe a flower or a bit of music; the author of Les Faux-Monnayeurs remains composed, almost dry, when he has to introduce an angel. All we are told is that Bernard had never seen any angels before, but was hardly surprised when he saw one. The angel said, "Come!", and Bernard, swift and obedient, got up to follow him. Gide renounces, with self-imposed austerity, all rhetoric effects to which the situation might have invited a less disciplined writer.

Of course, the reader is free to object, ~~at this point~~, that the appearance of an angel in a modern novel means in itself a dubious compliance in romantic tastes. The moderation of Gide's vocabulary ~~appears~~ may seem surprising rather than reassuring, in view of the baroque fantasies in which he indulges simultaneously.

But what would be the artistic and moral value of this stylistic sedateness, if it were not the result of a conscious ethical effort? Classical simplicity is a bore, when it springs from sheer lack of temperament and imagination. It ~~is~~^{is} Gide who tells us that "the classical work of art cannot be vital and fascinating, except in virtue of its dominated romanticism."

"qu'est-ce qu'il y a de plus mystérieux que la clarté?" The clarity to which Paul Valéry refers in this sentence (which occurs, incidentally, in an essay devoted to Gide's and Valéry's common master, Stéphane Mallarmé) - this mysterious clarity has nothing to do with naïveté and cloudless innocence; it is the prize and result of a long, painful struggle, a triumph over chaos.

The idea of heroism plays an integral role in Gide's concept of classical art. "The human soul requires heroism," he proclaimed as a young man, in 1904, in an address attacking the ~~naturalistic~~ triteness of naturalistic literature. Modern society no longer admits heroism, except in its passive form, as acceptance and resignation. Art, therefore, has to be the inspiring example contradicting and surpassing a dreary reality. Art must become anti-realistic, classical once again. It is by no means the function of art to repeat the reality; quite the contrary, it behooves the artist to intensify and to ennoble his opaque material. Art is selection, contraction, purification. What mistake to believe that art could ever be "free"! It will remain obedient to its self-styled, inherent law, or else will mar and finally forfeit its own dignity.

Gide admires Racine more than any other poet, even more than Shakespeare. For it is Racine's work, ^{like} ~~and~~ no other achievement in literature, that conveys and fulfils the idea of artistic perfection. There are critics (Gide quotes one of them) who prefer the British genius to the genius of France, because the heroes and heroines in Racine's tragedies cease to live once the curtain went down, while the Shakespearean characters appear just for some unforgettable hours in front of the audience, then withdraw to continue their dramas somewhere ~~else~~, in other zones, with unabated passion and grandeur.

Racine's lofty figures

But this is exactly what Gide loves and admires in ~~them~~ - their sublime conventionalism, the graceful and strict preciseness of their contours,

the serene elegance and royal discipline with which they accept the limitation and stylization of their solemn existence.

Shakespeare is nature: his cosmic work resounds with natural cries and laughters, sweeping emotions, rampant and violent life. But Racine is the crown and essence of art - at once economic and generous, well-balanced, noble, urbane, and profoundly intelligent. "Each work of art," Gide says, "is ^{a 1-10/16 of} ~~its~~ ^{its} existence primarily ~~to~~ ^{of} Reason."

astounding words, these - coming from a man who recognized and hailed the demon as the source and kernel of artistic creation. But so did Goethe, and yet attained harmony, by virtue of Reason and of Discipline. Gide often quoted his German master who said that no work of art is valid and effective ~~without~~ unless it inheres and communicates what Goethe calls "das Schaudern", that is, the fearful and lustful shudder caused by the demon's touch. The author of Faust and Tasso was certainly familiar with that weird and sublime sensation. He knew and controlled the demon.

This is ~~also~~ true also of the Greek tragedians and of Racine; of Johann Sebastian Bach and Poussin, of Gluck and Pascal, Stendhal and Moliere - of all those, in short, André Gide loves most faithfully. He loves them for their aristocratic ^{discipline} ~~manners~~, their tact, their measure, their heroic urbanity, and for what he calls "leur qualité la plus exquise: la réserve."

Is this André Gide praising measure and limitation? The same Gide who told us, not once but dozens of times, that the idea of option and fixation is intolerable to him? He, the vagrant and erratic spirit, should glorify the exacting rituals of the classical tragedy?

No doubt, there is a strange contrast between the floating uncertainty ~~and unboundedness~~ of Gide's emotional and philosophic attitude, on the one hand, and his will for architectonic clarity, on the other. This dualism, perplexing as it may appear at first, is one of the intrinsic

qualities of Gide's nature and one of the sources from which his genius springs. The rampant disquietude of his thought and feeling is counter=^{more} balanced and tamed by the august tranquility of his artistic style. The ~~the~~ daring and seditious are the questions he asks, the more sedate and graceful the formulation. His most indiscreet confessions are couched in the most discreet ^{manner} ~~discretion~~. The elegant discipline of his literary idiom smoothes and clarifies the paradoxical or rebellious ideas he wishes to put forward.

To him, artistic expression is tantamount to purification. He wants art detached, disinterested, unaffected by the passions it resounds and transmits. Amidst of a general flux and flurry, art represents the principle of stability. Immutable and perfect in itself, it mirrors and transfigures the glorious imperfection and unending motions of life. Gide might apply to his own work what he said in reference to Proust's:

"Detached from life, he remains closely connected with it. Bent to its depth, he contemplates it, or rather, he contemplates his own reflection in it. And the more unquiet the image, the more placid the ~~the~~ mirror, ~~and~~ the more contemplative the gaze."

Do we recognize the enchanted dreamer all absorbed in his own immaculate image? After so many adventures and tribulations he passed through, he still is the one we surprised and admired in the solitude, near the well - still lovable, still inaccessible, still Narcissus.

No, he is not the same - not altogether, not essentially. He has changed since 1890, since the days of youth and Symbolism. His classical attitude, the solemn grace of his gestures, has ^{ve} ~~he~~ assumed a different meaning and serve ~~for~~ other purposes. Now he has recourse to the immutable harmony of perfect forms, not to escape from harsh realities, but in order to dominate their chaotic turmoil. He does not want to dodge the insolluble contradictions of which human life consists; nor does he wish to be overwhelmed by ^{the} ~~his~~ savage disorder. That is why he needs art as a balm and a ~~one~~, as a weapon. eluc

But can a purely aesthetical discipline suffice to meet and master the tremendous conflicts of life? Can one solve the basic paradoxes inherent in the human condition, simply by defining them in crystal prose or verse? Is the perfection of forms an adequate remedy for the glaring imperfection that prevails in nature and society? What is the sense and the value of a perfectly organized style amidst a disorganized, disintegrating world?

The Gide of Les Nourritures Terrestres seems^{ed} yet unaware of these questions. His hedonistic credo, addressed exclusively to the individual, disregards^{ed} all social issues and responsibilities. An individual - Nathanaël - ^{was} encouraged and urged to enjoy life, to relish its sweetness and its mystery - regardless of any collective restrictions or requirements; against society, if need be.

"A social question?" asks^{ed} Gide, in 1895. "Certainly. But the moral question is primary. One man is more interesting than mankind; it is the individual, not the race, whom God has shaped according to His image. Each man is more valuable than all men."

Throughout his youth, up to the time of The Counterfeiters, we will find Gide on the side of the individual, whenever there is a conflict between collective interests and individual ethics. His violent reaction against ~~the Puritanism, ^{that} dominated and stained his youth,~~ brings him to the verge of ~~destructive~~ anarchy. His iconoclastic fervor ^{regardates} ~~either disregards or opposes~~ the whole code of restrictions and prohibitions through which the appointed guardians of society - the priests, the teachers, the judges, the officials - try to shackle and domesticate the individual. Gide feels, with Ralph Waldo Emerson, that "society is everywhere in conspiracy against the manhood of every of its members." That is why there comes revolution, wherever a man comes.

There comes a man, André Gide - a rousing, challenging voice, ~~the~~ ~~subaltern~~ ~~of~~ ~~protest~~. He protests against all hierarchies, all taboos, all oppressions; against the tutelage of the family and against the ~~corrosion~~

lies of Nationalism; he debunks hollow slogans and obsolete prejudices; he defends the outcasts and the sinners - the Son of Man against the Pharisees.

But the same rebel and protestant recognizes and recommends the strictest laws, the most exacting discipline in the artistic sphere. While questioning and transgressing all social and moral conventions, he preaches and practises a sublime conventionalism as an artist, in his artistic effort. He who rejects the authority of any rules imposed on him from without, accepts and follows ^a discipline the legitimation of which is derived from within. For this obedience is voluntary, self-styled, and gratuitous - as voluntary and gratuitous as are Alissa's sacrifice, Lafcadio's arbitrary taboos, or Bernard's submission to his angelic antagonist and mentor.

There is indeed a vital affinity between Gide's voluntary adherence to artistic discipline and his concept of the gratuitous action. A gratuitous action is a free action - conceived and ~~conceived~~ performed without any pressure from the outside world. It is a disinterested, a creative, a human action. "I have always believed," we read in one of Gide's ~~early~~ early writings, Le Prométhée mal enchainé (1899), "that this is the quality in virtue of which man distinguishes himself from the animals: the capacity of acting gratuitously. To me, man is the animal capable of acting without recompensation, even against his material interest, ~~is need be.~~"

The individual confirms and amplifies his independence ~~and dignity~~ by overcoming his innate selfishness; the disinterested act, the voluntary sacrifice are the postulate and the consequence implied in ^{Gide's} individual ethics. His exaltation of the gratuitous action and his obedience ~~to~~ ^{Spring} to the classical rules of art ~~are~~ indeed ~~derived~~ from one central idea and motive.

It is fascinating to perceive how the contradictory ^{components} ~~aspects~~ and elements of Gide's vision are all interrelated like the threads in a daintily woven

tissue. The most divergent elements of his philosophy seem to merge, to penetrate each other, when visualized from one particular angle. Gide's classicism becomes recognizable as an aspect and a manifestation of his individual ethics when he tells us that "the triumph of individualism and the triumph of classicism are identical. For the triumph of ~~the~~ individualism springs from the self-renunciation of the individual."

And it is in this context - speaking of classical style - that he quotes once again the Gospel word he finds ~~and~~ relevant to so many different issues and situations:

Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life, the same shall find it.

The ethos of self-discipline and self-renunciation becomes increasingly predominant in Gide's thought and work, after Les Nourritures Terrestres. And yet we must not forget that this moral doctrine remains the expression and self-correction of an absolutely individualistic, not to say a-social, attitude, ~~that it originated from religious motives, rather than from social consciousness.~~ If Alissa's futile generosity proves the transcendental sources of this disinterested energy, the example of Lafcadio discloses drastically its anarchic potentialities. In the light of individual ethics, an unmotivated crime is as natural and as laudable as an unmotivated sacrifice.

Gide has always been exceedingly interested in crimes and criminals. The phenomenon of the illegitimate action, its psychological roots and implications, puzzled and preoccupied his mind from the beginning of his conscious life. Always fascinated by the exceptional, he has portrayed and analyzed ~~in his books~~ all kind of aberrations and anomalies, from childish pranks to the most sinister felonies. An Arabian lad - Moktor in L'Immoraliste - who pilfers a pair of scissors, opens a ~~long~~ ^{long} parade of ~~problems~~ adventurers and counterfeiters, murderers and impostors, who constitute

an important sector of the personnel in Gide's dramas and "soties."

But this passionate concern in criminology manifested itself not only through the medium of creative writing. If Les Caves du Vatican, Les Faux-Monnayeurs, and other mystery stories, show their author as an expert in the affairs of the underworld, another document - Les Souvenirs de la Cour d'Assises - reveals the source from which these insights are in parts derived.

In this entertaining and instructive little book - written in 1912, published in 1914 - Gide appears not only as an observer and commentator but also as a judge, or rather as ^ajuror. It had long been his secret dream to serve on a jury, but somehow he had never had the opportunity. Wherever he arrived, in every new city, he would rove around the law-court - attracted by the fortresses of civic justice, as Raskolnikov is by the uncanny charm of the commissary, who will eventually unmask his crime and prepare his atonement.

Needless to say how utterly thrilled and tickled our amateur detective must have been when he had the chance at last to act as a juror, at the assizes in Rouen. But as soon as the first trial began, his courage and determination dwindled and were superseded by the most painful qualms. The callous complacency of his fellow-jurors struck him as monstrous. How could they - how could he have the nerve to judge this little thief, or ^{that} ~~this~~ man who had raped a girl, or even this innocuous-looking youth who had killed his mistress? Who knew the real motives behind their deeds? Who was familiar with the specific conditions from which these motives originated? And how could anyone dare to judge, unless he understood the causes of the offence?

This sensitive juror was disconcerted, appalled by the perfunctory fashion in which the court handled and decided upon the most complex and most delicate cases. Did those smug citizens and ~~senior~~ officials not realize the scope and weight of their responsibility? One member of the

assizes at least could not sleep at night, perturbed and puzzled by the intricacies of a drama in which he was supposed to play his part as a judge. And yet he felt rather like a defendant.

The stillness of his room seemed to echo the commandment of Christ: Judge not! How alarming and menacing sounded this benign advice to a rueful Christian, who understood too much to condemn anything, and did not dare to condemn unless he understood.

Ne Jugez Pas! - Judge not! - that is the leitmotiv of these curious memoirs of a Rouen juror. "Not that I believe society could do without tribunals and without judges," Gide adds, reasonably and dutifully. "But..."

But - he says - the judges should be milder and better men; better informed, less biassed and less bored, more humane, more conscientious. The question is ^{whether} ~~if~~ Gide would have acknowledged their authority, even if they had been paragons of friendliness and wisdom. Was he not biassed himself? - in favour of the so-called criminals, to be sure. Was he not a partisan, in his turn? - a faithful champion, that is, of all outlaws and all pariahs ^{ps}, of all non-conformists, all exceptions, of all dangerous and endangered minorities.

It is only seemingly a paradox, ~~that really is logical and characteristic,~~ that his interest in exceptional individuals turns out to be the root and the nucleus of ^{Gide's} ~~his~~ social consciousness altogether. First he ~~only~~ emphasized and defended the independence of the personality against the ~~encroachment~~ encroachments of the social order. Those, however, who have to be protected from such encroachments, constitute a collective group in themselves - an underprivileged sector of the social organism. To come out for the underprivileged, against the rulers and judges, foreshadows, or already implies, a truly revolutionary spirit. Books like Corydon and Les Souvenirs de la Cour d'Assises contradict and arraign certain principles and practices of the bourgeois order. ~~These~~ These indictments transcend the scope of individual ethics. The issues of legislature and public morale

are of primarily social nature, no doubt. The fight for certain minorities results almost inevitably in social criticism. Do I need say that social criticism presupposes and proves social consciousness and the acceptance of social responsibilities?

André Gide, the individualist, became a supporter of outcasts, prompted by his unyielding truthfulness, his chivalrous generosity, and also by his passionate concern in everything unusual, dangerous and devious. He came out for Captain Dreyfus because he thought him innocent and unfairly treated. He went out of his way for the petty crooks in Rouen, as he believed that their transgressions clamored for analysis rather than for punishment. He did homage to Oscar Wilde when the hypocrites and the snobs ribaldly betrayed their former favourite. He risked his own reputation (and ~~2-4~~ jeopardized ^{advantages} for ever the Nobel Prize, a seat in the French Academy, and other ~~posses~~) when he ventured on the delicate topic of homosexuality, in Si le Grain ne Meurt and Corydon. And he offended not only the moral prejudices but the material interests of the French bourgeoisie when he exposed the outrages of French imperialism in his brave and realistic account, Voyage au Congo (1927).

It has been often asserted that Gide's Congo expedition, in 1925, marks the turning point of his moral development, the awakening of his social and political conscience. Even an intimate friend and competent critic like Jean Schlumberger perceived and presented the situation in this simplified manner. "It was during his African journey," Schlumberger suggests, in the Nouvelle Revue Française, "that Gide found himself for the first time confronted with the phenomenon of social injustice and also with the alternative whether or not he ought to come out against it."

That is not quite so, as Gide points out to Schlumberger, in a most interesting reply. According to Gide's own version, it was by no means as recently as in 1925 that he first discovered the glaring inadequacies of our social system. He had been aware of these shortcomings, long before he exposed them in his Congo book. Of course, he noticed the ugly end

ominous aspects of capitalist colonization and exploitation when he roved
through Northern Africa, as a young man in easy circumstances but with an anxious
mind. True, he did not allow, at the time, these hideous things to invade and
mar the pure realm of his artistic vision. Under the influence of Mallarmé
and out of his animosity to the naturalistic school, the young traveler
deemed only "the absolute" good enough as subject for his art. Deliberately
and strictly, he omitted in his feuilles de route any reference to ^{political} ~~material~~
or social issues. "I would have considered myself dishonored, as an artist,"
Gide explains in his answer to Schlumberger, "if I had had any dealings with
such sordidly vulgar affairs. Besides I still adhered, at the time,
to the absurd cult of 'competences' and experts - economists, administra=
tors, generals. I had confidence in them; I took it for granted that the
things that caused my indignation would irk and disturb them as well, and
that they were much better qualified than I to expose and to correct the
outrages, the extortions, the injustices, the mistakes."

But when he went to the Congo, he had to realize that the terrible
things he witnessed would remain concealed from the conscience of France,
of the world, unless he, Gide, spoke them out. The colonial officials, mission=
naries, and business men - the only representatives of France in those
This time regions - were compelled to keep quiet, on account of interest or ~~of~~ duty.
"Here," Gide says, "I had to speak, as I was the only one who could. I was
by no means anti-imperialist when I left France for Africa, and it was not
for the sake of anti-imperialist principles that I disclosed the ugly things
I witnessed down there, alas. Yes, it was only a long time afterwards that
I was induced by unescapable logic to grasp the causal connection between
those particular outrages and a system which tolerates, indeed, encourages
such crimes as it profits by them. This system, I realized at last, is
obviously and completely foul."

This he wrote in 1935, ten years after the journey. As for the travel
account itself, it is far from being a flamboyant J'accuse. Just as public

unduly emphasized certain risqué details in Si le Grain ne Meurt, the revolutionary character of Voyage au Congo has been greatly exaggerated. True, there are grim and factual reports on terror and exploitation. The wretched plight of the Negroes is revealed in scores of appalling examples. But Gide describes solely what he observed himself - individual acts of brutality, the blunders and offences committed by certain inhuman officials. At no point does he indulge in generalities and abstractions. The general cadence of his prose is by no means that of a political manifesto but rather that of a half-scientific, half-narrative account. The style of Voyage au Congo resembles the solemn pedantry of the aging Goethe, rather than the boisterous grandeur of Victor Hugo.

Characteristically, Gide was reading Goethe's novel, Die Wahlverwandtschaften while he traveled in the Congo valley. The sedate tempo and conscientious neatness of his own idiom seem to echo the well-turned phrases of the German master. With a truly Goethe-like accuracy, Gide dwells on the particularities of landscapes, weather conditions, and native rituals. Insects and flowers, the formations of trees, mountains, and butterflies are described with the utmost minuteness. Especially when it comes to botanical observations, the French explorer appears almost as competent as the illustrious botanist of Weimar. The question is whether Goethe - less affable and much more august - would have been equally interested in the personal worries of such humble men as were the Negroes accompanying the caravan of André Gide and Marc Allégret. While the ambitious young man took pictures for the travel film he prepared, the older one would have a chat with one of their guides or carriers. How much did the fellow make? In what conditions lived his family? How much did he know about Europe? What were his feelings towards his white bosses? Gide, in his book, repeats the things he heard - the ^{monotonous} ~~kind~~ stories, the timid complaints, the hopeless sighs, and the ominous curses.

The African report is completely lacking in fantastic or humorous elements. It deals with serious and simple matters. There is nothing funny or fantastic about a starving Negro, or about a big river, or a palm tree, or the malaria fever, or a rattle snake. Nature has no sense of humour, especially in the Congo zone.

Packed with factual material, unemotional and undramatic, Gide's chronicle exhales the savage vastness of the solitudes it describes. It carries the aroma of wilderness and jungle, as the novels of Joseph Conrad are imbued with the ozone of the open sea. In both cases, however - in the epic diary of the roving Frenchman and in the maritime sagas of the English-writing Pole - the soulless grandeur of nature is ennobled by undertones of protest and compassion.

Home in Paris again, Gide was for a while toying with the idea of writing a satirical novel about slavery. He meant to contrast an owner of Negro slaves with an employer of white, free-born men. The joke is that the slave owner turns out to be much more careful and "humanitarian" in his way of treating his slaves than his "liberal" competitor is in his dealings with his "free" employees. For the former has had to pay good money for every working man: each slave is as valuable to him as four chicken ^{one} or half of a horse. His more modern neighbour, quite the contrary, realizes that "free citizens" don't cost much; for every free man who dies, because of unduly hard work and unduly poor food, there are plenty of others to take over his job.

"What a subject for Swift!" exclaimed Julien Green, to whom Gide disclosed this project. The two writers had a chat about racial questions, stimulated by the visit of a certain Mr. Cook, Negro professor at Atlanta University. The professor was charming and talked French beautifully -

Voyage au Congo is dedicated "to the memory of Josph Conrad."

with a vivacity that struck Green as Jewish rather than as Negroid, according to his Journal. It was maybe this resemblance which caused the two friends to delve into the complex issue of racial discrimination in ^{general}, particularly as far as the United States are concerned. Gide, old champion of minorities - racial or otherwise - conveyed his hope, half-facetiously, though - that the Jews and the Negroes might absorb before long those other sectors of the population that ~~may seem~~ look down at them, now.

No, the Gide who returned from the Congo was no "changed man" in any obvious or spectacular way. ~~There was~~ no individualistic Saulus who came back as a socialist Paulus. Gide was not changed but changing, which means that he was unchanged. He was in search of himself, as before - as always.

His literary output of that particular period hardly indicates an abrupt transformation. The next major work, after Voyage au Congo and Le Retour du Tchad, is a novel, or rather, two short novelettes conceived and published simultaneously, L'Ecole des Femmes, suivie de Robert, (1930). After several years this double-composition was followed by a third part, Geneviève, ⁽¹⁹³⁶⁾ adding the story of a half-grown daughter to the confessions of Eveline and Robert.

The psychological themes treated in this slim trilogy are familiar enough - typically Gidean topics. Eveline, once passionately devoted to her husband, gradually ceases to love him: that is to say, she begins to see him the way he actually is. He turns out to be not quite as wonderful as she thought him at first - not quite as noble and excellent as he still believes to be. It is a tale of disillusionment, the bitter end of a matrimonial romance.

Eveline would like to leave Robert, as she no longer loves him and looks through his unctuous feints. But, being a decent woman and a Catholic Christian to boot, she proves only too sensible to the admonitions of her confessor and her family. They all tell her that it would be indeed very wicked to abandon Robert. Doesn't she think of her innocent little daughter?

of her own womanly honor? of the family reputation? and, last not least, doesn't she think of God? He is strictly against divorces, according to the priest and the family council.

Eveline - thinking of her child, her honor, the business interests of her earthly father and the animosities of his heavenly pendant - renounces the foolhardy idea of leaving the man whom she has ceased to love. She is a good woman - an unhappy, ^{towardly} ~~untruthful~~ woman. The life she will lead from now on is a dreary farce.

As for her daughter, Mademoiselle Geneviève, she is not so very innocent any more, when she submits her memoirs to the very man who exposed the tragedy of her mother - namely, to André Gide. The personal letter enclosed with her manuscript sounds rather ill-tempered and complacent. "There I am," says Mademoiselle Geneviève; "I don't care whether you like me or not. I am a modern female - by no means a romantic heroine. I have my serious problems and my reasonable hopes, as you will find out when you read my paper. What worries me ^{are} not ~~are~~ vague and ⁿ general questions, ~~what is the fate of man?~~ but the ~~more~~ realistic and ^{specific} ~~more limited~~ issue of my own plight and future. What can an intelligent, independent girl expect from life, nowadays? What are her chances and rights? What obstacles is she likely to meet? How can she overcome them?"

Besides she informs Gide, respectively Gide's readers, that her story is not going to be a lot of fun and excitement but just a plain, homespun report. Unhappily, her warnings ~~are~~ justified, ~~considering what the story turns out to be.~~

Geneviève is like a female character from an Ibsen drama, with the most amusing qualities of those ladies missing. She commands neither Nora's quivering naiveté nor the impressive hysteria of Hedda Gabler. Her intelligence is rather commonplace - deliberately so, to be sure -; her emotional life is not original, even a little embarrassing at times. Her ideas in respect of equal rights for women, and so forth, are all right, I

suppose. But she cuts a rather clumsy figure when she calls on a gentleman whom she thinks attractive - a certain Doctor Marchant - and scares him with her disclosure that she would like a baby from him. Just like that, without any beating about the bush. Doctor Marchant is nonplussed, and so are we, the readers. The situation becomes all the more awkward in view of the fact that Geneviève's mother, Eveline, happens to share the taste of her sturdy girl. She, too, was crazy about the doctor, in her days. But she, Eveline, wouldn't have made an ass of herself by asking the gentleman for a baby, as if it were a cigarette or a new hat.

Geneviève feels ashamed when she finds out about her mother's far-away, frustrated romance. Her heart contracts as she sees mother's lips pale and tremble. "How much more respectable!" - clumsy Geneviève muses - "how much more authentic are mother's subtle and secret feelings compared with my selfish rashness!"

~~Can it be true? The lusty suffragette admires and almost envies her wretched, old-fashioned mame. Does Geneviève understand that liberty is a good one must be able to handle? Or else one may make a mess out of things. The absence of inhibitions does not guarantee in itself the presence of tact and instinct.~~

Eveline spoiled her life as she was unable to overcome the conventions imposed on her by her caste. Will Geneviève ruin herself, out of her inability to control what she cherishes above all - her beloved, dangerous freedom?

This question, not new in itself, is new as a central theme in Gide's work. ^{Hitherto} ~~up to that point~~, he had ~~just hinted at it or~~ conceived only its religious implications, not its social impact. His primary subject was freedom, not discipline. If the individual ethics required self-control, it was a matter of personal pride (the case of Lafcadio) or just a mystic caprice (Alissa's sacrifice). In neither instance social issues ~~were~~ are involved at all.

As for Les Faux-Monnayeurs, it is undoubtedly a social panorama, not the confession of a solitary soul. But the society it portrays and arraigns is a society in disintegration - at once rigid and disorderly. The personnel of the novel consists in parts of frustrated, narrow-minded bourgeois (the Vedels, La Pérouse, Bernard's ostensible father, and so forth); in other parts of cynical bohemians (Lady Griffith and Robert de Passavant); and, finally, of striving, uncertain youth. Olivier and Bernard, Vincent and Armand, even the poor little Boris and the devilish little Georges - all these keen and muddled young men, are they not clamoring and longing for a new valid order, an acceptable discipline? Are they not tired, the whole lot of them, of their ~~floating~~ aimless existence amidst a social and moral vacuum? The way things stand, they feel ~~uprooted~~ ^{uprooted} and derelict. It may be all right, for a while, to debunk the hollow slogans of Nationalistic demagogues, or the pretentious hooey of snobbish literati, or Pastor Vedel's pious swindle. But does it suffice, in the end? Bernard - among all young men ^{has} Gide^{las} ever presented the most spirited and most intelligent one - articulates the question which perturbs all his comrades and will be resumed by Mademoiselle Geneviève:

How can we use our freedom? For what purposes? To what ends?

Bernard, wandering through the Luxembourg Garden, feels perplexed and elated as he contemplates his life - its veiled perils and promises, its bewildering uncertainty. He does not see the garden; he actually sees his life - right there, in front of him, ocean-like, an immeasurable mystery. They say that there are routes leading across the seas; but they are scarcely marked, those routes, and Bernard ~~does~~ ^{how} not know how to find the one he ~~was~~ ^{is} supposed to take.

But at this point his angel appears. He will guide him.

Geneviève has no angel. She believes in science and progress as firmly and doggedly as her poor mother ^{used to} believe in virtue and in God. Moreover, Geneviève's author, André Gide, does not seem in a frame of

mind, just now, to fool around with cherubim. He has become very sober - almost alarmingly so.

Evidently, something curious and a bit depressing had happened to Gide's style, simultaneously with his new emphasis on social issues. For years he had tried to suppress the lovely mannerisms of his playful youth. At this point he attained at last - if only temporarily, in a queer, paradoxical fashion - what he had so long been striving for: a perfectly simple, classical diction - impersonal, austere, lustreless.

What was the design and objective of this form of asceticism? Did it result from artistic impotence? Was it a caprice? Or a failure?

No, this deliberate and obvious absence of élan and colour manifests a moral attitude, a new renunciation, another sacrifice.

Gide was a very young man, still given to extreme individualism and other vagaries, when he asserted that to become human means to become banal. The artist - aristocratic by nature and conviction - renounces his splendid isolation by condescending to the worries and to the vocabulary of the common people. He discusses plain things; he becomes plain himself. He gives up the ornate words and big gestures; in short, he ceases to be a great man, to become a man, quite simply.

The so-called great men - the heroes, rulers, exploiters - always delude themselves and their victims. Their glory is based on a lurid mire of lies and feints, whether they know it or not. King Oedipus, for instance, remains long unaware of the grisly entanglements to which he owes his seemingly brilliant career. He is to find out, however.

Gide's drama Oedipe (1931) is a more significant contribution, I think, than the strangely perfunctory novelettes about Madame Eveline and her daughter. Not that Gide's rationalistic interpretation of the antique myth could compete, as a work of art, with the immortal original; in fact, it falls short also of certain modern adaptation. Jean Cocteau's dramatic version of the Oedipus legend, La Machine Infernale, is undoubtedly more colourful than Gide's sober experiment.

And yet the grim simplicity of Gide's dramatic essay possesses and conveys a certain tonic seriousness and authenticity in which Cocteau's entrancing fireworks are definitely lacking.

Just as Mademoiselle Geneviève lives up to her initial warning that she ^{is} going to tell a plain, homespun story, King Oedipus makes good the promise he formulates in his prologue: that he wants to put forward ^{surprisingly} ~~and~~ directly whatever he has to say, and will not indulge in ~~the~~ fancy words, sublime poses and beautiful lies. The drama in which he acts as the leading figure - not to say, as the hero - is free of swollen rhetorics and by no means unduly rich in artistic beauties. Its significance and suspense spring exclusively from its moral and intellectual purport.

The tragedy of King Oedipus is the tragedy of extreme individualism. The master of Thebes and husband of queen Jocasta^a cheats himself, his family, and his people, as he pretends to be happy and to govern happily, although his happiness and his government rest entirely on his "individual ethics", in other words, on a lot of lies. He has long made a mess of his life, and of Jocasta's life, and of the collective life of his people, when he still keeps ranting and jubilating: "How remarkably happy I am! How fortunate all of us are!" At this point, the plague already devastates the City of Thebes, And before long the martyred people will have to find out why their wayward gods are so direly angry at them: King Oedipus, of course, is the son and murderer of the legitimate monarch, King Laius, ~~and, therefore, the son~~ which means that ~~his wife~~ his wife, queen Jocasta, is his mother, and he, the boastful king, a pitiful and fearful criminal. He was blinded by his ~~selfish~~ selfish optimism, for which he has to atone by losing his physical eye-sight. This is the punishment he deserves and accepts for his having wantonly disregarded the obvious ~~warnings and~~ intimations from his unfortunate wife and mother, his vulgar but upright brother-in-law, Creon, and his pedantic high priest,

Theresias, a disagreeable but shrewd old gentleman.

The most telling warnings, however, did not come from any individual but were pronounced by a collective voice - the voice of the people, the anxious men and women of Thebes. Their sturdy chorus - the chorus of common sense - accompanies the drama of the King, which implies and causes the drama of the community. The voice of the people demurs to Oedipus's foolish assertion that everybody is happy. "That ain't so," grumbles the chorus. "We - the little ^{fellows} ~~men~~, the forgotten men - we ain't happy at all." The left-wing group of the chorus goes even as far as suggesting that there might be a causal connection between the King's much-vaunted prosperity and their own wretchedness. "We cannot help feeling," they say, ominously, "that your fortune and our misfortune have somehow to do with each other."

These are new accents and new accusations - new as far as André Gide is concerned. Their novelty is all the more discernable and all the more exciting as they are interwoven into a composition rich in self-quotations and in allusions to familiar themes. Oedipus behaves in a typically Gidean fashion when he quarrels with the tiresomely reasonable clergyman, Theresias, and defends his "individual ethics" against the high priest's rigid orthodoxy. The confusing thing only is that in some of these disputes the author seems to sympathize with the inflexible traditionalism of Theresias, rather than with the buoyant blindness of Oedipus' jolly libertinage. It chances, more often than not, that the unpleasant priest says the right thing, while the ^apleasant King indulges in illusions.

This goes also for the dialogues between Oedipus and his brother-in-law. Does not the former make an ass of himself when he seems so tickled about his being an illegitimate child? True, Gide had always a weakness for ~~best~~ bastards: his two most engaging characters, Lafcadio and Bernard, are both the fruits of "free love." In the particular case of Oedipus, however, the situation is unusually involved and delicate. Even this ~~mis-~~

easy-going adventurer would pale and shudder if he knew what we know - the horrid degree of his illegitimacy.

But he is too deeply entangled in his self-delusion - blinded and doomed as is the Calvinist Minister in La Symphonie Pastorale. His pious daughter, Antigone, trembles with sinister forebodings - as did the Minister's homely wife - when she hears her tragic father rant about his "infallible instinct" and about the private deity on whose advice he depends. Antigone - a meek and heroic creature akin to Alissa in La Porte Etroite - agrees with Theresias - and so does the author, as we may presume - when he chides the King for his sacrilegious self-assurance. "This ostensible deity you pretend to carry about," grumbles the bilious priest, "it's your own ego, deified."

But when it comes to the last argument between the priest and the King, Antigone as well as Gide are in favour of Oedipus, for the first time without reservations. The incestuous murderer accepts his fall and his castigation, not only stoically, but with humble joy. He leaves the City of Thebes, determined to communicate his inner light to all people - wherever they are, wherever he may meet them. His voice has the force and the persuasion of truth when he announces this beautiful decision. The voice of Theresias, on the contrary, sounds hard and loveless when he snaps back: "It is not joy we should seek and transmit; it is the salvation of our souls."

This time the man of the church is wrong; the martyr-monarch is right. For he is no monarch any more, just a martyr; not a great man, just a man; just an eyeless wanderer among others, a stumbling pilgrim among many equally blind, equally fallible. He has joined the chorus, ~~and renounced his splendid isolation.~~ An anonymous beggar, he may find the Strait Gate that leads to the real Kingdom.

The spiral line of Gide's development may seem at times erratic and confused. In Oedipe, and at this stage of his biography in general, he resumes certain moods and trends of the Strait is the Gate... epoch and fuses them with the rationalistic and rebellious accents of Les Caves du Vatican and Les Faux-Monnayeurs. That is to say, he varies and reevaluates one of his basic ideas - the ethic of sacrifice and self-renunciation - and gives it a new meaning, a different tendency. The polarity between two possible ways of individual behaviour - namely, asceticism and hedonism - is now ^{replaced} ~~superseded~~ by the antagonism between unrestricted individualism and an individualism controlled and limited by social responsibilities. The new theme - already intimated in The Counterfeiters, ^{further} ~~fully~~ developed in Geneviève and Oedipe - is not transcendental but human and practical. For both notions at stake - freedom and discipline - belong to ~~the~~ category ^a

~~of which~~ which does not involve God directly. The new conflict takes place on an earthly plane: among men, so to speak; it hardly affects man's attitude towards the Supreme Being. Irrelevant, perhaps, in the sphere of the absolute, this dualism - personal liberty versus collective interest - is greatly relevant to our worldly affairs, however relative and transient they may be. Hence the sturdy, realistic tenor of Gide's ~~prose~~^{style} at that time. ~~His prose has actually become prosaic; no lyric outbursts or mystic overtones, any more.~~

Not only the demon seems now to be banished from Gide's heart and work; an estrangement from God, indeed, from Christ himself, has evidently taken place as well. His new ~~effort~~ effort tends exclusively to the solution of human problems; no help from the divine authority is required. Humanistic pride and manly self-reliance prevent Gide, at this point, to have recourse to metaphysical props.

This new anti-mystic, anti-romantic, almost anti-religious orientation is noticeable, not only in his writings of that period, but also in the selection of his reading material. It is now that his intimacy with Montaigne reaches its highest point - Montaigne, who repudiated so bravely and obstinately all supernatural comfort and advice. Gide's fine essay about the Essays dates from that epoch - 1929. Along with Montaigne's chivalrous and reasonable figure, his favourite companions are Goethe, La Fontaine, and Racine, Swift, Dryden, and Pope. The taste for Pope's didactic poetry is particularly characteristic. The Gide of that rationalistic interlude, between Les Faux-Monnayeurs and the communist adventure, comes back to me, palpably close, when I read and relish a diary entry like the following one, of 1930:

"I resume the delightful habit of reading a book while I walk - somewhat less attracted, just now, by the spectacle of the street. Pope walked with me, these days. I found these lines, in his Essay on Criticism:

Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are Mature still, but Nature methodised:
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same law which first herself ordained.

"Perfect; it couldn't be better. (What reasonable truth! And how reasonably formulated! Completely anti-poetic. What's the *difference*?)"

Gide's enthusiasm about Pope's rhymed aphorism is noteworthy, not only, or not mainly, because of the literary taste it indicates. What he liked in this neatly couched commonplace is the dry realism with which the limitation of liberty is taken for granted. ~~by the British moralists. It was precisely this sober, British type of realism that appealed to Gide, at that point.~~

This reasonable and inevitable restriction of freedom, necessitated by the interests of the community - could it not turn out to be compatible with the finest form of individualism? It was in speaking of Goethe that Gide coined the formula of serviceable individualism: "I do not mean slavish, but serviceable, ready to serve. He was a man of duty: yes, of duty towards himself. His apparent and obvious egotism leads him to it and submits to it. Those who have accused him of this egotism seem to me to have misunderstood the ~~real~~ austere demands that a healthy individualism often implies."

"He was a man of duty:" thirty or fifteen years before Gide would hardly have used these words to eulogize a great poet. Nor would he have said, in ~~presenting~~ the first novel of a young French writer; ~~that~~ ~~emerging talent he first signalled.~~

"I am particularly grateful to him for having elucidated this paradoxical truth, which seems to me of extraordinary psychological importance: that the happiness of man does not spring from freedom but lies in the acceptance of duty."

This remarkable statement occurs in Gide's preface to Vol de Nuit by Saint-Exupéry (1931). In introducing a new literary name, Gide announces and defines a new phase of his own quest and effort - a new flight, a new adventure, the adventure of ~~the~~ duty.

CHAPTER EIGHT:

THE CRISIS

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That I was ever born to set it right!
Shakespeare

Il faut être sans loi pour écouter
la loi nouvelle.
André Gide

The authority of a writer is a capital that accumulates slowly, almost unnoticeably: it does not result from one sensational triumph but is due to a sum of imponderables. More is needed than just genius to make a real master; tenacity and faith, pedagogical intuition and patience are equally indispensable - especially patience, a great deal of it.

The true rank of a work of art does not depend on its immediate success but on its durability. Gide is wont to say that he hardly cares whether his new books are read; what matters is that they be re-read when they are not new any more. He treasures the balance sheet of his publisher which indicates that five-hundred copies of Les Nourritures Terrestres were sold from 1897 to 1917 - just five-hundred, in the course of twenty years! "The book was completely boycotted by the literary critics," Gide stated, forty years after the original publication. "As far as I remember there ^{appeared} ~~was~~ only two articles about Les Nourritures - both by personal friends of mine. This would not be noteworthy, if it were not for the extraordinary resonance my book was to have subsequently. Today it exercises a considerable influence on the young generation."

Neither boastful nor bashful but in a casual, matter-of-fact fashion, the aging master acknowledges the actual and evident state of affairs. Everybody knows that he has never run after fame: yet there it is; he has become one of the great figures of world literature. All his gestures and experiments carry the weight of glory. Whatever he says and does is eagerly discussed in the vanguard magazines, book sections, and literary cafés of five continents. All his major works are translated into all major languages. There are critics - not only in France but also in distant countries ~~in distant countries~~ - who specialize in the exegesis of Gide's writings as if they were Das Kapital by Marx or the Gospel. During a certain period - say, from 1938 to 1938 - the author of Les Faux Monnayeurs was more talked and written about than any other modern writer;

except maybe Proust and Joyce. For a while the literature on Gide was considerably more voluminous than his own output.

That is not to say that he idled. If he dodged all social temptations and obligations that result from fame, he was all the more conscientious as regards his literary responsibilities. His correspondence assumed vast dimensions. He participated in public symposiums and polemics, wrote prefaces, epitaphs, and book reviews. Many a striving talent has been encouraged and criticized by this unflagging reader and sensitive connoisseur. At the same time he took to translating again: the first act of Hamlet, for instance, could be featured in the bilingual magazine Exchange as a literary novelty, "French by André Gide."

In 1932, the Nouvelle Revue Française began to publish the monumental edition of his Oeuvres Complètes - presenting not only all his novels, novelettes, plays, and essays in their chronological sequence but also a profusion of miscellanies and the complete journal. The job of compiling and editing this bountiful material was handled with painstaking accuracy by a competent famulus, L. Martin-Chauffier. He was assisted, however, by the author himself, who supervised the lay-out of the fifteen partly volumes available up to now. (The luxurious enterprise, financially guaranteed by a small amount of international subscribers, had to be discontinued temporarily at least, on account of the political developments. Tome XV - the last one to come out - includes the Journal, from 1928 to 1932, the essay on Montaigne (1929), the "Notes about Chopin" (1931), and a selection of minor critical writings. The L'École des Femmes trilogy and Oedipe are scheduled for an additional volume promised for the near future.)

Martin-Chauffier had a hand also in the set-up of a series of booklets, Ne Jugez Pas!, initiated and sponsored by André Gide. The idea was to present a collection of criminological cases to reaffirm and illustrate the tenets first ^{put forward} ~~presented~~ in the Souvenirs de la Cour d'Assises. "Surrender, Judge!" is the quintessence of Gide's message. "Give place to the

doctor!" and to reveal the shortsightedness and inhumanity of modern jurisdiction, he submits ~~two~~ meticulous reports on two causes - neither particularly exciting but both of symptomatic significance. L'Affaire Redureau and La Sequestrée de Poitiers - Gide's own contributions to the Judge Not! library - are convincing accounts; unassuming, candid, factual. It may be that they are somehow lacking in artistic colour and ~~nerve~~ ^{verve}, which has to do, perhaps, with the fact that Gide dictated them. This new technique of production - new, as far as Gide is concerned - does not seem quite in keeping with the cadence and countenance of his style.

But then, this is not a climactical moment in Gide's literary career. He produces slowly, under difficulties. The diary entries concerning his current work sound indeed rather dreary. As soon as he leaves his desk, the thought of his forthcoming novel - L'Ecole des Femmes - palls on him, becomes vapid and irrelevant. He might have postponed, or even renounced altogether, the conclusion of this novelette, if it had not been for the editors of ~~the~~ ^{an} American magazine, Forum. Prodded by their trans-Atlantic persistence, Gide - half-grudgingly, half-amused - made a last-minute effort and actually met the deadline.

His frame of mind and general state of health resembles the nervous depression he passed through during the years between L'Immoraliste and La Porte Etroite. At once languid and erratic, he keeps moving from the South of France to Northern Germany, from Paris to Munich, Zurich, or Tunisia. When Madame Gide expects him at Cuverville he would surprise friends in Biarritz or Toulon with improvised weekend visits. More cometary than ever, he shows up in Cambridge or Heidelberg, or disappears completely - roving incognito through one of the territories between the North Sea and the Mediterranean.

Sometimes the foreign lands seemed even more difficult to bear than France with all her familiar pettiness and fatuity. In Germany, of course,

there were always plenty of things to irk and puzzle an observant traveler. Italy was more than irritating with the hollow grandeur of its sham-Empire. It was in Naples that Gide coined the striking formula, "architectural journalism," to characterize the showy palazzos from which the Fascist bureaucracy tyrannizes over an easy-going, vain and ignorant people.

Time and again the fatigued wanderer would seek recreation in one of the famed watering places. But the noisy ugliness of the bourgeois mob in Karlsbad or Vittel got so painfully on his nerves that no salubrious well could make good such an annoyance. The situation became quite unbearable when the ^rsmarter ones of the hideous crowd tried to prove their sophistication by addressing Gide as "cher maître" and complimenting him on his books. The "dear master" writhed with embarrassment when a garrulous lady buttonholed him at the promenade or in the hotel lobby, cruelly determined to cry out her admiration for "your cute little novel, Unfinished Symphony," (meaning La Symphonie Pastorale, probably), or to rave about "that masterpiece of yours, A la Recherche du Temps," ^{Pardieu} ⁿ

Where these the ^{readers} ~~people~~ he was writing for? Did his audience consist of such fatuous snobs and smug Philistines? Was it to them he owed his fame? Was it for their sake he suffered and endeavoured? Was it worthwhile to work for the desultory pleasure of these decadent parasites? Was there no other form of society in which writers would be less disconnected and less derelict? As things stood now, the writer's social position was half that of a clown, half that of a pariah. Those well-to-do morans on the promenade or in the hotel lobby insulted the spirit, whe her they ignored or cheered its creations. ~~That praised by that~~
~~unlabeled female was even more degrading than to be jeered or chided~~
~~by her.~~

The author's place and function within the framework of modern society - it was not the first time that Gide found himself haunted and preoccupied

(ried)

by this vital issue. It was in his most individualistic, anti-social period - in 1897, the year of Les Nourritures Terrestres - that he jotted down these revealing lines:

"Gloom and lassitude. I want to serve the community, the State; I recognize its power but I do not see ~~what I could~~ what sort of service I could render to it. It seems that the State does not need us. It ought to need us, though. But how convince the State that ~~it~~ ^{it} needs people such as me?"

It is the same apprehension we sense in the violent disquiet of Bernard, in The Counterfeiters. Like his juvenile hero, the aging Gide ^{keeps} ~~is~~ looking for a route across the ocean, a formula to give life a new purpose and a new direction. Terrified by the disintegration and emptiness of modern society, the Gidean characters, and the sovereign intelligence that created them, hanker for a new ethical code, an inspiring and yet feasible creed, a bold and practicable scheme for which they could work and fight, a humanistic Utopia - ^{daring} ~~ambitious~~ and distant enough to incite their adventurous instincts and yet near and actual enough to be loved, to be believed in, to be suffered for.

Neither Les Faux-Monnayeurs nor Gide's other writings, up to 1931, contain any hints as to the colouring and shape this desired scheme would assume, if and when it was discovered or invented at last. The New Order might have been religious and traditionalistic; there ^{are} ~~are~~ ^{elements} in Gide's books that seem to intimate such ^{possibilities} ~~developments~~. Or the ^{Utopian program} ~~idea~~ for scheme might have turned out to be a poetic phantasmagoria - playful, sensual, aristocratic, ~~celebrating of antique Utopia~~. It would have been hazardous to predict, in view of L'Immoraliste, La Porte Étroite and Les Caves du Vatican; that the New Order to emerge from ^{this} long uncertainty was to be of a glaringly red hue - a socialist credo, a revolutionary ~~program~~ ^{design}.

(in Gide's diary,

The first hint at this new development occurs under the date of May 13, 1931. "Above all," he notes, "I would like to live to see the Russian plan triumph and the European peoples compelled to recognize what has been so long and viciously slandered. How could ^{such a vast} ~~re~~ reorganization have been carried out without a transient period of disorganization? Never before has my mind been bent to the future with so passionate a curiosity. I applaud wholeheartedly such a gigantic and yet entirely human effort."

It is not yet a definite declaration of faith; a new mood rather than a new determination. A few months later Gide is struck by the beauty and purity of certain war letters written by German soldiers, in 1914, ~~these people had done~~ and published subsequently. "I have often said," Gide adds, after having praised some especially fine samples of the German collection, "that there are much more decent men than we think usually - men able of heroism, sacrifice, and so forth.... And that is what prevents me from being revolutionary, or rather, which renders it so difficult for me to abandon myself completely to my revolutionary impulses. I can wish for the coming victory of Communism; but, while doing so, I can still disapprove of the horrible methods proposed by the Communists for the attainment of their objectives. I could hardly embrace a philosophy according to which ~~a noble end justifies ugly and cruel means.~~ ~~one has to accept the means if one believes in the ends. I would not like to side with hatred, injustice, and cruelty.~~ It's all right to tell me that one cannot attain certain things without acquiescing in certain others. But how if this preparatory stage is too dreadful to pass through?..... It is good to know that in Russia at least these hideous ^{requirements} ~~"necessities"~~ have already been carried out. May ~~be~~ the lofty ends be secured, solidly and for good, so that it will not be necessary henceforth to have recourse to the ^{hateful} ~~evil~~ means!"

If this statement still sounds somewhat conditional and reserved, the tenor of Gide's pro-Soviet proclamations will soon become more decided and

more provocative. In 1932, he interrupts himself in telling a psychological anecdote which he had meant to report in a detailed way: "For I do not want my journal to deal exclusively with the Soviet Union. And yet there seems to be nothing besides I am really interested in." And in the fall of 1933 - stirred and alarmed by the ominous developments in Germany and elsewhere - he speaks already like an experienced fellow-traveler. His message to the "Committee for the World Congress of Youth against War and Fascism" might as well have been formulated by an editor of L'Humanité, New Masses, Pravda, or Die Rote Fahne. The fastidious author of La Porte Etroite speaks ^{like any} ~~in the ringing voice of a fervently faithful~~ propagandist when he asserts that the only "Soviet propaganda" there is does not consist of words but obtains its efficacy from facts - the glorious, self-evident, irrefutable facts of the Soviet reality: "The example of the October Revolution has made the peoples aware of the state of suppression and wretchedness in which they are kept by the capitalist system."

No wonder that ^{the public} ~~Montaigne~~ was flabbergasted to hear so fierce and primitive a jargon from André Gide, the matchless master of suggestive overtones and iridescent subtleties. He who had been evasive and non-committal, drifting from one ^{complicated} ~~charming~~ uncertainty to the next, ~~suddenly~~ ^{now} appeared ~~suddenly~~ all resolution and aggressiveness. His statements, far from being ^{airy} ~~poetic~~ and enigmatic, ^{became} ~~were~~ almost shockingly blunt. Asked how he managed to reconcile the philosophy of Montaigne and the doctrines of Lenin, he replied succinctly that it was by no means his ambition to marry these two humanistic visions: they follow one another.

So now it was Lenin's turn, according to André Gide? The rumours, then, were correct? He had made up his mind? He had made his choice? Taken a stand at last? He adhered to the political and philosophical orthodoxy of the Comintern - or didn't he? It was a conversion - or wasn't it? Gide insisted it wasn't.

"Don't speak of conversion!" he admonished the excited commentators.
"I ~~have~~ ^{have} not change^d my direction. I ^{have} always marched straight ahead, and continue to do so. But for a long time I could not see anything ahead of me, save the reflection of my own fervor. Now, ~~however~~, I have ~~acquired a new~~ a goal again. I feel that my vague longings take on a definite shape and that my dream is on the point of becoming reality."

It sounded convincing enough. The term "conversion" was, perhaps, an inadequate simplification. Was the word "evolution" more appropriate to define Gide's newest adventure? Yes and no, he said, and explained in a detailed way why he did not think the image of "evolution" ~~to~~ readily pertinent to describe the experience he passed through. This experience, he said - i.e. his new faith in Communism - is not only derived from his primary and basic creed - i.e. Christianity - , but is its direct continuation and consequence, not to say its fulfilment. "What you call my 'conversion' or my 'evolution' springs logically and organically from this initial Christian formation (or deformation?) of my mind."

He who had repudiated, solemnly and obstinately, the Catholic ^{creed} ~~doctrine~~ on account of the Gospel, now yielded to the anti-religious doctrine of Karl Marx, on account of the Gospel. Or rather, it was not the Marxian philosophy what attracted and captivated him in the socialist ethos: his attitude towards that founding father of "scientific-revolutionary materialism" remains chilly or becomes ^{down} ~~straight~~ inimical. "The climate in the writings of Karl Marx is suffocating to me," he admits, in the middle of his "Marxist" escapade. "There is something lacking, I don't know what kind of ozone indispensable for my mental respiration."

And he draws the candid, paradoxical conclusion: "I found ^{my way to} ~~Communism~~ thanks to the Gospel - not thanks to Karl Marx."

"I still am the simple Christian I have always been," Gide emphasized, while the reactionary press went to town about his ostensible "conversion to atheism." In reality he remained faithful to both his devotion to Christ and his animosity to the Christian churches. Communism, as he con=

ceived and stylized it, appears more akin to the original Christian message than is the rigid dogmatism of the Catholic Church. Do you not see - André Gide wondered - that Communism, too, is a form of religion - a religion, that is, without mythology: a reasonable religion. Gide's vision confirms the prophecy of the anti-clerical mystic, Søren Kierkegaard, who predicted that "that which had a political countenance and imagined itself to be political, will one day be unmasked as a religious movement."

But presuming ~~that~~ that Gide's pietist past was compatible with his revolutionary presence - does not even this religious version of ~~the~~ the socialist creed betray and contradict his former individualistic tenets?

Gide's diary - his highly important Nouvelles Pages de Journal, 1932-1935 - anticipates and refutes this objection. "The individual, even today, is infinitely more interesting to me than the masses," Gide asserts, in 1932, at the peak of his Communist enthusiasm. "What matters above all, however, is to organize the living conditions of the masses in such a way that the sound development of the individual would be guaranteed."

There is a change, no doubt, in the vistas and requirements of this great individualist - a change which he admits expressly and the vital character of which he stresses again and again. The pivotal, profound change is this - according to the Nouvelles Pages de Journal -: "Up to very recently I believed that the primary necessity is to transform men; ~~that the revolutionary process ought to start~~ that the revolutionary process ought to start in the sphere of individual life. That is why I wrote that the moral question is of greater significance than the ~~the~~ social question. Today I am positive that the individual cannot change, unless the social conditions invite and enable him to do so: which means that we ought to occupy ourselves with them, the social conditions, above all and before anything else."

An anti-individualistic philosophy and policy - Gide holds - would

not only damage the individual, but also the masses, ~~who~~^{which} profit by, and depend on, self-assured, independent, fully developed individuals. "The individual," Gide concludes - quoting a striking aperçue of Frédéric Hebbel - , "is not an end but a means. I do not know whether it is the best one; but it seems to be the only one available."

To define and to propagate a religious form of Communism and a Socialist form of individualism - this, then, was Gide's task, at this juncture of his ambitious quest. Moreover, he insisted on the supremacy of truth, on the absolute integrity of the spirit, even while admitting and emphasizing the revolutionary-propagandistic function and mission of literature. A unrealistic, servile intelligence is hardly apt to serve the cause of progress. The efficacy and persuasion of art, science, and philosophy depend entirely on their detachment, their incorruptibility. "There is a certain intellectual honesty," (une certaine honnêteté de l'esprit) Gide insists, "which the young Communists must not betray for opportunistic reasons. Honesty, probity, truthfulness are laical virtues the exercise of which demonstrates the righteousness of our cause."

No wonder that Gide's monologues, during the period of his affiliation with the Comintern, have ^{at times} ~~at times~~ apprehensive overtones, ~~which are~~ ~~theoretically, contradictory~~. There are despondent moments, hypochondrical veins, when the author of the Nouvelles Pages de Journal conceives his new preoccupation with social issues as a direct result of his artistic sterility. "Why should I fool myself?" he broods, in such downhearted hours: "Those issues simply replace the creative demon, who has long withdrawn from my mind." ~~At~~ At once proud and discouraged, he compares his own development with Tolstoi's, who would not have dallied with dubious political programs, if his genius had still been pregnant, at the time, with such colossal visions as War and Peace and Anne Karenina.

Like the aging Tolstoi - the Tolstoi in decline - Gide comes to

questioning the validity and timeliness of art as such. The vagaries and visions of the artistic genius seems appallingly void and flighty, in view of the weight and vastness of our actual conflicts and the actual sufferings of our fellow-men, everywhere. Art has to be "disinterested" and aloof, or else it ceases to be art. "But whoever remains contemplative and detached, these days," says Gide, "discloses an inhuman philosophy or a monstrous blindness."

I recall having heard many utterances of a similar kind from Gide directly. His personal conversation confirmed what his diary suggests in such grave, sorrowful accents: his qualms and doubts as regards the significance, or insignificance, of literary efforts at this critical moment of history. The following account from Julien Green's journal (under the date of March 15, 1932) is as typical as any dialogue I might recollect:

"Saw Gide this afternoon. He told me that he cannot concentrate his thoughts on anything, except Russia and Communism. What is the use of producing books? It seems meaningless, considering the tremendous events to ~~be~~ take place in the world. I asked him whether this state of affairs is disturbing to him. "No," he said, "I find it exalting."

There are indeed accents of true and powerful exaltation in the slim but dynamic book ~~which~~ which Gide concluded in that time, notwithstanding his profound scepticism as to the relevance of his poetic message.

Les Nouvelles Nourritures (1936) is conceived and presented as a direct continuation of Les Nourritures Terrestres, from which it resumes and develops many images and ideas. Just because of this intimate and deliberate affinity to Gide's early work, Les Nouvelles Nourritures testifies, most eloquently and most movingly, to both the organic unity and rich versatility of his genius. ^{detail} Everything in this extraordinary manifesto - one of the most arresting things, ^{no} ~~no~~ ~~doubtless~~, Gide has ever written - is at once daringly new and familiar. We recognize, with ~~affectionate~~ gratitude, the unmistakable

tender

tenets and intonations of Gide's youthful credo - widened, deepened, intensified, all imbued with a new revolutionary purport and pathos.

There they are again, the glowing raptures of the vernal days, the sweeping gestures of cosmic tenderness and immeasurable delight. Once more, life is glorified as the mystery of mysteries, the joy of joys, the incomparable, inscrutable adventure. "Tu ne t'étonnes peut-être pas assez de vivre," André Gide said to Nathanaël. Now he addresses the same lyrical admonition to somebody whom he calls "comrade", as the name Nathanaël sounds too unreal and too plaintive.

"Omit everything that is only plaintive or only playful!" the revolutionary Gide urges his imaginary comrade. "Try to organize your life in a way that renders all complaints superfluous. Do not beg from others what you can conquer and accomplish yourself."

"I have had my life," says the aging, ~~over-young~~ poet. "Now, it's your turn, my comrade. All my faith, all my hopes are with you."

It sounds like a farewell. And yet Les Nouvelles Nourritures exhales the spirit of youth. The author who commands such a style and such a confidence has remained youthful, for all his experienced wisdom.

Only a youthful heart is capable of the effusive gratitude which Gide cries out to this creation and to the Creator. His fervent, bewildered love for this "astonishing earth" - what is it if not a form of religious ecstasy? His prayer has the whole passion and purity of his early impetrations as he invokes Him whom he never ceased to seek and to adore:

"Je reviens à vous Seigneur Christ, comme à Dieu dont vous êtes la forme vivante. Je suis las de mentir à mon coeur. C'est vous que je retrouve partout, alors que je croyais vous fuir, ami divin de mon enfance."

The entrancing authenticity of these words is not affected by the vagueness of Gide's emotional Pantheism as we find it formulated in certain passages of his book. He sounds like a disciple of Spinoza, or like Goethe's Faust, when he identifies God and Nature. It is remarkable, how=

ever, that his idolatry of the material and mortal world somehow implies the faith in the immaterial, immortal Creator. "It is more difficult than one should believe not to believe in God," says Gide, after having passed through a period of relative indifference towards ~~God~~ the Supreme Being.

Yes, he has remained young: he is young again. He believes in the mysteries of Creation, Joy, and Motion. But his cult of Joy no longer is the selfish hedonism in which he used to indulge. Now the postulate of Joy has become something like a social program. The relishing of irresponsible sensations is not recognized as Joy any more. "My happiness consists in increasing the happiness of others," says Gide, who once contented himself with vagrant, noncommittal delights. "I need the general happiness to be happy myself."

This explains what he means when speaking of an "imperative obligation to be happy" - an essentially moral obligation which he strongly feels and joyfully accepts. And, again:

"I have long understood that Joy is something infinitely rarer, more difficult and more beautiful than Sadness."..... And I decided to be happy."

Nature indicates that man is destined to attain happiness: what is life if not the pursuit of Joy? And the term, "Joy," is to be conceived in its sublimest and coarsest sense - as mystic enthusiasm and also as primitive amateness. We recognize the rampant sensuality of Les Nourritures Terrestres when Gide proclaims, in the Nouvelles Nourritures, that he has obtained more instruction from lust than from books. "It is in the ecstasy of the flesh that we become most intensely conscious of our own being."

And yet his concept of Love has undergone a crucial modification, while maintaining its unabated impact of carnal lust. Yet the cosmic lover is not satisfied any more with embracing and praising the universe: he has become eager, at this point, to participate in its organization and in its

improvement. He is enough of a Marxist to agree that it behooves the philosopher to change the reality of this life - not just to ~~interpret~~ ^{define} and its causalities.

For he sings the Body Electric cannot but be interested in the physical well-being, whether present or future, of the living masses, the masses to be born, "the armies of those I love," to quote a formula of Walt Whitman - particularly pertinent in this context. The voice of the American bard, which resounded through the ~~ages~~ ^{dithyrambs} of Les Nourritures Terrestres, is recognizable in many a formulation of the inspired sequel.

~~Although Gide avoids, shyly and fastidiously, the term "Democracy" - displayed by Whitman with such an effulgent naïveté - his poetic philosophy has now assumed a definitely democratic colour and tendency. What used to be the City of Orles is on the point of becoming the City of Man, which does not imply, to be sure, that no Orles are to take place any more - quite the contrary. But the Orles are not everything: the Body Electric would soon take place if it were allowed to revel constantly in rank and exhausting diversions.~~

Gide, who formerly joined Whitman in his sensual exaltations and echoed the ebullient tunes of Calamus, now sings with him "victory, union, faith, identity, time, the indissoluble compacts, riches, mystery, Eternal progress, the cosmos, and the modern reports."

There it is, the word Gide avoided - almost as anxiously and consistently as the word "Democracy" - : Progress: the tritest word and the greatest. It had become stale and hollow, the magic word that inspired our ancestors. "Why, I could jeer at Progress as well as the next fellow, even as well as Flaubert." Gide's assertion sounds convincing enough, especially when he continues:

"The bourgeois idolatry of Progress got on our nerves - naturally it did. Progress of business and industry! Progress of art - what stupidity! Progress of knowledge, all right. But what really matters is the progress of Man himself."

The notion of Progress - if conceived and interpreted by a profound and passionate spirit - is ample and flexible enough to focus and integrate the whole complexity of modern thought. Gide could recognize the essential features and motive powers of his philosophy in this simple formula - Progress: his ardent love for changes and experiments, his cult of motion, his dynamic restlessness, the vagrant and virile energy of his approach to life. Alissa, the gentle and spirited heroine of La Porte Étroite, already understood what her author now reaffirms with such captivating eloquence: that happiness is not a state but a movement; that we cannot, and must not, imagine a form of bliss that were not progressive. Alissa's pilgrimage, too, was progress; but a progress towards ~~the~~ ^{goals} metaphysical, a transcendental quest - aimless and endless according to the logic and the interests of this life. The generous frenzy of her sacrifice assumes a new purport and significance, it becomes reasonable and meaningful in the light and under the influence of this new social credo. The wasteful and floating motion is finally disciplined, oriented towards attainable ends, like a cataract the dynamics of which have been dominated and rendered serviceable. "The individual never affirm himself more definitely than when forgetting and abandoning himself." Gide resumes his old tenet - the living gist of his creed - with a new urgency and a new ethos.

Man has to overcome the limitations of his selfishness to live up to his intrinsic potentialities. Progress means the striving for self-identification and self-fulfilment, the ultimate humanization of the human race. The belief in progress implies the belief in man and the belief in Utopia.

Gide takes certain "realistic" young people to task for their sterile, superstitious fear of that inspiring term - Utopia. Petty and faithless minds are afraid of losing their dignity when adhering to "utopian" ideals and programs. "As if not every great progress of man were due to realized Utopia!" Gide exclaims. "As if the reality of tomorrow could be anything but the result of today's Utopia! A future that would ~~be~~ merely repeat the

present conditions of life - that is indeed the one prospect I consider unbearable."

Love and Reason, common sense and faith are necessary to promote and finally fulfil Utopia. Only a movement in which those energies - ~~the~~ emotional ardor and constructive will - are organically combined - only such a movement has a chance to serve Progress and Utopia. And there was only one movement that lived up to these requirements, according to the side of the early thirties - namely, the Communist International. "The voices of my heart and of my intelligence compel me to choose this path - the path of Communism," he proclaims in Les Nouvelles Nourritures. "Enthusiasm and reason make me abide by this program. It may be that the voice of reason is even stronger in me, at this point, than any emotional motive. And if it has depressed me, at times, to see certain Communists indulge in cold abstractions, another fallacy seems now equally grave to me - that is, to perceive and publicize exclusively the sentimental impact of the Communist doctrines."

He speaks of fallacies but fails to grasp his own. How admirably young he is! - this extraordinary old boy of almost seventy. With generous naiveté and disarming innocence, he confounds his solitary vision with a political orthodoxy; he tries to coordinate his daring dreams and the unscrupulous tactics of the Comintern. Did he not foresee the inevitable fiasco of his high-minded, ill-starred ^{experiment} ~~experiment~~? Blind and bold, a lovable and slightly ridiculous Don quixote, he plunged into this dangerous, absurd adventure.

André Gide, addressing a Communist mass meeting: one must have watched this curious spectacle to realize the foolhardiness of his political escapade. How bashful and yet haughty, how movingly isolated and out of place he appeared among all those glib or violent agents of a powerful party machine. The speakers preceding and following him recited their ~~the~~

perfunctory variations of current Party-line slogans. Gide spoke out what he thought to be true and important. He said simple and serious things, in a simple and serious manner. Renouncing all rhetorical devices and intellectual fireworks, he insisted on a few vital points - that Fascism is evil; that another imperialistic war would be a major disaster; that the fighting republics of Spain and China deserve the moral and material support of all decent people; that the means of production should be socialized; that Hitler, Franco, and Mussolini are wicked and dangerous men, and ~~that the hopes of social and cultural progress are tied to~~ ^{social conditions have to be reorganized, or else} ~~human culture is doomed.~~ ~~the Soviet Union.~~

None of these disclosures can have been very startling to ~~the~~ ^a proletarian audience. What startled and moved them was rather the sacerdotal gravity with which these truisms were conveyed and formulated. If Gide's political speeches were lacking in news-value, the fact that he delivered them was big news in itself. The author of Les Cahiers d'André Walter and of L'Immoraliste haranguing the workingmen from the "red ~~suburbs~~" The illustrious aesthete and intellectual aristocrate, joining in the oratory of Henri Barbusse, Marcel Cachin, Vaillant-Couturier, and other notorious comrades! It was indeed something to get excited about.

The hullabaloo assumed sweeping proportions. Everybody, all parties and coteries, had to contribute their bit of approval or disapproval in respect of Gide's stunning performance. The Stalinists, needless to say, ~~triumphed~~ triumphed and jubilated. Their propaganda machinery, geared up to a staggering pitch, blared and raved about this sensational, miraculous, incredible, logical, symbolic, meaningful, amazing conversion. The very embodiment of bourgeois culture embraces the doctrine of the glorious proletariat! Celebrated artist abandons Ivory Tower! Grand old man of French letters finds his way to the camp of future, and revolution! Greatest living writer recognizes greatest statesman of all times, Joseph

Stalin. The fact that Gide paid homage to the Little Father in Moscow was sufficient proof, in the opinion of the Communists, of his, Gide's, literary genius. Party scribblers who had never read a book by the newly discovered comrade went suddenly into raptures about Les Caves du Vatican and, even more vehemently, about Voyage au Congo, which was vaunted as a revolutionary classic. Paul Nizan wrote in L'Humanité (the official organ of the Communist Party in France) that Gide had really been a Communist for a number of years, unwittingly and by stealth. Ilya Ehrenburg, the most gifted literary agent of the Kremlin in Western Europe, praised Gide with enthusiastic sagacity. The left-wing vanguard, splendidly represented by André Malraux and Louis Aragon, congratulated themselves on this powerful asset to the Intellectual People's Front.

Outside of the Party, however, the reaction to Gide's red extravaganza was less favourable. Not only the reactionary jingoists jeered and scolded; the anti-Stalin revolutionaries and adherents to Leon Trotsky were equally shocked and angered. One of them, Claude Naville, devoted a whole pamphlet to the issue of André Gide et le Communisme (1935). To him, Gide's affiliation with the "Stalinist reaction" was a "malentendu dramatique," a glaring howler due to a basic misconception. What a ^{dilettante} ~~fool~~ was Gide, to imagine that his "Socialist individualism" would be tolerated, in the long run, by the rigid Party bureaucracy! Did he really believe the Kremlin wanted strong and independent personalities? It was not without a grim laughter that Claude Naville asked this question.

And not only Gide would be disappointed, according to ^{Naville's} ~~the Trotskyite~~ prediction. The Comintern, too, should beware of their new herald and favourite. Did they expect him to renounce for good his metaphysical caprices? How could they hope to make a reliable partisan out of an obstinate old nonconformist? Did they forget the spiritual sources from which Gide's character and philosophy were derived? He was a disciple of Nietzsche and Dostojewski, Wilde and Mallarmé - wasn't he?

What could be more remote from Marxism than the heritage of these masters! What could be less Marxian than Gide's message and faith!

The radical young polemic proved with incisive wit the infeasibility of the alliance between André Gide and the Third International. His exposé - the last work of a spirited fighter who passed away before his manifesto was published - is rich in striking definitions and testifies to both the revolutionary fervency of the author and his sympathetic familiarity with Gide's thought and work. This anti-Gidean and anti-Stalinist pamphlet reveals indeed ~~much more~~ a more profound Socialist ethos and a more intimate knowledge of Gide's character than do most of the Party-inspired eulogies that appeared about the same time. The booklet by Maurice Sachs, André Gide, (1936), is one of these trite and one-sided documents. Mr. Sachs attempts to be popular and concise, but succeeds only in being shallow and primitive. A handful of Marxist clichés do not suffice to analyze and to evaluate so rich and intricate a phenomenon as are the writings of André Gide. To adorn the title page of a book on Gide with a Stalin sentence is in itself an embarrassing faux pas - especially when this motto reads as follows: "For the proletariat, there is but one way to attain the Revolution - the way of the Communist Party; but every intellectual can join the revolutionary forces in his own fashion."

The most thorough and most revealing examination of Gide's Communism took place under the auspices of a Catholic ~~committee~~ group, the Union pour la Vérité. Some of the most prominent Catholic writers - François Mauriac, Jacques Maritain, Gabriel Marcel, Henri Massis, and so forth - participated in the extensive debate, which was ~~also~~ attended also by several liberal authors like Jean ~~Guéhenno~~ Guéhenno and Ramon Fernandez, who has a brilliant book about Gide to his credit. The date of the meeting was January 23, 1935. Gallimard (the publisher of the Nouvelle Revue Française) presented subsequently the complete record of the discussion in the form of a booklet, André Gide et Notre Temps - one of the most

substantial contributions to the voluminous André Gide literature.

The conversation develops on a remarkably elevated level. I cannot but admire the civilized moderation displayed by the Catholic speakers, considering the provocative tenor of certain anti-Catholic statements made by Gide, shortly the meeting. "Religion and family are the two worst enemies of progress," he proclaimed in the published version of his diary. And: "Do you think that Christ would recognize himself today in his Church? It is in the name of Christ that we should oppose the clergy. It is not He who is hateful but the religious system built up after Him."

Severe words, these, and not easy to take for a devout son of the Holy Church. Yet those present agreed • unanimously (including even Gide's most intransigent antagonist, Henri Massis) that the author of Les Faux-Monnayeurs commands the greatest intellectual and artistic authority ~~of~~ ^{modern} all French writers - together with Paul Claudel, whose work had been discussed at the preceding conference of the Union. Nobody demurred when Ramon Fernandez suggested, in his penetrating introductory speech, that André Gide represents, to French youth and to the international intelligentsia, much more than a literary style - namely, a style of life, a fashion of behaviour, a complex and vital philosophy. Renan and Barrès were the two last ones - according to Fernandez - who had exercised a similar influence on the spiritual élite of the nation. Not even Massis contradicted. The speakers began to dissent from each other when it came to appraising the moral validity of this undeniable influence.

Massis, whose role was naturally that of an accuser, compared Gide's moral, or immoral, attitude with Barrès's, and pointed out why he preferred the latter. Barrès, he held, was striving for self-perfection; Gide, for self-justification: "What really matters, however, is not that we justify ourselves but that we try to perfect ourselves. According to Gide's advice, we ought to accept our characters the way they happen to be: it is through this message that Gide, the artist, could become a 'reformer.' His reform

rests entirely on his individual ethics. But after having accomplished everything attainable in this line; after having formulated a philosophy of man which may have had a liberating effect in certain cases but a literally mortal one in others; after having gone as far as possible into the direction of liberty, Gide felt compelled to fix on a cause transcending his own ego. He needed a new purpose to continue life. That is why he submitted himself to the Communist orthodoxy."

This ^{is} ~~was~~ the leitmotiv throughout the whole discussion: Gide's sensational "act of faith" - its psychological reasons and moral implications. If the exposé of Henri Massis is the most acute and most mordant ~~con-~~ contribution to this colourful symposium, it is Ramon Fernandez who finds the most sympathetic formulas to explain Gide's ~~personal~~ development. "The acceptance of a discipline coming after the liberation is by no means a paradox," Fernandez points out. "Gide could accept a sound and practicable discipline after having struggled so long to get rid of another discipline he deems sterile and obsolete."

He refers in this context also to an essential quality of Gide's artistic style - its tending towards the dialectic reconciliation of seemingly incompatible contrasts. Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue, says Fernandez, is a typical example for this musical method of interweaving contradictory themes - in this case, the Christian element and its pagan counterpart. He might have mentioned also Les Nouvelles Nourritures, which seems to me the mature pendant to the Prodigal Son - equaling that early masterpiece in the purity of its texture and in the entrancing complexity of its ideological and emotional intimations.

The work of art is a magic mirror; it can solve problems, simply by reflecting them. In creations such as Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue and Les Nouvelles Nourritures the confusions and contradictions of the human drama in general, and of André Gide's drama in particular, are disentangled, purified, transfigured, by the heavenly touch of art. ~~and~~

Claude Naville, is right when he says in his pamphlet on "André Gide and Communism":

"François Mauriac, Henri Massis, Jacques Maritain, and other Catholic writers, at least tried very earnestly to understand Gide's conversion, although they could not approve of it. As for Louis Aragon, Vaillant-Couturier and their comrades, they certainly approved of Gide's attitude but they did not even try to understand it. They just received the convert with open arms, with yells of admiration and fatuous flatteries. But this whole uproar was staged only for political reasons. The comrades utterly failed to appreciate the gravity of Gide's gesture, the meaning and the limitations of which they still completely ignore."

This was written about one year before Gide went to Moscow, following an invitation of the Soviet authorities.

The party accompanying Gide to the Soviet Union, in June, 1936, consisted mostly of intimate friends - Pierre Herbart (a young writer close to Gide for a number of years); Jacques Schiffrin (publisher, editor, man of letters, member of the inner circle of the Nouvelle Revue Française, director of the fine Bibliothèque de la Pléiade); Eugène Dabit (a young novelist of the popular-naturalistic school; literary protégé of Gide; author of some remarkable books - L'Hotel du Nord, Villa Oasis, etc); Louis Guilloux (as a novelist even more widely recognized than Dabit, but on less cordial terms with Gide); and, finally, as the one non-French member of the group, the young Dutchman Jef Last, a proletarian writer of nervy talent, whose novel, Zuiderzee, had been much discussed, even outside the Netherlands.

Last, in contrast to Gide's other companions, was not a political amateur but a sturdy professional. A member of the Communist Party, he had been in Russia before (his trip with Gide was his fourth one) and was in a position to converse with the natives without the assistance of an interpreter. He had been a sailor, and a soldier of the Spanish Republic, and a nuisance to the Dutch Government. His friendship with Gide began about one year before the Russian journey. Gide, at the peak of his red enthusiasm, was particularly sensible to the popular wit and ~~the~~ to the almost savage vitality of the husky rebel from Amsterdam. The contact with Jef Last was not without influence on the development of Gide's political adventure. The Dutch revolutionary was among those who initiated and prepared the Soviet tour. But, while he still stuck in general to the Party Line, he began already to dissent from certain trends and tactics of the Stalin administration. If Last was at first instrumental in encouraging and intensifying Gide's pro-Communist inclination, he subsequently shared and fostered Gide's disappointment about what he saw in the Soviet Union.

This disappointment was inevitable, perhaps, considering the immoderate expectations Gide harboured when going to Russia. He was seeking the Utopian land, and what he found was just reality; as corrupt, bloody, woeful, and problematic, as reality is always and everywhere. "What a distance between imagination and fact!" Lafcadio exclaims, in Les Caves du Vatican. And it is not only a distance that lies between imagination and reality, it is also a shadow.

Between the idea
And the reality
Between the motion
And the act
Falls the Shadow.

The shadow invoked in T. S. Eliot's poetic lament seems to darken Gide's Russian journey from its beginning to its end. It can manifest itself in many different forms, this murky companion, the shadow of disillusion. At times it appears in the prosaic disguise of boredom and irritation, in other moments it may assume the bleak grandeur of death.

The first speech Gide delivered in Moscow was a funeral oration. The State burial of Maxim Gorki, on June 20, 1936, was a grand, official affair with a great deal of well-staged pomp and the usual mourning rhetorics. Gide joined the impressive array of speakers gathered at the Red Square. His speech is rather on the dreary side - conventional and grandiose, full of ^{ornate} clichés. He had no business to speak in Gorki's honor, anyhow. Why should the author of Les Nourritures Terrestres pay homage to a Marxist ^{fanatic and intrins. just Puritan} who defamed Nietzsche as a "morbid parasite"? What ^{Gorki} had to say about Dostojevski ^{sounds} hardly more polite or more intelligent. ~~The author of Corydon should not have missed the appointed eulogist of a neo-Bolshevik Puritanism according to which homosexuality must be persecuted as a crime against society.~~
~~What had the author of La Porte Etroite in common with an obtuse~~ ^{has nothing} ~~materialist who proclaimed that "in the Soviet Union the antagonism between faith and knowledge has long ceased to exist. Faith results from the ~~unconscious~~ consciousness man has of his own intellectual forces, and this faith, which creates heroes, will never create gods."~~

In no other period of his life, and in no country except the Soviet Union, Gide would have agreed to celebrate a writer, whether dead or alive, whose work and character are so strange or almost hostile to him. But in Moscow he was all compliance and courtesy. He who had always loathed and avoided big dinners, official inspections, gala

performances in the opera, and the like, now allowed his guides to drag him from one sumptuous and tiresome occasion to another. A female functionary named Bole was in charge of André Gide and his party. I happen to know her: she couldn't be more jolly and enterprising. An excellent girl, at once dynamic and cozy, she shadowed and chaperoned the French visitors wherever they happened to go, and they did go places.

Gide inspected collective farms and sanatoriums, ^{public} libraries and the new ^{Moscow} subway, literary clubs and factories, picture galleries ^{and battle ships} and the famous recreation centers called "Parks of Culture." He inspected everything - unflaggingly, enthusiastically. He addressed organized ~~people~~ novelists, ~~and~~ organized students, and organized workingmen. The speech he had prepared for the writers in Leningrad turned out to be unduly bold, not to say heretic. He was naive enough to believe that he would be welcome to discuss the issue of literature and opposition; or rather, the question he meant to tackle is whether literature can flourish when it is compelled to accept or even to glorify the ^{official} ~~established~~ order. Almost incredible as it may sound, he had

outlined a text in which the following sentence was supposed to occur: "As soon as the revolution has triumphed and has established its government, there is a terrible danger confronting the artists - a danger nearly as deadly as are the worst outbreaks of Fascism: ~~namely, the revolutionary orthodoxy. An artist is doomed when he submits himself to any orthodoxy, and be it the soundest doctrine.~~"

Gide was advised, as tactfully and politely as possible, that this wouldn't be quite the right kind of thing to say, under the circumstances. Obédictly, he composed another speech - much less

interesting than the first one.

Michael Koltzov - at the time a kind of Unofficial Minister of Propaganda in the Soviet Union - put a special train car at the disposal of the Parisian guests. Each of the six gentlemen occupied his own little sleeping compartment. The meals were served in a spacious drawing room. The food was delicious; the whole arrangement as comfortable as could be. The only pity was that the travelers had no opportunity to meet the less privileged ^{passengers} ~~people~~ in the neighbouring cars.

Gide thought Moscow an unusually ugly city. What he liked in Leningrad were, according to his own report, the souvenirs of St. Petersburg. They toured the country, visited the Caucasus, the cities of Tiflis and Batum, ^{and} the little town named Gori where Joseph Stalin was born. In Sebastopol Eugene Dabit contracted a scarlet fever and died there, on August 21, 1936. It was ^{a saddening loss} ~~a sad loss~~ to Gide. He had been fond of the modest and serious companion.

The Shadow... The shadow over all earthly things; the shadow over Gide's journey.

Yet those who watched and guided him during the expedition were under the impression that he enjoyed himself. He seemed interested in everything, always alert and observant, quivering with curiosity. He studied rare plants in the forests of the Caucasus and the living conditions of the "Besprizornis", the homeless children who had been one of the most alarming problems of the young Soviet Republic and still remained a perturbing feature of ~~the~~ Russian life. He took notes about the anti-religious movement, the literary tastes of Russian workers, and the principles of recent Soviet legislation. He smiled graciously when people told him they had read one of his books in

Russian translation. No doubt, he was having the time of his life.

All friends and propagandists of the Soviet Union were looking forward to the publication of Gide's travel account. But when Retour de l'U. R. S. S. came out, late in the fall of 1936, the same people wished that they had never heard the name of André Gide and that André Gide had never heard the word "Communism." The slim pamphlet, launched by the publisher Gallimard in a vast, inexpensive edition, turned out to be a major blow to the cause of the Soviet Union.

Did Gide write his booklet against ~~the~~ Communist Russia?

An active Party member and mediocre writer, André Warmser, answered this question, rather wittily, in his extensive essay ~~the~~ L'U. R. S. S. jugée par André Gide (published in Commune, January, 1937):

"Everybody remembers the laconic reply of the child who came home from Church and was asked what the pastor had been talking about.

'About sin,' said the child.

'And what did he say about sin?'

'He's against it.'

It would certainly be unfair to judge Gide's book in the same laconic fashion. ('What does Gide talk about?' 'About the Soviet Union.' 'What does he say about the Soviet Union?' 'He's against it.') But this unfair simplification, if it were made, is not without sound foundation."

True, Gide uses the past tense, ~~not~~ in the ^{*preface to*} ~~his pamphlet~~ ^{*confounded*} his pamphlet, when speaking of his devotion to the Fatherland of All Proletarians: "In our hearts and in our thoughts we ~~the~~ the glorious effort of the Soviet Union and the very resolutely,"

future of culture. We repeated these things, over and over again. We wished that we could still believe ⁱⁿ them." But the following pages - the opening chapter of the book itself - seem to indicate that the author has not yet lost faith in the Russian experiment. ~~The essay~~ Right in the beginning Gide dwells on the "profound joy" he experienced when watching the serene and self-assured crowd in the "Parks of Culture", ~~in Moscow~~. He appears equally delighted by other institutions, especially by the ~~youth~~ children's camps he visited and which he found full of healthy and handsome youngsters.

Gide's Back from the Soviet Union reads at first like a hearty panegyric. We are told that the people over there look beamingly happy; that they are hospitable and intelligent, eager to improve, joyful and polite. After this cordial introduction the scathing criticism of the subsequent parts sounds all the more perplexing. This disapprobation, first mildly and carefully phrased, becomes increasingly violent, in a furious crescendo. What ~~appears~~ ^{commences} on page 30 as a gentle reservation, has on page 60 the wrathful tone of an outright indictment. Towards the end of his essay Gide speaks of a "petty-bourgeois spirit" which, allegedly, prevails in Soviet Russia and which, in Gide's opinion, is "profoundly and completely counter-revolutionary." And he continues: "But what they call 'counter-revolutionary' in the S.U. today is something entirely different. In fact, it is about the contrary. The spirit now considered 'counter-revolutionary' is the ~~same revolutionary~~ ^{very} spirit of revolution - the ferment which once made explode the decaying system of Tzarism."

What grieved and irritated Gide most during his stay in Russia ~~was~~ were two features of Soviet life, both particularly strange and repugnant to him - conformism and complacency. All Soviet citizens the French visitor came in touch with had the same ready-made, standardized, impersonal thoughts, and all of them thought themselves and their régime too fine and efficient for words. Gide was shocked and bewildered by the

general ignorance in respect of conditions abroad. He met people who believed in all earnest that Moscow is the only city on earth that possesses a subway. When the traveler dared refer to the good old Paris Métro, his Russian friends shrugged their shoulders, and exchanged ironic glances: "Those foreigners! Always full of hot air..."

There were other things he disliked: the rampant cult of Stalin's personality; the glaring inequality of income and living conditions in the various groups of the population; the constant encroachments of the State bureaucracy on the rights of the citizen. No doubt, he was annoyed by the inordinate blare with which his visit was exploited for the purposes of Governmental publicity. The suave journalist, Michael Koltzov, who represented to Gide Soviet officialdom, was hardly the type of man he may have hoped to find in power in the Fatherland of all Proletarians.

And yet Gide did not intend to write a diatribe. Retour de l'U. R. S. S. was conceived and composed as a piece of severe but friendly criticism. Gide is as sincere as always when he tells us, in the Preface, that it is an innate proclivity of his mind to be most exacting towards those to whom he feels the closest.

According to the same introductory paper, he was aware of the danger inherent in his attacks on the Soviet Union: ^{that is to say,} ~~namely~~ he realized that the enemy - namely, Fascism - might profit by his exposé. "And that would have prevented me from publishing my book," he continues - ~~he~~ candidly again -, "if it were not for my unabated conviction that the Soviet Union will triumph in the end over the grave errors I indicate. Besides - and this point is even more essential! - the errors of one particular country cannot suffice to discredit an international, universal cause. The lie, and if only the lie of silence, may appear ^{P/}oportune under circumstances; In reality, however, to lie means always to play the enemy's game, whereas the truth, however painful, cannot hurt but wholesomely."

True enough; but the truth - particularly the truth about so vital and so delicate an issue - must be felt and formulated with striking clarity - precise, constructive, irrefutable; or else it will harm the cause it is supposed to promote. ~~and~~

The bad thing about Gide's report on Soviet Russia is that it is not quite good enough. Did I say before that I would choose Corydon, if I had to sacrifice one of his writings? Well, I changed my mind. It's Retour de l'U. R. S. S. I would pick. ~~The chiding reprimands of the~~ If in Corydon the antithetic element is lacking, it is disturbingly obvious and unsolved in the Soviet pamphlet. The chiding reprimands of the second half contradict too grossly the eulogies of the beginning. If the Russian people are indeed as radiantly happy and healthy as asserted at first, all subsequent denouncements lose somehow their relevance and weight. Why should the citizens of the Soviet Republics not be self-satisfied, since their way of life satisfies them so completely? Why blame them for worshipping their leader and ignoring the outside world? If Gide's report is correct, they have no reason to distrust their Government or to envy the other nations.

It is a pity that Gide did not present his Russian notes the way they were probably couched originally - as fragments of his Journal. If he had stuck to this informal, typically Gidean pattern, the incongruities and superficialities occurring in his text might have lost their offensive character. Even in his judgements about the French administration in the Congo zone Gide was more cautious and realistic than he appears in certain simplifying verdicts concerning the Soviet State. In Voyage au Congo, he contented himself with describing the individual cases of misery and injustice he happened to have watched. In Retour de l'U. R. S. S., on the contrary, he seems inclined to jump to conclusions; "There are too many poor people in Soviet Russia." Too many? From what point of view? Might there be less? Under what circumstances? "Too many poor people" does not

make much sense, as even one poverty-stricken person means a blot ~~to~~ in Utopia.

And yet there can be no doubt that Gide's account deserves to be taken seriously and to be discussed with respect - first of all on account of the greatness and integrity of its author, but also as a candid and instructive document containing a good deal of penetrating remarks and truthful observations. Even if the booklet were flimsier and more provocative than it is, however, the Communist reaction to it would be an embarrassing scandal. The same Marxist scribblers who had fawned upon Gide only yesterday, now slandered and smeared him. A furious outcry - "Traitor! Fascist agent! Doublecrosser!" yelled from Party headquarters and reverberated throughout the Red press in several continents. There was only one voice among those loyal to the Kremlin: Gide is an impostor, a treacherous hypocrite, an insidious degenerate, and altogether a rat. ~~I was surprised - but not too much so, really - to read that~~ Ilya Ehrenburg called Gide a "wicked old man": it struck me as slightly surprising as I had just published, in my magazine in Amsterdam, Ehrenburg's enthusiastic essay about "ce vieillard infâme."

Gide opened ^Shis pamphlet Retouches, a sequel to Retour de l'U. R. S. S., with this melancholy statement:

"The publication of my book Back from the USSR brought me a great many insults. Romain Rolland's gave me pain. I never cared much for his writings, but at any rate I held his moral character in high esteem. This eagle has made his nest; he takes his rest in it."

As for Gide, he had forfeited his nest, once again, if he had ever had one. The sensational and transient interlude of his partisanship was over. His first and only attempt to join the ranks of a great, organized movement had failed dramatically. He was alone, once more. The blatant chorus of the disappointed comrades confirmed to him how isolated he was. Even more disconcerting, however, than the invectives from the left camp were the

unsavoury flatteries bestowed on him by the reactionary press. To be insulted by L'Humanité was unpleasant but endurable; to be praised and quoted Gringoire - the scurviest Fascist sheet in Paris - was more of an affront than any decent person could stand. Even Hitler's Völkischer Beobachter considered Gide an ally against "the Bolshevist danger." Never before had his name been so frequently and respectfully mentioned in the big, popular newspapers, from the august Temps down to the vulgar Matin. Back from the USSR was a striking hit, from a commercial point of view - the first best-seller Gide has ever produced. The succeeding pamphlet, Afterthoughts, - even more aggressive than the first one - ~~was~~ too was cordially received by all Red-baiters. Gide had the chance, or rather, he was in danger, to become the favourite of the most obscurant and jingoist coteries.

But at this point he proved again his probity and his pride. Far from capitalizing his obstreperous glory, he discouraged his new admirers, whether ~~capitalist~~ reactionary or Trotskyite. He remained faithful to himself and to his unchanged, unchangeable ideals. Others may turn against a cause when they are disappointed with its representatives; not Gide. His love for ~~freedom~~ ^{liberty} and progress is deep-rooted and authentic; his aversion to Fascism, implacable and instinctive. If he had been rash and immoderate in both his praises and condemnations of the Soviet experiment, he was firm and consistent in his hate of brutal retrogression and in his striving for a sound and realistic formula reconciling freedom and discipline. The Afterthoughts - provoked by the venomous attacks from the Left - were his last statement exploitable by the powers of evil. Henceforth he was again a reliable, if lonesome fighter on the side of the angels.

I remember a luncheon with Gide in Paris, a few months after "the affair" had calmed down. Jef Last was with us; he, too, had severed from the Communist Party.

It was some time since I had seen Gide last. I lived in Amsterdam, at the time (where I made friends with Jef Last), while Gide sojourned mostly in Cuverville with his wife, who was in a poor state of health.

We discussed Retour de l'U. R. S. S. - the history and the consequences of the little book and the complex drama it involved. I told Gide that I was not particularly fond of this work of his. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned - his flitting, enigmatic, impish grin.

"Que voulez-vous...?" he said, curiously amused. "One must be allowed to descend a little bit below one's own level, at times."

He reminded me of Goethe, who was told by friends that one of his plays, Clavigo, fell somewhat short of other things he had done, and who replied succinctly: "Es kann nicht immer alles über alle Begriffe sein." Which means: 'Why should everything I do be always excellent beyond words? I cannot be constantly at my best.'

I quoted this modest and haughty word to Gide. He laughed.

Then he remembered that I had published somewhere an extensive article about his pamphlet defending it against the rabid attacks of Romain Rolland, Lion Feuchtwanger, Ilya Ehrenburg, and so forth. He had already thanked me for this ~~inconsequential~~ gesture, although there was nothing to it I thought ~~worth~~ mentioning. Of course, I had to come out for the men to whom I more, intellectually, than to anybody else, when he was abused by a lot of arrogant fanatics or cynical busy-bodies.

Now Gide remarked, with a transient frown: "You shouldn't have said that you do like my book since you don't like it really."

And I: "What I tried to say isn't really that I liked this book of yours. I said that I like your books, and that I like you."

Then we discussed other things. We discussed the situation in Spain, from where Jef Last came and where I was about to go. And we talked about Hitler, and about the danger of war, and about Léon Blum's policy, and

and about what would happen to people we knew and to ourselves, in case war came after all.

Gide was in excellent shape - younger than ever, I thought; resilient and keen, of a certain grim, determined gaiety. It was good to watch him as he talked and smiled - his head ~~some~~ bent somewhat sideways, his eyes narrowed to two glimmering slits, the cigarette dangling from his lips. While looking at him askance, I wondered what his face might have been like twenty years ago, or thirty or fifty years, long before I knew him, years before I was born. He was almost seventy now.

Probably he seemed older when he was twenty-five or fifty. Maybe he appeared sickly and blasé ^{at the time.} ~~when he was young in years.~~ Now he was brisk and ^{lively} ~~eager~~. The tanned skin was tight, if wrinkled, over the delicate curves of his lean, forceful face.

I remembered a word of Dostojevski quoted by André Gide:

"I have lived; I have also suffered, but above all I have lived."

That the epileptic genius said coming from the Siberian exile. 'They can take it,' I felt - thinking of Dostojevski's tribulations and ecstasies, and also of Gide's adventures - his howlers and fights, his unending endeavour, the ultimate triumph of his incorruptible genius.

CHAPTER NINE:

The Debacle

O Star of France!
Star crucified! by traitors sold!
Star panting o'er a land of death - heroic
land!
Strange, passionate, mocking, frivolous
land...

Walt Whitman

I went to the Louvre - deserted. The end
of a civilization?

André Gide, in 1914.

"The truth is that I cannot dissociate myself from Em.; nor can I separate my brain from my heart," Gide wrote in 1933, after a visit to his wife in Cuverville. "That is the secret behind all my indecisions. There is nothing to be done about it. You cannot serve two masters... Each time I see her again I realize anew that she is the only being I have ever really loved; in fact, it seems to me that I love her now more passionately and deeply than I did ever before. That is why every step forward causes me so much pain: it widens the gap between us. I cannot think without being cruel to her."

Five years later, in 1938, Emmanuele died. His conscience and guardian-angel abandoned him; his life, deprived of its balm and burden, seemed alarmingly empty. The long, seraphic romance, the secret drama of his biography had come to an end. He was quite alone - more isolated than ever and more unbound than he ~~was~~ ever wished to be. "Me voici libre, comme je ne l'ai jamais été," he exclaims at the end of his diary - the chronicle and confession of five eventful decades -: "libre effroyablement..."

Absolute freedom and absolute solitude are not easy to bear. For the first time in his life the wanderer seems fatigued and depleted. "No, no!" he complains, "it was with her that I embarked on this venture. I feel derelict since she left me alone. I lose interest in the great comedy of life and wish to withdraw too."

Never before had he invoked the somber comfort of death; on the contrary, he used to be afraid of its gradual, unescapable approach. His attitude towards death was not romantic but philosophical; that is to say, he tried to overcome, through will-power and contemplation, the natural dismay which the thought of death always caused in him. In this sense he agreed with Montaigne that "to Philosophise is to learn how to Die." But his metaphysical

concepts are curiously unrelated from the reality of physical decease. The delights and dilemmas of this worldly life inhere God, or rather, they are our form of communication with Him, according to Gide's philosophy. The end of our biological drama may initiate a new stage of our eternal quest; but first of all, and directly, our ~~organic~~ ^{organic} decomposition removes us from God, rather than to bring us closer to Him.

All romanticists are in love with death. Gide is not a romanticist. Since the saturnine days of André Walter - his Werther period, so to speak - the spectre of death had scarcely appeared in his work, except to dramatize the devastating energy of the demon. But, curiously, what Gide presents is always the agony of the victim, not the ordeal in store for the evil-doer. We witness the last, ~~convulsions~~ convulsions of Marceline, in L'Immoraliste, but not Michel's inevitable stonement. We are ~~present~~ ^{yet} admitted to the macabre and facetious scene of Fleurissoire's assassination, in Les Caves du Vatican, but the murderer, Lafcadio, apparently lives for ever. In La Symphonie Pastorale, Gertrude, the sightless angel, disappears in the floods like Ophelia, but the terrible Pastor remains alive to repent his sins and to renounce his pious trickeries. Young Boris, in Les Faux-Monnayeurs, perishes - another victim of the demoniac power - , whereas Georges is spared, for other crimes or for his ^{ultimate} punishment.

Queen Jocasta commits suicide, but her son, lover, and murderer, Oedipus, continues his pilgrimage - "henceforth without home, without country," with nobody to prop and guide him, save Antigone, his saintly daughter.*

Gide's eye-sight was ^{well} ~~still~~ intact when Emmanuele left him: ^{he} ~~he~~ did not depend on his daughter to find his way, ~~he was without a country,~~ in contrast to Oedipus.

Did he still have a country?

This is the autumn of 1938 - a dismal season pregnant with apocalyptic developments. Or is it a fall as other falls have been? Gorgeous and serene, with its limpid skies and the melancholy splendor of ~~its~~ ^{its} ~~coloured~~ foliage?

Why can I not be happy? Gide muses. Why not enjoy these beautiful leaves and flowers, as long as I have time to enjoy them? What prevents me from relishing the wistful sweetness of this parting summer? Could ~~my~~ ^{my} not forget, for a few moments, the bitterness of ~~the~~ ^{my} loss, the massacres of Spain, the anxiety and tension with which the atmosphere is charged, all over Europe?

No, he cannot forget ~~his anguish~~ ^{his anguish}, nor can he ignore the ominous, dire signs. With disgust and apprehension Gide listens, like everybody, to the rampant lies and affronts Hitler broadcasts from Nuremberg throughout a paralyzed, deluded, treacherous, trembling world. Even more frightening than the Führer's blatant enormities are the gales of applause with which the German masses receive them. Their delirium confirms that the blackmailing boasts of the moustached monster are backed by the potential energies, the wealth and power of a strong and dynamic people.

What is wrong with the Germans? André Gide wondered ^{ed} and mused, along with the rest of all thinking people. Did he not have the reputation of ^{being} a dogged Germanophile? How often had he been abused by French nationalists because of his penchant for the archenemy on the other side of the Rhine! And, in fact, his mind and vision had been molded in part by ~~the authority~~ ^{being} of German poets and thinkers. When he left France, in January, 1939, for his last trip abroad before the outbreak of the war, ~~these were the~~ ^{being} ~~German books among~~ his little travel library consisted only of five books, three of which were German - Nietzsche's Birth of Tragedy, Joseph in Egypt by Thomas Mann, and Goethe's Dichtung und Wahrheit.

But, on the other hand, it was Gide who had called Goethe "the most un-German one of all Germans." Goethe and Nietzsche, he said, are the

two great German hostages seized for ever by the French genius. One does not pay homage to the Teutonic spirit by praising these two illustrious heralds of * European culture in Germany. Why should France disparage those who belong to her, her voluntary captives and her natural allies? ~~Gide suggests that "the depreciation of hostages is one of the most obvious blunders in which our country excels."~~

Gide is familiar with the shortcomings and dislocations of the German genius, partly thanks to certain penetrating exposés formulated by Goethe and Nietzsche. As far back as 1910, he speaks most aptly and most mercilessly of the German inability to design clearly and precisely the contours and the limits of a character, either in life or in literature. "And that is why their culture ultimately fails," Gide continues. 1) For the great instrument of culture is ~~the~~ design - not music." Music, he tells us, is the principle of fusion and intoxication. Floating and irresponsible, it blurs the distinctions, merges the forms, it bewitches, ~~envelops, seduces~~ ^{and} dazes ~~the~~ the listener. The design, on the contrary, stresses and clarifies the particular; it is the triumph of lucidity and criticism. "Criticism is the basis of art," Gide concludes - evidently in one of his most ~~classical, serene~~ anti-romantic moods.

When speaking of music as if it were a narcotic and a public nuisance, Gide thinks of Richard Wagner - primarily of him. It is certainly not Johann Sebastian Bach he refers to, nor is it Chopin or Mozart. As for Beethoven, Gide's attitude is comparatively cool, considering the almost divine prestige of that master among French artists, from Victor Hugo and Hector Berlioz to Romain Rolland and André Suarès. Not that Gide were not sensible to Beethoven's vast persuasion; but ~~however~~ his occasional praises for that great composer are hardly intense enough to counterbalance his statement to the effect that he prefers Bach and Mozart to "such musiciens as Beethoven and Wagner." The association of the two names is scathing, in view of Gide's ~~and~~ ^{profound} aversion to the Wagnerian style.

Whoever yields, without reservation, to the brutal hypnosis of Wagner's gestures and tunes, has thus yielded to German Imperialism. The genius of Lohengrin and Walkyrie is the genius of aggressiveness - reckless and gripping; ingeniously clever, for all its emotional exuberance. Nietzsche's fight against Wagner anticipates and symbolizes the inexorable hate with which he would have persecuted Nazism.

Gide, too, sensed the coming challenge ~~of this~~ ^(redundant) in the ~~present~~ grandeur of Wagner's musical drama. To him, the rank splendor of this orchestra was both frightful and nauseous - not only in Wagner's operas proper but also, or even more so, in the voluptuous devices of his imitators.

"Last night, Salomé of Strauss," Gide noted, in 1907. "Ghêon repeats to us this mot of Madame Strauss, who felt that the Paris audiences were lacking in adequate enthusiasm for her husband's works: 'Evidently, it is high time to come back here with bayonets...'

"Hideous romanticism of this music. The ~~distasteful~~ ^(turgid) pomp of this orchestration could make you love Bellini. Indiscretion of the artistic devices; monotony of the effects; bombastic repetitions, the most flagrant insincerety; incessant mobilization of all resources available. The same goes for Victor Hugo and Wagner; neither will choose among the many possible metaphors at their disposal to express a certain idea: they will spare us none. Barbarism of such a technique. Systematic amplification, etc. It is not even interesting to analyze these deficiencies. I would much rather condemn such works en bloc, and await the bayonets. For this sort of art, that is really the enemy."

Do I need emphasize that Gide was not always so ill-tempered in his reactions to German art? Indeed, at other moments he was haunted by the idea that Germany might surpass France in vitality and creative force. It was on June 1, 1918, that he made this disquieting entry in his diary:

"I think at times, with horror, that a French victory, for which all of us wish wholeheartedly, might turn out to be a triumph of the past over the future."

But when victory was attained - the victory of a fallible but well-intentioned civilization over a formidable military machinery - Gide was among those who understood and preached that the only feasible way to guarantee the maintenance of peace ~~and the future of civilization~~ would be to bring about a general European alliance - a sort of continental Federation. As for Germany, she should be allowed, or even requested, to join this ^{Commonwealth} ~~Commonwealth~~ and contribute her share to the enormous effort of reconstruction. "The European concert will always be fragmentary without Germany," Gide declared, in 1919. "The important thing is to prevent her from dominating it."

Four years afterwards, he formulated, in the Revue de Genève, his European credo. L'avenir de l'Europe (1923) is an eloquent and candid message of good will and ^{of} considerable insight - claiming and elucidating the principle and program of international solidarity.

"No European country will be able henceforth to prosper and develop while abiding by an obsolete and sterile isolationism. Europe will be doomed, politically and economically, if the European countries continue to pursue their individual, selfish interests, regardless of the general well-being."

Gide finds his ethical leitmotiv relevant and applicable to this ~~political~~ political context. He admonishes the nations as he used to admonish individuals: By overcoming your ~~ego~~ ^{ego} egotism you will increase your own ^{strength} ~~strength~~ and happiness. By renouncing your arrogant individualism you will gain your authentic individuality. ~~By being truly yourself you will serve the general cause most effectively.~~ To become European, indeed, to become a citizen of the world, does not imply to give up one's own national character. You may remain a good Frenchman, a good German, Russian, or Italian, while becoming a good European. It is in being the most particular that we contribute most to the general cause.

Gide ~~and~~ did whatever he could to promote and deepen the European consciousness of a common heritage and a common future. Thanks to his writings the French intelligentsia became aware of certain aspects of the European genius hitherto ignored or underrated in that country. It was Gide, more than anyone else, who clarified the French view of Nietzsche and Dostojewski; who reaffirmed and revived Goethe's cosmic grandeur, ~~who~~ introduced Blake and Kierkegaard, rediscovered Pushkin and the great English novelists, publicized Joseph Conrad and Rabindranath Tagore, hailed and elucidated the greatness of Walt Whitman.

But his efforts were not confined to the strictly literary sphere. He proved and ^aactivated his good will not only through the medium of the printed word but also personally, through the multitude of his international contacts and ^{through} his participation in cosmopolitan conferences and symposiums. One of the conventicles he patronized was the annual meeting of writers and philosophers in Pontigny, a picturesque village in Burgundy. It was in a fine old monastery that Professor Desjardins - Dean of the Ecole Normale Supérieure and founder of the Union pour la Vérité - presided each summer over a colourful and yet congenial group of ~~international~~ ^{men} of letters. In an atmosphere of serene detachment controversial and vital topics could be discussed, calmly and constructively, by an assembly comprising Frenchmen and ^{foreigners} ~~persons~~, intellectuals from London and Rome, Amsterdam, Prague, and Geneva. Gide attended these summer meetings, together with many of his friends - Jacques Rivière, Roger Martin du Gard, Jean Schlumberger, Charles Du Bos, and others. And it was there, in this oasis of tolerance, that German scholars and poets had the opportunity to rejoin a cosmopolitan circle, soon after the first World War. Men like Ernst Robert Curtius and Heinrich Mann were welcome in Pontigny, as far back as 1922, when the sound of a German accent still aroused the public indignation on the Paris Boulevards.

Happy, faraway days! - days full of hope and fervor. I like to visualize

those ~~learned~~ and urbane gentlemen walking about in the monastery garden or sitting together in the ancient hall - absorbed in cordial conversations and stimulating debates. ~~For instance~~ *Versation*

Who are the three writers most instrumental in shaping the consciousness of modern man? The French participants agreed on Whitman, Nietzsche, and Dostojevski - a selection presently endorsed by the Germans. The Italian representative, Signor Prezzolini, demurred: he wanted Carducci and Croce. The English suggested Browning and Meredith. Finally Gide observed:

"J'ai besoin dans tout cela de Goethe."

When the distinguished party dissolved, some days afterwards, one of the British visitors said to the French host:

"C'était charmant, cher ami."

And the French professor:

"My dear friend, it was flawless."

When Dr. Paul Joseph Göbbels came to power in Germany, along with his talented crony, A. Hitler, he turned out to be particularly good at exploiting such lofty principles as European Solidarity, Pacifism, and the like. Many an upright Frenchman was fooled by the fiendish publicity manager of the Third Reich. Jules Romains, for instance, was naive enough to mistake the beasts of Berlin for the Men of Good Will he was writing a novel about. He believed in all earnest that he promoted the cause of European peace when he went to the German capital to lecture there under the auspices of Baldur von Schirach, supreme leader of the Hitler Youth.

It was quite an occasion when the illustrious guest from Paris delivered his speech on "Latinity and Germanism" in the big auditorium of the Berlin University. The brilliant crowd included Herr von Schirach^a, M. Francois-Poncet, Ambassador of the French Republic to the court of Hitler, and a certain Dr. Professor Fischer, Dean of the University. The audience as well as the press were all smitten with the sparkling and tactful

INSERTION, p. 242:

in the first line, the two words "learned and" are to be cut out.
In the third line, the words "For instance:" are to be omitted.
The paragraph continues with the following text:

After dinner they met in the drawing room to amuse themselves with what André Maurois calls in his memoirs "subtle and learned games. "One day," he remembers, "the keyword was: Mephistopheles. 'Is he one of your friends?' Gide, who was being cross-examined, was asked. 'So I flatter myself!' Gide affirmed between clenched teeth in his most metallically infernal voice."

The following paragraph begins with the following sentences:

If their games had usually a somewhat scholarly flavour,
their disputes were not without a slightly playful touch.
For instance:

To continue with: Who are the three....etc.

INSERTION, "Bibliography"; in the list of "DOCUMENTATION":
to be added, between Jacques Maritain and Claude Neville:
André Maurois, "I Remember, I Remember" (New York, 1942)

manner in which M. Romain defined his attitude towards the New German Order. Said the author of Verdun and ^{of} many other novels:

"The new German 'Racism' revives and reaffirms an ancient drama - the longing of European man to overcome his present state of distraction and to regain his true, imperishable identity."

The platform from which M. Romain spoke was decorated ^{with} ~~by~~ huge Swastika banners.

No doubt, André Gide could have had an equally good time in Berlin if he had cared to go there. There were plenty of invitations. His fame in Germany surpassed even that of M. Jules Romain. Not only Messrs Schirach, Fischer and François-Poncet, but even Dr. Gëbbels, if not the Führer himself, might have attended his show. But he spurned the most flattering offers. Instead of wooing Nazi Germany he challenged and angered her leaders ~~by telling the truth about them~~

Gide, pro-German with reasonable reservation^s, was anti-Nazi without reservations - openly and sternly. The masters of Berlin were finally compelled to acknowledge his intransigent attitude. They stopped sending him invitations. Gide's works got their honorable, well-deserved place on the black list of Dr. Gëbbels.

Was Gide still a pacifist, at this point? Of course, he was. Every decent, civilized person loathes war and never ceases to do so. But the new situation created a new dilemma.

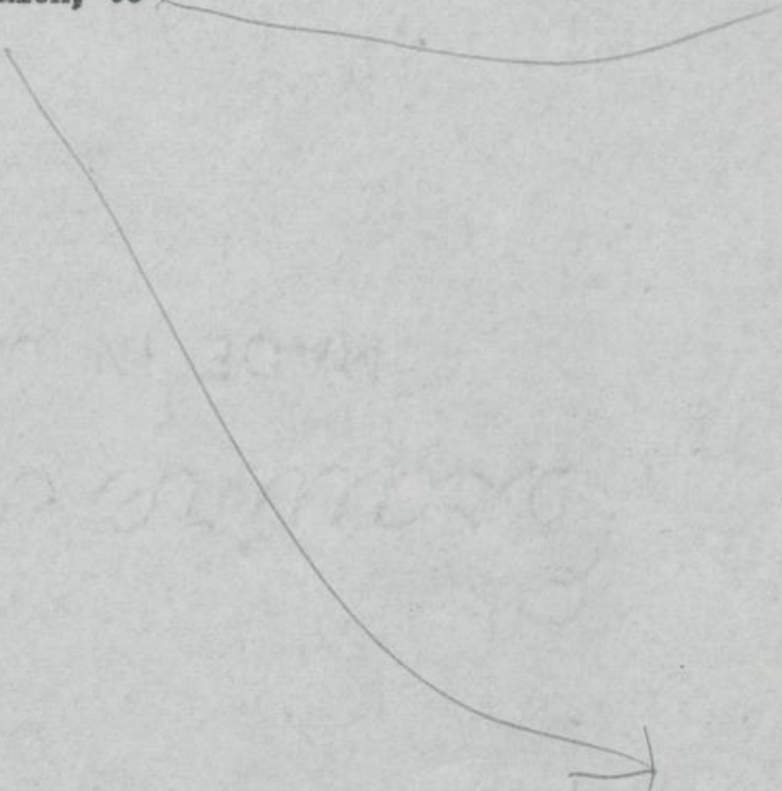
In August, 1933, the World Congress of Unconditional Pacifists and Conscientious Objectors urged him to send a message subscribing to their program. Gide's first reaction was all in favour of those peace-loving intellectuals who condemned war and vowed never to take up arms again, under no circumstances. He was on the point of endorsing their manifesto, when suddenly qualms and scruples began to perturb his mind.

It was a declaration from Einstein, among other symptoms, which impressed on Gide the utmost gravity of the situation. The eminent scholar,

who had previously announced his passionate disapproval of war as a method of solving international problems, modified now his view. If and when - he said - it comes to war against Hitlerism^s, as it undoubtedly will unless Hitler falls, pacifism would be treason to the cause of progress and culture^{c.} In other words, even the horrors of war are not too high a price to get rid of the obnoxious plague which is Nazism.

"The case of Einstein is indeed extraordinary," Gide remarks ⁱⁿ his ^{now} journal. "As a German, he refused to take up arms. If he consents to fight, ~~now~~ he does so in his capacity as a refugee and in order to fight his own country, the menace of which he should be able to gauge. We ought to listen to him..."

And still it remains bitter for any civilized ~~man~~ ^{man} being to advocate the necessity of mass slaughter - Hitlerism or not. Was Gide in favour of war, in those crucial days of September, 1938? He wavered and wondered, torn by contradictory fears and wishes. What was he hoping for? Not for the sinister farce of Munich, to



be sure. He realized that the treacherous bargain between Hitler and the democracies meant disgrace and disaster. But it meant also peace - for the time being at least. Gide could not help feeling relieved, for all his bitter misgivings. "Who knows," he kept asking, "if the Germans would have shrunk back from the extreme risk? And if Hitler had accepted the challenge and had declared war, who is in a position to predict the outcome? How if brutal force had triumphed over the righteous cause? Or if the righteous cause, in the course of its desperate struggle against brutal force, had betrayed its righteousness?"

He felt ~~himself~~ the futility of such questions. "What is the use of my repeating what everybody thinks and what all newspapers talk about? My feeble voice is drowned in the uproarious concert. Since I am unable to speak of anything except these disconcerting events, I may as well keep quiet."

Some years before, shortly after his return from Soviet Russia, Gide had said to Julien Green: "You are unpolitical. Remain so!" Now, in the dismal winter of 1938, he complains about the lack of consistency and honesty he finds in French foreign policy - "and, for that matter, in politics altogether."

How many debacles and disappointments during the last decade! The fiasco of the League of Nations, of the Kremlin, of the Holy See... Yes, the Catholic Church, too, wanted to appease the arrant enemy of Christian civilization. Catholicism had a unique, irretrievable chance, and missed it. The Papacy might have established itself as the spiritual leader of mankind, by proclaiming and organizing the Crusade against the Fascist anti-Christ. "The ~~failure~~ moral failure of Communism," Gide wrote, in 1939, "reaffirms the revolutionary mission of Christianity. Catholicism betrays itself by becoming conservative. What do they wish to conserve? Titles, fortunes, privileges... But it is only the Spirit that matters - not the formulas and rituals. I have never doubted that some Catholics are aware of these things. Could it be that now even the

Church begins to understand.²ⁿ

Another illusion? No, another hope - not without sound foundation, considering the courageous spirit prevailing in a group of faithful and firm French Catholic intellectuals. Gide did certainly not refer to Pétain and his dreary ilk when speaking of a potential renaissance of liberal Catholicism; nor did he mean Henri Massis or his old friend Claudel - both partisans of General Franco and altogether of definitely pre-Fascist tendencies. Among those he thought of ^{are} ~~was~~ the late Charles Péguy, Jacques Maritain, François Mauriac, and a few others, including Georges Bernanos, the polemic genius of his generation. It was Bernanos who found the most poignant, most merciless formulations to cry out his grief and wrath, first about the Fascist-Catholic conspiracy in Spain, then about the craven and shortsighted deal of Munich. Like Gide, Bernanos reacts most violently against the howlers and horrors of those ~~who~~ he once deemed his allies - in his case, the extreme political right, from Georges Clemenceau to Charles Maurras of the Action Française; from the high clergy down to such ^{object} ~~primary~~ "realists" as MM Laval, Tardieu, Bonnet, and the like. It is against this array of decorated crooks and ^{scoundrels} ~~vicious~~ traitors that ~~the undaunted fighter, Georges Bernanos of France,~~ darted the indictments of his two terrific diatribes - Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune, arraigining the outrages of the Spanish tragedy - and Scandale de la Vérité, unmasking the ~~dark~~ intrigue of Munich,

"J'ai honte," roans the offended, tormented Christen. ^{i/} "J'ai honte de moi, j'ai honte de notre impuissance, de la honteuse impuissance des chrétiens devant le péril qui menace le monde."

He left France and escaped to Brazil - a gesture of protest, of shame, end of distress...

André Gide - many years older and many degrees less flamboyant than Bernanos - stay^{ed} in France; or rather, he return^{ed}s to his country after a lonesome journey he undertook during the first few months of 1939. The day

of his departure he noted in Marseilles, under the date of January 26, 1939: "Obsessed with the idea of ^{the} atrocious agony of the Spanish people."

It should not take long until even more gruesome visions were to beset and to afflict his mind.

Gide was in Paris when the Cabinet Daladier, after a breathtaking moment of hesitance^{tion}, followed the example of the Cabinet Chamberlain and declared war on Nazi Germany.

He had kept silence from 1914 to 1918. He was not talkative in 1939 and 1940. Should he have joined the Office of Propaganda and Information headed by Jean Giraudoux? He would have been sadly out of place, between Jules Romains, former champion of Franco-Nazi rapprochement, and André Maurois, future agent of Marshal Pétain in the United States.

~~During~~ It was hardly in his line to compose patriotic manifestos under the auspices of the Daladier-Bonnet Administration. Should he congratulate his Government on waging war against the "interior enemy" - restive newspaper editors, stubborn liberals, parlor-pinks, veritable Reds, and the like - , while the Nazi soldiers had the time of their lives exchanging dirty puns and pictures with the crew of the Maginot Line. And what could he say ^{about} ~~public disrespect~~ of his former friends, the Communists, who dropped abruptly the People's Front policy, ~~as soon as the ink~~ ^{when} the signatures ^{were not yet dry} ~~had not yet dried~~ under the Hitler-Stalin Pact, and presently discovered "revolutionary potentialities" in Nazism? It would have been easy but somewhat ^{cheap} ~~paltry~~ to denounce their scandalous conduct, nor was it possible to excuse them for their flagrant cynicism. Besides, Gide was just seventy years old when the War began. He withdrew to the South of France, ~~and settled with friends in a village, not far from the city of Nice.~~

During the last War he had devoted most of his time and working capacity to the charitable organization ^{of the} Foyer Franco-Belge. This time,

too, he took care of fugitives, if only in an informal and improvised fashion. His particular protégés were the anti-Hitler refugees from Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and so forth. Tenthousands of them had found a shelter in France; thousands lived on the Côte d'Azur, in one of the picturesque and inexpensive little towns or villages, somewhere between Mentone and Marseilles. There were many artists and intellectuals among these Riviera refugees. Some of them were old friends and admirers of André Gide. But not only his personal acquaintances besought his help and advice. Strangers too approached him with their worries. He listened to their gloomy and monotonous confessions. He was patient and generous. The comfort he gave did not consist exclusively, or not even primarily, of money, letters of introduction, and other essentials of this palpable kind. Even more helpful than these material contributions was the example of his unshaken kindness and greatness. ~~the sublimest cultural tradition of the Occident, the tradition of France, seemed to crack and to crumble.~~ And there was a man who represents the very essence of this lofty heritage, and who remained trustworthy, intact, lovable and admirable, heroically serene, in the midst of tragedy and decay. ~~What a tonic balm it must have meant to those outcasts! - the spectacle of Gide's sensitive and sturdy humanity.~~

They hankered for an encouragement of this sort, the anti-Fascist exiles in the France of 1939 and 1940. True, some of them may have been traitors; others, weary and arrogant. But most of the refugees were ^{in their capacity as anti-Hitler fighters,} sincerely and heartily loyal to the Allied cause. ~~They had claimed, and had been granted, the hospitality of the French Republic, in their capacity as anti-Hitler fighters.~~ Why should they be regarded as "enemy aliens," now, with the French nation engaged in an anti-Hitler war? Why should they idle and suffer in concentration camps, while the real Nazi agents - German, French, or "neutral" - kept weaving their sordid plots, ~~some~~ in Paris, Strasbourg, and elsewhere?

Or was this not a war against Hitlerism? Was it no war at all? Was it a "phony" war, as the Americans said? Premier Reynaud denied it. "I have tried to find out what that means - phony," Daladier's successor broadcast over the Atlantic. "It seems to indicate that this war is something made-up, something we do only feignedly - a counterfeit war. But, believe me, ladies and gentlemen, there is nothing 'phony' or counterfeit about our war effort..."

What, then, did cause this uncanny paralysis of a glorious people? What was the drama behind this ~~gradual surrender~~ *pathetic collapse?*

Gide, ~~hounded over this question~~, in the ~~dim~~ seclusion of his bachelor flat in Nice, ~~stolidly and despondently~~, spent his time delving into this weird, unfathomable problem: What has happened to France? Is she too civilized to resist? Or just too corrupt and weary? Is the French genius worn-out? Is our mission fulfilled? Has God lost interest in our endeavour? Does He no longer love our ~~lovable~~ country? and if so, how can we continue to love it? Or has our beloved France already ceased to love her worried sons? Is she still faithful to us? Or is she going to betray us?

Only these questions matter - not the extraneous conditions responsible for the debacle in 1940. They scarcely counted, those minor and major blunders and treacheries, compared with this one cardinal issue;

Is France still alive? Is her present disgrace a lurid interlude and a gruesome lesson? Or does it imply and reveal the national disintegration?

Gide, the undaunted herald of sincerity and self-examination, faced the situation squarely, without delusion and without defeatism. He did not deny or mitigate the depth of his anxiety. He wrote:

"Do not ~~do~~ dodge, cravenly, your distress! Traverse it! Beyond, you may find the gleam of a new ^{hope} ~~promise~~. Go straight ahead! On the other side of the tunnel you will see light again."

It is dark, down there in the tunnel - bleak and black and stifling.

The Golgatha path of the French nation leads through the nether-world of a fashionable if somewhat dusty watering place named Vichy. It was there that Gide happened to sojourn during the critical weeks of May and June, 1940. While Paris surrendered - her monuments spared: her honor sacrificed - the great old Parisian sauntered along the well-kept promenade of the quaint, elegant spa. Usually he would carry two or three thick volumes under his arm. What did he read while the French Government, exiled in Bordeaux, wavered between the alternatives of a desperate last-minute stand and unconditional capitulation? Gide read Goethe.

He had promised to Schiffrin, of the Bibliothèque de la Pleiade, a Preface to his new edition of Goethe's ~~work~~ dramatic work. An exciting, absorbing job! If only the provincial bookshops were a little better! "To do this work really well I need books which I can only find in Paris," Gide complained to his companion, ^Walking through the park in front of the Vichy casino. "For lack of written information, I shall have to stick to generalities and to recollections of things I have read. After all, perhaps it is as well; in the same way, the novelist should not work directly from facts. The memory clarifies them, only retaining the essentials..."

The lady ^{at} his side - a lean, ageless figure, racy and aristocratic - is Annette Kolb, a gifted writer of half-French, half-German descent. Educated in Munich, she does most of her writing in German, but has become a French citizen again since Germany degraded ~~her~~ herself to the Nazi mire. Annette is an old friend of Gide's. ~~She was happy to find him in Vichy when she arrived from Paris - unaware of the smouldering catastrophe. Airy and absentminded by nature, she was easy prey of the cowardly and cunning French propaganda, which deliberately concealed or distorted the gravest, most vital news.~~

"It happened that I left Paris at the end of May, 1940, meaning to return ⁱⁿ in a fortnight," Miss Kolb reported later, in an account called "Debacle."

"For we knew nothing. We were anxious, of course, and apprehensive, being aware of the uncanny sabotage committed from right and left. The war was unpopular with the people. 'It is not in Germany that there should be a revolution, but in France,' was a common saying. We suspected poisonous influences; we did what we could to counterbalance them without realizing to the full what formidable attempts were at work to undermine public opinion. Yes, we were anxious, but much less so since Weygand was commanding the army. And so I went to Vichy with two suitcases before an historical Vichy existed. There the new got darker every day.

"André Gide was in Vichy, and we were seen sitting together in the park, whereupon one of the Pro-Nazi newspapers denounced us. 'qui se ressemble, s'assemble,' it sneered.

"But this was merely jocose compared with the following statement: 'And what about those foreigners who have lived in opposition to their governments taking advantage all the while of our hospitality?' Thereby denouncing us for not being Nazis. 'A bas les Juifs!' was written with white chalk on many a tree....."

What a curious picture! - ~~this forlorn couple of aristocratic exiles, two~~
~~these fine and fragile human beings - both~~
Europeans of the good old stamp, sitting together in the shadow of a stately tree the bark of which is disfigured by the idiotically diabolic words, A bas les Juifs! Annette shakes her head - distraught and sorrowful, unable to understand, speechless in front of such a Vandalism. As for Gide, he snuffs nervously and then shrugs his shoulders, his face slightly distorted in a transient grimace - disgusted, contemptuous, and a little bit amused, in a queer, bitter fashion. Then he opens his book and reads Goethe.

Does he remember what he said in Pontigny, ~~many~~^{ago} years ~~ago~~? "In this whole set-up I am missing Goethe's presence and authority..."

He might have thought of this statement if he had ~~witnessed~~^{had to witness} the triumphant entrance of the German troops, a few days after his hearty and gloomy rendezvous with Miss Kolb.

She was still in Vichy when the victors invaded the drowsy, ~~quiet~~ place. It was quite a shock, but Annette could take it: she is a brave, resilient woman. Besides she had no choice. "Unless you fled in time into a café, you had to watch ~~to~~ the terrific display of power and discipline," she reports. "Tanks as high as churches - and that is how their churches were bound to look! - and other tanks, dangerously low, shaped like cannons and dashing along with indescribable impudence, swathed entirely in gigantic red flags marked with the Swastika in flaming black. And the marching robots - inhuman tools of destruction."

No wonder she was hankering for a human face: "I looked for Gide. Friends had come to fetch him. He was gone."

He has always been in the habit of disappearing through trap doors, as it were. France was convulsed with new, refined and cruel forms of agony and humiliation; Gide kept hiding somewhere in the Midi, near Nice, in the house of friends - intent on Goethe and Montesquieu, trying to forget Herr Abetz in Paris and Marshal Pétain in Vichy.

Did he try to forget? If so, why did ^{he} not leave France like ^{many} ~~several~~ of his friends? Antoine de Saint-Exupéry escaped to the United States; so did Julien Green - American by ^{nationality} ~~birth~~ - and ~~his friends~~ the political essayist Robert de Saint-Jean - both on cordial terms with Gide for years. Igor Stravinsky, who composed in 1934 Gide's "melodrama" Perséphone, settled in ~~France~~ California. Jacques Maritain, ^{Gide's} ~~the~~ friendly-antagonistic partner in so many a heated debate, too made his home in free America. Jules Romains refuted his own political theories and proved the noble substance of his character by abandoning the country now ruled by his former hosts, the Nazis. And some of Gide's old enemies went, along with his old chums: André Breton, for instance, the publicity manager of the Surrealist circus. How long was it ago that the business-conscious visionary had insulted Gide in a made-up interview, just after having praised Les Caves du Vatican as a work of Surrealist inspiration? All these quarrels

intrigues seemed remote and meaningless now.

The world that had been Gide's cracked and crumbled. What, then, did hold him back on a Cote d'Azur which turned bleak and lustreless, as if withered by a mortal blight? He intended to send his daughter across the Atlantic - a plan that was to be baffled by technical circumstances. As for himself, however, he preferred to stay where he was. Maybe he considered himself too old for a transplantation. Or he disliked the idea of emigration, perhaps, out^o pride and defiance: it would have offended his self-respect to give way to the inflated conquerors and their paltry stooges. Curiosity too may have retained him: the spectacle now unfolding surpassed the most hazardous ~~expectations~~ fantasies in its outrageous sordidness.

But more compelling than all this was perhaps a simple and stringent emotion - new to him and almost surprising, in view of his nomadic past and his cosmopolitan credo. The old wanderer, who had never settled down, realized now that he could not live without France; that he needed and loved his country.

"How strange!" he mused, in ~~the~~ his Mediterranean solitude. "How very curious! - the self-evident validity, the dynamic impact of those big, nebulous words: Heart, God, Couⁿtry... We know very well what we mean by them: even if it is not easy to define their meaning. Certain emotions encroach on the spiritual and certain ideas are affected. It is possible that in the brain we have ^{no} emotions at all and that from it depend our feelings and our passions. But all the same this flood of blood to the brain comes from the heart, and we make no mistake about certain appeals from the brain which make our heart beat much faster. Heroism, Sacrifice, Fatherland: it is true that all these terms of heavy tonnage lend themselves easily to confusion. But it is for this very reason that they are useful. Certainly the word Country, for example, does not include the same landscapes for the peasant from the north of France as for the ~~pea~~

peasant from the south; it is not understood in the same way by the agriculturist as by the intellectual; by the poor man as by the shareholder. But it is a rallying-cry. And when we hear that "the Country is in danger" the important thing is for us to get up and unite to defend it; and what does it matter if what we are defending should be for the peasant, the farms; for the intellectual, culture; for the industrialist, industry; and even for the shareholder, his shares. The word Country comprises all that; it is understood at the same time by the mind and by the heart.'

"Mon pays...": He had avoided this irresistible formula when the whole nation shouted and blared it, from 1914 to 1919. Now ~~nobody dared to pronounce those big, beautiful words~~ it had become dangerous to cry out one's devotion to the Grande Nation, with the Gestapo listening and the Nazi concentration camp around the corner. Gide, always fond of risks, admitted and stressed, at this point, his glowing patriotism, which he had concealed when it ~~was~~ ^{would have been} convenient and profitable to proclaim it. The same Gide who had been defamed on account of his "uprootedness," now proved, manly and unafraid, his loyalty to the French cause, which still is the cause of Liberté, Fraternité, Égalité.

But what ~~had~~ happened to those spirited jingoists who had reveled so long in flamboyant clichés? What a pitiful squirming and squealing among those who used to be so bold and eloquent, in the good old days! The great heralds of the Latin Tradition, the preachers of heroism, ^{the} ~~and~~ rabid Germanophobes - now they ~~and~~ quailed before the triumphant barbarians, licked the enemy's boots, fawned upon the invaders.

Look at those who smeared and slandered Gide as an agent of Pan-Germanism! Over night they have established themselves as the most vociferous and most ardent promoters of Franco-Nazi collaboration. Was it not a gentleman named Henri Béraud who once launched a venomous campaign against Gide and the other "long-faced Huguenots" of the Nouvelle Revue Française?

The dashing humorist - author of the prize-winning novel The Sorrows of a Fat Man - blamed Gide, Proust, Valéry, Giraudoux, and so forth, for their lack of ^{Gallie}esprit and ^{for}their pro-German leanings. Now the fat man had sorrows of a different kind. He expressed them in the Fascist weekly Gringoire which featured his new declaration of faith under the sensational headline: "Great Britain must be reduced to a state of slavery!" Some humorist, M. Henri Béraud...

Some Catholic, M. Henri Massis! Too subtle and too cunning to participate in the obstreperous treacheries of the literary ^{Scum} in Paris, he keeps hiding behind ^{Pétain's} ~~the stooping~~ back, ~~of Marshal Pétain~~. His acute eulogies of the Axis are ~~not~~ published in the august old Revue des Deux Mondes, semi-official organ of the Vichy ilk. There the neo-Thomist advocates, glibly and shamelessly, the alliance with neo-paganism. How many years is it ago that, for M. Massis, Asia began right beyond the Rhine? - and "Asia" means, in his terminology, the abyss, the end, the inferno. To him, Luther ^{is} a hun, Goethe a half-wit, Bismarck a criminal. But Dr. Abetz is great: the Revue des Deux Mondes is all in favour of him. The aged dignitaries and bearded Academicians, the decorated bores and pompous mummies - they all vie with each other in paying flowery homage to the Führer, and to the Führer's representatives, and to the mistresses of the secretaries of the Führer's agents. "Ah! les vaches!" This is Georges Bernanos speaking, from Brazil. "Have they no sense of honor, those decadent heirs of the great Christian and French traditions? Do they no longer know what Truth is ~~and~~? It does not suffice anymore to say about a man he is a Christian; one has to say, "He is a Christian who does not lie."

They lie, they swindle, they deny and distort the truth, they wallow in corruption, they humiliate themselves - blinded by fear, ambition, stupidity, and juicy Nazi bribes. MM Fabre-Luce, Benoist-Méchin, Chardonne, and de Chateaubriand are civilized, sophisticated liars: they repeat the Nazi fabrications in ^a subtle and elegant fashion. Others, like Fernand de Brion

and Luchaire Jr., are ~~sturdy~~^{just} unabashed crooks: Gëbbels pays them for translating his enormities into the idiom of Montaigne and Moliere. Charles Maurras seems to forget his loyalty to the House of Bourbon, dazzled and scared by the German sabre. As for the great Claudel, he is torn between his furious hatred of the German people and their penchant for their authoritarian régime. The political sympathy turns out to be stronger than the national prejudice. M. Claudel goes to Paris to assist at the rehearsals of his new play, the production of which has the blessing of the German masters.

Is Gide disappointed in his ^{great} old friend? ~~Paul?~~ Maybe he is, although the relation between the two has recently become cooler. Besides Claudel is not an outright "collaborationist"; just a playwright who wants to see his drama on the stage, and an adherent to law and order who prefers authority, even with a Germanic accent, to liberalism in every form. The eminent Catholic poet, however, is the only one among Gide's personal friends who is plainly pro-Vichy and even maintains contacts with the Abetz camarilla. ~~in Paris~~

Louis Ferdinand Céline has certainly nothing in common with André Gide - not even the language: his rampant gibberish is not likely to appeal to an admirer of Racine and Pascal. The racial fantasies of Céline's book, Bagatelles pour un Massacre, are indeed so glaringly absurd that an English author, Montgomery Belgion, could suggest in all earnest M. Céline intended to refute and ridicule anti-Semitism by exaggerating its ideas to the point of obvious fatuity. But the Nazis, used to hot stuff and to the rankest kind of humbug, take Céline seriously. Incredible as it may sound, this embodiment of "cultural Bolshevism" is a literary favourite in the Occupied Zone.

The abject behavior of Paul Morand does not come as a surprise, neither to Gide nor to anyone familiar with the dreary career of that once sparkling jester. One might as well get excited about the political obscenities of the comediens Guitry and Raimu or of young Mademoiselle Darrieux and old Mademoiselle Mistinguette. Let Yvonne Printemps compete with Maurice

Chevalier in wooing and pleasing the new bosses! Gide would be hardly concerned about those treacherous primadonnas - whether male or female - : if it were not for a certain young man hitherto close to ^{him} ~~Gide~~. A successful movie director named Marc Allegret has joined the collaborationist camp. Marc, the companion of the African journey and ^{of} ~~so~~ many other voyages and adventures; Marc, who was almost like a son, and more than a son, to Gide; Marc, a traitor, an opportunist.... ~~This is bitter, bitter beyond words.~~

This loss and this disappointment are more painful indeed than the fact that a versatile ^{chamber,} ~~nobody by the name of~~ Drieu la Rochelle, has taken over the Nouvelle Revue Française to transform the ^{once-} illustrious magazine into a lukewarm and slimy mongrel of sophisticated skepticism and camouflaged Nazi propaganda. Gide's brain-child, the focus of his intellectual circle, the trustee of his lifework - the liberal and cosmopolitan Nouvelle Revue Française now carries stories like that of Georges Auric, who concludes his survey of the winter 1941-42 with a cheerful statement to the effect that "the season is excellent."

The season is excellent, says the talented composer - undisturbed by such trifles as the slavery of a few million Frenchmen in German camps; the starvation of French women and children; the martyrdom of innocent hostages. The season is excellent at the Opéra: Mademoiselle Germaine Lubin, the Wagnerian star and favourite of the Nazi chieftains, can afford several dazzling new Mercedes cars; Serge Lifar has a brilliant come-back - not quite ^{so} ~~as~~ young and nimble, it is true, as he used to be when the late Diaghilev discovered his talent: a little swollen and hysterical ~~by now~~, but still racy and rakish enough. The Marquise de Polignac and the ^{de Noailles} Countesse have reopened their salons - elegant meeting-points of the collaborationist élite. What a season! It couldn't be more brilliant and colourful. So utterly gay and prosperous is Paris life under the Nazi yoke that even an exemplary Parisian like Jean Cocteau cannot resist the temptation. The ^{most} ingenious and most ~~original~~ performer in modern literature executes his last staggering

volatiles

somersault of his career and makes friends with the illiterate murderers from Berlin and Berchtesgaden.

It amuses and somehow comforts me to imagine the diabolic fashion in which Gide ^{may have} grinned and smirked when he ^{heard} ~~was informed~~ of Jean's desperate cynicism: "Ah! Celui-là!" ~~Gide may have said, producing the words through his teeth, without opening or moving his lips, in a strangely sibilant~~ "Quel blagueur! Enfin - passons."

Their friendship has always been somewhat onesided; that is to say, Cocteau never ceased to woo Gide, assiduously and naively, whereas Gide remained chilly, inaccessible. "My first contact was Gide," says Cocteau in the Preface to his book Le Rappel à l'ordre (which is dedicated to Georges Auric, incidentally): "Our friendship encouraged me."

Grateful by nature, he paid homage to his master whom he would like to call his friend. It was Gide, allegedly, who stimulated Cocteau to write his memoirs: "C'est à Gide que je dois ces Portraits-Souvenir..." And, one year later, in 1936, he reaffirmed his indebtedness in ^{the} dedication ~~preceding~~ of Mon Premier Voyage - the book edition of his travel articles for the Paris Soir -: "To André Gide, who taught us how to travel."

As for Gide, he proved cruelly impervious to so much good will and humble admiration. "Cocteau?" he once said. "Who is he? A flatulence in the bowels of the rich..." A terrible word - ~~hard~~ malicious to the point of unfairness. It sounds as if Gide were without receptivity ^{to} Cocteau's intense, if irresponsible, inspiration. The uncanny brilliancy of such masterpieces as Les Enfants Terribles and La Machine Infernale not only fails to captivate Gide but rather ^{seems to} irritate and annoy him.

No doubt, there is a moral element, a touch of Puritanism, in Gide's ~~disapproval~~ disapproval of Cocteau's ~~desultory~~ desultory feats. To Gide, creative writing is primarily an ethical exercise; to Cocteau, a sport, a narcotic, an aimless thrill. Gide's contempt of Cocteau is organic and inevitable, as is Edouard's contempt of Robert de Passavant, in Les Faux-Monnayeurs.

~~I have always felt that~~ there is a definite resemblance between Edouard's attitude towards Passavant and Gide's towards Cocteau. The aversion, in both cases, is not quite free of jealousy. Edouard-Gide not only scorns the irresponsible frivolity of Passavant-Cocteau but also envies secretly his ~~poor~~ ^{sprightliness and} ~~poor~~ ^{immorality}. Edouard and Passavant are rivals - not only because both happen to be interested in Olivier but ^{also} in a more complex and more general fashion. Of course, Edouard is infinitely superior to Passavant as far as character and talent are concerned. But Passavant commands a flippant wit and a dashing agility with which Edouard cannot compete. Edouard might say in reference to Passavant what Gide said about Cocteau: "He has that enviable carelessness of the ~~playboy~~ playboy. And when I am with him I always feel particularly clumsy, heavy, down-hearted."

This revealing statement occurs in a diary entry dated August 20, 1914, and the beginning of which reads as follows:

"Jean Cocteau and I got together at an 'English tea' I did not look forward to seeing him again, despite his exceedingly friendly nature. For he is incapable of being serious, and all his thoughts, his puns, his feelings, this extraordinary flavour of his chatty talk was a shock to me like some luxury object on display at times of starvation and mourning. He is dressed almost like a soldier, and under the lashes of the day-to-day developments he looks much better. Otherwise he has not changed, and just ignores the martial atmosphere around him."

There they are again, the times of starvation and mourning, and in the twenty-five years passed since the last tribulation Cocteau has become even more chatty and cynical, while Gide increased in gravity and courage. Cocteau enjoys the "excellent season"; ~~in the capital~~; Gide joins the "interior emigration" scattered throughout the unoccupied zone.

For General de Gaulle and his soldiers are by no means the only guarantors of French honor and of French resistance. Within the humiliated, tormented country itself, the spirit of patriotism and democracy could never be broken

or bribed altogether: it survived in heroic individuals, in underground organizations, in the thoughts and actions of undaunted, incorruptible men and women. It may be that the attitude of the average Frenchman towards his nation and towards the outside world had become somewhat sluggish and skeptical. The French, being the most civilized nation on earth, were the first to overcome the tiresome and devastating stupidity which is Nationalism. A Frenchman could write, in 1938: "Let us not fool ourselves! France is not big enough for the notion we want held of France. Her glorious doggedness from 1914 to 1918 has deceived both the world and us Frenchmen." And also: "But there must be a choice. We must decide whether we want to be mighty or happy."

The majority of the French people did not intend to sacrifice honor by choosing happiness. They wanted to cultivate their garden, unaware of the sinister forces undermining its ground, from without and within. The shock of the debacle awakened the gardeners.

True, the French Communists sabotaged the war effort, together with the generals and the industrialists. But while the Fascist coteries are guilty of deliberate high treason, the misguided Jacobins were just muddled and ignorant. Many of them are making good in 1942 what they have sinned in 1939: the same saboteurs who once harassed the decaying Third Republic do the same thing now to their real enemy, the Third Reich.

If Charles de Gaulle saves and reaffirms the military honor of France, Edouard Herriot embodies and dramatizes the pride and common sense of the liberal bourgeoisie. His resignation from the Legion of Honor, of which he held the great Chevalier's Cross, ~~was~~^{is} a gesture in the grand French style - an eloquent and impressive answer to the men of Vichy, who granted the national decoration to a Frenchman in Nazi service.

Vichy may be on the most cordial terms with the Vatican; but the truly Christian spirit is not with the clerical collaborationists. This spirit

may be found in the ranks of the Catholic Action - an organization to which flock, at this point, many young, unyielding Frenchmen, who act and feel according to these words of the Archbishop of Toulouse, Mgr. Saliège:

"It is the future of Christianity which is at stake in the present struggle, whose outcome may decide on the shape and spirit of centuries to come. Many priests, many Catholics fail to see this. That is why I admonish them officially to beware of notorious errors and of words the meaning of which remains vague and ambiguous. It is our mission to save and to promote the true Christian spirit - not a clericalism of which the Church disapproves and which we sternly reject; but the salvation of the world under the auspices of the Christian Cross - manifestation and symbol of divine, infinite Love."

This is not the language of compromise and caution. The Archbishop could speak out, protected by his ecclesiastic authority, what many another upright citizen - Catholic or not - feels with equal fervency but is forced to conceal. While an incessant, sickening concert of lies blares from Paris and Vichy, the truly distinguished Frenchmen (except, of course, those in exile) have to keep quiet or to whisper. One hears little from Mauriac, Malraux, and Giraudoux, from Valéry, Duhamel, and Martin du Gard. They all live somewhere in the unoccupied zone - hoping ^{and} waiting in silence. "Patience is a great and rare virtue," according to André Gide.

Gide - patient and unafraid - just shrugs his shoulders when the puny rats pipe against him in the Paris press. A rat by the name of Maurice Martin du Gard (not to be confounded with Gide's friend, Roger Martin du Gard!) referred to him as "old Narcissus who leans over the eddies of expectation and lies in wait for the drunken whispers of the defenders of the gold-standard." - "Isn't it curious?" says Gide. "This need to search for vile reasons for other people's opinions..."

At times the rats make themselves even more unpleasant: they become snappish and dangerous. A semi-Fascist organization - the French Anciens Combattants -

launched a furious protest when Gide's name appeared on the speaker's list of a literary group in Nice. The announced subject of his address was completely unpolitical. Yet the irritable legionnaires considered the whole affair an unbearable provocation. Gide was bombarded with anonymous letters and dire phone calls to the effect that he would be beaten to death if he dared to attend the meeting.

He went there all the same - to the surprise and fury of the martial jackasses. They had threatened to kill him, and still he had the nerve to show up! What a stunning old fellow! He seemed calm and serene as he entered the platform and produced a letter. All sovereign dignity, he read the blackmailing epistle to his flabbergasted audience. After having concluded this extraordinary recital, he said, smilingly: "So I am here to to beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen. For I am afraid the remarkable document you just heard will be my only contribution to this literary program. Not that I mind a good fight, quite the contrary. But, alas, I am not so young as I used to be. Besides I am by myself, whereas our valiant legionnaires, as you know, make it their policy to appear in masses."

He took an elegant bow and withdrew - leaving the ruffians aghast and the audience in raptures. "It was a tremendous success," told me a friend who witnessed the incident. "A real triumph for Gide. If my information is right, those hooligans haven't bothered him since."

But Gide had to be careful. When I urged him to contribute to an American magazine I was editing at the time, he answered, somewhat apologetically: "I shall try my best to write something for your new review, as soon as possible. But I am not in a position to make a definite promise. Four days out of five I feel terribly remote from my work. Besides there are so many 'consideration'^S that slow down my writing..."

The quotation marks around the word "considerations" seem to suggest a gloomy and dangerous story which the letter conceals.

No "considerations", however, could prevent Gide from conducting what an American observer recently called "a subtle rear-guard action against Paris." This definition is indeed subtler than the action it is supposed to describe. Gide's attitude towards both Paris and Vichy - or, towards the ~~the~~ Nazi invaders and their Gallic flunkys - is much less subtle, to say the least, than the policy of many a democratic State Department towards the Pétain Government. In fact, I know of no other prominent man of letters ~~who~~ in a Fascist country who has been as courageous, not to say foolhardy, as is this admirable old chap, André Gide of France.

The ~~British~~ ^{English} Review of Literature and Art, Horizon - meritorious in so many respects - had the privilege of presenting the English version of Gide's literary "rear-guard" campaign, which at times looks ominously like a frontal offensive.

"When Horizon was founded," the editors tell us, in the Comment to their issue of June, 1942, "a letter was written to Gide asking him to contribute, to which he replied that he was under a vow of silence not to write anything till the war was over. This vow he has now broken, and this month we conclude the series of Imaginary Interviews which appeared at the beginning of this year in the literary page of Figaro, a Vichy paper which has been once or twice suspended for its views, and which clearly preserves the nearest possible likeness to a pre-war French newspaper. Apart from the interest attaching to anything written by Gide, who is the greatest living writer in Europe, and who writes most consciously ^{for} ~~of~~ the future, the articles reveal how much can still be said in unoccupied France, and what lengthy grammatical involutions are necessary to say it."

It is indeed quite a lot that can still be said by a writer who commands the indispensable amount of tact and ^{of prestige} ~~solidity~~. Of course, Gide has to be diplomatic; for his imaginary interlocutor is a plain, vulgar Fascist. Gide - absentminded and not very time-conscious: the way old people are - mistakes his visitor at first for the interviewer he used to receive in the good

old days of L'Immoraliste and Les Nourritures Terrestres. But ~~in reality~~
(the journalist of 1942) is much more alert and perky - a dynamic representative of the New-Order species. At times Gide seems nonplussed in front of the smart young man. "Long live our National Revolution!" exclaims the dashing son of a defeated nation. What can an old man reply to such a pueril euphemism? "There was a silence for a minute...." A terribly eloquent silence it must have been.

"Do not insist!" Gide begs ^{of} the interviewer, who keeps plying him with questions about current, which means, therefore, untimely events. "There is a quantity of subjects it is better not to talk about today. I have made up my mind to it: literary affairs will be my only concern with you."

But the demarkation between literature and politics has become somewhat indistinct, nowadays. Does the recent book of Jacques Chardonne, Voir la Figure, belong to the literary category? The interviewer suggests that the book is full of topical interest. "Yes," says Gide, "but he blows with the wind." In other words, Chardonne is a collaborationist. Gide dismisses him with a few scathing phrases. Then: "Let us take leave of Chardonne, I beg of you, and go back to literature."

The interviewer dwells on the current French penchant for poetry: "Collections of poems are appearing everywhere, and never has the public shown itself so eager or greedy for poetry." Whereupon Gide observes: "It would seem as if it were taking refuge in it."

They discuss several recent lyric anthologies, and Gide discloses his plan to edit such a collection himself. It will be stimulating, not only to correct the limitations and prejudices of other editors, but also to modify one's own premature judgements. Take Victor Hugo, for instance! Gide has done his bit to debunk this bombastic genius. How long is it ago that he ~~replied~~, gave his oft-quoted reply - "Victor Hugo, alas!" - when asked who was the greatest French poet? At this point, however, he deems it pertinent to reaffirm the glory of the great lyricist - "The greatest in our Pantheon."

"Let us add," Gide says - a little bit abruptly -, "that he excels in abuse." Does he feel like repeating the spirited invectives Hugo coined against "Napoléon le Petit"? And if so, against whom would he like to use them?

Far from indulging in coarse talk, however, they continue their chat about poetry. Gide perceives and hails a renaissance of light and popular verse. Does the interviewer know by any chance, that stunning young woman, Lil Boel, who is now reciting her ballads in a small music-hall near the place d'Italy, in Nice? The interviewer has read the introductory poem from her repertory, recently featured in the Figaro. He does not like Lil Boel, for one reason or another. As for Gide, he thinks her excellent.

They talk also about novels. Gide, after having raved about various English and American masterpieces, admits that there is a new rise noticeable in the French novel as well. "Jean-Paul Sartre, today, gives us, with exceptional skill, a picture of the despicable; he is never flabby." (Nor is he a collaborationist...) "The works of Giono, Malraux, Saint-Exupéry, Montherlant, their aims and their value give me great hope of getting out of the often muddy rut in which our literature was stuck. Dignity, nobility of heart, heroism, find an echo, I believe, among the young people of today."

Gide adds some illuminating remarks as to the connection between the novel and individualism: "The great producers of the novel are those peoples where the individual is most distinct from the mass. On the other hand, the type of literature most specifically German is the lyric drama, a synthetic type in which Germany excels and triumphs, in which music and poetry join in such a total effect as flowers in Wagner's Tetralogy; in this, it seems to me, where a whole people gathered together listens religiously and where a true social fusion is attained, it achieves its most perfect expression."

A dubious homage to the Teutonic genius, considering Gide's opinion about Richard Wagner and his musical theater. In this context even the expression "total effect" seems maliciously chosen. It somehow connotes the ominous term "totalitarianism"...

There he is, the grand old man of French letters, in his modest Riviera retreat; heckled by a callow stranger who is neither the Nathanaél of Les Nourritures Terrestres nor the Comrade of Les Nouvelles Nourritures; he is just a pretentious young climber, and the ideas he expresses seem to Gide "more confused than new."

Yet the patient old man remains good-tempered. "I had not the heart," he tells us, "to get angry with such a worthy chap." Besides, they are in the same boat - the placid eremite and his mercurial visitor. Both are subjected to the same privations. Says the grand old man:

"It is true I am wearing old clothes as I am unable, as you are, to get any new ones for myself. What you see on my back have been relined three times, and I have the elbows patched. For food, there are certainly very few meals on top of which I would not willingly accept a beefsteak with fried potatoes; but I am glad to hear that the other districts are better provisioned than ours. I also know that some have much less, and that even in the most favoured, a number of people are shorter than I am. As a matter of fact, I am very glad not to eat too much meat and have never felt in better health. I do not miss coffee as I had not been in the habit of drinking it. The shortage from which I suffer the most is, I admit, that of tobacco, having formed the cowardly habit of smoking while at work. At the beginning, I thought, what a good chance to break this habit.... This was without reckoning on the solicitude of several friends who, by not smoking themselves, kindly facilitate my vice when it is a question of action. I am stubborn and preserving but prone to temptations."

What a familiar tune! The cigarette leitmotiv.... Our first luncheon, near the Luxembourg Garden; Pastor Vedel's obsession... Stubborn and preserving as he is, ~~Gide sticks to his traditional vagaries - this great old man would not sacrifice one of his intellectual hobbies or traditional vagaries -~~ apocalypse or not. He, for one, remains faithful to himself.

He remains keen and receptive. Even the national tribulation might seem

exciting to him, if it were not so cruel: "But so much novelty intimidates us. The mind and specially the heart have great difficulty in adapting themselves."

He remains confident. He quotes Montesquieu:

"One of the things most noticeable in France is the extreme facility with which she has always recovered from her losses, her illness, her decrease of population, and the resources with which she has always supported and even overcome the internal vices of her various governments."

He remains realistic.
When the interviewer suggests that a new kind of national unity might result from the stirring experience of the national calamity, Gide replies, rather dryly:

"Well, if I may speak frankly, I believe that this kind of unification of minds, which you admire, is far more apparent than real and far more desired than existing. The French, although afflicted by a common misfortune, remain as divided as they ever were."

"If this is true," says the interviewer, "do you not find it distressing?"

"No: we have often been told that the variety of France constitutes her value."

He begins the new year - the year of 1942 - in a ~~spirit~~ faithful and sober spirit. "Let us hope," he says gravely, "it will be less dark than these two wretched years of disgrace."

And the interviewer, in his goofy, optimistic fashion: "Fortunately, some reassuring gleams are beginning to appear."

Bitterness and faith, stoicism and the unyielding will to resist are curiously fused in André Gide's simple answer:

"In a tunnel, artificial light^{ing} does its best. Before seeing the real light, I am afraid that we shall have to sink much deeper into darkness.

"Meanwhile let us not lose hope."

Chapter Ten:

THE QUEST

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like ~~God~~ a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

Shakespeare

Mais cette certitude: que l'homme n'as pas toujours été ce qu'il est, permet aussitôt cet espoir: il ne le sera pas toujours.

André Gide.

Gide's interviewer - imaginary but not imaginative - has very definite notions as regards the social function and responsibility of creative writing. He disapproves strictly of all the authors whom the Fascist propaganda accuses of having discouraged and devitalized the French nation. "Some of our pre-war writers," he says, "and amongst them the best, were often lacking in, shall I say, civic virtues."

"Did not they reflect the state of the country?" wonders Gide. "Besides it is not those whom one blames. We often hear a whole epoch or a century covered with shame. Sometimes from Léon Daudet it is 'the stupid nineteenth century'; sometimes a critic makes a victim of the eighteenth century. The catholics reproach Diderot, Renan, even Montaigne, and the freethinkers Bossuet. The old chorus is taken up again: 'C'est la faute à Voltaire... C'est la faute à Rousseau...' Michelet and Hugo are spat at by Claudel. A recent anthology only praises our sixteenth century at the expense of the sublime flights of our Romantics, and only includes a few isolated verses of theirs. This is ludicrous; and it would be only something to laugh at, if the books concerned were not in process of being effectively banned from the bookshops."

How gruesomely familiar that sounds! The Vichy-French exclude Victor Hugo and Voltaire from their book shelves and anthologies, just as the Hitler-Germans banish Heinrich Heine and Karl Marx. The nation of De La Rochefoucauld and Stendhal - more profoundly trained in matters psychological than any other people - have to ~~adapt~~ accept such clumsy and deceitful slogans as "corrosive literature", "uprooted intellectualism", "cultural Bolshevism", and so forth. According to the venal brawlers of the collaborationist press, the French debacle is due to the devastating influence of Marcel Proust, André Gide, Jules Romains, and the like - not to the inefficiency of the General Staff or to the efficiency of the Fifth-

Columnists.

These accusations are not only wrong but perverse and paradoxical in a diabolic, disconcerting way typical of Fascist forgeries. For the relevant and essential question is not, of course, whether the intellectuals were stern and vigilant enough in their attitude towards the exterior enemy: the function of the intellectual is that of a mediator between his country and the outside world - not that of a guardian or of an agent provocateur. The real issue is, on the contrary, whether the intellectual vanguard recognized and opposed in time the interior enemy, the scourge and disgrace of our epoch, namely Fascism. What the intellectuals have betrayed, if anything, is not the honor or the interests of their respective nation: it is their own honor and their interests as intellectuals as cosmopolitans, as heirs and heralds of an indivisible, universal civilization.

The quest of modern thought is long and intricate, rich in perplexing developments and abrupt, paradoxical turns. The Occidental genius is wayward and erratic, always given to experiments. It is his tragedy and his glory that he can never content himself with one clear-cut solution: there are always two trends and two poles. His vast complexity is the source of both his vulnerability and his imperishable grandeur.

Yet there is one predominant motive power behind the zigzags of his daring flights. The intrinsic mission and the true aspiration of the Occidental genius are clear beyond any doubt, for all his playful escapades and risky vagaries. It is his function and task to increase man's freedom and dignity. Reason and Compassion, ~~his~~ Justice and Harmony are the gist of his message and the goal of his quest.

Could it be that the antagonisms inherent in his ample being have depleted and distracted the genius of our civilization? Has he become weary and treacherous? Did he lose his sense of direction, the awareness of his responsibility? Does he go astray? Is our culture doomed? Is our

quest

destined to end in darkness and catastrophe?

The emergency we are now passing through is by no means unique: we may visualize it as an episod of one continuous, unending crisis. The dialectic drama of Western civilization has never proceeded smoothly and steadily, but always in sudden moves followed by alarming relapses. Its rhythm is convulsive and irregular, according to the eccentric pattern of a spiral line. The periods of relaxation and prosperity were scarce, and there has never been lasting peace, from the legendary days when the Occident first conceived and defended its identity, on the glorious and blood-stained soil of Hellas. Since those faraway, vernal times, every step forwards was paid-for, not only with streams of blood, but also with a retrogressive move, a step backwards to darkness and slavery. Hellenes commanded the dynamic fortitude to challenge Asia, but she yielded to her less inspired heiress, Rome, which, in her turn, gave way to the Germanic barbarians.

It may be that the intellectual élite of the decaying antique civilization was haunted by the same forebodings and fears that perturb our generation. Their gloom seems not without sound foundation, considering the subsequent developments. The collapse of their refined way of life must have appeared to them as the end of culture in general - a presumption that turned out to be correct, for several dark and disorderly centuries. The weary and fastidious heirs of the Roman Empire and of the Hellenistic civilization were not able to perceive the intrinsic meaning and ultimate consequence of the disastrous upheaval. The soil of continents had to be soaked with blood to the end that the immortal seed spread throughout the world. The humanistic concepts of dignity, freedom, and beauty had to fade away - overshadowed, seemingly wiped out by the sinister intransigence of an ascetic philosophy inimical to our sinful flesh. But then, towards the end of the fifteenth century, came the rousing hour of resurrection and renaissance - the hour of new promises and of vast transitions, when the

Hellenic vision and the Latin legacy could fuse at last with the Christian ethos. The rigid scheme of the medieval world waned and faltered; the genius of the Occident rediscovered and reaffirmed his own potential grandeur. Man flung himself into the adventure of exploring and revaluating the cosmos. A wave of confidence and of curiosity, of humanistic pride and of constructive ambition swept the civilized world. Galileo upset the very basis of human consciousness by his daring theory that the earth turns around the sun. If this was true, nothing seemed impossible any more.

Everything was possible once the human spirit had ventured on his self-liberation: Luther's challenge to the authority of the Church, Leonardo's unfathomable lucidity ~~scientific mysticism~~, the tremendous gestures of Michelangelo's inspired marble, the new dimension in Rembrandt's canvases, the indomitable greed and heroism of the conquistadors, and the rampant hospitality of Shakespeare's dramatic cosmos.

Poets and thinkers stimulated and organized the rebellion of modern man. The flame they kindled may have been darkened temporarily, like during the lurid interlude of the counter-Reformation and the religious wars. But from all confusions and tribulations it emerged with unabated energy - the tenacious, indestructible dream that had survived the long night of the Middle Ages. It manifested itself in Montaigne's manly humanism and in Pascal's religious obsession; in Spinoza's revolutionary approach to God and in the tragic irony of Cervantes-Don Quixot. In all these instances, and in scores of others, the philosophic vision and the artistic image transcend the scope of individual experience. A collective voice - the voice of an epoch and of a people - seems to ring from the Elizabethan dramas, from the Protestant German hymns, and from the inspired drolleries of Moliere and Rabelais. Racine represents and glorifies his period and his nation with the same ^{natural} ~~organic~~ grandeur with which Sophocles and Euripides represented theirs.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century the creative ~~intellectualism~~

vanguard was not only in keeping with the spirit of their respective epoch, but they anticipated and influenced the coming trends and developments. Dante not only belonged to the Italian nation, organically and completely; he actually prepared the future unity of the Italian people by creating the Italian language. As for the Germans, they owe their idiom to Luther; their consciousness as a cultural body to Herder, Wieland, Lessing, and the young Goethe. The American Dream was defined and promoted by intellectuals like Jefferson, Paine, and Franklin, who, in their turn, followed certain rousing appeals coming to them from France.

The philosophy of Enlightenment seemed to crown and to fulfil the spiritual upheaval that began with the Renaissance and the Reformation. The fall of the Bourbons and of the Bastille signalized the triumph of Voltaire and Rousseau; in other words, the Goddess of Reason and Progress - Muse and patron-saint of the philosophers - had defeated at last the wicked forces of obscurantism. The humanistic dream seemed on the point of materializing. All wise and enlightened men were swollen with joy and hope. No doubt, the French Revolution indicated dramatically the beginning of a new era foreshadowing and guaranteeing the ~~final~~ imminent approach of the Golden Age.

Everybody knows how the drama continues. Man had shaken off the bondage of feudalism but not the yoke of his own wickedness and stupidity. He turned out to be as wolfish and narrow-minded in his new state of freedom and enlightenment as he had been before. The Revolution, far from inaugurating an epoch of universal peace and general happiness, remained confined to France, where it degenerated ~~into~~ first into chaos, then into tyranny. After the Jacobin terrorists - Napoleon; after the outrages of the Napoleonic adventure, the stifling peace of the Holy Alliance. Progress marched on, all the same. But progress of what? and whither?

Was it the progress of Man? Or the progress of the bourgeoisie? Was it the triumph of humanistic ideals? Or was it a boom of technical inventions and nationalistic slogans, of imperialism and exploitation? Was the

nineteenth century governed by the wise men or by the rich? Did it worship the Goddess of Reason or did it idolize money? Did it promote and prepare the universal brotherhood of the human race? Or did it deepen and exacerbate the antagonisms among the social and national groups? Was the laissez faire philosophy of the young, reckless bourgeoisie more constructive and more ethical than the obsolete code of the ancien régime? In short, was the dashing liberalism of the nineteenth century better than the half-enlightened absolutism of the eighteenth?

In the opinion of the new master class, the nineteenth century was as excellent as it could be. All cosmic riddles seemed solved, as industry and colonization flourished. The prosperous bourgeoisie needs no absolutes - ~~neither~~ neither absolute monarchs nor absolute moral values. Or rather, they are lavishly furnished with absolutes as long as they have the stock market and the Fatherland, Law and Order, business as usual, a good wife in the My-Home-is-My-Castle cage, and that peculiar God who likes only the rich and jealously watches over the social status quo.

The new conformism - that vulgar creed of a faithless and faceless, money-making mob - is more tolerant and more flexible, to be sure, than was the rigorous etiquette of the defeated aristocracy. The well-to-do Philistine is of magnanimous disposition, as long as his bank account and the Fatherland are not affected. Science is a good thing, indispensable for both army and industry. The general and the industrialist, therefore, are willing to forgive the chemist and inventor for his long hair and for his eccentric ideas, as long as he does not stir up any embarrassing scandal. But when it comes to a showdown between professor and pastor, the ruling class sides with the latter - emphatically and promptly, without hesitation. Professor Darwin, for instance, went evidently too far with his outrageous monkey-business. Such hazardous theories are offensive to Law and Order. Darwin is a public enemy, almost as bad as Marx. The same goes for certain poets and novelists who abuse the forbearance of the

ruling class. Not that those broad-minded gentlemen are without respect for educational values or do not appreciate good fun. They are all in favour of edifying or amusing stuff - classics for the kids; a musical comedy for dad, after a long day's labor. But nothing shocking or subversive, please! Socialism and Nudism are quite out of the question. No hysterical dislocations or irreverent flippancies! The customer wants to be entertained - not bored or irritated.

But artists, curiously, are not like tailors or bakers. They are not able to work according to the customer's wishes. Either they work for a community to which they belong and whose unspoken desires they dramatize, or else they work in a state of utter isolation.

During the last hundred-and-twenty years most artists have lived and worked in complete solitude.

The tragedy of Occidental genius begins in the Napoleonic epoch, which is, in literature and art, the epoch of Romanticism. The motive power behind all romantic songs is nostalgia - a wistful longing back to darkness, innocence, and mystery. The Romantics, from Novalis to Shelley, from Chateaubriand to E.T.A. Hoffmann, are essentially opposed to the basic trends of their period. They despise Enlightenment, Progress, and Prosperity. Their helpless and proud protest can manifest itself in sweetly mannered laments, as it does in the saturnine coloratura of Chopin's fantasies for the pianoforte; or it can assume the ponderous grandeur of a philosophic system, like Schopenhauer's enthralling malediction of life and reality. The Byronic pose dramatizes the same estrangement from modern society which we find in Stendhal's haughty attitude towards his generation or in the somber reveries of Emily Brontë. The intrinsic drama is always the same: it is the tragedy of utter solitude, the drama of disconnection.

The creative energy floats and flickers in a vacuum: hence the desperate eccentricity of the artistic performance. They are terribly alone with their

wails and their invocations - the geniuses of this problematical age. There is no hierarchic order to tame and regulate the violence of their gestures, the shrillness of their accents. For want of a valid community, they indulge in exotic Utopias, medieval dreams, or magic rituals. Hölderlin clamours for the lost splendors of Hellas as an exiled prince clamours for his irretrievable land. What exuberant anguish in Schumann's melodious sighs or in the solemn rhythms of Leopardi's verses! And are there not elements of romantic nostalgia traceable even in Balzac's overpowering vitality? His glorification of modern life is strangely detached and ruthless. He depicts the vices and intrigues of Paris ~~society~~ society as if they were the murderous and anarchic plays of wild animals in a jungle. What fascinates him is the rampant disorder, the explosive impact of our social conditions - the dramatic contrasts, the inexorable struggle, the elementary ambitions and rivalries; but he is hardly concerned with the concept of progress. His political conservatism and his social snobbery reveal his innermost indifference towards the vital issues confronting his generation.

Nothing can be more disconcerting than the profound aloofness of the nineteenth-century writers from the society in which they lived and the gestures of which they portrayed. Sometimes they got excited about a great timely event or about a great man of their period. But in such exceptional cases there is usually an element of hysteria or poetic capriciousness involved, ~~as~~ as we find it, for instance, in the posthumous Napoleon cult of certain German Romantics. Yet this kind of lyrical whim seems innocuous compared with what happened to those other German poets who ~~established~~ raved against the French Emperor and extolled the War of Liberation: they became obstreperous bards of Prussian militarism. The suicide of Heinrich von Kleist proves dramatically that too much Teutonic patriotism is unwholesome to a man of genius.

This uncanny estrangement between society and genius will last, or rather, will increase alarmingly, throughout the nineteenth century. It is

more obvious in the European-continental sphere than in Britain or America. The unique persuasion of Walt Whitman's hearty and vast appeal springs from his conscious, enthusiastic solidarity with his young, striving nation - a nation of pioneers, at least in its finest parts; not a nation of politicians and proletarians. But Whitman is an enchanting, admirable exception, even in the United States. The two other literary geniuses this country has produced - Edgar Allan Poe and Herman Melville - appear as tragically forlorn and isolated as are Rimbaud or Kierkegaard.

No doubt, such English writers as Dickens, Thackeray, and Jane Austen, belong in a solid and healthy way to the bourgeois society the follies and transgressions of which they often ridicule or arraign. The tonic flavour typical of their works may be due to this natural congruity of their tastes and tenets and those of their fellow-citizens. Is it on account of this organic conformity that the English novelists, lovable and impressive as they are, seem to be somehow lacking in the prodigious fascination of Stendhal and Dostojevski, Balzac and Gogol, Tolstoi and Nietzsche, Rimbaud and Baudelaire? Could it be that genius in the bourgeois century has to accept and bear the stigma of solitude as a mark of greatness, as a bitter patent of nobility?

Indeed, they become slightly trivial as soon as they condescend to the rationalistic depth of their epoch. Liberalism in its complacent, capitalistic form seems poison to the poetic or philosophic inspiration. Even the literary protest against bourgeois hypocrisy has often that faint but fulsome tinge of vulgarity.

Ibsen at times commands a fierce, almost mythic greatness: but not when he advocates certain reforms of matrimonial life or when he dwells on (fallacious) theories concerning the syphilis. The same goes for Emile Zola: his natural format is hampered by his embarrassing conception of art as an instrument to promote science and socialism. The term "Scientific

Certainty" sounds shockingly obscene when coming from an artist. Specialists like Darwin and Huxley may have had the right to indulge in such illusions. Poets must be truthful and realistic. Evidently, there is no such thing as "Scientific Certainty": Taine and Renan were wrong, they corrupted the vision and the style of several generations.

The philosophy of Enlightenment leads inevitably to vulgarity. Messrs Renan and George Brandes are vulgar to the point of facetiousness when they venture to "refute" the existence of Jesus Christ. What absurdity! To deny the divine substance, if not the reality, of a phenomenon whose emanation ~~be~~ still is compellingly alive, after two thousand years. Not even ~~ew~~ Nietzsche, who dared everything, went ~~that~~ ^{as} far, as did those complacent scholars. His wrathful protests are directed only against Christian morality, not against the Savior himself.

Nietzsche is great and moving, even in his blatant blasphemies. For his voice is not that of petty, carping cleverness; he yells in anguish and passion. Far from being unctuous and "objective", he is torn by contradictory impulses and ambivalent intuitions. His terrific biography - the challenge and glow of his effort, followed by mental collapse - remains for ever the symbol of the particular martyrdom imposed by a mechanized era on her illustrious sons. Whenever men will try to recall an image illustrating the plight of inspired greatness in the epoch of steam-engines and hypocrisy, they will think, with ~~and~~ a pang of dismay and reverence, of Friedrich Nietzsche's solitary struggle and heroic defeat.

But they will also consider, and not without shuddering, the ominously twofold impact of his message and prophecy. No other philosopher has combined such an enormous degree of human fervor and nobility with so rabidly inhuman doctrines and tendencies.

The violent reaction of the nineteenth century against the optimistic humanism of the eighteenth manifested itself in many different forms.

Scientific empiricism and romantic nostalgia, Schopenhauer's idolatry of the nirvana and Hegel's idolatry of the State, Rimbaud's seditious disquietude, Flaubert's sacerdotal aestheticism, and Wagner's pompous revival of the Germanic myths - all these are versions and aspects of the anti-humanistic reaction. We can trace the same current in Dostojevski's psychological mysticism and in the forced obtuseness with which the aging Tolstoi contemplated and condemned beauty, intellect, art, and luxury - in short, civilization.

But none of these anti-humanistic tendencies has exercised so formidable an influence as did Nietzsche's indictments and auguries. The consequences of Hegel's philosophy may have been more massive and lasting than the feverish magnetism emanating from Nietzsche's work. Hegel's authority, however - its Prussian-conservative aspect as well as its Marxian-revolutionary sequel - is relevant primarily to the sphere of political thought; whereas Nietzsche's stirring legacy has affected the development of creative writing in the broadest sense. A Janus-faced demon, he beguiled and stimulated, bewitched and confused the creative élite of five continents and of almost five generations.

His appeal is always contradictory and can be understood in one way or in another. He is the Good European, exceedingly urbane, fastidious, subtle, even elegant, the heir and herald of the most sublime Occidental traditions. The most perspicacious psychologist of all times, he demands and glorifies intellectual honesty as the supreme philosophical virtue. He loathes everything heavy and nebulous - the redundant orchestration of Wagnerian scores, nationalistic slogans, Puritan morale, Johannes Brahms, Bismarck, ~~the~~ *the principles* of the French Revolution, *(Martin Luther)* German professors, German beer, German women, German Gemütlichkeit, German idealism, and the German army. He believes in everything crisp and lucid, winged and disciplined - Stendhal's prose and the opera Carmen by Bizet; Goethe, Mozart, and Heine; French

Scientific empiricism and romantic nostalgia, Schopenhauer's idolatry of the nirvana and Hegel's idolatry of the State; Rimbaud's seditious disquietude and Flaubert's sacerdotal aestheticism; the stunning vagaries of Baudelaire, and Richard Wagner's pompous revival of the Germanic myths - all these are versions and aspects of the anti-humanistic reaction. We can trace the same current in Dostojevski's psychological mysticism and in the forced obtuseness with which the aging Tolstoi contemplated and condemned beauty, intellect, art, and luxury, in short, civilization.

But none of these anti-humanistic patterns has exercised so formidable an influence as did Nietzsche's indictments and auguries. The consequences of Hegel's teachings may be even more profound and more pivotal in the sphere of political thought; but the feverish magnetism emanating from Nietzsche's legend and legacy affected the developments of cultural life in the broadest sense. From Hegel's vision emerged two militant orthodoxies - seemingly contradicting each other - : revolutionary Marxism and authoritarian "Prussianism" (Preussentum). Nietzsche's example recommends two ways of life, or rather, two human types opposing each other even more glaringly: the Good European and the Blond Beast.

A double-faced demon, he appears at once subtle and brutal, illuminated and sinister, delightfully urbane and frightfully truculent. He claims and glorifies intellectual honesty as the supreme philosophical virtue, but violates the truth recklessly and arbitrarily. He loathes everything heavy and nebulous - the redundant orchestration of Parsifal and Götterdämmerung, Puritanism, Johannes Brahms, the principles of the French Revolution, Martin Luther, German professors, German beer, German women, German Gemütlichkeit, and German idealism. But he was amazingly German himself - German, in his lack of measure and equilibrium, in his frantic exaggerations, alarmingly Teutonic in his tragedy and in his hysteria.

Yet he is deeply in love with the Mediterranean skies and with the lucid elegance of Latin civilization. The only Germans he likes - or rather, the only ones for whom he admits his love - are Goethe and Heinrich Heine.

He believes in everything French, except democracy and the novels of Emile Zola. His two favorites are Emperor Napoleon and the ~~na~~ writer Stendhal. His pet animosities, Bismarck and Bayreuth. All arrogant sensitivity, he despises plebeian smells and emotions, slouching compromises, sentimental lies, and awkward indiscretions.

He disapproves also of tolerance and compassion. His rejection of Christian morale degenerates at times into a shrill exaltation of brutal, physical force. He becomes paradoxical when he praises Machiavelli - slightly embarrassing when he presents a mediocre debauchee like Cesare Borgia as a model for the coming Superman.

Be this as it may, his Power philosophy must not be confounded with any trivial power policy, not to speak of the German Lebensraum humbug. Nietzsche's concept of the Will for Power is at once Dionysiac and disciplined, ruthless and chivalrous, civilized and dynamic. True, the exuberant Life he plays off against the ascetic ideals is immoral, beyond good and evil; but it is not anarchic. If the Superman is without pity for the underdog, he is merciless also towards himself. His initial and basic triumph is that of his own limitations and weaknesses.

It may be that Nietzsche is lacking in the glorious vitality he wants the Superman to possess, but he certainly lives up to his heroic ideal in opposing and overcoming his own innate penchants. He persecutes everybody to whom he feels akin, from Christ and Socrates to Wagner and Schopenhauer. His maniacal aggressiveness is always directed against what he loves the most. He lashes the softness and indecision of the decadent period to which he belongs himself. He flagellates himself when he arraigns his century, his nation, his religion, the type of civilization to which he owes his character and his style. Indeed, he would not shrink from sacrificing Man and human culture, for the sake of the Superman and his Utopian grandeur.

What he failed to see, in his weird and magnificent frenzy, is that the

esprit and French food. He believes in everything French, except democracy and Emile Zola's novels. He is an aristocrat, inexorably ^Copposed to plebeian smells and emotions, to slouching compromises, to sentimental lies and to awkward sincerities.

But so noble and indispensable a feeling as pity or compassion ranks to him among the plebeian penchants. He disapproves of tolerance and goodness. His violent disparagement of Christian ethics climaxes in a shrill exaltation of brutal, physical force. He praises Machiavelli and Cesare Borgia as models for the coming Superman. In his most embarrassing moments he ventures even on racial fantasies and raves about the Blond Beast. This is his lowest point, if we try to forget, mercifully, his notorious slip ~~as~~ concerning the "little women" and the whip with which they ought to be treated.

Be this as it may, his Power philosophy must not be confounded with any trivial power policy, not to speak of any German aspirations. The "power" Nietzsche exalts is vitality controlled by a sovereign will - a chivalrous, elastic energy, at once ruthless and generous, playful and grand, imaginative and dynamic. He emphasizes the supremacy of physical excellence over ethical virtues. His glorification of Life - the triumphant, exuberant life beyond good and evil - is always at the expense of ascetic or democratic ideals.

He distrusts the saint and the actor, for he has features of both. He persecutes everybody to whom he feels akin - from Socrates to Arthur Schopenhauer. He condemns romanticism because he is a romantic. His maniacal aggressiveness is always directed against what he loves the most. He lashes the softness and indecision of a decadent epoch to which he belongs himself. He ~~ever~~ attempts to overcome himself, his own limitations and sensitivities, as he believes that Man must overcome his present stage of being, to fulfil at last his own inherent pattern, the Superman.

abandonment of Christian morale does not imply automatically the triumph of a new heroic-aristocratic mode of life. The contempt of humanism can result in the superhuman or in the inhuman. It can lead to new forms of culture radiant with unprecedented power and purity, or it can lead to decay, disintegration, and barbarity - in short, to Fascism.

The generation under Nietzsche's spell was prone to ~~be~~ the Fascist bacillus. The whole array of anti-humanitarian philosophers of the late nineteenth and of the early twentieth centuries live on his uncanny inspiration. His Revaluation of all Values encouraged scores of mediocre or fairly talented professors and journalists to make havoc of the great Occidental traditions. From Vilfredo Pareto's anti-democratic Sociology down to Mussolini's boastful gibberish; from Georges Sorel's anarchistic Defence of Violence to the authoritarian ethos of Charles Maurras; from the dismal prophecies of Ernst Jünger and Oswald Spengler to the rampant platitudes of Hermann Rosenberg - it's all Nietzsche; Nietzsche, over and over again. He inspired Göbbels and Claudel, Chamberlain's racial doctrines and Marinetti's murderous flippancies. They aped his daring flights and his whimsical mannerisms. He "legitimated" the cult of Machiavelli, the talk about diet and hygienics, the rant about "dangerous ~~life~~", and "dynamic" life - no matter where the danger may come from or where the dynamics may lead.

Not that Nietzsche is the philosopher of Nazism: such an assertion would be preposterous. Nazism is not a philosophy but a plague. Aimless and amorphous, it has its roots everywhere and nowhere. Hitler and his ilk have stolen their slogans and tricks from the Jacobins and from the Catholic Church, from Lenin and from Frederic of Prussia, from Napoleon and from his Prussian antagonists. The Nazi theorists are as ravenous and indiscriminate as are the Nazi strategists and "geopoliticians." Those versatile gangsters confiscate ideas like bank accounts; they violate philosophic

systems as they rape Polish women and Italian boys.

They exploit also Nietzsche, almost needless to say. But the issue we are concerned with, in our particular context, is not whether the Nazis are entitled to quote Zarathustra (which, of course, they are not); but rather, whether Zarathustra's literary followers and disciples are more responsive ^{or} ~~to~~ than others to the sirens of Göbbels and Rosenberg.

Evidently, the Goddess of Reason is a more trustworthy guide than the wayward demon and demigod, Nietzsche-Zarathustra. Those who imitate his arrogant gestures and rhapsodic accents might become blood-thirsty poseurs, like the Italian D'Annunzio, or barbaric bores, like the Norwegian Hamsun. Both are undeniably impressive figures - men of vision and of signal originality. Yet the great German sorcerer addled their minds: they lost their sense of proportions, truth and dignity.

The same might have happened to D. H. Lawrence, whose work is saturated with certain elements of Nietzsche's complex legacy - the anti-ascetic furor, ~~the~~ disparagement of the intellect, glorification of instinct, and so forth. Yet Lawrence kept clear of the Fascist mire - protected by his sound intuition and innermost integrity. The same goes for Frank Wedekind, the great German playwright, whose erotic philosophy would be inconceivable without Nietzsche's authorization. Wedekind, who was daring enough to taunt the Kaiser and his generals, would have inexorably opposed the new, even more ghastly version of Prussian aggressiveness. No doubt, he would have acted like the poet Stefan George, another disciple of Nietzsche whom the Nazis long claimed and wooed. But he, the poet and aristocrat, proved impervious to their massive flatteries. He had learned from Nietzsche, not only how to despise the mob, but also how to distinguish between real masters and the faked grandeur of would-be supermen.

It is all a question of spiritual rank and equilibrium. To have followed Nietzsche through certain episodes of his risky quest does mean necessarily to be fooled or bribed by those who misuse and mar his vision. Some ~~aspects~~

EPILOGUE

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

Shakespeare

Mais cette certitude: que l'homme n'a pas toujours été ce qu'il est, permet aussitôt cet espoir: il ne le sera pas toujours.

André Gide

The Interviewer seems ready to withdraw at last. "Heil pétain!" he crows cheerfully. "Long live the National Revolution!"

The old gentleman, looking very distinguished in his shabby, discoloured clothes, makes a wry grimace as if tasting something foul or bitter. Then he sighs and smiles.

"Au revoir, young man. Look after yourself! And be good, if you can..."

There is a stillness. The Interviewer has gone. The old man sits alone, dreaming in a quaint, plush-covered armchair, on the terrace of a modest Provençal villa.

There are a few other houses one can see from the terrace - five or six white, cubic buildings half-hidden by the foliage of the olive groves. That is all Cabris-sur-Grasse has to offer - an unassuming ~~hinterland~~ village somewhere in the hinterland of the Côte d'Azur.

The evening sky is cloudless and transparent over the Mediterranean landscape, with mellow, floating tints where the sun went down. ~~one cannot see the sea from this mountain valley, but one senses its majestic presence. A gentle breeze carries the beloved aroma of its salty splendor.~~

How strangely transfigured appear the familiar things in this pallid twilight! The black silhouettes of the cypresses against a limpid horizon; the silvery hue of the olive trees; the aimless flights of the birds; the flowers, the house, the path - how curious, all this! how real!

A peasant woman comes from the vine ~~yeans~~ yard - striding slowly and solemnly, carrying a weighty basket on her proud, white-haired head. The motionless old man on the terrace watches her - a living part of the landscape, all in keeping with the rhythm and colour of this bountiful Latin land.

"Bon soir, Madame," says the old man from the terrace, smiling at her, but still motionless.

"Bon soir, Monsieur."

It sounds grave and yet hearty - the salute of an upright person who

knows her rights and her merits and respects those of others.

"She wouldn't say, Heil Pétain," thinks the old man as she passes by. "Not she. She is French enough - and proudly, consciously so - without invoking that old bore of a Marshal. But those callow young men with their dashing manners have always recourse to some bearded authority. What a dreary lot! ~~they are~~ At once rude and servile...

"That clever busy-body of an Interviewer got on my nerves with his rudeness and with his servility. When I spoke about Goethe and his 'serviceable individualism', he had the impudence to interrupt me, rather snappishly: 'Have you not said all this already?' What an affront! - all the more annoying as he is not quite wrong... What could I do? I made hurriedly up a friend of mine, also seventy years of age, and who was being accused of repetition. Said my fabulous friend: 'At my age we must agree to repeat oneself, if we do not wish to say stupid things.'

"But it didn't work. The irritating young chap had the nerve to ask me, insidiously: 'Is not your friend a relative of those imaginary pimps that Sainte-Beuve pretends to quote when he wants to show himself in a good light?' I tried to make my voice as glacial as possible when I observed, all disdain: 'You are very subtle.'

"Not that I would mind his being a little fresh, if only he were more courageous and more attractive. Here, in Cabris-sur-Grasse, such a little ^{nobody} ~~climber~~ can be flippent and ^{captious} ~~critical~~. In Vichy or in Paris he swallows everything. He blames me for repeating some things I may have said before, in a different context. But ^{he} repeats the tritest hooey when it comes from an authoritative side. What blatant nonsense he said about those French poets and novelists ~~now~~ in disgrace with the new masters. I could have slapped his face when he spoke of 'certain pre-war writers, and amongst them the best, who were lacking in civic virtues.' Why did I ^{allow him to} ~~not interrupt him when he~~ accuse men like Proust and Valéry, yes, and like myself, of having 'discouraged and devitalized the French nation'?

Not our corrupt politicians and inefficient generals are responsible for the ~~French~~ fiasco, but we, the victims and prophets of the debacle, are being denounced as the culprits.

Even "It is always the same ~~unfair~~ trick: the writers and intellectuals as scapegoats, ~~of a defeated nation. And it's not only the living they slander:~~ the dead ~~too~~ are smeared. We often hear a whole epoch or a century covered with shame. Sometimes from Léon Daudet it is 'the stupid nineteenth century'; sometimes a critic makes a victim of the eighteenth century. The Catholics reproach Diderot, Renan, even Montaigne, and the freethinkers Bossuet. The old chorus is taken up again: 'C'est la faute à Voltaire C'est la faute à Rousseau...' Michelet and Hugo are spat at by Claudel. A recent anthology of French poems only praises our sixteenth century at the expense of the sublime flights of our Romantics, and only includes a few isolated verses of theirs. This is ludicrous; and it would be just something to laugh at, if the books concerned were not in process of being effectively banned from the bookshops. What sad and sickening mischief! The nation of Stendhal and De La Rochefoucauld, famed for its psychological perspicacity, is now forced to accept such clumsy and deceitful slogans as 'corrosive literature', 'uprooted intellectualism', 'cultural Bolshevism', and so forth. *(held against us writers -)*

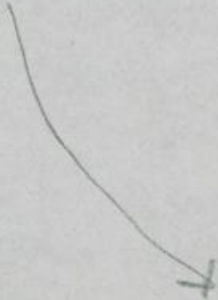
"There may be mistakes and sins to ~~blame us for~~ the generation under Nietzsche's spell: not quite the kind of errors, though, the Fascists *blame us for.* ~~held against us.~~ To reproach us with having 'discouraged and devitalized' French youth is indeed nonsensical. Our fallacy is rather of ~~an~~ *the* opposite *kind* ~~nature.~~ Haven't we overrated and unduly glorified the value and grandeur of vitality and dynamics? - of ~~dynamic~~ *and* vitality as such, no matter what its purpose ~~or that~~ *and* its direction. Haven't we encouraged the anti-intellectual, ~~barbaric~~ *vague* anti-humanitarian, ~~in short, the Fascist moods and tendencies of our time.~~ Haven't we been prone, at times, to the diabolic bacillus of ~~hostility~~ *madness* and barbarism?

"Yes, Zarathustra bewitched too many of us with his dangerous catch-words. Let us be hard! Let us defy the code of Christian ethics! Revalue all values! ... How thrillingly adventurous seemed life, up there, in glacial height, immeasurably beyond good and evil. How enthralling it was, to disregard all conventions, to transgress all taboos. The cult of instinct and intuition; the worship of Energy; the panegyrics of the élan vital - it was ~~always~~ ever so stirring and intoxicating. But from Nietzsche's Power philosophy it is only one step to Sorel's Defence of Violence and to Spengler's Decline of the Western World.

"The decline of the Western world... C'est la faute à Nietzsche...
c'est la faute à Bergson... c'est la faute à Gide...

"Why not admit it? I too have sinned and have contributed my bit to the general disarray. Now I recognize the germ of anarchy in the exuberance of my Nourritures, in my Individual Ethics, and in my concept of the Gratuitous Action. Is not Lafcadio's capricious crime an offence against the very principles on which our society rests? Did I not urge Nathanaël to burn books? - an ominous piece of advice, considering certain recent developments... The Demon of Les Faux-Monnayeurs is double-faced - a disquieting fruit of the Marriage of Heaven and Hell. Did I not realize that I might blow up, as I kept experimenting with high-explosive energies?

"But would it have been better to conceal ~~on belittle~~ our insights into Man's contradictory and demoniac nature? Should we delude ourselves and our followers into a shallow and fallacious optimism? We know better. The nineteenth century refuted, once and for all, the



generous illusions of the eighteenth. How ^{is} it possible to ignore the ~~sinister~~ ^{sinister} qualities of modern Man, after the bold and tragic ~~exposures~~ revelations of Rimbaud and Dostojevski, Stendhal and Nietzsche, Flaubert and Baudelaire, Tolstoi and Kierkegaard?

~~"The terrible insights and experiences of those tormented giants were also ours. We were initiated into the sublime and sinister mysteries of their struggle and solitude, of their isolated, bitter, heroic quest. How could we indulge in euphemisms about Man's intrinsic goodness and simplicity, in view of their cruel and admirable truthfulness? 'The masks,' Montaigne says, 'must as well be taken from things as from men.' And De La Rochefoucauld: 'The weaklings cannot be sincere.' And we want to be weaklings?"~~

"But I would much rather be ^{an optimistic} ~~a weakling and a shallow optimist~~ than one of those gruesome charlatans who think themselves profound when they are pompous and nebulous; realistic, when they are greedy and cynical; superhuman, when they are inhuman. They despise Man as they take it for granted that all of us are as despicable as they are. But Man is not despicable: he is lovable and disquieting - God's striving, immature problem child.

"Of course, Man is neither good nor evil but a mixture of both. To all those who simplify and thus distort the human problem I would like to quote this extraordinary page from Montaigne's Essays:

"Our composition, both public and private, is full of imperfection; yet is there nothing in nature unserviceable; nothing thereof hath been insinuated in this huge universe but holdeth some fit place therein. Our essence is cymmented with evil qualities; ambition, jealousy, envy, revenge, superstition, despair, lodge in us, with so natural a possession, as their image is also discerned in beasts: yea and cruelty, so unnatural a vice: for in the midst of compassion, we inwardly feel a kinde of bitter-sweet pricking of malicious delight to see others

suffer; and children feeble it also.

"The seed of which qualities, who should root out of man, should ruin the fundamental conditions of our life; In matter of policy likewise some necessary functions are not only base, but faulty: vices find therein a seat and employ themselves in the stitching up of our frame; as poisons in the preservations of our health. If they become excusable because we have need of them, let us resign the acting of this part to hardy Citizens, who stick not to sacrifice their honors and consciences, as those of old, their lives, for their Countries avail and safety. We that are more weak had best assume tasks of more ease and less hazard. The Commonwealth requireth some to betray, some to lie, and some to massacre: leave we that commission to people more obedient and more pliable."

"Could it be that Providence, at this point of the human adventure, employs certain hardy men as its unpleasant tools to teach us a cruel lesson? Do the modern barbarians fulfil their historical task, unwittingly and paradoxically, by betraying, lying, and massacring? Did we need the ghastly spectacle of disorder and tyranny to remember the double fundament of our civilization, Freedom and Discipline? Would Man become too sluggish and self-assured without occasional shock-cures like the one we are now passing through? We took too much for granted - we here, in France, and people everywhere. Our freedom and our security, our conveniences and our luxuries - we believed naively that we were entitled to possess all this and that we could never lose it. Did I not admonish Nathanaël not to hang his heart on possessions and institutions? For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life, the same shall find it...

"Did the French people lose their spiritual life because they clung to their material security?

"One has to take chances, must not shrink from hazardous games and high risks. Not to stand still! To move! ~~To run risks! Our society~~

(Too long we have

the enemy.

~~Adrowsed and dallied~~ - leaving all initiative to ~~the enemy~~.

The very concept of Progress tarnished and stagnated. The bourgeois notion of Democracy was lacking in drama and color; that is why ignorant, impressionable youth fell for the glaring and blaring stunts of reckless demagogues. But the well-meaning gentlemen in our camp continued their unctuous sermons. For every enigma and paradox ^{they had} ~~that~~ their clear-cut, shallow solution.

"I remember how irritated I was when I read that English book, Our Present Philosophy of Life, (according to Bernard Shaw, André Gide, Sigmund Freud, and Bertrand Russel), ~~whose book was it?~~ ^{by} I forget the author's name... Something like Belgion, if I am not mistaken. The chapter about me was fairly good on the whole. But the following sentence disturbed me: 'Man by nature is, Mr. Gide feels, good.' Is that so? Do I agree with Rousseau that Man in his natural state is without guile and sin? Do I blame civilization and society for all our shortcomings and vices?

"No, the faith in Man's primeval perfection seems naive and romantic to me. I do not believe that Man has ever been perfect; but I do believe he may eventually become better than he is now. He is capable of improvement. And to improve, does not mean to overcome the 'evil' and to develop the 'good'; it means, to integrate good and evil, to render all energies - virtues and vices, love and hatred - serviceable in the interest of Progress.

"To harbour both tendencies; to reconcile the contrasts; to accept and dominate the contradictions and complexities inherent in our nature - what do the fanatics and the hypocrits know about that ^{exciting feat?} ~~difficult adventure?~~ Montaigne knew about it, and Goethe, and Nietzsche when he wrote: 'Man, in contrast to the animals, has developed a profusion of contradictory impulses and qualities. Thanks to this synthesis within his character he could become the master of the world.'

"Man, the master; Man, the hero; Man, the promise of the Superman -

thanks to his ability to scrutinize his own problem, to transform his substance, to move, to change, and to suffer.

"Man, the master of his destiny, by virtue of his spirit. For Man's spirit functions according to the rules of homeopathic medicine; at once poison and remedy, it cures the disease that it produced itself. Are the restlessness and the irreverence of our minds responsible for the present crisis? Well, then, the same ~~forces~~ ^{forces} will be instrumental in overcoming the emergency. The energy that proved bold and dynamic enough to ~~challenge~~ ^{challenge} ~~and~~ upset ~~a stale~~ ^{an} obsolete way of life, will never yield to the foul substitute now imposed on us as ~~a~~ New Order.

"The New Order is neither anarchy nor stagnation; it is movement, experiment, and constructive adventure. I, an old adventurer and experimenter, am avid for new discoveries and new risks. Do you realize, you smug and ruthless young men, how much anguish and bliss this implies? - still to hanker for things to come, after having witnessed the frustration of ~~the~~ so many hopes, so much bafflement and betrayal. To remain faithful in spite of all disappointments - malgré tout, trotz allem, after all! To be in love with Man, for all his meanness and stupidity: to be in love with his potential greatness, his future trials and triumphs, his ~~Antinous~~ ^{yet secret} glory... How I pity you, obtuse, selfish, unhappy conquerors - unable to grasp or to imagine the solemn sobriety of this faith - the faith after the disillusion.

"How can one despise or hate Man for what he is, when he still is in the process of becoming? ~~Et~~ L'homme devient, And I - toujours amoureux de ce qui pourrait être - shall never cease to be fascinated by the spectacle of his growth.

"It may be a long, tedious growth, interrupted by painful relapses. Patience is a great and rare virtue, to know how to wait and to mature, to correct oneself, regain control and, as the Apostle says, aspire to perfection. But the taste for perfection is going astray. It is a pity,

as Man's finest accomplishments are due to precisely that taste. But nothing that has already been imagined or achieved will be lost for ever.

) Those who are obsessed with the most insatiable curiosity will give the world an example of patience and endurance - indispensable virtues for anyone really interested in the future.

) Those who understand and love the concept of the Infinite will reaffirm the value and necessity of voluntary limitation and discipline. This is Goethe's constant and secret drama - and not only Goethe's -: the struggle against the Infinite in which he is involved by his too broad and too universal genius, whereas he feels and knows that both the community in which he lives, and the work of art he wants to become living, require limitation and concentration - neither of which is attained without sacrifices.

) Those who have been most deeply enthralled by the inconsistency, the perpetual flux and change of all things, ^{will in the end} ~~perceive~~ ^{conceive} and to ~~admire~~ the opposite law in nature and ~~in~~ human life - continuity. The logic and constancy of organic or historical developments may be more difficult to ^{discern} ~~perceive~~ than the erratic leaps and vagaries. And yet ~~nothing is~~ no phenomenon is disconnected, even the most ^{desultory} ~~abrupt, most erratic~~ motion is not without aim and reason. There are transitions and transformations but there are no gaps.

) I often feel like urging the young ^{Gen} ~~generation~~: Please stop believing in gaps! If you drift or slip, don't think that everything goes downhill from now on. Life travels ~~as~~ upward in spirals. And if you go any further than we have been able to go, so much the better; but remember that it is all on the same road: whither my good wishes and my hopes will follow you, even if they have not preceded you."

¶ It is dark and still. The cypresses and olive trees seem frozen in the hazy garden and up there, on the black, distant hills. How chilly

the air is now! The old man on the terrace shudders. It is high time to go into the house, supper will be ready, the friends expect him, he is not alone.

"You are not alone!" This whisper, familiar and yet strange, does not come from the illuminated dingy room but from the floating mist with which the garden is filled. What wondrous procession hovers between the cypresses! You are not alone, André Gide. From the hazy darkness emerge your heroes and saints, your jesters and criminals.

Young André Walter opens the curious parade: his gait is stooping and stumbling, but his sunken eyes radiate with an unquenchable flame. Behind them, there are Hubert, the melancholy clown of Paludes; Urien, the eloquent traveler who never left his studio; Narcissus, disquieting and entrancing with the deadly smile of his introversive passion. Nathanaël and Ménélique, all in Bacchic raptures, brandish bunches of gaudy flowers and fruits. In contrast to these Dionysiac vagabonds, the two haunted kings, % Saul and Candaule, seem all the more dismal and neurotic. Michel and Marceline - the Immoralist and his victim - stride in a pallid, phosphorescent aureole; but around Alissa the air is placid and pure, bathed in heavenly hues. Jerome, her lover, fades away on her side - sacrificed by his bride as an oblation to the deity, as Michel sacrificed Marceline to the Evil One.

They pass by, they glide through the fragrant night - an array of spectres bearing the unmistakable features of that extraordinary old man smiling in reveries. There is Lafcadio, a jaunty and elegant spook - teasing the Calvinist minister, who tries to hide behind a screen of self-delusion and hypocrisy. "From now on I will live chastely," mumbles the clergyman. "No more cigarettes!" For ~~he~~ the hero of La Symphonie Pastorale has transformed himself into Pastor Vedel, the director of the boarding school where the boys amuse themselves with murder and forgeries. Look at old La Pérouse carrying his tragic head as if it were too heavy

and woeful a burden! Look at Vincent, who thinks himself the Devil, intoxicated by Lady Griffith's kisses as by poisonous wine. His brother Olivier, at once airy and resilient, escapes from Passavant's velvety clasp, to be received by Edouard. Bernard needs no protection: alert and pugnacious he meets his demon alone and wrestles him without anybody's assistance. But if he turned his head and glanced back, he would recognize the Prodigal Son, his saturnine double, oscillating between repentant and rebellious impulses; now the penitent kneeling before his father, now his older brother's restive antagonist, now again the simple son of a simple and anxious mother, and now - what has changed him? - the demoniac seducer who whispers glowing words to a keen, corruptible child.

The younger brother of the Prodigal Son - his name is perhaps Caloub? - will wander and go astray and seek God in debaucheries and in prayers. They all are compelled to wander, to continue their quest - always in search of their own intrinsic identity and of the Strait Gate that leadeth unto life: Alissa and Narcissus, André Walter and Nathanael, the Immoralist and Lafcadio, Olivier and Edouard, Bernard and the Prodigal Son, and the three tragic kings - Saul, Candaulus, and Oedipus. The last has perhaps the best chance to find the narrow way; for he has renounced his crown and his eye-sight for an inner light that will guide and protect him. They are unafraid, the illuminated blind man and his obedient child: they have each other and they have the world. Wherever their disquietude may lead them, they will find brothers and sisters with whom to share their sorrow and their joy.

King Oedipus, experienced in all kinds of errors and transgressions, delusions and blasphemies, finally arrives at certain simple and basic truths. Only he who has bitterly suffered from Man has the right to repeat, with Oedipus and Gide, these words of Sophocles: "Many things

are admirable; but nothing is more admirable than Man."

He passed through the infernos of despair and skepticism, to conclude his lifework with this plain and heartening message: "Comrade! Do not accept life as a fait accompli! Never cease to believe that it could be richer and finer - your life, and the lives of your fellow-men. Take nothing for granted! Question everything! Insist on proofs for every theory! Help to bring about improvements on every evil! One day you will understand that it is Man - not God - whom we should blame for the disarray of our wordly affairs. From that day on you will no longer acquiesce in evil."

He who experienced every form of sorrow and sacrifice sums up his wisdom, succinctly and cordially: "Nature indicates beyond doubt that Man is destined for happiness."

A spirited explorer of iridescent mysteries, he followed his demon on many a crooked and devious path. "Hell, like paradise, is within ourselves," says Gide, and cries out, with the Miltonic Satan: "which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell."

There was always a fiery token luring and guiding him. The relentless flame parched his skin and wounded his sensitive heart; it often led him astray and at times almost destroyed him. But he is proud and tenacious: he survived. And as he continues to live and to struggle, the diabolic spark reveals its divine origin: behold, it triumphs and shines; it is spirit and love, life and light.

The old wanderer, overwhelmed by his vision, covers his aching eyes with his hands. He weeps. He jubilates. And he prays:

O trop claire lumière
Transperce mes paupières!
Ta vérité, Seigneur,
M'a blessé jusqu'au coeur.

* * *

T h e E n d

*

(EPILOGUE: p.325 ((American edition)), the last paragraph ((beginning with, "He passed through the infernos...")) and the whole text of p.326 to be replaced by the following lines):

Man, the Admirable, has not yet been sufficiently admired or sufficiently praised. One may still have enough time to complete another monument reaffirming, enhancing the glory of the human species.

Who would be a suitable protagonist for an epopee of this kind? A Greek, no doubt! Yes, it has to be a son of Hellas; the reunion with that beloved sphere will have the effect of a rejuvenating bath, a tonic...

Among the Hellenic heroes, there is one whose strength surpasses even that of Hercules, whose wit and fortitude equal those of Ulysses. Theseus, son of Aegeus, king of Athens! Theseus, who rid Attica of Procrustes and other monsters, who slew the Minotaur, and carried off the two daughters of King Minos, Ariadne and Phaedra.

It would certainly be delightful to tell the story of Theseus through the hero's own mouth, to identify oneself with this youthful fighter and liberator, to use him as a mouthpiece to sum up one's own message, as a mirror to reflect one's own face -- magically changed, transfigured, beautified!

Yes, he is our brother -- Thésée, the Attic hero! Like Lafcadio, he is a bastard of noble stock -- the illegitimate son of Poseidon, *god* of the waters. But this divine ancestry means very little to him; there are other things on which he prides himself -- his looks, his muscles, his intelligence. It is not his ambition to be a demigod or a superman; he is a man -- consciously, emphatically human, altogether "enfant de cette terre." As for the Olympians, his attitude towards

them seems skeptical, almost rebellious. He is quite willing to sacrifice some pious traditions for the sake of enlightenment. "Les premières et les plus importantes victoires que devait remporter l'homme," he will say, "c'est sur les dieux."

Theseus will not ~~be lost~~ ^{lose his way} in the Cretan labyrinth -- partly thanks to the good advice of Daedalus and the read thread of helpful Ariadne; partly, and mainly, thanks to his own moral and physical power of resistance. He will not perish; for he believes in life. He is fond of life -- its joys, its dangers, his infinite potentialities. He believes in Progress. "Ma grande force," he will say, "était de croire au progrès."

There he is, Thésée, the gallant conqueror of dragons and superstitions, the lover, the adventurer, the king -- his gracefully athletic figure joins the procession of shadows. How young he looks, at his patriarchal age! How fit and enterprising, after so many trials and exploits!

He has maintained the creative inquiétude, the dynamic restlessness of his heart: Hence this youthful gait, this radiant smile, this juvenile alertness. He has never lost hope, in spite of bitter experiences. He has never betrayed his innate law, his destiny, his vocation.

A spirited explorer[?] of iridescent mysteries, he followed his demon on many a crooked path. There was always a fiery token luring and guiding him. The relentless flame parched his skin and wounded his sensitive heart; it often led him astray and at times almost destroyed him. But he is proud and tenacious: he survived.

He survived, and while following his own star, developing his own personality, he contributed to the well-being and enlightenment of his nation, nay, of the human race. His heroic individualism proved useful, proved serviceable, from

a social point of view. He served the cause of Light in this dark world. He looks back, he remembers, he says, Je suis content.

I am satisfied, says Theseus, the dragon-killer. I am not afraid. Without fear or regret, I am awaiting the hour of my lonely death. I have tasted pleasure and suffering. It is good to know that, thanks to my efforts and experiences, men will be a little wiser, a little happier than they were before. I have done my work, for the benefit of future generations. I have had my life.

J'ai vécu.

THE END

KM H 13

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Antiken unter Bruchsteinen - H. B. C.

" Gide "

(dwe / r)

THE PORTABLE ANDRÉ GIDE

SELECTION AND INTRODUCTION BY KLAUS MANN

TENTATIVE TABLE OF CONTENTS:

Fragments from "Les Cahiers d'André Walter" *

"Paludes" (The Swamps) * (?)

? * Fragments from "Les Nourritures Terrestres"

"In Memoriam Oscar Wilde"

"Pages de Journal" (Diary) * Knopf

"Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue" *

Essay on Baudelaire *

Notes on Chopin *

A Chapter from "La Porte Etroite" (Strait is the Gate...) Knopf

"Numquid, et Tu...?" (Religious Notes) *

A Chapter from "Les Faux-Monnayeurs" (The Counterfeiters) Knopf

"Pages de Journal" (Diary) * Knopf

"Geneviève" (A Short Novel)

Essay on Montaigne David McKay ?

Fragments from "Voyage au Congo" Knopf

Fragments from "Les Nouvelles Nourritures" *

A Scene from "Oedipe" (Drama) *

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P R O L O G U E

The other day a friend of mine dropped in - a young American, well-read and keenly interested in literature, but not a professional man of letters. The following dialogue developed:

Friend: Hello, what are you up to? Working again? I envy you your patience. Whenever I come, you're busy. What is it this time? Something political, I suppose?

I: Not exactly...

Friend: Fiction?

I: No, I'm afraid it isn't fiction, either.

Friend: But what is it, then? Don't tell me you're fooling around with philosophy! Not in times like these! With a war going on... Now I know what it is. A biography. Naturally. The story of some old general or dictator, with striking analogies to current developments.

I: It's a kind of biography, all right. But it has nothing to do with strategy or with dictatorship; rather with literature. Why shouldn't I admit it, after all? It's a monograph about a great ^{modern} ~~living~~ writer.

Friend: An American writer?

I: He happens to be French. It is André Gide.

Friend: Now, who could that be... Don't tell me! I'll guess... Anatole France? Barrès? Marcel Proust? Malraux? Or do you write on General de Gaulle as a great French stylist?

I: It isn't General de Gaulle. It is André Gide.

Friend: Gide? Is he that important?

I: I believe he is.

Friend: Not that I ~~would~~ question his abilities. In fact, I recall

having read some of his books, which seemed pretty exciting to me, at the time. The Counterfeiters, for instance; and the story of an African journey; and another novel about a man who has tuberculosis and infects his wife. A rather lurid affair, isn't it? Its title, too, is kind of pompous and sinister, if I am not mistaken. The Anti-Christ, or The Demon, or something of that kind.

I: The Immoralist.

Friend: So that's what he is, your French hero - an immoralist. Well well well...

I: Maybe he is, in a sense. But one has called him also one of the few great moralists of this time. It seems difficult to label him.

Friend: Sounds mighty mysterious. To tell the truth, I begin to get a bit tired of all these psychological complexities. What we need, at this point, is clear-cut, sturdy solutions. Frankly, I doubt that Gide will help us to find them.

I: He may help us to seek them, though. In fact, he is unusually experienced in all kinds of quest.

Friend: All artists are, I am told. They are all given to adventures and experiments, which is their right, or even their vocation. It just happens to be a somewhat luxurious vocation, under the circumstances.

I: If art is luxury, civilization is, too. Love and heroism and probity are as luxurious and as unnatural as is art.

Friend: You are playing on words - probably under the influence of your wonderful Gide. Evidently, it is precisely the heroic element I am missing in art, or rather, in many artists. Most of them are aloof, vain, playful, irresponsible.

I: Gide is an exception, perhaps.

Friend: I hope so, for your sake and his. But, if I remember correctly, he is rather on the evasive side.

I: What would you like him to be? A fanatic?

Friend: A man, that is to say, earnestly and sincerely concerned with

the great, urgent issues confronting us.

I: If he were not, do you think I'd write a book on him?

Friend: Why, I wouldn't blame you if you felt, at times, like escaping from all those ugly, intricate problems.

I: To write about André Gide does hardly mean to escape from anything, except vulgarity. He does not dodge the vital conflicts of our time but integrates them with his work and with his personal drama. Gide's work is a microcosm involving the complete scope of modern man's experiences and obsessions. All human values on which our civilization ~~are~~ is based are at stake in his inner dialogue.

Friend: But a spiritual leader should do more, and something more constructive, than just echo our dilemmas. What I expect from him is the example of his vision and ~~of his~~ determination.

I: Must vision be reduced to a political program to inspire you? Is the passionate will for intellectual integrity not a form of moral determination? Is a man necessarily undecided when he recognizes his own inherent contradictions and polarities?

Friend: How fond you are of big words! We here rather distrust them.

I: They seem indispensable, at times, to express thoughts that are not quite simple.

Friend: Not simple enough, perhaps, for this coarse time and for the requirements of this fighting nation.

I: Is our fight so simple? Its causes and its objectives look rather involved to me.

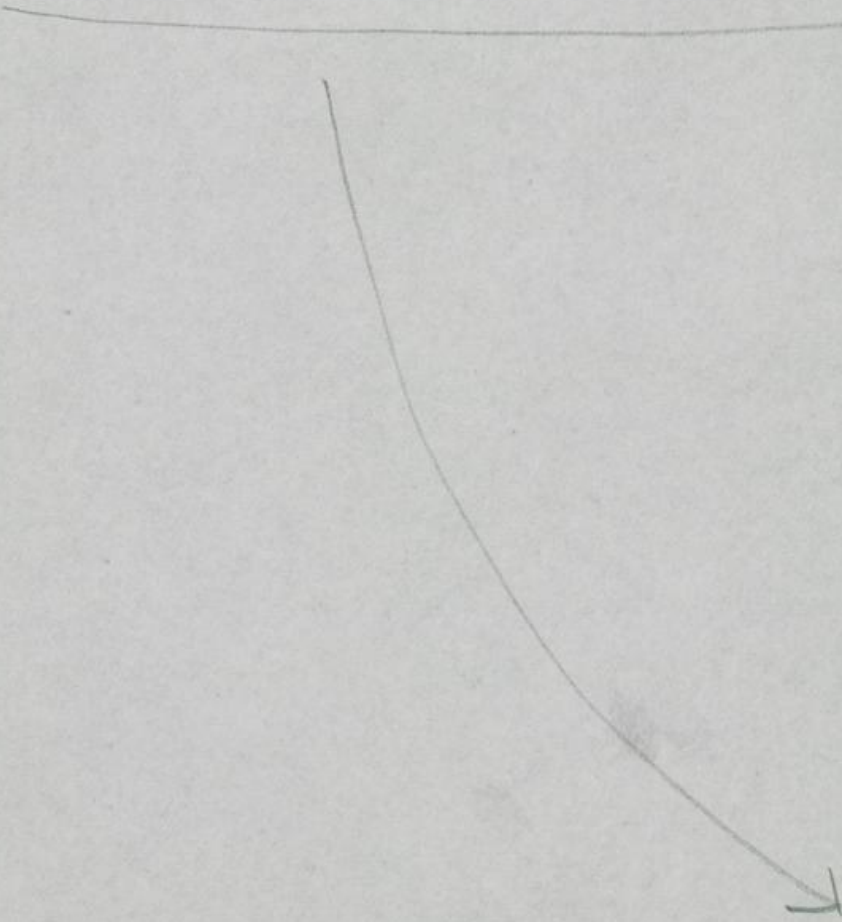
Friend: Those who brood too much over the objectives and causes are not likely to put up a very good fight. The French may be exceedingly thoughtful and subtle. But they certainly didn't give a very impressive performance, in 1940.

I: But Gide does, in 1942.

Friend: That may be so. Yet he is a Frenchman, which speaks, in my opinion, against writing a book on him.

Friend: That may be so. Yet it strikes me as kind of odd that you pick a French writer as representative of modern literature. Isn't the genius of France a little compromised by the behavior of certain French geniuses?

I: To begin with, I ~~did not~~ chose André Gide as my hero, not because he is French, but because I consider him a great man. Human greatness, I think, transcends the sphere to which national discriminations are relevant and applicable. Besides I believe that you are mistaken as far as the genius of France is concerned. The French contribution ~~to~~ can still compete with that of any other nation. And as for the disgrace of France, it is but one aspect and consequence of a universal malady. In my opinion, it is unfair and short-sighted to blame the French for mistakes and deficiencies, which may reveal the alarming state of our civilization but are hardly responsible for the general mess.



~~short-sighted to blame the French for mistakes which are barely more glaring than those made by the gentlemen in Moscow, London, and elsewhere.~~
 If it is true that France was soft and selfish, and needed a cruel lesson - she has got plenty of it. Is it not in the interest of our cause ~~of~~ ~~conviction~~ that she ~~regain~~ ~~regain~~ regain her self-confidence and her vitality? Out of chivalry and out of political wisdom, we ought to encourage France. To me, it is only natural to reaffirm, just now, my gratitude to a great people and to a great cultural tradition to which I owe so much.
Friend: All right. Presuming, then, that there is no objection to devoting a book to Gide - why should you be the right man to write it? Don't you think it's a job for somebody of Gide's nationality and of Gide's generation?

I: There you've got me. I don't feel like arguing with you when you suggest that other writers are much better than I am.

Friend: Don't be childish, I didn't ^{suggest} ~~say~~ anything of the kind. What I tried to say is simply that a Frenchman is likely to be more at home in the intellectual sphere of your hero than you could possibly be. Moreover, I don't quite see why you, a man in his middle thirties, should discuss the writings of an old chap who could easily be your grandfather. Are there no geniuses under seventy worthwhile to talk about?

I: The question of age seemed greatly exciting to me when I was twenty or so. It was fun to rave and to rant - against "the fathers," for "the younger generation." But these ^{antagonies} ~~discriminations~~ have become curiously meaningless, ~~since, as hollow and futile, indeed, as are national antagonies.~~
 As things stand now, the crucial division is not between old and young; nor do I believe that there are profound and primary splits between the different nations. The profound and primary schism, at this point, has nothing to do with generations or with national bodies: it is a contrast ^{of thought} and a rivalry between two incompatible human attitudes. The one school ^{of thought} propagates and practises the old philosophy of violence and exploitation,

whereas the other - almost equally ancient but still revolutionary - sticks to the concepts of progress and education. The anti-humanistic and anti-progressive school is now conspicuously and frightfully represented by certain misguided nations and their diabolic governments. But, evidently, there are adherents to either philosophy in all countries and among men of every age. And, believe me, those from the hostile camp are more conscious of their natural solidarity than we are of ours. A Fascist from Berlin or Rome will recognize and hail a sympathizer in Tokyo or Paris, in Rio or Detroit - no matter what the fellow-Fascist's age and nationality. Why should we confine our interest and our admiration to our ~~own~~ contemporaries and compatriots? Why should a German refugee and Czech citizen, ~~immigrant~~ into the United States, not write an English book about a French novelist? - presuming, of course, that the French novelist is a champion of the universal cause, and that the expatriated German knows what he's talking about.

Friend: Well, how much do you know about Gide? ~~What you write about him~~
Have you done any writing about him before?

I: A few minor things. Articles here and there - some of them pretty long. It so happens that Gide's work has never ceased to influence my intellectual life, from the day on when I read him for the first time - about eighteen years ago.

Friend: Have you known him for so many years? - personally, I mean.

I: Doesn't it sound awful? Eighteen years... And I was only eighteen years old when I met him, in 1925.

Friend: Does he read things written about his books? Does he approve of what ~~what~~ you've written about him?

I: I was hoping that you'd ask this question. For I wanted a pretext to show you a letter from him, in reference to an extensive ~~review of his~~ ~~book~~ paper about him I had just published in Switzerland. The book I

Friend: The sequel to his diary didn't come through, I suppose? It's a pity; his Retouches might have made fine reading. That's what I like about you writers - or rather, about artists in general - ; that you are exacting towards yourself, the way medieval craftsmen may have been, I figure. An ordinary fellow does his job just to get it done with. But you folks seem never quite satisfied with what you've accomplished. You have that ~~ten~~ queer obsession to revise and retouch your work and make it more nearly perfect.

I: Didn't you say before that artists are irresponsible parasites?

Friend: Aren't they, in a sense? But at the same time they are quaintly conscientious. That is, perhaps, what we should learn from them - disinterested, generous conscientiousness.

I: You'll find this spirit in the books of Gide - combined with other qualities of more iridescent nature. Why don't you reread The Counterfeiter? Or try his essays! Or perhaps his Journal.

Friend: Without retouches? Never! I'm afraid I'll have to content myself with your thoughts dedicated to Gide, for want of his afterthoughts that were supposed to be dedicated to you.

I: That's a charming way of putting it. Thanks. And now, will you please excuse me. I don't mean to be rude, but...

Friend: But ^{you} feel like throwing me out. Probably ^{you} have to retouch a few very important foot notes? It's all right with me; I'll have to get going anyhow. But you'd better be not too fussy! One never knows, nowadays, what may interfere with one's work. It would be a shame, wouldn't it, if the crisis prevented you from saying what, you think, should be said about André Gide and the crisis of modern thought.

Revolution

Man, in contrast to the animals, has developed an abundance of contradictory impulses and qualities within his character. Thanks to this synthesis, he could become the master of the world.

Friedrich Nietzsche

Ma valeur est dans ma complication.
André Gide

When the first World War was over the martyred peoples knew too much and not enough about each other. They were only too well informed of their neighbour's respective vices and deficiencies, they ignored each other's ^{and their} ~~respective~~ ^{disgraceful qualities} ~~endeavours and accomplishments~~. International fame was ^{and their} ~~confining~~ ^{disgraceful qualities} to generals, politicians, and the inventors of new devastating weapons. Four years of ~~hateful~~ ^{and relentless} struggle had sufficed to sap, or to destroy, the very notion of cosmopolitan culture.

The Germans ~~were most responsible~~ ^{were most painfully affected by} than any other nation for these ominous developments, for which they ~~were~~ ^{were} more responsible than any other nation.

The very nation that ~~was most~~ ^{was} responsible for these ominous developments was also most painfully affected by them. If the average Germans ~~groaned~~ ^{about} ~~even more~~ ^{under} the economic blockade, the German intelligentsia suffered ~~cruelly~~ ^{even more} from their ~~cultural isolation~~ ^{spiritual}. For the Germans are ~~less~~ ^{less} equipped than any other ~~people~~ ^{people} for ~~cultural autarky~~ ^{intellectual}. self-sufficiency. The Latin races, together with the Anglosaxon world, form a vast cultural unity, which may continue to ~~be~~ ^{live and to create} ~~productive~~ ^{and Slavic} - even when disconnected from the Germanic ~~sphere~~ ^{actually}. Nor does Russia depend on the stimulus from the West: she can always withdraw to her Asiatic ~~origins and traditions~~ ^{sources and memory}. But Germany is doomed without a lively and

not yet given to ~~the~~ ^{unless it maintains} ~~the~~ ^{the}

" Fame is the sum of all
misconceptions circulating
about one individual."

R. M. R.

" No one complicity has
Sir with, it now runs
free!"

A. G.

ball ship, and to the
unknown soldier
the victim of poor
men's imaginations —

intercourse with the outside world. The land of Europe's middle ~~needs~~ ^{as long as} is productive only when it receives and gives, when it feels ~~itself~~ ^{connected} ~~with the main currents of international life.~~ The German genius becomes sterile or inimical, as soon as it secludes itself from the currents of international life. ^{10. inter-urban}

In 1919, ~~an~~ exhausted, bankrupt Germany hankered for advice and inspiration from abroad. A guilty, ~~muddled~~ ^{and exhausted}, tragic generation (or at least the better part of it) was ~~avid~~ ^{hungry} for the comfort of knowledge: eager to fraternize with the world. The intellectual vanguard of the defeated Reich clamored for information. What was going on in London and New York? How had ~~French~~ ^{Italian} art, Russian music developed, since 1914? What were the newest ~~formulas~~ ^{discoveries} of international science? ~~How~~ ^{had} What happened in Hollywood? Who were the up-to-date celebrities in French literature? ~~in German youth looked out for~~ ^{to the American film who} ~~in Moscow, Rome of Hollywood~~

~~What~~ To many of us, the goings-on in Paris seemed more attractive, more significant than ~~even~~ ^{our section of} what occurred in Moscow or Hollywood. France - most bitterly hated by German nationalists - remained the ~~love~~ ^{and the hope} and the idol of German liberal intellectuals. The ~~greatest~~ ^{most stirring} literary ~~sensation~~ ^{sensation} in post-War Germany was Romain Rolland's pedagogical sage, the Jean-Christophe. ^{In the 20s, 30s, 40s, 50s, 60s, 70s, 80s, 90s, 100s, 110s, 120s, 130s, 140s, 150s, 160s, 170s, 180s, 190s, 200s, 210s, 220s, 230s, 240s, 250s, 260s, 270s, 280s, 290s, 300s, 310s, 320s, 330s, 340s, 350s, 360s, 370s, 380s, 390s, 400s, 410s, 420s, 430s, 440s, 450s, 460s, 470s, 480s, 490s, 500s, 510s, 520s, 530s, 540s, 550s, 560s, 570s, 580s, 590s, 600s, 610s, 620s, 630s, 640s, 650s, 660s, 670s, 680s, 690s, 700s, 710s, 720s, 730s, 740s, 750s, 760s, 770s, 780s, 790s, 800s, 810s, 820s, 830s, 840s, 850s, 860s, 870s, 880s, 890s, 900s, 910s, 920s, 930s, 940s, 950s, 960s, 970s, 980s, 990s, 1000s, 1010s, 1020s, 1030s, 1040s, 1050s, 1060s, 1070s, 1080s, 1090s, 1100s, 1110s, 1120s, 1130s, 1140s, 1150s, 1160s, 1170s, 1180s, 1190s, 1200s, 1210s, 1220s, 1230s, 1240s, 1250s, 1260s, 1270s, 1280s, 1290s, 1300s, 1310s, 1320s, 1330s, 1340s, 1350s, 1360s, 1370s, 1380s, 1390s, 1400s, 1410s, 1420s, 1430s, 1440s, 1450s, 1460s, 1470s, 1480s, 1490s, 1500s, 1510s, 1520s, 1530s, 1540s, 1550s, 1560s, 1570s, 1580s, 1590s, 1600s, 1610s, 1620s, 1630s, 1640s, 1650s, 1660s, 1670s, 1680s, 1690s, 1700s, 1710s, 1720s, 1730s, 1740s, 1750s, 1760s, 1770s, 1780s, 1790s, 1800s, 1810s, 1820s, 1830s, 1840s, 1850s, 1860s, 1870s, 1880s, 1890s, 1900s, 1910s, 1920s, 1930s, 1940s, 1950s, 1960s, 1970s, 1980s, 1990s, 2000s, 2010s, 2020s, 2030s, 2040s, 2050s, 2060s, 2070s, 2080s, 2090s, 2100s, 2110s, 2120s, 2130s, 2140s, 2150s, 2160s, 2170s, 2180s, 2190s, 2200s, 2210s, 2220s, 2230s, 2240s, 2250s, 2260s, 2270s, 2280s, 2290s, 2300s, 2310s, 2320s, 2330s, 2340s, 2350s, 2360s, 2370s, 2380s, 2390s, 2400s, 2410s, 2420s, 2430s, 2440s, 2450s, 2460s, 2470s, 2480s, 2490s, 2500s, 2510s, 2520s, 2530s, 2540s, 2550s, 2560s, 2570s, 2580s, 2590s, 2600s, 2610s, 2620s, 2630s, 2640s, 2650s, 2660s, 2670s, 2680s, 2690s, 2700s, 2710s, 2720s, 2730s, 2740s, 2750s, 2760s, 2770s, 2780s, 2790s, 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There are still German
some interesting
notes for Paris

This ~~question~~ ^{point of view} ~~and~~ and ~~con-~~
did not define itself to me for
comment.

The kind of European ~~can~~
when just ~~refers~~ on exchange
competition.

The ~~spiritual~~ ^{spiritual} equilibrium,
in fact, its existence
as a cultural ~~system~~ ^{system},
depends on a global ^{work}
of exchange.

depends on a ~~global~~ ^{work} system
of ~~interconnected~~ ^{interconnected}
affinity. Gradually, I, that
general ~~question~~ ^{question} before to
~~the system~~ ^{the system} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~still~~ ^{still}
and ~~still~~ ^{still}

Adrian and ~~control~~ ^{control} from
outside are ~~different~~ ^{different} to
that highly ~~given~~ ^{given}, but
disproportionate ~~unbalanced~~ ^{unbalanced} nature.
What ~~dislocation~~ ^{dislocation} ~~perceived~~ ^{perceived} in the
relation of 4).

urgent questions. He found no ^{adequate} ~~images~~ ^{expressions} to express our secret longings and protests. He was too mild and mellow - all devoid of violence and eccentricity. ^{the lack of a definite and appropriate uncertainty of that sort for our election.}

And then, he was not really French enough for the German lovers of France. We thought him somewhat too German. ~~A novel~~ Books like his Jean-Christophe or his Beethoven biography might have been produced in our own country - which inevitably diminished their charm.

Characteristically, Rolland's ^{resolute} ~~benign~~ eloquence reached us from his idyllic retreat, somewhere in the Swiss mountain valley. His serene and dignified voice came

Rolland's benevolent eloquence reached us, characteristically, from a ^{mountain valley in Switzerland, where} ~~neutral, colourless place~~: the ^{great} ~~eminent~~ European resided ~~some-~~ where in Switzerland, at the geographic and historic junction of Italian, French, and German influences. Such a neutral, colourless background fitted perfectly that exemplary citizen of the world, ~~who~~ - the sublime pacifist and humanitarian, detached and understanding, au dessus de la mêlée. But, unquestionably, there were other voices - more stirring and more authentic, more dangerous, more Parisian.

In search of new rhythms and images we looked at the capital of France, the capital of Europe. There, if anywhere, the ~~tumultuous experiences and trends of the our generation~~ we could hope to find the valid formulas to define and to elucidate ^{our destiny} ~~the turbulent exper-~~ ience.

We sensed that new, exciting things were ^{occurring} ~~in the making~~ on the banks of the Seine River. Evidently, the Paris of 1920 was no longer the Paris of 1890 or of 1912. The Dreyfus affair seemed immeasurably remote - a mythic event, something like the Trojan War or the triumphs of Ludendorff's strategy. All this had happened centuries ago. Now the time of Emile Zola was over: ~~he was an~~

that we sought the ~~values~~ ^{values} and the ~~completeness~~ ^{completeness},
the ~~general~~ ^{general} ~~balanced~~ ^{balanced} and
and complete the

values and formulas to
for the
complete and complete balance
and in the past for you - last
and ~~chaotic~~ vision.

We who had been at the
Ward began to ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~amplified~~ ^{amplified}
familiar with the
of fact, we did not even want
the advice of older generation
but 5 years of this rapid change
it was our ambition to discover
our own for the ~~future~~ ^{future} of
H. H. our had the ~~past~~ ^{past}.

massive the organic garden of his naturalism. Since the day
his grandeur had become dusty and cumbersome. The iridescent glamour
of the fin de siècle waned, along with the massive importance of the
Naturalistic effort. The myth of Symbolism was over, and the myth of
Naturalism too. Baudelaire and Degas were gorgeous memories, like the
features of Sarah Bernhardt or the hats of the Empress Eugénie.
France had become restless, revolutionary. The old was tarnished.
A new myth was in the making.

Of course, this pivotal process had already started before the War.
But it takes time for developments of such magnitude to manifest them-
selves, to become creative and articulate.

For centuries the concept of French culture had been identified with
Latin Logic and Gallic esprit. French culture, that was something at
once flippant and boisterous, dashing and saucy and a little shallow.
Voltaire's acrid wit was deemed the essence of the French contribution.
The French spirit was represented, in the opinion of five continents,
by the pompous rhetorics of Victor Hugo, the fierce probity of Georges
Clemenceau, the brilliant scepticism of Anatole France, and the admirable
charm of M. de Mistiguet.

But then the time of Anatole France turned out was suddenly out and
over. Not that he ceased to be a great writer - naturally not. But his
was no longer the voice of French youth. His message was too transparent
and too smooth - bare of too reasonable, bare of mystery.

Anatole France did not suffice, any more. Gradually his work took
on that patine of respectability, which makes an artist acceptable to
the academicians and tiresome to the young. The French genius had outgrown
The French genius had outgrown the elegant aloofness of the master-
stylists, the pallid subtleties of the décadents, the august rigidity
of the Parnassians.

The French genius seemed intoxicated with new ecstasies, haunted by
new visions and uncertainties, obsessed with new passions and problems.
He had a new radiant with a new
and a new vision.

-an in vap'w.

✓ Benighted, degenerated & p.
viewed new disquieting
aspects of its complex
and a foreign quality
~~Strained to have lost i~~
a youthful ~~breakdown~~ boy
of which he seemed to have
lost long ago.

and the hackneyed grandeur of
~~Edward R.'s~~ and
Robert and
affirmed the existence of her
few survivors.

But it was only now, in those
fort. was days, that the influence
of St. Pierre's A. R. Lantier, and
from 1. Mrs. R. Lantier, and
visible to me all, the
of R's image of the Dr. Pont transposed
from an Europ. youth to the
unfamiliar adventure, Proust's motion
some of the ideal - the being
Richard - but there's something
message alive the shape
of the
mission -

~~Charles - Louis Thérèse's
glowing simplicity is
the epoch of fastidious
indulgence is over.
Now the time of passion
is gone.~~

Charles Proust, and the fashion
of Heroin

echoes the virile grandeur of Roman life.
Its moral essence and formal manifestation are purely and emphatically Latin - viril and spirited, at once logical and visionary. Péguy was believed fanatically in the ideas of Nationalism, Heroism, Traditionalism. But he filled these ideas, which can be so trite and hostile, with a new flame, a new passion.

Charles Péguy, or the passion of Integrity and Heroism.

Paul Claudel, or the passion of Faith.

Péguy's work and figure have the abrupt radiance of a lightning - painfully intense, ~~fragmentary~~ ^{blinding} of an aggressive, purity and relentless will. Claudel's song is burdened with beauty as trees may be burdened with too heavy fruits, when the, sometimes late in the autumn. The colour that prevails in his poetic world is a solemn and somber purple. His tragedies and invocations possess the ~~saturnine~~ ^{sober austere} splendor of ~~medieval~~ ^{Gothic} sculptures. With inspired obstinacy he keeps striving for the absolute. Life is "an unending tempest" to that this grim God-seeker - "the volubriousness of death."

Paul Valéry has the passion of ~~form~~ ^{style}. He renounced writing poetry for two decades to study mathematics. When he began to write again, soon after the war, his verse had assumed the crystal lucidity of mathematic formulas.

"The life of the gods is mathematics," says the German poet Novalis.

There was a new ~~sense~~ ^{sense} for the tragic - ~~most obviously~~ ^{most dramatically} in the writings of Charles Péguy; ~~transposed into the religious fervor~~ ^{but perceptible also} in the sublime fanaticism of Paul Claudel; dominated and pacified in the architectonic grace of Paul Valéry; insolluble, ~~ponderous~~ ^{ponderous}, and confused in the perpetual ponderous, searching prose of André Suarès.

A. Suarès, or the incurable passion. He is the Christian who refuses to be saved: "Vous êtes né pour la vie sainte, et moi pour la vie tragique," he ends & concludes his imaginary dialogue with Pascal. He worships the principle of Life but is unable to enjoy it.

The God-seeker who does not want to find what God looks like.

There were new passions and new explorations.

Marcel Proust explored ~~new depths and spaces in the soul of man.~~ ^{the abyssal secrets of the human mind} ^{he was} ^{ventured} on the mysteries of time and memory, as Rimbaud embarked for the deserts and jungles of Africa. ~~He~~ ^{he was} ^{discovered} a Columbus of psychology, ~~he~~ ^{he} ^{discovered} new continents of our consciousness. ^{new insights}

~~Others explored and articulated the collective consciousness.~~

While Proust delved into the depths of the individual soul, others ~~defined~~ ^{striving for a new definition} were concerned with the interrelations and affinities between the individual and the collective psyche. The younger generation reaffirmed and formulated anew the solidarity of human ^{sort} ^{all} ^{life} experience. Jules Romains established the literary school of Unanimism ⁱⁿ ^{to} striving for a comprehensive awareness and expression of our experiences as members and particles of one indivisible social organism. ^{The Sun. explore the landscape of} ^{paranoia, the grandeur of the conscious}

Others again were less ambitious. ^{disa} ^{of most} ^{to be} They explored the night clubs in Bukarest and New York, the sexual particularities of Berlin and Budapest. Paul Morand, ^{to Shanghai} ^{from} a genius of flippancy, discovered Europe Galante. He introduced prize fighters and the jargon of international gossip into the realm of high literature. He reveled in jazz and journalism. He, too, ^{it only by interpreting jazz} ^{into the angust of} in his widened and intensified the French centri for all his snobbism and triviality, contributed to the intensification of the élan vital. ^{his novels are antithesis}

Jean Giraudoux ^{to those} tried to combine the exacting ~~trap~~ ^{trap} Proust's clairvoyant incisive inspired minuteness with Morand's reckless agility. ^{in his plays} however, he attempted to marry the antique myths with the elegant scepticism of the Boulevards. An ingenious experimenter, he ventured on ever new playful fusions and transformations of incoherent elements. He juggled with incoherent elements and traditions - playfully and assiduously. It was delightful to watch his ~~stunts~~ ^{elegant feats}. ^{as a man as well} A skillful diplomat and brilliant opportunist, in his private life as well as in his literary production, he juggled with incoherent patterns and traditions - bringing about ever new and ever delightful cocktails. ^{view}

He is ~~also~~ ^{diplomatic} a man of the world with the imagination of ...

abandoned himself
to ~~embarrass~~ in a sort
of mystic waiting

"Je cesse d'exister à l'instant
présent" (Remains of

- the poet, and restlessness
multiply, dimly, in lit.
expressed, mainly by the
two the founder

Valéry Larbaud -

"le rénovateur de notre
sensibilité", specializing
in the complete
negation of millionaires
- model of the sphere

Re. He ~~averted~~ ~~and~~ ~~reaffirmed~~ ~~and~~ ~~reaffirmed~~
deeply the ~~ideal~~ ~~and~~ ~~reaffirmed~~ ~~and~~ ~~reaffirmed~~ of
of and imagination, ~~fulfilling~~
of the ~~founder~~ ~~and~~ ~~reaffirmed~~

What enchanting variety of new trends and faces! ~~What disconcerting~~
~~multitude of types!~~ All efforts to reduce the French race to the narrow
notion of Latinity appear futile and fatuous in view of the manifold
idioms and attitudes displayed by ~~the~~ French literature ~~is~~ of that particular
epoch.

~~The mildness and gravity of Romain Rolland's prose~~
~~Montherlant, the spirited bard of bull fights, has~~

The books of Henri de Montherlant have a Spanish climat, rather than
a French atmosphere. The ^{rocky} spirited verve of his prose reminds us of ~~the~~
those ~~Spanish~~ toreros, whose truculent ^{grand} elegance he ~~is wont to extol,~~

~~In Julien Green's superb melancholy~~

The inconsolable characters of Julien Green seem to move through
strange, bewitched spaces, where ~~the~~ stifling air of French provincial
towns is imbued with the ^{flavour} ~~superb memories~~ of English ^{style} ~~romanticism~~ and
also with certain memories of the author's ~~American homeland.~~ His
tragedies take place in mysterious twilight. There are undertones of
Is his realistic ^{mysticism} ~~romanticism~~ typically French? Hardly; for it ~~contains~~
~~contains~~ suggests ^{not only} the saturnine ^{and} grandeur of Emily Brontë, and even
echoes moods of the German-romantic school. But the ~~combination~~ new
fusion, the unprecedented tune ^{was} ~~were~~ conceived in Paris: the French
language ~~was~~ is the instrument ^{through} ~~through~~ which this unprecedented vision
could become articulate.

In the figure of Romain Rolland, ~~who was at the time the most cele-~~
~~brated French author in Germany,~~ the French genius appeared almost
denationalized....

(Page 2/3)

✓ Assumes the ^{black grandeur}
of Montherlant's Heights

Mr. M. is a cynical but delightful
man who has the charm and value of
an unusually brilliant first;
His summary M. G. remains always the
diplomat. He is in his prime

M. G. adds a new dimension
to the traditional elegance of
French prose — a dazzling
new and indiscreet charm
marked (characteristic) new

His stream-lined wit of ism ~~that~~
~~as~~ seems mixed with the
inexhaustible versatility of a
~~first~~ ~~of times~~ ~~has~~ ~~a~~ ~~style~~ but engaged
imitation, what with the new
P. L. ~~has~~ ~~common~~

the same of a
high-level cognitive and
the ~~summary~~ with of
a ~~specific~~ ~~(the)~~ ~~disposition~~
Surrealism ~~gigolo~~

introducing the magic Nixmad.

Jean Cocteau was certainly French - even indeed, unmistakably Parisian. But the traditional bravura of his artistry surpasses all conventions... - a token of Paris like the Eiffel Tower or straw hat of Maurice Chevalier. Yet he lives in a magic sphere of his own - the uncanny magic realm where the authentic legends are born...

Cocteau's legend was interwoven with the legends of other poets, dancers, painters, actors, and musicians... His hectic glory appeared connected with scores of other names of already half-mythic glamour. Picasso's dynamic abstractions loom up behind Cocteau's svelt and nimble figure silhouette... And the enchanted horses of Chirico with the royal manes... The Ballet Russe, - Serge Lifar competing with Nijinsky's stunning leaps... in front of settings designed by Marie Laurencin or Christian Bérard... *that is the Nixmad who became Yagor...*

Cocteau's risky legend connotes the ravishing *disorder* of Strawinsky's music, the feets of the music halls, (Barbette, the daring young hermaphrodite at the high trapeze), the splendor of the Russia Ballet - with Serge Lifar trying to imitate the stunning leaps which Nijinsky now executes in the solitude of an insane asylum.

The phosphorescent glory of that obsessed virtuosi, Cocteau, however tawdry and problematic it may be - somehow involves the whole essence of post-War Paris - not its profundity but its colourful surface...

3 the fragile children and their designs by Marie Laurencin; the Greek myths with the violent gesture of a sword in a new violent presentation; the mortal spell of narcotics; the almost heroic nihilism of an absolute; frantic aestheticism of the night of rhythm and rituals, disquiet and contents;

- duration of 1st for the Sec.
of an annual international,
an dexm d. l u m 2 l l y.

However, there ~~was~~ ^{is} a dimension lacking in Cocteau's ~~staggering~~ ^{style} uncanny virtuosity. It is all surface - no depth.... He is ~~inhuman~~ irresponsible... The artificial paradise in which he dwells is static and sterile - a barren Elysium... ~~Nothing is real in this world~~ Addicted to opium, he ignores the real problems of our ~~liv~~ life...

In one of his brilliant essays Cocteau recognizes opium as a kind of Ersatz religion: "L'opium ressemble à la religion dans la mesure où un illusionniste ressemble à Jesus."

~~Cocteau resembles a real artist - a real human being in the degree~~
~~Cocteau made his choice - in favour of opium. He is illusionist, a~~
~~He is a magician, rather than an artist.~~

~~There is a dimension lacking~~

~~He is an enchanting freak - not a complete human being.~~

Something is lacking in all ~~of the stimulating works and figures I~~
~~just enumerated. All of them are stimulating; some possess real~~
~~greatness. Marcel Proust, for one, is an artist of the highest rank and~~
~~imposing stature. Yet he completely given to the fervent curiosity of the~~
~~psychological experimenter.... He gives the opes of a society - the~~
~~at once subtle and powerful~~ ^{chronicle} ~~of - of a complex society... But he~~
~~he deliberately renounces the role of a moral leader...~~

Men like Péguy and Rolland, on the other hand, ~~to quote to opposite~~
~~are completely possessed by their ethical mission.~~ ^{republican, ethical & political} Inspired propagandists,
~~they inevitably neglect~~ ^{or} ~~simplify those aspects of life, which are inapt~~
~~to promote the Cause.~~

While their notion of culture is biased and one-sided, it becomes
dangerously abstract in the case of Paul Valéry. ^{is too} ~~The limpid~~ His ~~sublime~~
formalism is always exquisite, ^{at times of} ~~sometimes - of elating compelling~~ ^{charm}
~~But we admire the limpid construction of his verse and prose like the~~
~~visions manifestations of a remote, pure energy, so: they are~~
~~remain somehow~~ ^{own} ~~undecoded, the problems we have to cope~~
~~with.~~

This incomparable artist is
all absorbed in his passionate
mania, which is to define
power and to articulate the
labor and the meticulous
obsession of one unperceivable,
an slaves on his

the magnificent and unperceivable

How could he be interested
in hunger for world and
mutilating its

Unspiced and brown as he is
at still remaining the whole
a mortal being. His sole desire
to finish the mutilation always
of ~~some~~ ~~minutes~~ of life

of the life as he is he starts
complicated he has known a form
the door How could he be interested
in hunger for world and
in this complex, sweet phenomenon?

It may be that the ~~serene~~ discipline of Paul Valéry's art anticipates a higher and purer state of our civilization to be attained in the future. His aristocratic detachment and august universalism ~~mark~~ ^{imply an implicit} goal, perhaps; but they hardly help us in our effort to reach it. The marble ~~elegance of his style~~ remains irrelevant to our quest and struggle.

Messages like those of Paul Claudel and André Suarès have a more direct bearing on the problem ^{we have} ~~we are forced~~ ^{now and here} to cope with. But, again, these two ~~inspired writers~~ ^{situation} disclose only some particular aspects of our complex experience. Besides both are somewhat irritating, for all their authentic greatness: Suarès, because of his odd persistence in asking questions, which he obviously does not wish to have answered; Claudel, as he ~~contents himself with~~ accepts an axiomatic system as a priori truth. His apodictic faith banishes and condemns ~~the painful~~ uncertainty, ~~the intriguing, inspiring qualities~~, which ~~form~~ the very essence of our ~~is~~ our primary cardinal and innermost experience, the essence of our lives.

Where was the synthesis of these many fragmentary efforts and achievements? Where could we find the ~~mind ample~~ ^{creative mind} and powerful and sensitive enough to include these many potentialities of contemporary ~~man~~ nation, of his generation, of the human race at this juncture of its development? contemporary man, the whole scope of ~~issues and~~ ^{problems} involved in his present crisis?

We looked around, kept asking, ^{and} ~~searching~~, seeking... and then there was one ~~name~~ ^{Man}, one ~~face~~ ^{name} that whose sound and legend struck us as more promising and more attractive than all the others. He was mentioned frequently, in many contradictory ways, - with hatred, admiration, ^{confidence} or fear; but never with indifference or disdain. What was that man, André Gide?

was he - that much - possible - much - standard

Whose instruction was fully
round the entire scope of

There were many prophets and
pedagogues who
in Paris and elsewhere

~~We have~~ ~~was~~ a ~~great~~

Some of them were a little
more of them than one to
be feared

When I ^{first} came to Paris, in 1924, André Gide was still comparatively unknown to the German public. Only one of his works, The Return of the Prodigal Son, enjoyed a certain popularity, thanks to Rainer Maria Rilke's magnificent translation. Some ~~of Gide's~~ other books by Gide were available in German adaptations but almost completely ignored by the ~~wider~~ ^{Not} public. Even so intellectual vanguard - ^{few really instructed} excepting a ~~small~~ experts - was aware of ^{Gide's} his significance.

One of these experts, however, happened to be a great friend of mine. Ernst Robert Curtius, Professor of Romance Languages at the University of Heidelberg, ^{was} ~~was~~ undoubtedly one of the most ~~competent~~ thorough connoisseurs of French literature in the Reich... on which France

and has done more than any body else to introduce writers

His books and lectures have been ^{reviewed} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~German~~ ^{German} ~~speaking~~ ^{speaking} ~~youth~~ ^{youth} the ~~ideas~~ ^{ideas} and ~~suspicion~~ ^{suspicion} of ~~contempt~~ ^{contempt} French thought.

~~Ernst Curtius~~ ^{Ernst Curtius} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~find~~ ^{find} ~~himself~~ ^{himself} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ground~~ ^{ground} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~intellectual~~ ^{intellectual} ~~importance~~ ^{importance} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~Gide~~ ^{Gide} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~literary~~ ^{literary} ~~achievement~~ ^{achievement}

Before we separate, at the start
of the, he furnished me with
a few last minute answers

"You'd better don't ask him again
about his poem, ~~for what~~
— why he wrote this or that,
or what he is planning to do,
at the moment.
That's one of his funny points: I
know he waits about, waiting
but it bothers him to talk
about what he is writing.

The book is not to talk
too much with him, any longer.
He's much more than to the way
with him — things he enjoys
doing. We have a man, he is a
when we meet for an afternoon
and look at the picture and
cards. He got quite a kick out
of it. I'm sure you'd find
but when it comes to rating a
man as something very good
Smith was a little bit
shaky on

that ~~the~~ Zola's time was over,
 and the time of Anatole France,
 and even Mallarmé's time;
 that there were new voices,
 and a new anxiety, and
 a new visionaries.

✓ We were told that new
 things were in the
 making; that the Paris

of 1920 was no longer
 the Paris of 1890 or of

1913; we heard new

(L.-L. Th. L.)

✓ Marcel Proust

✓ Valéry

Romain Rolland

✓ Valéry

Anatole France

Ch. Péguy

A.G.

— "the pioneer of a new form,"
 called them, in the fifth
 of his most popular books

|| destructive
" conservative" note

an anarchist; a don't know, in position.
He was a dangerous great French
franchise; the first great
franchise, however.

Nobody mentioned his
abolition as a writer;
everybody seemed to get
by his personal life. To
him, he was the man
who had participated in
G. W. L.'s du bionne divinity,
in Algeria; to others,
he was a most a saint.

There were gossiping literatures
who were running
him when he was with
Athenian ... 1900; which
others could not forget his noble
and helpful behavior during the
war.

The author

-4-

Thanks to Les Nourritures Terrestres and L'Immoraliste, ~~Gide~~ attained the admiration of the young. ^{W. 11} ~~Through~~ the foundation of the N R F, his influence became more solid and spectacular. ^{4.} Gide and his intimates ~~who~~ ^{themselves} were established as a vital force in the realm of French letters. And still ~~he tried to~~ attempted to hide from the vulgar curiosity of the cultured mob. He remained inaccessible and shy - ~~vaporiously aristocratic.~~

Portrait

TV

By spurning popularity he helped to build up his ~~own~~ legend. ^{the more} ~~he tried to make himself invisible, the more~~ ~~no matter if deliberately or unwittingly, he became mysterious, even fabulous,~~ ~~he became.~~ ~~he lived in splendid isolation - an erratic hermit,~~ ~~roving throughout Europe along the shores of distant lakes or of~~ ~~exotic rivers through exotic, beautiful landscapes or cloistering himself in distant and costly retreats. Deliberately or unwittingly,~~ ~~he encouraged the rumours spread by his~~ ~~stoges~~ ^{admirers} and his enemies. X

His whimsical attitude - this curious blend of bashfulness and exhibitionism - could not but stimulate gossip. ^{What} People knew ~~too much~~ ^{as a father} about his eccentricities ~~and not enough about the grave and sober~~ ^{as a father} aspects of his ^{work} life. There were spicy stories as to orgies with Arabian boys in which Gide participated, along with ^{the notorious} Oscar Wilde and his friend, Lord Douglas. The literary cafés were agog with anecdotes concerning the risky larks performed by Gide and his pals, in Marseille, Rome, or ~~Sardinia~~ Tunisia. He went as far as to import a native lad, Athman, from Algeria, where he had served him as a guide and playmate. What a hazardous thing to do! Gide ^{startled} ~~shocked~~ his bourgeois acquaintances, and even the bohemians, by showing off in public with the dark-skinned youth. In his company, he would saunter through the Arabian pavillon - one of the main attractions of the ~~the~~ Paris World's Fair, in 1900. Needless to say that such a conduct provoked a good deal of scandal.

No doubt, André Gide, in his youth, enjoyed shocking the Philistines,

Out of sincerity he became scandalous:
out of disimulation he became humorous.

V Liquid - related and

promoted by
idh. goßit i
admirals i
friends i
former friends - remains i

1146 ~~la Morte~~ was a challenge & a mystery.
His whole way of life was ~~puzzling and all too odd~~. It would have
simplified things if he had adhered, openly and completely, to a
philosophy of reckless hedonism. But he was not the pleasure-seeking
dandy ~~as~~ Oscar Wilde used to be, in his days. On the contrary, he dis-
played also respectable, even demure ~~features~~ qualities. The ~~immoralist~~ ^{inexhaustible}
and promiscuous lover was at the same time an affectionate husband;
in 1895 - shortly before the publications of the daring Nourritures
Terrestres - he got married to his cousin, Emmauele R., to whom he
remained tenderly and faithfully devoted, until death separated her
away from him.

His life seemed full of enigmas and contradictions. He was a vaga-
bond - uprooted and unbound; but he possessed two estates in the
country and a stately home - Villa des Sycomores - in a fashionable
district of Paris. ^{He was scholarly, and} ~~He was~~ ^{instinctive} ~~He was~~ ^{constant}

He posed as the "immoralist", but was preoccupied with moral
issues. In one breath, he glorified carnal lust and ^{referred to} ~~quoted~~ the
Scripture. He seemed at once cynical and devout, iconoclastic and
conservative. Evidently, he hinted at ~~the~~ his own iridescent character
when he ~~spoke~~ described the "disconcerting complexity" of other
writers, whom he ^{admired} ~~worshipped~~ and analyzed. It was in reference to
Baudelaire that he dwelled, in the most ^{illuminating manner} ~~revealing way~~, on the "bizarre
contradictions and almost absurd antagonisms", which ~~he~~ - according
to Gide - ^{might} ~~could~~ be taken for feints ~~all the more easier~~ ^{employed} - particularly
as he knew feints as well."

Gide's study on Les Fleurs du Mal is a remarkable piece of writ-
ing - revealing not only as far as Baudelaire is concerned. It is
questionable, however, if Gide is entirely fair when blaming his master
for his ^{inimitable} ~~lack~~ of pride." It was beneath Baudelaire's dignity - asserts
Gide - ~~to~~ ^{consider} ~~be~~ ^{essentially} ~~constant~~ to ~~be~~ ^{constant} the stupid - either in order
to startle them, or ~~else~~ to scandalize them, or else in order to tell

V Did he deliberately confuse
and ~~beastly~~ mystify
the public? What was his
own idea of his character?
..... I read roughly the
following self-portrait,
drawn by G. in 1906:
"Portrait ..."

.....
This rather colorless sketch
seems meant to conceal
its author's identity, rather
than to disclose it. At times
Gide for a few at times to use
other means - compositions or
markers of the past - as pretexts
to disguise to reveal his own
character. For instance speaking of
Baudelaire he is more confessional
than speaking of himself.

It is

Paradoxically - and, therefore, typical
of Gide, that he was at once
invisible and constantly in the
public eye, reason and yet
exhibitionist - antibio-graphy
Ultradiscretions fronts de
parade. [Bande laise.]
told everything but
failed to explain
inherent contradictions
etc.

With contradictions.

Polymorphous breaks with
his lit. discoveries

friends.

Difficult to decide whether
the legend of A. G. is
mostly due to his admirers
or his enemies.

Admirers did the utmost to
strengthen and publicize his
"mysterious" features, his
"wickedness" etc. These fabulous
trips ascribed to North Africa

[14g]

✓

14g, 14g, 14g

The quotes Montesquien:

I ["On ne saurait croire
jusqu'où on est allé dans
ce siècle la décadence
de l'administration."

[à propos of disproportion
fla Harries - the Parisian
poll heap - upon the
grave of a million

It is not by accident that G. quotes, with the apparent aim,

— Flaubert, asked what aim
note would ~~the~~ have been

most: Call the démolition.

that the most gifted one of this particular group - Léon Daudet, the editor of the Royalist paper, L'Action Française - never ^{vindicated} ~~disparaged~~ Gide but, on the contrary, repeatedly ^{from} came out in his favour.)

Gide's reputation ^{of} as a "wicked man," a "dangerous seducer of French youth," an "intellectual impostor and adventurer," is ~~partly~~ ^{due} to the ~~poisonous publicity launched against him by~~ ^{the} ~~prejudices of narrow-minded obscurantists, who failed to read his books or utterly missed their meaning. In other parts, however, this malignant legend~~ ^{is indeed of certain eminent} ~~has indeed been invented and propagated~~ ^{close to Gide,} ~~circulated~~ ^{by} ~~writers, who used to be his friends or his admirers, before they abandoned him for the sake of their God-seeking soul.~~

Thanks to men like Henri Massis - a leading philosopher and critic of the neo-Thomist school - Gide attained the problematical distinction of a veritable demon, from whose ~~evil~~ ^{destructive} ~~wiles~~ ^{convulsive influence} French youth has to be protected. ~~That talented fane~~ ^{task} And that is ~~exactly~~ ^{exactly} the ~~job~~ ^{task} M. Massis feels competent to perform. Zealously and unflaggingly, with acrid wit and ~~grim~~ ^{firm} determination, he kept darting his maledictions and

defamations against that hard-boiled sinner, and obnoxious tempter, ~~that~~ ^{he} ~~deemed it his duty as a Christian and a~~ ^{to} ~~representative of~~ ^{to} ~~the admitted immoralist, André Gide.~~ ^{exonerate G. did. an evil ghost} Many another distinguished representative of ~~the~~ ^{among them, alas} literary Catholicism in France participated in assisted Massis in his fervent, tenacious efforts, ~~while~~ ^{and} It is ~~noteworthy~~ ^{noteworthy}, however, that - in the case of the Catholics ^{like in that} of the Nationalists - some of the noblest and purest minds abstained from joining the furious "anti-Gideans."

~~Francis Mauriac, for one~~ ^{to} the ~~most~~ ^{to} illustrious Catholic novelist - missed no occasion to reaffirm his cordial gratitude and admiration for the man, who "taught ^{to} ~~a~~ ^{our} ~~whole~~ ^{that} generation ~~how~~ ^{to} to recognize its own character and intrinsic law." Nor did Georges Bernanos - one of the most spirited fighters for true Christianity ^{and true patriotism} ~~in this corrupt epoch of ours~~ - ever indulge in any derogatory ~~to~~ ^{and} polemics as far as Gide is concerned (which is all the more remarkable as Bernanos happens to be one of the ~~most~~ ^{most}

the [✓] ~~for~~ ^{of} order and morality,

fiercest and acutest polemicists French literature has ever produced.)

However, the ~~minor~~ those gathered ^{ed} around Massis and against Gide did a thorough, effective job. Even the gentle Francis Jammes became slightly malicious, while Henri Ghéon - to ^{Gide's painful} the deep surprise ~~and sorrow~~ of his former friend - ^{lived with} surpassed all the others in coining venomous formulas ~~designed~~ to discredit his former friend.

They defamed him as anti-French, anti-Christian, anti-European. They ^{thought} called his ~~spirit~~ mind contaminated by the germs of Asiatic ~~mysticism~~ and Germanic heresies. They blamed him for his mysticism, his scepticism, for his gravity and for his flippancy. To them, he was both a bore and a cynic. ("There is one thing worse than hypocrisy: cynicism,"

proclaimed Paul Claudel, referring to André Gide.) They described him ^{(as a paragon of all vices - possessed by avarice and malice, and vanity, and} as a pedant and an anarchist. In their presentation, he appeared ^{monstrous} as well as savage, dangerously seductive and yet depressing - ^{personally} ~~ly~~ ^{and} ~~devoid~~ of the traditional Gallic charm and Latin elegance, ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{wholly devoid of gallantry,} ~~devoid~~ of the traditional Gallic esprit.

Sense of humor

TV

But whether they called him fiendish or tiresome, they kept talking about him. His adversaries, like his imitators, seemed ^{as much} ~~as much~~ under his spell as were his admirers. Unwittingly - or even against their will - those ^{dogged} ~~obstinate~~ antagonists were only too sensible to the attraction emanating from Gide's work and personality.

I recall the bewitched and apprehensive smile ^{which at a appeared on} the face of a young French ^{a recent convert and a} Catholic ^{as he} ~~as he~~ ^{looked} ~~we~~ ^{at} ~~recorded~~ together a portrait of André Gide, ~~He had been a friend of Gide's, until the day who had~~ formerly been his friend. "What fine and delicate features!" I ~~exclaimed~~ ^{exclaimed} ~~med said~~ - taken, as usual, with the noble shape of Gide's forehead physiognomy, ^{and represented my delight.}

"Mais oui," admitted the devout young man, "il est beau." And he added, ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ as if with sudden dismay: ^{with a} ~~transient~~ ^{shriller:}

"C'est la beauté du diable."

prodigious

From all the gossip and slanders
running the legend of
A. C. — ~~half~~ half —
Cagliostro, half-Socrates,
on the other hand with
the — mist — inexpressible
and — inexpressible.

indignant, paradoxical

- C., the libristo; G.,
the ^{clerk} ~~anuncio~~; B., the
~~falle~~, ~~B.~~, the ~~gentleman~~
~~the~~ ~~chastellan~~ ...
tempter, the impostor ...

immutable enfant terrible - at once erratic and sterile - is fascinated by the wide scope which his older and greater brother embraces and dominates. "How I envied him his Protestant childhood!" Cocteau exclaims, in the preface to one of his early books, Le Rappel à l'Ordre: "I visualized him skating with singular grace on the waters of Russia, with a Bible in his hands. In beautiful English style he wrote his name on the ice..."

I recall having asked André Gide how he liked the bizarre silhouette Cocteau presented of him. He produced a brief, nasal sound - rather a snuff than a laugh. "Ah! celui-là!" he said, with a sort of humorous exasperation, as if complaining about a naughty child. And - half-amused, half-irritated: "quel blagueur! Toujours des chinoïseries!"

~~How distinctly I remember the most minute details of my first meeting with André Gide. I think it was Ernst Robert Curtius, the most eminent German student of Romance languages, who had introduced me to him.~~ *André Gide.*

Gide asked me for luncheon. I fetched him at his apartment, rue Vaneau, near the Boulevard St. Germain. The young man who received me was Marc Allegret, - subsequently one of the most successful French film directors. The studio was crammed with books, papers, and pictures piled up on shelves, chairs, and tables - inundating even the floor.

Allegret told me that Gide and he were on the point of leaving for a journey to the interior of Africa. As for the books, they were to be sold at auction. I opened one of them at random, and was surprised to find it adorned with a cordial dedication autographed by the author. Wouldn't the writer in question be rather hurt - I dared ask - by such an obvious lack of esteem and delicacy? Marc's smile was wry and not without malice. Precisely this - he explained to me - was what his great friend was driving at. He meant to shock some of his dear colleagues and to teach them a lesson. For most of them had dastardly let

*to his older brother...
Gide...
Allegret...
B. H. ...*

*He was smiling sweetly
I found him*

Early in the summer M. had been
from O. He was back in town -
only for a few short weeks, but
as he indicated. Let M. want to
see me. From M. man it was
from whom I met Tuesday, about
one o'clock

- a dressy and dignified L.H.
state, was the first to be
seen. He was a very pleasant
pleasant to look at, but with
with January, still a man
was a man, he was
M. from him with numerous
a book

It was Cocteau who observed that "the mystery begins only when all confessions are made;" which is as truthful an aphorism as are all his lies. If Gide had coined this sentence, it would have been truly true.

"I don't like your lips," Oscar Wilde said to André Gide. "They are straight like the lips of those who have never lied. I will teach you the art of lying to the end that your lips become beautiful and voluptuous as are the lips of an antique mask."

And yet the meticulous confessions of that tight-lipped Protestant, André Gide, are more puzzling and iridescent than the most sparkling stunts of either Jean or Oscar. How harmless appear their antics compared with Gide's unfathomable candidness!

Cocteau, the embodiment of lie, says always the whole truth when he lies. André Gide, on the contrary, always lies when he says the truth; for he has too much truth: he can reveal but aspects of his complex, contradictory being.

Yes, he lied when he truthfully said: "I am the Immoralist"; for he also is a passionate moralist. His Christian pathos is authentic beyond any doubt; but so is his pagan fervency. The structure of his mind has been molded by Protestant traditions; but Catholic moods have played an integral role in his life. He is the legitimate heir of ^Mediterranean lucidity - with a penchant for the romantic confusions of the Germanic soul and the nebulous grandeur of the ~~the~~ Russian. Goethe meant almost as much to him as Racine; Dostojevski, more than Balzac. Among his great mentors and models are Nietzsche and Whitman, Shakespeare and the English novelists, especially Fielding and Dickens.

All potentialities of the European genius are integrated in the amplitude of Gide's spirit. His intellectual biography is involved and dramatic like a fugue by Johann Sebastian Bach (whom he admires most among all composers); whereas the experience of Jean Cocteau is essentially static, for all his quivering agility. Small wonder that the

Pidman - Jan

My dear L. H. Giffen
I see a lot of so-called
French patriots and good
niggers against ^{the} ~~unanimous~~ ^{majority} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~advice~~
who have been ^{by the} Royal Academy ⁱⁿ
to replace Anatole France
L. H. Giffen

My's too silly for words! The
nation of U. and Rabbin. Sin.
to be more perfect than
the American gentleman on 10. 0. 1902
side of the Channel.

Silly for the Protestants on
— or, was the P. Protestants on
across the 10. 0. 1902 side
of the A.

Did you know that the first
foreigner admitted to the office for
the 10. 0. 1902 side
with a shooting score 100-0-1
in the 10. 0. 1902 side
offer in view from above,
almost immediately after 10.

15: He Gains me - 19 Menst " (w: the d...)

him down when he recently challenged the Philistines by releasing one of his early essays he had withheld up to that point. The scandalizing book was called Corydon - a series of Platonic dialogues dealing with the problem of homosexuality. The vociferous indignation of all respectable people had to be expected, considering the provocative frankness of Gide's text. What disappointed him was the treacherous attitude of his fellow-writers: they chimed in the venomous chorus. Hence now his defiant gesture. "He is tired of the whole stuff, anyhow," someone says.

Curiously, I cannot recall the moment of Gide's entrance nor do I recollect what he said and looked like when I was presented to him. It is as though he had sneaked into the room, noiselessly, and spirited me away in the pleats of his loose, weather-worn ^{cloak} pelerine. The first picture of him that looms up is that of a quaint, haggard wanderer by my side - vigorously striding towards the Luxembourg Gardens.

His face - nervous and changeable - wears a half-mask of shadow falling from the brim of his slouch hat. At the first look, you might take him for a faintly eccentric professor - the type of man who would spend his days between his laboratory and outdoor exercises. In reality, Gide has an admitted animosity to gymnastics. "Pas de sport!" was his succinct reply when friends inquired of him after the secret of his youthful appearance. I like to imagine the diabolic grimace he may have made when disclosing this anti-athletic credo. There can be an uncanny flash in his eyes - a momentary twinkling altering, for one startling moment, the placidness of his brow.

It amused me to watch him askance while he lingered in front of a fountain or a fine old building to elucidate its architectural merits. He talked with scholarly elegance - his head bent slightly sideways, his eyes narrowed to two glimmering slits, the cigarette dangling from his lips. I expected him any moment to drop his cumbersome disguise

"Not that in the whole India Baloo

Why should we get upset
because of a handful of queer
idiots? I think it fair to hold up
Wild's observation is strong but wrong

Curiously and characteristically,
his face has a serene feature
and a "friendly" expression
as suggest a serene and
at the same time a faint

The shape of his narrow
lips...

The ~~statement~~ manner of G. W.
made when he first met
A. G. "I don't like you"

[P. 6.]

lips
- drawn from a book

when the first person appears
the answer of C. is
when it would have been
only a friend and an intimate
to protect the answer of C.
from the insult of G. W. with
an expression

and appear in his true, or at least in a truer, form - as a faun-like sheperd, perhaps, or as one of those aging warriors whose lean and muscular thoraxes are presented in certain antique relieves. But he remained the inconspicuous gentleman in a wide, colourless mantle - a sensitive wanderer with slit eyes, narrow lips, and admirably shaped temples.

We had our meal in a modest brasserie, whose terrace faces the Luxembourg. Gide talked mostly about German literature - dwelling on the particulars of certain products by Goethe, in whose works he seemed greatly interested at the time. His features brightened with an almost sensual joy when he praised Clavigo or Die Wahlverwandtschaften. "C'est très, très curieux!" he kept saying, as though discussing something utterly mysterious and a trifle risqué. "C'est prodigieux!" And he snuffed briefly, which was a nervous habit with him.

He smoked almost incessantly, but after the meal apparently forgot to light himself another cigarette. When I offered him one, he refused. "It's a terrible vice," he said, with an ambiguous grin. "Usually I am too weak to resist." ~~And he added, while his eyes stared into space, for one pensive moment:~~ "I suppose I am fairly strong in wanting things and getting whatever I want. But when it comes to rejecting a tempta-
tion - to resisting evil... alors, ça c'est une autre histoire..."

There is one other moment which presently jumps to my mind whenever I think of this luncheon. A young boy passed by and tried to sell us a bunch of lilacs - withered, colourless stuff. He was ten or eleven years old - an ugly little creature with large, intelligent eyes in a sallow face. Gide gave him a handful of change but renounced the flowers - a gesture which obviously impressed the lad but at the same time somehow hurt his feelings. Gide seemed extremely stimulated and intrigued by this ambivalent reaction: "Did you notice that wry glance

Obsession. Mentions of one man in reference to narcotics. Talk about Cocteau, opium.

Heath
deliberate
tendency

Disciplined
intrusions

he gave me? He was very offended. Did you ever pay a prostitute and then spurn her services? She'll give you the same look - precisely the same puzzled, disapproving glimpse. The really amusing thing about it is that the boy would much rather steal the money than accept it as a charity... C'est bien curieux, ça! C'est prodigieux..." TW

It was the same accent of delight and curiosity he had had when raving about Goethe.

~~All this seems to have happened hundred of years ago.~~

~~It has happened yesterday. It remains alive in my heart - relevant to my daily problems. No phenomenon of real validity can ever become stale or obsolete. An authentic personality is indestructible. Both Gide and Cocteau are true personalities and true artists. I shall always be grateful for having known them.~~

~~Needless to say that my admiration for André Gide is infinitely deeper and purer than what I feel towards Jean Cocteau. Yet if I had to renounce the memory of either acquaintance, I am not sure which one I would choose to sacrifice.~~

~~No doubt, the friendship of a great man is more valuable than the spectacle of a great performer. But I would know André Gide - in fact, I would feel like his friend - even if I had never met him. I would still know him the way I know Stendhal or Hölderlin or Kierkegaard. But it means an irretrievable loss to have missed the personal contact with Byron or Wilde or Verlaine. Cocteau belongs to their spectacular ilk. Not to have seen Cocteau is like knowing Nijinsky or Sarah Bernhardt only through pictures or anecdotes.~~

~~Gide's psychological drama is completely inherent in his work. With inexorable probity he registers and analyzes the constant permutations and contradictions of his spiritual quest. His self-portrait is drawn with the religious conscientiousness of an Albrecht Dürer.~~

We did not. After a short while, he,
E. entered himself ~~and~~ with a ^{little}
sudden jerk — as if suddenly ^{the}
"If you saw that he is ¹²⁻¹¹
making faces behind ^{and} my
backs — just now I ⁵⁰⁻¹¹
certainly feel it ^{my 20-11}"

Which reminded me of his
confession — in See the Chair
an Man — that he was

99
ah always obsessed with the
idea of ~~repeating~~ things ~~might~~
taking place behind his back;
"At times it seemed to me,
says G., that I might
catch a glimpse of I — do not
know — what, if I turn my
toward around quietly now."

"I have a sense" he said — half-
gently, half seriously,

There were two questions that puzzled me - the more intensely so, the more intimately I came to know him. First, up to what degree his work ^{does} mirror his ^{life} real personality? and explain his personality? And, secondly, up to what degree does his legend ^{misrepresent} falsify his personality?

As for the first question, already my first ^{100m} ~~initial~~ first meeting with Gide yielded some information... ^{His most casual remarks are relevant to his philosophy.}

The gesture of selling his books and souvenirs, for instance, ^{became} ~~became~~ ^{more} ~~more~~ meaningful the more deeper I penetrated into his writings.

The hatred, indeed the fear, of any earthly possession is one of Gide's leading thoughts. Even books and manuscripts can become a burden. On the other hand, it is ^{quite full} difficult to ^{do away with} get rid of them. Possession sticks. ^{Some} "There are very few things that really mean anything to me," Gides asserts in his diary. "But I don't know how to get rid of them in a decent fashion. At times I undertake journeys, simply in order to escape from my belongings."

Yet he is, and has always been, blessed, or ^{basically} ~~charged~~, with considerable wealth.....

^{Not even his ill family towards him} ~~fellows~~ (Page 14 b.) - ^{writes women willing to die for him} ~~Cigarettes. (P. 20, back side)~~ ^{with Saint-Exupéry,}

^{on} I remember him in Munich, when he paid a visit to us, in 1930. Driving in an open car to one of the picturesque lakes... Gide lit himself a cigarette, ^{quite a fat, consider-} notwithstanding the wind.... I tried to help him, but he refused, with a wry, embarrassed smile: "I'll manage," he said. "I am exceedingly skillful when it comes to making possible things that are likely to destroy my health..."

~~Overgrown~~ The child making faces behind his back. (Page 21, back.)

^{Indirect in evil - as walks, in friendly those variations and ampler people try to conceal.}

Place of writings with meaning of traveling. Little things.

How far goes the identity between
~~the actual life and his literary~~
~~distinction~~ the life C. is actually
leading, and the ~~image~~ concept
of life he conveys through
his books?

He says me that in his own
own the most earnest question of
his daily life is something
relevant to his philosophy —
~~no matter if deliberately or~~
unconsciously.

~~There~~ There is nothing if he is
about a man like his
life before he is for us

He may take such a journey.
Such an ~~inner~~ ~~split~~ ~~quite~~ ~~chained~~
of any symbolic for them
out of quality

He would not abandon his book. Had
the first time, shy of making a
few thousand, or to
make his life of work.

Things of this kind - trifling as they may seem at first - are apt to prove how consciously and consistently he conceives and stylizes his biography, down to the most extraneous details.

Thus he nourishes his legend, which ^{Singles} ~~points~~ out and unduly stresses certain features, rather than to falsify them. Yet most anecdotes and rumours about Gide are tantamount to lies, ~~in a more precise~~ - objectively, as far as their effect is concerned. ~~and~~ slander becomes all the more unfair and indelicate ^{when Gide provides the slanderers with material.} ~~as Gide provides the slanderers with material.~~

They call him vain, and he seems to confirm their reproach when he ~~admits~~ confesses: *and coquetry,* a candidly given.

"My perpetual question - my morbid obsession is: Am I loveable?"

But is this ~~confession~~ ^{statement} ~~not~~ apt to in itself the refutation, or rather, the renunciation of the very weakness which it seemingly admits? No really vain person would ever acknowledge his own vanity.

True, Gide often tries to ^{charm and} please, to seduce... But he always recognizes his own penchant. If he indulges in it all the same, he does so to the end that his vice become obvious, ~~and thus baffle its own impulse,~~ and thus frustrate the objectionable impulse of his vanity. His coquetry ^{has the advantage of} thus becomes a complicated form of self-chastisement. The paradoxical result is that Gide becomes loveable - ^{thanks to} ~~because of~~ his coquetry but because one senses the self-irony, the moral apprehension through the deliberate mask of his overdone amiability.

I have watched him in the company of the most different types of people: he ~~so~~ remained essentially unchanged, althouth he ~~is~~ employed different tricks and methods to ~~amuse~~ entertain and please them. He can be ^{sparkling} ~~brilliant~~ and eloquent when he wants to impress an anonymous youth who has just been presented to him; but I have seen him awkward and morose in front of an elegant party. In presence of an old, trusted friend, like

For, they what they do is to apply
- mainly, a more malignantly
sincerity - G's own confessions

How cheap and mean, to "discon-
- a demon - B's consistency
as he has indicated himself -
not once but hundreds of times -
that consistency is one of the basic
features of his nature and of his
let was value

Roger Martin du Gard, he appears at ease, ~~talkative~~, gay and talkative, while his features and his speech become tense ~~and~~ with nervousness when the friend in question is on the point of ~~withdrawing~~ ^{withdrawing} from his ~~influence~~ ^{grip}.

He is likely to act in a grave, dignified mode when his environment is lightminded or eccentric, ~~for~~ while displaying a certain bohemian carelessness in a stiff, ceremonious milieu. It amuses him to underline the ~~stark~~ ^{divergent} contrast between his own way of life and that of his respective entourage; but he is also able and inclined to ~~assimilate~~ ^{assimilate} his ideas and even his vocabulary to the views and habits of such ~~friends~~ ^{people for whose friendship he is only equal} in whom he is truly interested. TV

Most genial, ~~indeed~~, and of exquisite politeness in his attitude towards those socially inferior to him, he can be chilly, almost frightening, when dealing with ^{lion hunters} ~~social snobs~~ or ^{mediocres} ~~mediocre~~, successful colleagues of mediocre or vulgar talent. I have seen him display all his charm to win the sympathy of an old concierge or a gardener, but I also witnessed his forbidding sullenness when some garrulous society woman or boastful journalist intruded upon his privacy.

He is keenly interested in almost everything, except the current best-sellers. ~~or the trivial and transient fashions of~~ ^{sensational} ~~adhered to by~~ the semi-cultured mob. ~~never shall I forget the seething expression of~~ ^{do not} his voice and his bored, disgusted grimace, when I asked him about his opinion concerning a novel en vogue ^{which was the sensational Green, at the time, and} ~~David Golder~~ ^{by} Irène Nemerowsky, "David Golder?" he said - absentminded and contemptuous, ^{as} like a Proustian nobleman would be when asked after a social parvenu, who does not belong to ^{even in his exclusive circle} his set. "Je regrette. Connais pas."

I ventured to ^{say} ~~observe~~ that I have a prejudice against best-sellers myself, but that ^{the thriller is quite} ~~David Golder~~ happens to be fairly interesting: whereupon he shrugged his shoulders and said curtly:

"That's impossible."

Maybe it is. I don't care.

Also, he finds himself
 one being at home in
 many different milieus and
 does not like to see
~~the various states of~~ his
 acquaintances getting mixed up with
 with each ~~other~~ other.
 With a certain playful
 freedom; he kept the
 various sets of his friends
~~separately~~ mostly separated,
~~Never mixing them~~ None of
 his intimates was supposed
 to know ~~him~~ of what sort
 of Thomas Gide was with
 of friends belonging to another
 each and of "category".
 admitted to the delicate mystery
 of his married life — "he
 drove straight down a
 he called it. "Ma femme
 finissait" "hid in
 the room".

It was impossible to demure to this scathing verdict. Without having read the book, Gide knew from what sort of ^{of synth it was} talent it was originated, and to what type of readers it owed its sweeping success. ~~The whole affair was definitely beneath his dignity - not worthy his consideration.~~

He is aware of his rank, for all his modesty and ^{as he is} all qualms besetting him as to his own value. Used to compare his own efforts with the sublime patterns of classic literature, he refuses to condescend to the sphere of ^{trashy} cheap, sensational writing.

But while exclusive in the realm of letters, his responsiveness is almost unlimited in all other domains of life. In fact, curiosity - a fervent and insatiable impulse to deepen and enlarge his vision of the world - is, perhaps, ^{this} the fundamental and most typical quality of his ^{along with his incoherence} and most attractive feature. He is equally interested in the rituals of ancient cults, the formation of a rare ~~plant or fish~~ reptile or tropic plant, and the gossip of a little town in ~~Switzerland or Italy~~ or Tunisia, where he would spend a night. I remember that I once introduced a young girl to him - a friend of mine in Berlin, who admired his books and was eager to make his acquaintance. She was a ^{common or place} ~~bashful~~ ~~pathetic~~ thing - rather bashful and colourless. To tell the truth, I expected Gide to be mortally bored with her. But, surprisingly, he seemed amused, even fascinated by her conversation. Encouraged by his attention, she became more lively and ventured on lengthy tales about her family life, her friends, her modest activities. He relished whatever she said - taken with the authenticity, the unassuming truthfulness of her ~~simple accounts~~ little confessions. Here was a bit of real life he had the chance to get hold of. He surely used his opportunity.

More attracted by naive persons than by intellectuals (although he has greatly profited by his numerous and intimate contact with ~~writers~~ other creative, highly developed minds.) More interested in children than even in the most colourful ~~tramps or criminals...~~

bagabonds or fanatics

Treating adults like children - like adolescents.

the imagination impels
Tone his basic and essential feature
This fervent and insatiable thirst of
knowledge - yet under the power of his
inspiration - can manifest itself
as a constant indiscretion. But this danger
is always balanced, in his part, rather
by that other fundamental inclination of
his character - his inconvertible
integrity.

More eager to
learn than to teach:
more disposed to learn
from nature or
human beings, rather
than from books (although
he is a diligent,
unflagging reader.)

With Saint-Exupéry:
interested in flying.
Lots in political views,
with Malraux, etc.

conditions are interesting part

01

His penchant for Arabian adolescents has been much discussed and disapproved of. But I have seen him ravished ~~and~~ also by ordinary, white children, ^{without any ill back thought} like the one whom he presented with money in the restaurant near the Luxembourg Garden.

When he was our guest in Munich, my youngest sister and brother ^{the little girl the boy} ~~then~~ ^{old} ~~she~~, about eleven, ^{he} ^{looked at them and} ten years of age, at the time. His face was all flushed with delight and with curiosity as he ^{asked them} asked them some questions, in his ~~coarse~~ ^{quite} quaint but elegant German.

"How do you like them?" my mother inquired when the ^{youngsters} ~~little ones~~ had ~~left~~ ^{withdrawn}. "How do like my little Michael?" ^{M. is a big boy a little}

"Mais, Madame," he said - beaming with admiration. "Mais vous savez bien qu'il est beau. Il est ^{superbe} ~~magnifique~~, il est robuste comme tout..."

And ~~in his diary~~ he noted in his Journal, under the date of July 1, 1931: ^{first in plain & I said}

"Excursion by car to the Lake of Starnberg with the Thomas Mann family, whom I greatly enjoy seeing again. The two youngest children accompany us - both gloriously ^{handsome} beautiful..."

He seemed in high spirits ~~and in excellent shape~~, throughout that fine summer day. Yet in his diary he complains about a ~~disturbing~~ headache he was suffering from, at that time. It was this ~~minor~~ ^{minor} ~~headache~~ he held responsible for what he thought his ~~bad~~ ^{bad} manners ~~in contradicting my mother in or his~~ ⁱⁿ "mauvaise grace." What actually happened - and what nobody ^{remembered} ~~remembered~~ except ^{him} Gide himself - was a ^{minor} ~~minor~~ dispute between my mother and our ~~guest~~ ^{guest} concerning a zoological moot question, - the propagation of butterflies, to be ^{quite} ~~more~~ precise.

"Curious, this disposition ^{to} obstinacy which results from headache," Gide continues ^{in his} ~~his~~ report on his stay in Munich. "At the dinner, which followed Thomas Mann's lecture at the University, I was placed between ^{Suzanne} ~~Suzanne~~

Th. M. and Bruno Frank, whose conversation is as pleasant as could be.
I maintained against both that there is, besides ^{G's} ~~the~~ Prometheus monologue,
a little play ^{in 5 acts to which} by Goethe, and that this play is not of which the monologue
makes part, and that this play is not the Pandora; moreover, that the
Hafiz traduction by Hammer is the one which Goethe studied and which
stimulated him to write his Divan. To ^{or} ~~verify~~ ^{it}..... Is it also the migraine
which induced me to leave a very inadequate tip when paying for my dinner?"

Then follow some ~~complimentary~~ remarks about the ~~lecture~~ the evening
in general (occasions of a similar type are much more ceremonious and
tiresome in France, according to his Journal), and about my father's
lecture in particular: "Deux chapitres de son 'Joseph' (en formation)...
Il me semble que Mann n'a rien écrit de meilleur." Finally, however,
he comes back to the ~~his~~ argument with regard to Goethe, and adds, in

A special footnote: ^{in the published version of 14. 3. 1904}
"In fact, Bruno Frank mistook the Hafiz translator with another Hammer,
born considerably later, after Goethe's time."

^{G's} ~~Are his~~ enemies right, then, when they call ~~him~~ ^{So he is} Gide pedantic?

But they disregard the intellectual sources from which this pedantry
is derived. ^{include} ~~His exacting probity~~ minute exactness ^{and} even in trifling
matters is indeed but one aspect ^{and} ~~one~~ manifestation of his ~~passionate~~
~~probity~~ ^{extreme integrity} of his ~~spiritual probity~~ - ~~a~~ ^{manifestation} an automatic manifesta-
tion of his innate Puritanism. ^{However,} Being aware of the dangers inherent in
pedantry, Gide consciously ~~suppresses~~ ^{suppresses} this natural tendency and indulges
in it only when ~~weakened or~~ irritated by headaches or the like. ~~out of~~
~~self-discipline and politeness~~ and I am sure that he often renounces -
out of modesty and politeness - an argument ^{in which} he could easily ^{have} ~~made~~ ^{done}
~~his astounding memory almost guarantees the correctness of his~~
point.

~~His~~ ^{astonishing} ~~power of his~~
~~memory~~ ^{memory} ~~guarantees~~ ^{guarantees}
~~the~~ ⁱⁿ

His extraordinary manner not only
protects him from every military
himself but renders him particularly
~~dangerous~~ ~~sure~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~the~~ ~~displays~~
~~directed~~ ~~against~~ ~~him~~ ~~he~~ ~~does~~ ~~not~~
~~mind~~ ~~the~~ ~~indication~~ ~~but~~
~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~does~~ ~~not~~ ~~mind~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~
~~abused~~ ~~but~~ ~~loathes~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~misquoted~~
He corrects citations of his own
the writings among him more than
the most ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~works~~. His ~~Trinitarian~~ ~~visions~~
that reveals in face of ~~every~~ ~~thing~~ ~~like~~
the no other direct citation of the ~~works~~
the misrepresentation of the ~~works~~
word, however, sums to him
the most
never give of the depth as does
a wanton ~~mis~~ distortion of
the ~~works~~

Another detail occurring in the
Mannish ^{mother} ~~mother~~ ^{mother} seems to confirm
another ^{mother} ~~mother~~ ^{mother} feature of Gide's
legend ~~has~~ ^{about} ~~been~~ ^{the} ~~by~~ ^{inadequate}
His remark ~~concerning~~ ^{that} ~~he is~~ ^{strongly}
tired suggests ~~that~~ ^{in his}
and ~~unsure~~ ^{in this}
a ~~tempts~~ ^{to} ~~overcome~~ ^{this}
In fact, one of the first anecdotes
about Gide ~~the~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{he}
one about ~~the~~ ^{brass} ~~trunk~~ ^{he}
found on a young ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~with~~ ^{with}
to the ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~anxiety~~ ^{anxiety} ~~of his~~ ^{of his} ~~waiter~~ ^{waiter}
him. ~~gloat~~ ^{gloat} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~anxiety~~ ^{anxiety} ~~of his~~ ^{of his} ~~waiter~~ ^{waiter}
~~reveling~~ ^{reveling} ~~around~~ ^{around} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~anxiety~~ ^{anxiety} ~~of his~~ ^{of his} ~~waiter~~ ^{waiter}
table ~~.....~~ ^{.....} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~anxiety~~ ^{anxiety} ~~of his~~ ^{of his} ~~waiter~~ ^{waiter}
Probably all made up.
Be this as it may, it is
a ~~fact~~ ^{fact} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~typical~~ ^{typical} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~Gide's~~ ^{Gide's} ~~form~~ ^{form}

of requiring that he writes at times
to be more direct than an ordinary
is. As for his ostensible stringency
his own writings often another
proof to those blaming him of
that mean quality. Among his
essays is one ~~perhaps~~ character
sketch entitled "Conversation
with a German."
~~He~~ is afraid ~~the~~ ~~following~~ may
bring in advance
the excuse of his diary or autobiographical
notes fail to mention what
y happen to throw many a first-
hand account & ~~the~~ mainly
the substantial ~~to~~ ~~stranger~~ ~~is~~ ~~finds~~ ~~in~~ ~~mind~~
he is wont to ~~just~~ ~~discreetly~~ ~~ashamed~~
almost by ~~stealth~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~helpfulness~~
~~of~~ his ~~guaranty~~

grown impulse and action,

It happens to him that he
has ~~quite~~ ^{very} substantial
sums, not only to friends,
but also to strangers who
come to him with their

But his noble deed he does
secretly as if ashamed of

That he ~~some~~ ^{sounds} a great boat for
when ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~confesses~~ ^{draws} ~~his~~ ^{on} ~~his~~ ^{his}
less beautiful actions
as impulse

You have given us a charming
 example of this new thing humor.
 [Grove Journal, 44, p. 28. I

of a complex, creative personality.

Not only must these manifold
~~aspects~~ ^{be} ~~aspects~~ ^(visualized) as an

indivisible ~~whole~~ ^{entity}

but they should be also considered

as ~~some~~ a living, changing

organism, ~~and~~ whose growth

~~is~~ ~~interrelated~~ and ~~whose~~

transformations are inseparably
linked ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{more} ~~general~~ ^{trends} ~~fundamental~~

~~of this~~ ~~to the~~ ~~most~~ ~~general~~ ~~nature~~

To understand ^{we} ~~his~~ ^{biography}

to conceive his ~~biography~~

in its relation to the ~~model~~

~~to~~ ^{epoch} ~~which~~ ^{has} ~~shaped~~

his ~~identity~~ ^{and} ~~expresses~~

itself through his work. And
to understand this truly representative

work, may help us to disentangle
the contradictions and ^{paradoxes}

inherent in this ^{time} ~~period~~

~~Wehlin, dass ich ein Erbe bin~~ ^{Evil} ~~bin~~

~~Les extrêmes se touchent~~ ^{Good} ~~Tout~~

A. G.

^{in Paris,} André Gide was born on November 22, 1869.

"On November 22," he ^{tells us} ~~discloses~~ in his diary, "our planet shifts from the influence of the Scorpion to that of the Sagittarius. Is it my fault that your God went out of his way to make me come to this earth between two stars, as a product of two races, two provinces, and two confessions?"

The "two races" are the ^{burly} ~~heavy~~ peasants from which he is descended on his father's side, and the well-to-do, bourgeois ~~stock~~ ^{clan} of his mother, Madame Juliette Gide, née Rondeaux, from Rouen. ^{His} ~~The~~ maternal stock is rooted in the fertile Normandy, whereas the Gides came from the barren mountain region ^{in the middle of France} of the Cévennes; these are the "two provinces" he refers to. As for the "two religions," ~~he means~~ ^{he} Gide alludes to the ^{totality} ~~dividing~~ between Catholic and Protestant traditions which ^{is an integral} ~~forms~~ part of his heritage and his inner ^{dialogue} ~~drama~~. However, the Catholic streak ~~is~~ ^{is} derived from certain sectors of his mother's parentage - was ~~much weaker than~~ ^{basically not visible in his mother's character} ~~soon superseded completely~~ by the austere Puritanism ^{which} determined young Gide's education, and to which his childhood owes its inherent tensions and saturnine flavour.

It may be due to this rigid Puritan morality that Gide, ^{the boy André} ~~as a boy~~ already, was attracted by the more ^{spectacular} ~~sensual~~ fervor of Catholicism, ~~on the one hand; by the notion of Evil, on the other.~~

Playing with the idea of converting to Catholicism when Pastor prepared him for the ~~first~~ ^{First} Communion. ("Si le Grain...", II, p. 148.)

Evil. ("Si le Grain," I, p. 8/10:)

The wicked child....

^{lonely} ~~lonely~~...

^{spirit} ~~spirit~~ ^{dread} ~~dread ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{house} ~~house of ^{dilatation} ~~dilatation~~~~~~

^{sallow face} ~~sallow face~~ and ^{melancholic} ~~melancholic~~ ^{sickly} ~~sickly~~ ^{features} ~~features~~...

" Oh ! maître de nouveau.

Oubliez ce que les
autres hommes ont écrit,
ont écrit, ont pensé,
ce que l'on a pensé
soir-même. Naitre
à mort. "

A. G.

" Quite apart from the fact
that I am a discreet,
I am also the contrary. "

No.

As a half-grown youth Andri' looked
with the idea of... consulting
to and handling and

Father André was eleven years old when his father died. From that time on ^{the atmosphere} ~~melancholy~~ his childhood seems even more intensely imbued with that extraordinary flavour of melancholy and moral struggle.

The bleak setting of this puerile drama: three aging women in black - mother, Aunt Clara, ^a Anna Shackleton... The last appears the most stimulating one. Her never-published translations. "Reinecke Fuchs".

We owe it to ourselves
("Grain," I, 42.)

There is something infinitely sterile and depressive about this form of ~~Puritan bourgeois type of conventional culture~~ ^{the bigotry and the} cherished by a narrow-minded, smug French bourgeoisie. Yet we must overlook or

belittle the ~~into~~ ethical and intellectual values inherent in this demure rigidity. The men and women who controlled and witnessed the

They may have been stingy and prudish, ~~smug and narrow-minded~~ - those pastors and advocates, ~~all~~ ^{some} spinsters and senile servants of whom the entourage of young Gide consisted. But certain traditions and principles were still alive in their ~~mind~~ ^{also}.... Their virtues were not altogether derived from hypocrisy... Their cult of decency - their

dogged determination to remain "comme il faut" contrasts favourably from the moral anarchy prevailing in other groups.... The "nouveaux riches," the politicians, the bohemians did whatever they pleased, as long as it promised fun or money. ^{But the Huguenots} In a milieu like that of Gide's family, certain things were simply out of the questions. they were just not done.

Gide profited by this inflexible rigorism in a twofold way. First, by opposing it, or at least by questioning its tenets - from which springs his moral vigilance, his extreme ^{perspicacity} ~~sensitivity~~ ~~all ethical matters~~.... Secondly, by ~~for~~ all shades between valid ethics and mendacious clichés.... And, secondly, he owes a good deal to his

of ethical ~~beliefs~~ ^{values}

for conduct relations, to be in order to maintain a common sense

✓ It is ~~attracted~~ as a person
wont to argue in that
his a pure opposition to the
parental authority but really
is a matter of principle and
he only to do so.

There can be no doubt
No doubt
Doubt ~~fully~~ G. showed a good
deal of inspiration ~~and~~
to the and inspiration to
those

Suffering a lot from

of an emotion and explanation
arbitrary tradition and relation
who suggest he is a

Then ~~that~~ ^{of his} ~~glance~~ ^{inspiration} of French style
considered ~~glance~~ ^{inspiration} as the
function of certain moral values
and ~~glance~~ ^{inspiration} long ~~inspiration~~ ^{inspiration} and
disregarding by the other side
of S

(Consecration - success in probability, self-discipline: to balance his innate receptivity)
Puritan upbringing in a direct, positive way. For ~~him~~ among the conventions to which his people stuck, was the lofty convention of culture.... Uncle, Charles G., economist of international reputation. Anna Sh.'s translations

("Grain", I, p.42)

Exhibitions and concerts with mother. *Piano lessons: Schumann, Chopin.*
("Grain, II, 76/77) *(young girl he worshipped)*

Reading..... All the more elating and intense when together with ~~Emmanuele~~ *Emmanuele* - cousin from maternal side, *Chivalrous romance - pure and passionate.* Emm. - meek and intelligent creature - assumes almost *angelic qualities* in the heart and in the later subsequent descriptions of her cousin and admirer. She will *remain* the principle of moral purity of his life - the inconspicuous, almost sacred harbour to which he can return from all his wanderings. But in the days of his striving youth she meant to him, above all, the understanding companion in his first intellectual efforts and escapades.

x

x

devout literature,

x

~~He who was destined to become the most insatiable traveler contented himself, in the beginning, with the adventures of sensitive youth can~~
His first contact with life, his ~~initial~~ *early* vision of the world and the human drama, and the world at large, is due almost exclusively to the medium of the printed word. It was ~~by means of books~~ *through his* ~~that~~ *by reading* this keen and ~~impressionable~~ *sensitive* youth ~~explored~~ *conceived and explored* the cosmos.

essential discovery of his for the H. sense of
The three decisive impressions: the Bible, Greek mythology, and the Arabian Nights. One may well say that this trinity forms the *foundation* of his intellectual organism is based upon this *trinity...*

The Intimate and thorough knowledge of the Scripture was a matter of course ~~with~~ the Gides. However, André's ~~ardent~~ *constant* concern with the Gospel

Of course, the obligatory tax for going in the Bible money. is religious obsession

Wanted to remain a party for struggle - 1910-1915 - 1915-1918 - 1918-1919 - 1919-1920 - 1920-1921 - 1921-1922 - 1922-1923 - 1923-1924 - 1924-1925 - 1925-1926 - 1926-1927 - 1927-1928 - 1928-1929 - 1929-1930 - 1930-1931 - 1931-1932 - 1932-1933 - 1933-1934 - 1934-1935 - 1935-1936 - 1936-1937 - 1937-1938 - 1938-1939 - 1939-1940 - 1940-1941 - 1941-1942 - 1942-1943 - 1943-1944 - 1944-1945 - 1945-1946 - 1946-1947 - 1947-1948 - 1948-1949 - 1949-1950 - 1950-1951 - 1951-1952 - 1952-1953 - 1953-1954 - 1954-1955 - 1955-1956 - 1956-1957 - 1957-1958 - 1958-1959 - 1959-1960 - 1960-1961 - 1961-1962 - 1962-1963 - 1963-1964 - 1964-1965 - 1965-1966 - 1966-1967 - 1967-1968 - 1968-1969 - 1969-1970 - 1970-1971 - 1971-1972 - 1972-1973 - 1973-1974 - 1974-1975 - 1975-1976 - 1976-1977 - 1977-1978 - 1978-1979 - 1979-1980 - 1980-1981 - 1981-1982 - 1982-1983 - 1983-1984 - 1984-1985 - 1985-1986 - 1986-1987 - 1987-1988 - 1988-1989 - 1989-1990 - 1990-1991 - 1991-1992 - 1992-1993 - 1993-1994 - 1994-1995 - 1995-1996 - 1996-1997 - 1997-1998 - 1998-1999 - 1999-2000 - 2000-2001 - 2001-2002 - 2002-2003 - 2003-2004 - 2004-2005 - 2005-2006 - 2006-2007 - 2007-2008 - 2008-2009 - 2009-2010 - 2010-2011 - 2011-2012 - 2012-2013 - 2013-2014 - 2014-2015 - 2015-2016 - 2016-2017 - 2017-2018 - 2018-2019 - 2019-2020 - 2020-2021 - 2021-2022 - 2022-2023 - 2023-2024 - 2024-2025 - 2025-2026 - 2026-2027 - 2027-2028 - 2028-2029 - 2029-2030 - 2030-2031 - 2031-2032 - 2032-2033 - 2033-2034 - 2034-2035 - 2035-2036 - 2036-2037 - 2037-2038 - 2038-2039 - 2039-2040 - 2040-2041 - 2041-2042 - 2042-2043 - 2043-2044 - 2044-2045 - 2045-2046 - 2046-2047 - 2047-2048 - 2048-2049 - 2049-2050 - 2050-2051 - 2051-2052 - 2052-2053 - 2053-2054 - 2054-2055 - 2055-2056 - 2056-2057 - 2057-2058 - 2058-2059 - 2059-2060 - 2060-2061 - 2061-2062 - 2062-2063 - 2063-2064 - 2064-2065 - 2065-2066 - 2066-2067 - 2067-2068 - 2068-2069 - 2069-2070 - 2070-2071 - 2071-2072 - 2072-2073 - 2073-2074 - 2074-2075 - 2075-2076 - 2076-2077 - 2077-2078 - 2078-2079 - 2079-2080 - 2080-2081 - 2081-2082 - 2082-2083 - 2083-2084 - 2084-2085 - 2085-2086 - 2086-2087 - 2087-2088 - 2088-2089 - 2089-2090 - 2090-2091 - 2091-2092 - 2092-2093 - 2093-2094 - 2094-2095 - 2095-2096 - 2096-2097 - 2097-2098 - 2098-2099 - 2099-2100 - 2100-2101 - 2101-2102 - 2102-2103 - 2103-2104 - 2104-2105 - 2105-2106 - 2106-2107 - 2107-2108 - 2108-2109 - 2109-2110 - 2110-2111 - 2111-2112 - 2112-2113 - 2113-2114 - 2114-2115 - 2115-2116 - 2116-2117 - 2117-2118 - 2118-2119 - 2119-2120 - 2120-2121 - 2121-2122 - 2122-2123 - 2123-2124 - 2124-2125 - 2125-2126 - 2126-2127 - 2127-2128 - 2128-2129 - 2129-2130 - 2130-2131 - 2131-2132 - 2132-2133 - 2133-2134 - 2134-2135 - 2135-2136 - 2136-2137 - 2137-2138 - 2138-2139 - 2139-2140 - 2140-2141 - 2141-2142 - 2142-2143 - 2143-2144 - 2144-2145 - 2145-2146 - 2146-2147 - 2147-2148 - 2148-2149 - 2149-2150 - 2150-2151 - 2151-2152 - 2152-2153 - 2153-2154 - 2154-2155 - 2155-2156 - 2156-2157 - 2157-2158 - 2158-2159 - 2159-2160 - 2160-2161 - 2161-2162 - 2162-2163 - 2163-2164 - 2164-2165 - 2165-2166 - 2166-2167 - 2167-2168 - 2168-2169 - 2169-2170 - 2170-2171 - 2171-2172 - 2172-2173 - 2173-2174 - 2174-2175 - 2175-2176 - 2176-2177 - 2177-2178 - 2178-2179 - 2179-2180 - 2180-2181 - 2181-2182 - 2182-2183 - 2183-2184 - 2184-2185 - 2185-2186 - 2186-2187 - 2187-2188 - 2188-2189 - 2189-2190 - 2190-2191 - 2191-2192 - 2192-2193 - 2193-2194 - 2194-2195 - 2195-2196 - 2196-2197 - 2197-2198 - 2198-2199 - 2199-2200 - 2200-2201 - 2201-2202 - 2202-2203 - 2203-2204 - 2204-2205 - 2205-2206 - 2206-2207 - 2207-2208 - 2208-2209 - 2209-2210 - 2210-2211 - 2211-2212 - 2212-2213 - 2213-2214 - 2214-2215 - 2215-2216 - 2216-2217 - 2217-2218 - 2218-2219 - 2219-2220 - 2220-2221 - 2221-2222 - 2222-2223 - 2223-2224 - 2224-2225 - 2225-2226 - 2226-2227 - 2227-2228 - 2228-2229 - 2229-2230 - 2230-2231 - 2231-2232 - 2232-2233 - 2233-2234 - 2234-2235 - 2235-2236 - 2236-2237 - 2237-2238 - 2238-2239 - 2239-2240 - 2240-2241 - 2241-2242 - 2242-2243 - 2243-2244 - 2244-2245 - 2245-2246 - 2246-2247 - 2247-2248 - 2248-2249 - 2249-2250 - 2250-2251 - 2251-2252 - 2252-2253 - 2253-2254 - 2254-2255 - 2255-2256 - 2256-2257 - 2257-2258 - 2258-2259 - 2259-2260 - 2260-2261 - 2261-2262 - 2262-2263 - 2263-2264 - 2264-2265 - 2265-2266 - 2266-2267 - 2267-2268 - 2268-2269 - 2269-2270 - 2270-2271 - 2271-2272 - 2272-2273 - 2273-2274 - 2274-2275 - 2275-2276 - 2276-2277 - 2277-2278 - 2278-2279 - 2279-2280 - 2280-2281 - 2281-2282 - 2282-2283 - 2283-2284 - 2284-2285 - 2285-2286 - 2286-2287 - 2287-2288 - 2288-2289 - 2289-2290 - 2290-2291 - 2291-2292 - 2292-2293 - 2293-2294 - 2294-2295 - 2295-2296 - 2296-2297 - 2297-2298 - 2298-2299 - 2299-2300 - 2300-2301 - 2301-2302 - 2302-2303 - 2303-2304 - 2304-2305 - 2305-2306 - 2306-2307 - 2307-2308 - 2308-2309 - 2309-2310 - 2310-2311 - 2311-2312 - 2312-2313 - 2313-2314 - 2314-2315 - 2315-2316 - 2316-2317 - 2317-2318 - 2318-2319 - 2319-2320 - 2320-2321 - 2321-2322 - 2322-2323 - 2323-2324 - 2324-2325 - 2325-2326 - 2326-2327 - 2327-2328 - 2328-2329 - 2329-2330 - 2330-2331 - 2331-2332 - 2332-2333 - 2333-2334 - 2334-2335 - 2335-2336 - 2336-2337 - 2337-2338 - 2338-2339 - 2339-2340 - 2340-2341 - 2341-2342 - 2342-2343 - 2343-2344 - 2344-2345 - 2345-2346 - 2346-2347 - 2347-2348 - 2348-2349 - 2349-2350 - 2350-2351 - 2351-2352 - 2352-2353 - 2353-2354 - 2354-2355 - 2355-2356 - 2356-2357 - 2357-2358 - 2358-2359 - 2359-2360 - 2360-2361 - 2361-2362 - 2362-2363 - 2363-2364 - 2364-2365 - 2365-2366 - 2366-2367 - 2367-2368 - 2368-2369 - 2369-2370 - 2370-2371 - 2371-2372 - 2372-2373 - 2373-2374 - 2374-2375 - 2375-2376 - 2376-2377 - 2377-2378 - 2378-2379 - 2379-2380 - 2380-2381 - 2381-2382 - 2382-2383 - 2383-2384 - 2384-2385 - 2385-2386 - 2386-2387 - 2387-2388 - 2388-2389 - 2389-2390 - 2390-2391 - 2391-2392 - 2392-2393 - 2393-2394 - 2394-2395 - 2395-2396 - 2396-2397 - 2397-2398 - 2398-2399 - 2399-2400 - 2400-2401 - 2401-2402 - 2402-2403 - 2403-2404 - 2404-2405 - 2405-2406 - 2406-2407 - 2407-2408 - 2408-2409 - 2409-2410 - 2410-2411 - 2411-2412 - 2412-2413 - 2413-2414 - 2414-2415 - 2415-2416 - 2416-2417 - 2417-2418 - 2418-2419 - 2419-2420 - 2420-2421 - 2421-2422 - 2422-2423 - 2423-2424 - 2424-2425 - 2425-2426 - 2426-2427 - 2427-2428 - 2428-2429 - 2429-2430 - 2430-2431 - 2431-2432 - 2432-2433 - 2433-2434 - 2434-2435 - 2435-2436 - 2436-2437 - 2437-2438 - 2438-2439 - 2439-2440 - 2440-2441 - 2441-2442 - 2442-2443 - 2443-2444 - 2444-2445 - 2445-2446 - 2446-2447 - 2447-2448 - 2448-2449 - 2449-2450 - 2450-2451 - 2451-2452 - 2452-2453 - 2453-2454 - 2454-2455 - 2455-2456 - 2456-2457 - 2457-2458 - 2458-2459 - 2459-2460 - 2460-2461 - 2461-2462 - 2462-2463 - 2463-2464 - 2464-2465 - 2465-2466 - 2466-2467 - 2467-2468 - 2468-2469 - 2469-2470 - 2470-2471 - 2471-2472 - 2472-2473 - 2473-2474 - 2474-2475 - 2475-2476 - 2476-2477 - 2477-2478 - 2478-2479 - 2479-2480 - 2480-2481 - 2481-2482 - 2482-2483 - 2483-2484 - 2484-2485 - 2485-2486 - 2486-2487 - 2487-2488 - 2488-2489 - 2489-2490 - 2490-2491 - 2491-2492 - 2492-2493 - 2493-2494 - 2494-2495 - 2495-2496 - 2496-2497 - 2497-2498 - 2498-2499 - 2499-2500 - 2500-2501 - 2501-2502 - 2502-2503 - 2503-2504 - 2504-2505 - 2505-2506 - 2506-2507 - 2507-2508 - 2508-2509 - 2509-2510 - 2510-2511 - 2511-2512 - 2512-2513 - 2513-2514 - 2514-2515 - 2515-2516 - 2516-2517 - 2517-2518 - 2518-2519 - 2519-2520 - 2520-2521 - 2521-2522 - 2522-2523 - 2523-2524 - 2524-2525 - 2525-2526 - 2526-2527 - 2527-2528 - 2528-2529 - 2529-2530 - 2530-2531 - 2531-2532 - 2532-2533 - 2533-2534 - 2534-2535 - 2535-2536 - 2536-2537 - 2537-2538 - 2538-2539 - 2539-2540 - 2540-2541 - 2541-2542 - 2542-2543 - 2543-2544 - 2544-2545 - 2545-2546 - 2546-2547 - 2547-2548 - 2548-2549 - 2549-2550 - 2550-2551 - 2551-2552 - 2552-2553 - 2553-2554 - 2554-2555 - 2555-2556 - 2556-2557 - 2557-2558 - 2558-2559 - 2559-2560 - 2560-2561 - 2561-2562 - 2562-2563 - 2563-2564 - 2564-2565 - 2565-2566 - 2566-2567 - 2567-2568 - 2568-2569 - 2569-2570 - 2570-2571 - 2571-2572 - 2572-2573 - 2573-2574 - 2574-2575 - 2575-2576 - 2576-2577 - 2577-2578 - 2578-2579 - 2579-2580 - 2580-2581 - 2581-2582 - 2582-2583 - 2583-2584 - 2584-2585 - 2585-2586 - 2586-2587 - 2587-2588 - 2588-2589 - 2589-2590 - 2590-2591 - 2591-2592 - 2592-2593 - 2593-2594 - 2594-2595 - 2595-2596 - 2596-2597 - 2597-2598 - 2598-2599 - 2599-2600 - 2600-2601 - 2601-2602 - 2602-2603 - 2603-2604 - 2604-2605 - 2605-2606 - 2606-2607 - 2607-2608 - 2608-2609 - 2609-2610 - 2610-2611 - 2611-2612 - 2612-2613 - 2613-2614 - 2614-2615 - 2615-2616 - 2616-2617 - 2617-2618 - 2618-2619 - 2619-2620 - 2620-2621 - 2621-2622 - 2622-2623 - 2623-2624 - 2624-2625 - 2625-2626 - 2626-2627 - 2627-2628 - 2628-2629 - 2629-2630 - 2630-2631 - 2631-2632 - 2632-2633 - 2633-2634 - 2634-2635 - 2635-2636 - 2636-2637 - 2637-2638 - 2638-2639 - 2639-2640 - 2640-2641 - 2641-2642 - 2642-2643 - 2643-2644 - 2644-2645 - 2645-2646 - 2646-2647 - 2647-2648 - 2648-2649 - 2649-2650 - 2650-2651 - 2651-2652 - 2652-2653 - 2653-2654 - 2654-2655 - 2655-2656 - 2656-2657 - 2657-2658 - 2658-2659 - 2659-2660 - 2660-2661 - 2661-2662 - 2662-2663 - 2663-2664 - 2664-2665 - 2665-2666 - 2666-2667 - 2667-2668 - 2668-2669 - 2669-2670 - 2670-2671 - 2671-2672 - 2672-2673 - 2673-2674 - 2674-2675 - 2675-2676 - 2676-2677 - 2677-2678 - 2678-2679 - 2679-2680 - 2680-2681 - 2681-2682 - 2682-2683 - 2683-2684 - 2684-2685 - 2685-2686 - 2686-2687 - 2687-2688 - 2688-2689 - 2689-2690 - 2690-2691 - 2691-2692 - 2692-2693 - 2693-2694 - 2694-2695 - 2695-2696 - 2696-2697 - 2697-2698 - 2698-2699 - 2699-2700 - 2700-2701 - 2701-2702 - 2702-2703 - 2703-2704 - 2704-2705 - 2705-2706 - 2706-2707 - 2707-2708 - 2708-2709 - 2709-2710 - 2710-2711 - 2711-2712 - 2712-2713 - 2713-2714 - 2714-2715 - 2715-2716 - 2716-2717 - 2717-2718 - 2718-2719 - 2719-2720 - 2720-2721 - 2721-2722 - 2722-2723 - 2723-2724 - 2724-2725 - 2725-2726 - 2726-2727 - 2727-2728 - 2728-2729 - 2729-2730 - 2730-2731 - 2731-2732 - 2732-2733 - 2733-2734 - 2734-2735 - 2735-2736 - 2736-2737 - 2737-2738 - 2738-2739 - 2739-2740 - 2740-2741 - 2741-2742 - 2742-2743 - 2743-2744 - 2744-2745 - 2745-2746 - 2746-2747 - 2747-2748 - 2748-2749 - 2749-2750 - 2750-2751 - 2751-2752 - 2752-2753 - 2753-2754 - 2754-2755 - 2755-2756 - 2756-2757 - 2757-2758 - 2758-2759 - 2759-2760 - 2760-2761 - 2761-2762 - 2762-2763 - 2763-2764 - 2764-2765 - 2765-2766 - 2766-2767 - 2767-2768 - 2768-2769 - 2769-2770 - 2770-2771 - 2771-2772 - 2772-2773 - 2773-2774 - 2774-2775 - 2775-2776 - 2776-2777 - 2777-2778 - 2778-2779 - 2779-2780 - 2780-2781 - 2781-2782 - 2782-2783 - 2783-2784 - 2784-2785 - 2785-2786 - 2786-2787 - 2787-2788 - 2788-2789 - 2789-2790 - 2790-2791 - 2791-2792 - 2792-2793 - 2793-2794 - 2794-2795 - 2795-2796 - 2796-2797 - 2797-2798 - 2798-2799 - 2799-2800 - 2800-2801 - 2801-2802 - 2802-2803 - 2803-2804 - 2804-2805 - 2805-2806 - 2806-2807 - 2807-2808 - 2808-2809 - 2809-2810 - 2810-2811 - 2811-2812 - 2812-2813 - 2813-2814 - 2814-2815 - 2815-2816 - 2816-2817 - 2817-2818 - 2818-2819 - 2819-2820 - 2820-2821 - 2821-2822 - 2822-2823 - 2823-2824 - 2824-2825 - 2825-2826 - 2826-2827 - 2827-2828 - 2828-2829 - 2829-2830 - 2830-2831 - 2831-2832 - 2832-2833 - 2833-2834 - 2834-2835 - 2835-2836 - 2836-2837 - 2837-2838 - 2838-2839 - 2839-2840 - 2840-2841 - 2841-2842 - 2842-2843 - 2843-2844 - 2844-2845 - 2845-2846 - 2846-2847 - 2847-2848 - 2848-2849 - 2849-2850 - 2850-2851 - 2851-2852 - 2852-2853 - 2853-2854 - 2854-2855 - 2855-2856 - 2856-2857 - 2857-2858 - 2858-2859 - 2859-2860 - 2860-2861 - 2861-2862 - 2862-2863 - 2863-2864 - 2864-2865 - 2865-2866 - 2866-2867 - 2867-2868 - 2868-2869 - 2869-2870 - 2870-2871 - 2871-2872 - 2872-2873 - 2873-2874 - 2874-2875 - 2875-2876 - 2876-2877 - 2877-2878 - 2878-2879 - 2879-2880 - 2880-2881 - 2881-2882 - 2882-2883 - 2883-2884 - 2884-2885 - 2885-2886 - 2886-2887 - 2887-2888 - 2888-2889 - 2889-2890 - 2890-2891 - 2891-2892 - 2892-2893 - 2893-2894 - 2894-2895 - 2895-2896 - 2896-2897 - 2897-2898 - 2898-2899 - 2899-2900 - 2900-2901 - 2901-2902 - 2902-2903 - 2903-2904 - 2904-2905 - 2905-2906 - 2906-2907 - 2907-2908 - 2908-2909 - 2909-2910 - 2910-2911 - 2911-2912 - 2912-2913 - 2913-2914 - 2914-2915 - 2915-2916 - 2916-2917 - 2917-2918 - 2918-2919 - 2919-2920 - 2920-2921 - 2921-2922 - 2922-2923 - 2923-2924 - 2924-2925 - 2925-2926 - 2926-2927 - 2927-2928 - 2928-2929 - 2929-2930 - 2930-2931 - 2931-2932 - 2932-2933 - 2933-2934 - 2934-2935 - 2935-2936 - 2936-2937 - 2937-2938 - 2938-2939 - 2939-2940 - 2940-2941 - 2941-2942 - 2942-2943 - 2943-2944 - 2944-2945 - 2945-2946 - 2946-2947 - 2947-2948 - 2948-2949 - 2949-295

however, surpassed the obligatory perfunctory interest....
 had nothing to do with ^{the obligatory devotion} perfunctory piety. "I read the Bible avidly,
 gluttonously, but methodically," he tells us, in "Si le Grain ne meurt:"
(II, p. 149/150.)

The time Gide refers to is that of his First Communion. It was about
 the same period that he discovered the Hellenic Olympus...

...(II, p. 145/46.)

^{at 14 years} Years later, he is to write - in a ^{brilliant} remarkable essay about Greek
 Mythology:

"The first condition to understand the Greek myths is to believe in
 them." / And - decades later again -

The third basic ~~ingredient~~ component of this spiritual structure -
 the Arabian Nights - represent the temptation, the promise of future
 delights... The exotic flavour, the magic ~~call coming from~~ attraction
 of the souks, the mosques, the gaudy and sultry realm of the African
 fairy-tale... Moorish Christian
p. 160 contrasting

The three spheres ~~imply~~ imply three different approaches to life
 and yet are interrelated.... True, the basic polarity is that between
 Christ and Dionysus - between the ascetic ethos of Christianity and
 the ~~radiant sensuality~~ ^{same dynamic} sensuality of the paganism... the sensual spender of
 pagan antiquity.

But this antagonism is in itself a simplification... For both the
 Christian and the Hellenic experiences ^{are} fundamentally tragic and
 fundamentally ethical ^{as a unity} ~~as~~ contrasting the enthralling lasciviousness
 of the Arabian world. ^{at once more easy-going} ~~and more~~ ^{determined}

If the ^{same} Hellenic Olympus means vacation from the ascetic school of
 Jerusalem, the ^{brilliant} maze of Arabian cities ~~also~~ makes forget the solemn

hierarchy of both the Greek and
 Christian world...

in a sense...

by ~~the~~ ^{you} ~~captives~~ ^{desires} ~~and~~ ^{rather than} ~~the~~ ^{by} ~~Hellenic~~ ^{the} ~~Fate~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Vocation~~

Il faut donc choisir entre le
 paradis Persan et mortel
 A travers le paradis de l'orient
 le paradis de l'occident

When other boys are come busy
translation with plays foot ball
or collecting stamps, he was
absorbed in a millionaire and
fantasy exercises of the Gospel.

Ulysses

the handsome, sensitive boy - A.,
cloistered in with his monastic
discipline - Ulysses

The two boys wander in
the garden to be together

would have wished
share the pilgrimage of this
illustrious brother who has
invented

The ~~eminent~~ and ~~young~~

Oh, to share the pilgrimage of this
illustrious brother in his unspeakable
adventures and vibrations!

To share the hardships and the dangers
of his pilgrimage would mean to ~~testify~~
~~testify~~ - he with him, the
bound with him at the night - the
indivisible spirit of the
Saviour 50-51

On the other hand, there are affinities between ~~the~~ Baghdad and Jerusalem - both imbued with the flavour of Minor Asia. Visualized in this way, the Hellenic world ~~is~~ appears a cosmos in itself - ^{anistocratic, individualistic, heroic;} solemnly distinguished from the ~~softer~~ more democratic, ^{and more indulgent} ~~softer~~ world of the East...

And why not juggle the kaleidoscope, once more? For there are many routes from Athens to Alexandria, ^{and from there, further East.} The Hellenic ^{Olympus} ~~myths~~, derived originated from the Asiatic world, merges with it again, in the Hellenistic decadence. The gods of the ^{Zeus and Hermes, Apollo and Dionysus} Olympus find back to less august ancestors and cousins in Egypt and ~~Africa~~ further East... But the Christian revelation remains pure, unaffected... Preserved by virtue of the Latin genius, ^{and organized} ~~it is the light throughout the dark ages; then re-~~ vitalizes and absorbs what is still alive of the Hellenic heritage, and finally undergoes the an inevitable it proves strong enough to survive, and sometimes to penetrate, the medieval darkness; to absorb, in the Renaissance, the Hellenic heritage, and even to survive the irreverent challenge of enlightenment and the ~~merciless~~ test of modern science and philosophy. ^{the light moment.} ~~transient~~

From all vicissitudes of history, from all dislocations and misrepresentations, the holy message of Christianity emerges - imperishable, incorruptible, still pregnant with future and with mystery.

6:16 ^{will work in 1916:} "And to think that there are people who tell us: 'The four Gospels have ceased to live; from now on they have no longer any value or significance.' They blaspheme what they ignore, and I want to cry out to them: The Gospels still await you. Their meaning - far from being depleted - remains to be discovered, to be discovered again and again."

~~There can be no doubt that of all influences and traditions in the Christian tradition had the most rousing and most lasting effect~~

Enlorgy of influences ...
 "L' influence dans la littérature :
 lecture. (Volume III.)

condemns the rigidity of an
 epoch, which at once
 eclectic and over-individualistic -
 gathers influences, far from
 anywhere, which at the same
 jealously clinging to what
 they think there is originality.
 So individualistic
 that we do not
 speak of disciples but of imitators.
 (1881)

Gide - "You distrust influences"
 the enthusiastic hero and
 the ~~disciple~~ ~~disciple~~

Critical
 "disciple" ... to make the
 landscape of his growth,
 of his history of his growth,
 without consideration...

On this

For I have always been, and I am, the ~~intentional~~ essential purpose of his yearning anxiety: to separation and clarity his ~~own~~ himself substance by ~~comparing~~ by qualifying our app the spiritual substance of our Self-identification is the ultimate goal of all his intellectual adventures and escapades. By abandoning, strongly, his own substance — by ~~losing~~ he hopes to find it What absurd, mindless to foolish one's own personality by Those who prefer to jeopardize their personality by the contact with others, as likely to be substantive of harmony substance than How absurd our how mindless are these people! They mean to protect their "originality", which is

-6-

No doubt, the Christian element ^{dominates} predominates is predominant in the compound of ~~various~~ influences, which this keen, ^{G's} receptive mind had been shaped. The Christian ethos is the central energy uniting and coordinating the divergent trends - the heart and essence of this living symbiosis. The dialectic ^{figure} symphony of ^{his} Gide's work and vision rests organically on the triune chord of Christianity plus Hellas and Orient. From this foundation arises the complex structure of his ~~European~~ consciousness.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to dissect a living entity, without marring its substance or dislocating its sense. Evidently, a spirit as rich and restless as is André Gide's, comprises an amplitude of ingredients some of which ~~were soon to have been completely absorbed and~~ seem to ~~vanish temporarily~~ accumulated little by little and organized according to the respective needs of any specific moment...

Little by little in a
long and ^{passionate} ~~timeless~~ effort,
this consciousness absorbed
and organized an amplitude
of other ingredients.

He discovers his
identity with the help
of poets, he explores the landscape
of the soul.
The most difficult thing on
earth is to remain oneself,
(Pascal)

He in fact, ^{kind of} was not the man
to follow any ^{kind of} advice
blindly and

Notwithstanding his unconditional
analog of all influences, he
knew very well to pick out what

The Christian then is
worn back and
forth through the entire
texture of his intellectual
sympathy.

But in this particular case
~~it was~~ a situation was made
all the same & as G. might
have noticed but failed to
mention it - it was not by
Goethe himself, then by his
function mentioned. As for G.,
he had no ^{adding} ~~other~~ ^{experience} ~~other~~
prior, whose ^{addition} ~~addition~~ would have
been followed without gain.

any further that could be done
to recognize man's fullness and
potentiality of his own power

Naturally, French influences essential from the very beginning - especially ~~le Grand Siècle~~ the classics: Racine, La Fontaine, Molière ^{Pascal} La Rochefoucauld, Montaigne... (Less, the grandiose gestures of Corneille's heroes and the Voltaire's scepticism...) ^{Montaigne much} Stendhal and Baudelaire, to accompany him through his life, while Zola will join him but later...

Reading the poetry of Browning, he thinks, with ~~the~~ characteristic French pride: "But we have Victor Hugo!" But ~~then~~ he is disappointed when re-reading ~~Hugo's work~~ ^{certain of the 18th-19th} "Rien de.... plus absurde., ni de plus ~~absurde~~ splendide," he observes in his diary. ~~This statement already~~ ^{amplified} When prodded for a statement whom he thought the most eminent French poet, he answered succinctly: ^{gla. B. Surcouf 7 of 1-19}

"V. H., alas."

Balzac's name is mentioned right on the opening page of his Journal (1889): looking at Paris from the sixth floor of a building ^{situation} in the heart of the Latin Quarter, he recalls the challenge cried out by Balzac's ambitious young hero, Rastignac:

"Et maintenant - à nous deux!"

Yet we also find remarks full of charming malice in reference to the mighty constructor of the Human Comedy: "Car il n'est jamais naïvement sublime; jamais moins sublime que quand, naïvement, il croit d'être."

Plays off Dostojewsky against Balzac...

The Ten Greatest French Novels
(Volume V, 47)

Among all French writers Gide ^{is} ~~seems to be~~ the one most profoundly versed in the mysteries of the Russian soul - a familiarity ~~to~~ to which his penetrating studies on D. testify in the most eloquent way. Also ^{work he} admired Tolstoi, Gogol, Pouchkin - particularly the last, whose ^{work} ~~"Pique Dame"~~ he translated ~~in~~ in parts.... It is D., however, to whom he owes more than to any other non-French writer - excepting, perhaps, Goethe.

"The Ten Greatest French Novels"
Mouvement Choisis, 140

His impressionable mind was easily
dominated and seized by any affect
that rendered it congenial to him,
a welcome stimulus.
Before he became aware of it.

He who was destined to the wisdom
and majesty of the classical tradition
of ~~the~~ a classicism, was first
abandoned himself to the seductive
charm of romantic moods of rhythm
sweet narcotic

He loved
It was not the ~~strong~~ ^{romantic} ~~by which~~ ^{inhabit}
great poets of the 19th century
attracted him - not (Chambliss)
Moss, Hugo.

His loves, during this at that point,
were mostly of English or of
German. He was all taken with
Keats and Hölderlin, Byron
Novalis, Shelley and H. H.
Byron cast its saturnal spell on him,
as did - in a different, more exuberant
fashion - Schopenhauer
He lived in Schopenhauer's ^{floating}
medium of ^{and} ^{with}

the grandiose morphology
of the "Humboldtian" of
the "Humboldtian" of
the "Humboldtian" of

X Goethe's extraordinary authority over Gide's thought. "From my twenty-two year, I actually lived on Goethe..."

However, in the beginning the German influence was primarily romantic - including Nietzsche, who, for many reasons, may be properly designed as a romanticists. His vision saturated with Heine, Schopenhauer, Schumann etc. ... (Characteristically and yet surprisingly: never Wagner, then at the peak of his international fame - idolized in France...)

~~The enthusiasm for Schumann subsequently waned but never quite disappeared. Played off Bach and Chopin against him. ("Chopin":~~

Vol VI, 56.)

As for Nietzsche, ~~always~~ enthusiastic statements, early. ("Lettre à Angèle," Morceaux Choisis.)

Yet later inclined to belittle influence.

Theory of ~~indirect~~ indirect influence. (Journal)

Disposed, in general, to question German influences - excepting Goethe again. But he suggests: Goethe not really German... ("Reflexions sur l'Allemagne", "Incidences.")

To quote - "Influence Allemand", Volume IV, p.413.)

Nevertheless, German streak remains integral part of his intellectual structure. ~~At~~ certain states of his development

superseded by Anglosexon traditions. More masculine taste...

("Journal", p.674.)

Whitman's overpowering appeal - ~~strong~~ rousing ...; Dickens, Conrad (French adaption of Typhoon;) Shakespeare - translation, "Antonius & Cleopatra," first act Hamlet.

Transition: Hamlet complex. Inability to act: = German.

To quote, Green Journal, I, p. 73.)

Romanticists
("Père Schopenhauer")
Hebbel, etc.

England: first, Byron; Keats; Carlyle ("qui m'inspirent")
et une passion à la fois.
Later?

My was his dream to translate
Nobels' fragmentary notes;
and Chamin's enrichment of it,
that he actually when he actually
afterwards, ~~was~~ did translate
~~that~~ from foreign languages, the
almost ^{all} ~~with~~ ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{his} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~words~~ ^{words} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~English~~ ^{English}
~~translated~~ all
- Shakespeare, Whitman, Conrad,
and Tagore.

did translate foreign master works
into English - speak
The ~~only~~ ^{only} ~~translations~~ ^{translations} as both
Translation - two classes of
a highly cosmopolitan spirit.
This ^{phase} ~~shifting~~ ^{shifting} of his interest from
the G. sphere to the English
is typical characteristic and sign
of ~~typical~~ ^{typical} ~~moderation~~ ^{moderation} that G.'s authority
was the only one to survive, when
Him and Sch. had long lost
all a reputation for him.
mind ~~Wagner~~ ^{Wagner} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~pantheon~~ ^{pantheon} ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~lost~~ ^{lost}
most ~~English~~ ^{English} ~~language~~ ^{language} ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~lost~~ ^{lost}

The artist as observer, outside

This inability to find a direct approach to life - ~~shows~~ the tragedy young Gide has in common with his generation. The intellectual élite of Europe - paralyzed by introspection, hyper-sensitive, separated from life by intellect... The Hamlet complex, the Byronic moods... Reverberating from Vienna (Hofmannsthal...) ~~to~~ Lübeck (Tonio Kröger, Pipo Spano;): those "who thought themselves weary" - "die müde sich gedacht", to quote Goethe, who experienced and overcome this baleful proclivity...

No name

Gide's first book - "Les Cahiers d'André Walter" - perfectly in keeping with these currents. ~~Diffused~~ Confessional notes of a young man intoxicated by melancholie and music, haunted by inhibitions..... Asenjis

Fighting his instincts and appetites: "Les corps me gênent."

Part of his love is an ecstasy
as floats in a moment of
Ecstatic devotion to Emmanuele... the quasi-imaginary André Walter paying homage to ~~André Gide's~~ quasi-imaginary love of the real André Gide.

Hankers for the nirvana, where the communion will be perfect and ultimate.

Everything floats, - veiled in a silvery mist...: "les soirs d'été, c'était avec Chopin, Baudelaire..." Summer night

Vol. I
115

It was also with Verlaine and Keats, Schuman and Schopenhauer - particularly with

"De la musique avant toute chose... De la musique encore and toujours..." Ennui, almost

Perfumes - sounds... ~~melodious~~ words, regardless their meaning... metaphysical meditations... hallucinatory subtelties: that is André

Walter. He is the ecstatic décadent - at once languid and ~~chaotic~~ chaotic, hectic and exhausted... exquisite and quasi

Full of arresting things - sweet resounding with accents of ~~morbid~~ morbid and violent sweetness. True, it is also redundant, sometimes even turgid, and ~~altogether~~ altogether lacking in the ~~discipline~~ discipline characteristic of Gide's mature style. In an introduction ...written almost forty years afterwards he disapproved mostly of this embarrassing self-indulgence

("Preface", Vol I, p.203.)

teeming with stylistic incongruities,
manicured

That conscience does make demands
of us all;
And then the nation here of
resolution
Is sickly & old with the fall
east of Hongkong;
And enterprise of great fall
& moment,
With this regard, the country
Takes away,
And lose the name of action.

The year A. C. — and the first
year, A. W. — in Italy, in the
winter in Hamilton (Chilmanas).

André Walter ~~inspired and poisoned by music and madness~~ perishes -
 a prey of music and madness. André Gide - endowed with more vitality than
 his fragile hero - continues to live and to scrutinize the disquieting
 labyrinth of his own being.

The heir - at once pampered and tormented by nature and society -
 remains absorbed in the intricate and ^{idle} ~~futile~~ occupation of self-analysis.

^{with} Treatise - slim, esoteric, yet intense and somehow ^{prigant} ~~foreshadowing~~
 more powerful things to come: ^{mugs to on the wall, later}

"Le Voyage d'Urien" (93)

"Les Tentatives Amoureuses" (93) Curtius, p. 48

"Narcissus" (93) "Paludes" (93) = General

^{Transl.} Narcissus - anti-social. ^{***} ^{cf. 1st volume} ^{danger} ^{Save a life}

"The social question? Certainly....."

(Journal, p. 93.)

Connotes and anticipates already the individualism of G.'s maturity.

The same goes ~~for~~ for the disdain of fame... : capricious and

in the case of the young Gide, who spurns the contact with the mob,
 cloistering himself in his ivory tower... But he will remain faithful
 to this principle - in fact, this detachment as regards immediate success
 will turn out to be one of his greatest virtues, the force of his endurance.

(To quote, Incidences, p. 41.) ^{"Journal des F.M." 7.55}
^{and my artist, 7.2 (back)}

At first, he was so afraid of fame that he hid behind his own characters
 : André Walter - anonymously... "posthumous work"....

He was pleased to find a portrait of him unlike ~~him~~ : ~~people would~~
 it would not help people to recognize him...

Portrait III, 7-507

This appearance is
 descriptio-... (Paris
 and etc) (Gide)

The first period of his artistic
work is completely devoted
to this primary effort of
self-analysis. After having
wallowed in his abandoned himself,
to his rampant emotions, he
found a more ^{or less} distant
expression of a appeal to the
mysticism of his ~~interior~~ ego.

The new pattern was a kind
of poetic mysticism or dialectic system
in which he exposed ~~some~~ certain
aspects of his inner drama.

~~The first work~~ (1894)

Le Traité de Narcisse -

presents the Artist in the mythical
disguise of that antique youth
who was... too perfectly handsome
to fall in love with anyone
but himself. Lost in the reflection
of his own immediate beauty,
he spurns the further proposition
of the nymphs, who were slightly shocked
by such a grossness.

He begins to travel - not so much because he is avid for new landscapes or faces, but rather as he ~~finds~~ ^{imagination} cannot stand those surrounding him. ^{His disliking} out of disgust with those surrounding him. The notes about ^{his} early voyages sound indeed rather gloomy. The young man who see for the first time the magnificent city of Brugge, notes in his diary - under the date of July 22nd, 1891:

(Journal, p. 22.)

And, on the last day of the same trip:

(Journal, p. 25.)

The truly exciting expeditions take place in his fantasy. Le Voyage d'Urien revels in invented adventures; but ~~in~~ ^{at} in the end he has to admit:

(Quotation, Volume I, p. 365.)

But when he actually travels, he seemed ^Sblinded - impervious to the appeal and the temptation of reality...

The sole reality he acknowledges is Art - art as such and for its own sake, l'art pour l'art - at once the essence of life and the ^{balm} narcotic that ~~makes its hardships~~ ^{help makes it, bitter as death} enables us to endure its hardships...

"The work of art," says G. in one of his early essays - Litterature et Morale - "is an equilibrium beyond time, an artificiel soundness..."

The fin de siècle believed in an art for artists.... ^{Reaction against naturalism.} The artists stuck together, discussed and criticezed each other, they took their métier so seriously that they disregarded the existence of anything besides..... ~~The European bounge~~ ^{There was} still was plenty of leisure and placidity to produce and to enjoy ~~the most fragile and most useless~~ ^{and redundant} ~~preciosities...~~ ^{of life.}

And Paris was the center of this curious, enchanting sphere - the ~~admitted capital of G.~~ ^{the artistic Mecca} Mecca of all aestheticism.....

Those were the fabulous days when the great painter such as Gauguin and Whistler met with the literary élite - the vanguard of the young Symbolist movement - in Mallarmé's modest room, which Gide describes in ~~Grand or dining room~~ ^{and Salon} ~~and Salon~~ ^{and Salon}

he sang, and
He spoke, he wrote, he painted,
in order to be known by
the artists — his peers, his
colleagues, his friends.
And that is precisely what Flourens
in the Paris of 1890 — the
Paris of the last century of the
fin de siècle, the artistic capital
of the world.

Life was gay, in the 70s to
and those artists who favored
namely, the out dated, the Victorian,
plebeian naturalists.

The reaction against Zola and
Taine, Roman and the Goncourts
was the motive force behind
all Parnassian and Symbolist
movements. The Naturalist school
had degraded art to a parrot
or propagandist of scientific
theories or political propaganda.

It was the ideal time for esoteric movements and for literary coteries. *Of course of the high-priest of the "symbolist" religion.* Herédia and Viconte de Lisle, the ~~precious~~ high priests of the Parnassus, *would also in an* took a kind, if somewhat patronizing interest in the even more precious

experiments of the young Symbolist group, who acclaimed Mallarmé as their master. On Tuesday afternoons he received his disciples - including the young André Gide - in his modest apartment. While the ~~young~~ men discussed Schopenhauer and Wagner, Ruskin and Oscar Wilde, Madame Mallarmé concentrated on her embroidery and Mademoiselle Genevieve, her daughter, prepared a grog for the poets. Sometimes a painter would join the literary party - Gauguin, for instance, or Whistler.

~~The Symbolists never~~ The subjects of conversation were strictly and exclusively literary or philosophic. *Politics was a taboo.* ~~Reality was considered trivial and cumbersome - untouchable for an artist. Only "the absolute" counted.~~

The intense young men around the august Mallarmé were at once sparkling and ~~melancholy~~ *wistful*, in the good old Byronic fashion. Gide formulated the mood prevailing in his circle when he noted in his diary:

"I am infinitely bored with myself; infinitely in love with the Pure Idea." *He was not bored with his friends, however.* Maybe he perceived his friends as "pure ideas"; at any rate, he was not infinitely bored with them. For this was the time of animated ~~comradeship~~ *contacts*, heated arguments, mutual admiration, and gregarious mischief.

The first great literary friendship in Gide's life was the one with Pierre Louÿs, whose novel, *Aphrodite*, ~~was~~ *became* popular when André ~~still~~ was still unknown. *They have met at* Louÿs had been a schoolmate of Gide's, in the Ecole Alsacienne, *when Louis* the scene of their first meeting is described at length in "Si le Grain ne meurt," and the diaries of Gide's youth are full of references to this rakish and amiable pal. The two had the time of their lives when they sauntered together through the Latin quarter - provoking the Philistines and ~~scrutinizing~~ *scrutinizing* the cosmos.

who played the role of *a mandarin and mentor and father in his* *relation to the young André*

Grand Piano near factory of A.
And: playing Chopin and Schumann
for piano

Pass That period in
my war, passed

The time when words like
"solitude", "isolation",
"estrangement" and the like,

became most frequently
in use was, paradoxically,
the most social years in
his life.

He belonged
and displayed the most affable
smiling towards the young
company.

Vivants de Lili and Henrietta were
frequently seen among M. Tarnay's
guests, while many of the
Symphonists showed up at
Henrietta's receptions.

Henrietta's home, in the rue Pergée,
was more worldly and elegant than
his antique dwelling in the rue de Rome.

As for Lili, and
little
Henrietta

to be
diplomats,
and
seriously
young
Lili,
and
Henrietta

The affectionate ^{relation to} contact with Paul Valéry - destined to survive ~~all~~
^{all over} the rest of these comradeships, Gide dedicated one of his earliest
writings - the treatise on Narcissus - to the young ^{man} poet, whom he then
recognized as the most promising figure in the realm of French poetry.
- in an article ~~about~~ ^{concerning} ~~appraising~~ ^{of France} the work of
Forty years afterwards, ~~when praising~~ ^{in an article} another writer, Gide ~~said that~~
~~his admiration for that novelist was~~ ^{in the early first time} asserted that, in his
opinion, the art of that novelist was "one of the most admirable
accomplishments in our time," and he added: "I would indeed say, the
most admirable one, if Paul Valéry did not exist."

The novelist in question was Marcel Proust, who, ^{under the auspices} then made his entrance
in the literary salons, ^{as a protégé} of Anatole France. But Gide, whose
attitude towards the grand old man of French letters ~~was~~
was always chilly and critical, ^{diffuse} was scarcely interested in his protégé
- ^{of 20 years and sickly} that bashful and pale young snob named Proust. The story is known -
and has been admitted and deplored by Gide himself - that the publishing
house, N R F, turned down the opening volume ^{Proust} of A la Recherche....,
thanks to, or rather, by the fault of, its reader of that time -
namely, A. G.

He preferred the company of ~~more robust and more~~ less anaemic men -
Henri Ghéon, for instance - a young writer of considerable vitality,
with whom Gide made friends at the time. Or Henri de Régnier, ^{one of the most}
^{robust} ~~experienced~~ Parnassian, and also a ^{brilliant} suave man of the world, ~~carrying his~~
~~monocle from the meetings at Mallarmé's or Hérédia's to more light-minded~~
~~gatherings~~

^{at R.G. down house}
One evening Gide found him despondent - devoid of his usual éclat.

"What's the matter?" asked Gide.

"Ah, mon ami!" ~~the~~ sighed the poet - shrugging his shoulders and
dropping his monocle: "I am getting old. Almost thirty already..."

~~It seems~~ "How long all this seems ago!" adds the aging Gide in his
memoirs.

Louis was the quick and pensive of
They were the two brightest ladies of
the lot — Andie and Piers — and
both were going. This P. L. Pomeroy
out when he discovered A. absence
in a volume of H. H.
"You are going to see such stuff?" Louis
said. "I bet you
I bet you too. You will see
How anxious! How glad to
imagine the same companionship
G. performed in with H. G. —
a year with of our long vitality
his most intimate friends with
when the radiation of P. L. Robin
off.

Long ago... It was the time when Gide, after the publication of "Les Cahiers d'André Walter," received an enthusiastic note from Maeterlinck and a scathing judgement from Huysmans; the time when the ~~zealous beginner~~ ^{young man} could jot down in his journal these three laconic and yet suggestive words:

"Visite à Verlaine." (January, 1890.)

"Amateur" Little magazines sprang up like mushrooms, and ^{mostly} disappeared as ~~quickly~~ abruptly as they had come into being. G., involved in many of these shortlived but stimulating ventures: the Potache-Revue, La Conque, Le Centaure. At the "Revue Blanche" he succeeded Léon Blum as the literary critic. Then, L'Ermitage, ^(with Remy de Gourmont) from which emerged, some years later again, the NRF - France's foremost literary ^{magazine} ~~forum~~, ^{until 1940} for the next three decades to come. [Schubert, 1950, 115.]

The intellectual climate in Europe - most propitious to such enterprises, to this whole style of life. Congenial ^{and} minds - scattered all over the continent: a Masonic order, as it were, ... recognizing each other by signs and signals, a special attitude, a strange vocabulary Gide - for all his shyness and reservation - commanded a network of social - lit. contacts all over Europe.

But from 1890 and 1895, however,
there was no N.R.F. as yet and
C. was by no means in a position
to make decisions upon the policy
of any major public house.
Still

~~He~~ ~~for~~ next

He for Li Kenton -

At the, whose ^{actual} ~~was~~ ^{drumming} ~~on~~ ⁱⁿ
saw ~~was~~ ^{to} ~~off~~ ^{so}
violently in late 1900

But we are not yet as far,
at this point of our report.

We still enjoy linguistic, for
a little while in these ~~times~~

on those ~~joyful~~ ^{wonderful} years of obscurity
and ~~reputation~~

the in Gide's immature ~~period~~
acquaintance as a product of
brilliant imagination

In Belgien, Marten Linck (Journal, P. 92)
Verlaeren

In Italy, D'Annunzio (P. 64/65)
Rilke (Rodin) George. (P. 469.)
In Vienna Hofmannsthal. (P. 155)

- H. , quagations, on his part, Kessel;
Meets through him: Count Harry Kessel;
Randolf Kassner (essayist): who
brings K. - his attention
Mentions K. - his to completely

unknown in France - for the
first time in Vienna, lecture
on the occasion of French exhibition.

There as guest of Kessel.
Intimate, beyond all frontiers: those
on the highest level understand each
translation, and other
other ...

And still this notion, this
play with delicate shades, meaning full
own forms ... some how disconnected
from its bright, rich - displaying
its brilliant character in a
sacrament ...

From Lisbon to St. Petersburg
to Lisbon there is a certain
you sit of people who are
with ~~some of the~~ same issues:
Wagner's music, Debussy or Str.;
Nietzsche's philosophy, Ruskin's
style, the art of the
for Raphaelites, the character of
the drama, the
the orchestra, the bone and
of the ~~the~~
the revolutionary in fact of
the in the work of Gounod,
the, Shostakovich.

Gide — the shy, lonely God of
1890 — maintained contact
with the whole Pantheon of
the ^{ancient} gods.

The finest translation now done of
any of G.'s works into any foreign
language is the German version of
L. Reclam de l'Ép. P., by

- 14 -

Something had to happen, to
intervene ... an inevitable crisis,
if only in the sphere of pure
thought This young European —
~~had to overcome~~ along with his
generation — had to overcome the
inhibitions and limitations of
aestheticism, pessimism, the transition
..... the ascetic ideal, the self-
pity, the fear of life.
He had to break his cherished
prison — the ivory tower.
Narcissus will meet his conqueror
other faces in the depth of
the water, or else he will lose
his mind.

*

~~When he met A. G.,~~
he was just at the frontier between
his aesthetic idealism and his subsequent
role of a hero and awakener of
sublime Nations.

The Prodigal Son

I believe in the flesh and the appetites;
Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part
and tag of me is a miracle.
Walt Whitman

Ne souhaite pas, ~~N~~ Nathanaël, de trouver Dieu
que partout.

A. G.

~~The gospels and pious legends tell us about~~

~~The repentant sinners presented to us in edifying legends are wont
all edifying legends~~

~~The classical sinner, as presented to us in edifying legends,
inevitably begins, at a certain point of his career, to repent
of his many transgressions, whereupon he withdraws to the desert
to atone for the good time he had had, and to attain sanctity.~~
describ'd
sooner or later
inevitably comes to a point
- at which point
become holy.

~~This, then, is a reversed legend - namely, the truthful story
of a man who went to the se desert, not to gain sanctity, but to
get rid of it. Besides ~~it~~ our tale contains the all veritable and unmistakable
ingredients of a veritable real parable - only that the tempter
comes out victorious. ~~As for~~ the devil's victim, ~~he~~ *he* ~~feels~~ *feels* ~~about~~ *not*
~~long time he wasted with his regrets the long time he has wasted with~~ *remorseful at all* *but* *he* *longer*
~~virtue, rather than to be~~ *remorseful and forswear his sins.*~~

October,
1893

The ~~devil~~ *and*
~~from~~ *in this world*
~~year~~ *innately*
~~with~~ *wait*
~~with~~ *during*
~~with~~ *disturb*

Less As at other ~~chapters~~ *with*
~~conclude~~ *he* ~~become~~ *overdone*
~~a~~ *but* ~~fantasy~~ *for*

- consisting mostly of books: English words
and the words of our pl. in both
languages for the
main in your, the Sanskrit, but not
A low, name,

The classical sinner - according to pious legends - inevitably comes to a point when he repents his transgressions: whereupon he withdraws to the desert to atone for the fun he had. The penitent lives on grasshoppers and keeps striving for sanctity.

One story
This, then, is a reversed legend - namely, the truthful account on a man who went to the desert, not to gain sanctity, but to get rid of it. Besides our tale contains the unmistakable ingredients of an edifying parable - including a wicked tempter who, in this particular case, comes out victorious. As for the devil's victim, he feels not remorseful at all, but rather regrets the irretrievable years he wasted with dreary virtues. As it often happens with converts, he overdoes ^{the new, a little} ~~the newly acquired gospel~~ and makes too much fuss about ^{the} ~~his newly acquired vices~~, he just acquired.

And still the story is not frivolous; in fact, the two main characters involved are not without tragic features. This goes - paradoxically - for the tempter even more than for the victim.

He never for much time
The tempter is ^{a flabby colossal} ~~a little flabby~~ with with lustrous eyes, and a proud, sensual mouth, ^{a beautiful forehead} ~~in a pale, flabby face~~. His ringing laughter sound a trifle forced. There is something violent, almost terrifying, about his quivering ^{and} ~~charm~~, his turbulent ^{wit} ~~ecquetry~~.

As for the victim, he is grave and shy - a frail and pensive young man, almost priest-like in his dark overcoat, ~~his~~ his face tight-lipped and tense under the brim of a slouch hat.

gloomy
On a ^{gloomy} ~~fine~~ day in ~~October, 1893~~ January, 1894, our ^{50 or 60} ~~dignified~~ young traveler arrived in Algeria, where he ~~had been before~~ ^{had} intended hoped to find spring and the same sort of lovely idyll he had previously known in the oasis of Biskra. But Algeria looked ^{at all} ~~bleak~~ and chilly - ~~surprisingly~~ bare of any exotic charm. So the traveler *musty* ^{he could be - really}

Tight-lipped

His dilated, face appears all the
more pale and sickly as
The pallor of his face is all
the more conspicuous as it
contrasts with a black beard
and mustache. The
- a paradoxical adornment of this
dilated physiognomy

packed up his affairs consisting mostly of books - a heavy, cumbersome burden. The works of English novelists and German philosophers had accompanied him from France to Switzerland, ~~and~~ ^{and} across the Mediterranean, to the African shores. He carried Dickens and Fichte along as he now made for the desert.

He stopped at a ~~savilla~~ town named Blidah - nearer his goal, the Saharah; but not yet quite near enough.

He was disappointed again. Where were the cloudless ^{horizons} ~~skies~~, the radiant faces and sweet fragrances he was hankering for? In Blidah, a low, rainy sky hung over the freezing palm trees. Everything seemed murky and depressing. For three ^{long and depressing} tiresome days the young man kept roving through squalid streets - aimless, joyless, and lonesome.

The third day he decided to leave.

Waiting for his ^{hotel} bill, ~~to be ready~~, he loitered in the lobby, ~~of the small hotel~~, while his book-charged luggage ^g was already piled up in the omnibus. Automatically - out of boredom, rather than induced by curiosity - he studied the black board, on which the hotel displayed the names of its current guests. ^{The two last names of the list flashed} He was startled as he read the last two names of the list - Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas, from London.

Gide's first reaction was to wipe out his own name, inscribed on the board not far from the names of the English visitors.

What prompted him to make this futile ^{and} impolite gesture? His memoirs try to answer this question in several ways. ^{On the first place} ~~One the one hand~~ - Gide asserts, in "Si le Grain ne meurt", - he just did not feel like seeing anybody. ~~on the other hand~~ Moreover, ^{and} the idea of seeing Oscar Wilde embarrassed him ^{and} particular. For, at that point, the young Frenchman was not yet ^{and} free altogether of conventional inhibitions. Wilde's reputation began, just then, to become somewhat ^{rather dubious} scandalous. While London society gradually ^{grew} ~~got~~ indignant at his provocative conduct, the literary ~~world~~ world of Paris was rather inclined to ridicule Wilde's ~~eccentric~~ ^{and} fatuous

and just began to talk about say funny A. & G.

(Proust)

London society

efforts to scandalize the bourgeois. "On se scandalisait un peu," according to Gide's account: "mais surtout on le prenait à la blague."

^{71 W. discover}
The somber young man erased his name, as he feared that Wilde might discover ~~it~~ it, at the last moment, and follow him to the station. ~~was it only his longing for solitude and~~ What compelled him to do so was, ^{possibly} perhaps, not solely his longing for solitude nor the trivial embarrassment on account of Wilde's reputation. Maybe he sensed the danger. He was scared, perhaps, by the unexpected proximity of ~~the~~ wickedness and seduction. He wanted to dodge the tempter. ^{silly and foolish}

But at the station he already changed his mind. It was foolish and cowardly - he ^{now} thought - ^{to cut a man to whom he owed so many obligations.} to run away like that - without even saying ~~Hallo~~ ^{Hallo} to an old acquaintance. After all, he used to see a good deal of Oscar Wilde, three years ago, in Paris. Then the ~~English~~ ^{English} enfant terrible of British letters was at the peak of his dazzling career: ^{as much as} he possessed what Thackeray calls "the principal gift of great men," ~~and that is, of course, the gift of success.~~ "His gestures, his looks were triumphant, His books ~~charmed~~ startled and charmed. His plays drew jammed houses in London. He was rich; he was grand; he was handsome; submerged with honors and attentions. Some of his admirers compared him with an Asiatic Bacchus; others, with a Roman emperor; others again, with Apollon himself - and, in fact, he radiated."

^{This was the kind of thing he knew -}
Thus Gide subsequently described the effulgent Wilde he knew. ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ At the dreary station of Blidah, he ^{may have} recalled the sparkling hours he owed to the man whom he now cut so rudely. What would ^{Oscar} ~~Wilde~~ think of him when he noticed that he had effaced his name from the black board? For there could be but little doubt that ^{Wilde} ~~he~~ was aware of Gide's presence in Blidah. ~~Also, Wilde realized that his company began to become compromising, in consequence of certain ugly rumours circulated mostly by Lord Alfred's father, Marquis de Queensberry. Inevitably, Wilde would~~

^{lingering in the dreary room of his apartment}
~~lingering in the dreary room of his apartment~~

A

The meeting with him would be ~~seem~~ ^{seem} ~~indecisive~~ - first, because G. to answer
to p. 100; second, on account
of W.C. Grant - rep. of the society,
... that the third point is rather vague,
a number of conjectures, rather than
of knowledge. In one opinion, the
first like forest was simply seen

by

He ~~seem~~ ^{seem} ~~along~~ the ~~wanted~~
to ~~seem~~ the ~~ran~~ away, on
rather, he ~~was~~ to do so

~~Too~~ ~~ch~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~Too~~ ~~chivalrous~~ to
dodge any risk and to offend
any old acquaintance, he ~~change~~
his mind as soon as he had
reached the railway station.

~~What~~ ~~the~~ ~~conduct~~ ~~and~~ ~~conduct~~
of his ~~behaviors~~ ~~behaviors~~ ~~behaviors~~
Before it was too late. In ~~repose~~,
and ~~conduct~~ ~~the~~ ~~conduct~~ of what
he had done.

was always looking

feel ~~deeply~~ hurt - betrayed by another friend. "I ~~wanted to have a~~
friends, and I found only lovers," he had said to Pierre ~~Louys~~ Louys,
just a few months before.

Half because the danger ^{tempted} ~~attracted~~ him, half out of pity on the ^{endangered} ~~temper-~~
ter, the priest-like traveler returned to the hotel and shook hands with
the devil.

He found Wilde considerably changed - not so much as far as his looks
were concerned but in his ~~own~~ spirit and attitude. His bon mots and
gestures, his mannerisms and ^{gams} ~~jokes~~ ^{his white & basins} ~~everything~~ about him had assumed
a certain violence - savage ^{desperate} ~~and~~ terrible. His ringing laughter sounded
a trifle forced ^{when} ~~as~~ he told André Gide:

"I am in Algeria because I am fed up with art. From now on I don't
want to adore anything but the sun. Haven't you noticed that the sun
abominates thought?"

And his merriment had ominous undertones when he exclaimed:

"My cardinal duty is to have a terribly good time."

And, again:

"No happiness! ^{to be with happiness} ~~Pleasure!~~ We must always aspire to the most tragic
solution..."

Obsessed with his lust for ^{fun} ~~pleasure~~ and tragedy, he paraded his vices
through the streets of Blidah and Algeria - prodded and provoked by
Lord Alfred, who relished scandal as a child relishes candy.

Surrounded by the scum of the ^{Algeria} ~~Arabian~~ ~~under~~ cities, the Oscar, "the
King of Life," strutted in front of the shocked tourists from London,
New York, and Paris.

"I hope to demoralize ~~the~~ ^{young men} He Indiscriminately, he distributed money
among the ~~Arabian~~ ^{young men} lads. "I hope to demoralize them completely," he
boasted, cheerfully.

It may be doubtful if there was much to demoralize, in the case of

And I am asking: "Do you want to know the reason for my opinion in my work?"

the native procurers and prostitutes. At any rate, he succeeded in the demoralizing a young Puritan, André Gide.

Not that he displayed in Paris of his
The tempter showed him, not all the kingdoms of the world, but *His bait was for small but irresistible* - the svelte, graceful bodies of Arabian lads and also the methods to *the swells and open* get hold of them. Wilde - experienced and cynical - disclosed to the timid friend certain penchants inherent in his nature but oppressed hitherto. "The great pleasure of the debauchee," Gide observed later, "is to ~~entertain~~ debauch others."

pleased to tempt
Wilde had the time of his life. He was ~~amused~~ "like a child and a devil" - as he revealed to ~~young~~ Gide the delights and devices of eros. It tickled him to watch André struggle against

Wilde had the time of his life as he revealed to his ~~this at once~~ the strategy of vice to this docile and yet restive *perfect* disciple. Tickled "like a child and a devil," the seducer watched the struggle taking place in his victim's soul *- twisting his delicate face* and the reflection of which ~~became visible~~ *André's* could be discerned in his twisted features. ~~Gradually André's resistance~~ *André's* ~~resistance gradually melted away~~ His power of resistance gradually gave in - his inhibitions melted away, together with his virtue.

influence of 2002-2021
The setting of André's fall was a sordid joint in Algéria. The *named Mohammed* bait of Satan was an Arabian flutist - very young, only fourteen or so, dark-skinned and sweet and slender. Gide gazed at him - spellbound, ~~petrified with desire~~ *the soft, heavy tears* bewitched. At this point he felt ~~Wilde's enormous hand~~ on his shoulder the touch of Wilde's soft and enormous hand.

Whispered the tempter: "Dear, vous voulez ~~le~~ le petit musicien?"

And the victim *scandalized* - in trangled, almost soundless voice.

"Yes."

The tempter burst out laughing. He shrieked, bellowed, almost suffocated *in* with in a veritable tempest of mirth. "I beg your pardon," he panted. "But this was too funny for words..."

The devil had his good laugh; the victim, his Mohammed.

~~The lustful diversions of hell~~

The fallen saint wholeheartedly enjoyed the lustful diversions of hell. In fact, he mistook hell for heaven. When speaking of the "inferno," he referred by no means to the objectionable practices he had just learned from the Evil one. Quite the contrary, he alluded to his overcome inhibitions, his forfeited ~~state of~~ chastity when he exclaimed, with the accent of true relief: — *infinitely relieved!*

"Ah! de quel enfer je sortais!" — *Hear him by no means in a different way*

No remorse, no self-reproaches. The new experience did not seem an aberration to him. Quite the contrary, he congratulated himself ~~on~~ *— rather a liberation* on having found at last his ~~real~~ *inborn inner* normalcy.

his of perfection — a way to satisfaction

episod

The significance of the Algerian ~~incident~~ *episode* can ~~not~~ be gauged ~~only~~ when we consider the ~~violent~~ *moderate* violence of the ~~preceding~~ *and preceding it* qualms ~~the~~ and scruples ~~preceding~~ *ultimately* and accompanying the final compliance in sin. There is nothing reckless or lightminded about this ~~related~~ *ultimate* outburst of long-repressed appetites. The whole development ~~has nothing~~ *to do with weakness and but* far from being caused by self-indulgence, ~~was~~ rather ~~to do with~~ self-renunciation - paradoxical as it may sound. Mohammed's lover renounced what he had cherished most - his aspiration to sanctity.

The moral flavour inherent in the Algerian ~~situation~~ *quivering* was even still drama becomes even more evident in view of Wilde's future fate - already imminent and perceptible in his ~~native~~ *gaily* gaiety.

— a work, ~~which~~ *which* joy ~~drives~~ *drives* him out ~~into~~ *into* the ~~desert~~ *desert*, at ~~the~~ *at* the ~~dawn~~ *dawn* of ~~the~~ *the* day

What he ~~gained~~ *gained*, instead was a new, ~~intoxicating~~ *intoxicating* — ~~an~~ *an* ~~one~~ *one* ~~plane~~ *plane* of blissful ~~drunkenness~~ *drunkenness*, which ~~implied~~ *implied* ~~him~~ *him* at times to ~~none~~ *none* through the desert, at the dawn of ~~the~~ *the* day, ~~in~~ *in* ~~intoxication~~ *intoxication* ~~with~~ *with* by vast, ~~weightless~~ *weightless* ~~and~~ *and* ~~lonely~~ *lonely* ~~like~~ *like*

that bird day in your as the

cannot hardly be due of to six
attribution

It was the landscape, the sun -
in short, Northern African atmosphere
which

Now was it solely Wilde's prostration
hedonism which ~~could~~ caused the
decision along.

That both the pagan philosophy and
the erotic dissonance on the contrary
effort to the background against
which G. conceived and created his -
the modern's sensory of Northern
Africa, ~~the~~ with his
the insatiable sensory of the Arabian
night.

- The ~~primary~~ point of the of his
life, the ~~revolution~~ ^{joyful} of

disclosure to
 Wilde showed him not only the ~~glamour~~ of ~~rich~~ carnal lust but
 but also the price ~~to be~~ paid for defying society. When he left for
 Irritated by the insults and accusations heaped upon him by Lord A.'s
 father, Marquis de Queensberry, he decided to go to London in order to
 stop the ~~sl~~ slanderer - if need be, by ~~suing~~ him. Thus he challenged
 his fate.

"I went as far as possible into one direction," he told A. G.
 "I cannot go any further. *new - S. de Brent* Something *must* has to happen."
 Gide remained in contact with him - if only with intervals - through-
 out the tragedy. In a moving essay devoted to W.'s memory he described
 the third Wilde he has known - after the glamorous one, of 1890, and
 the haunted, provocative one of the Algerian days. The third one ~~was~~
 was called Melmoth.....

Sebastian ("Wilde," 35.) *more lugubrious*
 The last meeting in Paris - even ~~greater~~ *more lugubrious* than that *in* of Berneval. *P. 116*
 Dwelled on these recollection - in parts to the end that the
 infamous book by Lord A. D., O.W. and I "be refuted.

abandoned himself to a new Dionysic vapour
 In December
 It was out from the papers that Gide learned, in December, 1900,
 about Wilde's "pitiful end." *T. in Live circumstances* "Bismarck prevented me, alas, from joining
 the meagre cortege that ~~attended~~ *attended* followed the accompanied the coffin
 to the cimiter of Bagneux."

André Gide, at the time, sojourned in Biskra again.
 *** *Alone or with friends (François Jammes instance)*
 During this whole decade - from 1892 to 1902 - the landscapes and
 the people of Northern Africa held G. in their magic spell. It was there,
 in the oases of Biskra and Touggourt, in Tunisia and Morocco, that he
 first grasped ~~and realized~~ the vast beauty of life. The sterile *idolatry* of
 the Pure Idea was superseded by the an effusive cult of reality *nature, life*.

The new requirement was Life as an
 as adorable and self-sufficient. The aseptic
 idea ~~was~~ had lost all validity - *for 10*
 time but at least. *A man*

First went there because
he thought himself ill by
tuberculosis (rather caused by
his nervous condition)

Establish of Congregationalism:
Nietzsche parallel. The useful-
ness of disease & death in his diary.

And refers to Nietzsche's
Pascal's l'usage de la raison à l'usage de la raison
The dialectic to the Usage des Malades

Agonia and Tragedy
have the same kind of finality
significance. Nietzsche's
as has this voyage to
in Goethe's biography.
~~the great~~ "En d'abord" him
into golden. In Goethe

relation in Rome
Goethe, ~~in~~ in his life was
unwillingly by a similar
fact "Now" and
born at last!

The young writer abandoned himself to a ^{new form of} ~~permanent~~ ecstasy ^{involving} embracing the whole creation - all palpable, and perishable things.

This ~~general~~ enthusiasm infinitely transcended the sexual ~~ecstasy~~, from which it ~~has~~ ^{originated} sprung at first. The new emotion ^{is} cosmic and comprehensive; it included flowers and clouds, fruits, statues, and ^{stars,} rivers in his billow-like, ^{slightly} embrace.

Gide's ~~own~~ ^{pantheistic - motifs} credo proclaimed that ^{all palpable, & visible things} ~~all~~ everything created contains and indicates God, but that ^{none of them can} ~~nothing~~ reveals Him. ^{who} ~~who~~ contents himself with one love, ^{and vagrant} ~~therefore~~ inevitably misses the contact with the divine. Only the floating ^{and vagrant} ~~emotion~~ ^{with an like desire} ~~the highest~~ tenderness - unfixated and unlimited - comprehend ^{God} ~~the~~ ^{the most} ~~vagrant~~ ^{transcendent} ~~transcendent~~ - the

"I call God everything I love, and I love everything:" This is ^{the} ~~The~~ enchanted lover loves the sand of the desert and the ^{he loves} ~~the~~ boy athlete who

is his guide.... (He accompanied Gide and Francis James....) He worships ^{sun, & wind, and rain, and colours, and things} ~~the winds, and the~~ smells, and all sorts of ~~desires~~ ^{and all sorts of} thirst, especially the thirst: Gide makes up a regular cult of thirst ^{able} ~~the~~ unquenchable longing.... ^{and he knows} ~~are~~ not likely to quench it."

He loves his imaginary pupil, Nathanael, to whom he addresses his delirious hymns and ^{anguish} ~~ecstatic~~ instructions... ^{his wisdom and affection} ~~all his wisdom and affection~~ is his generous gift to this ~~invented pupil~~ - "Je t'oi, mon N., que je ne pas encore rencontré" - ^{not} ~~not~~ ^{found} ~~found~~ ^{love} ~~love~~ ⁽¹⁸⁹⁴⁾

The ^{delirious} ~~ecstatic~~ sermon is entitled "Les Nourritures Terrestres" - the main product and ~~servant~~ ^{point of} testimony of this ^{quest} ~~speech~~ in André Gide's ^{quest} ~~speech~~ ^{The lover sings other lovers.} (Pag 133.) leaves ^{He sings all} ~~glorification of desire~~ ^{Sings} ~~of Joy~~: "Nathanael, do not distinguish between God and your happiness."

The inspired teacher teaches his dream-disciple that a tragic life is better than tranquility, and love better than wisdom, and our emotions better than our thoughts: "The admirable thing about this life is that

^{He sings, disquiet and landscape and} ~~He glorifies action and motion~~

270-17A
his youthful companion
At a moment of his life
and a moment of his life

TW

The Hamlet - complex has
been finally overcome:

1. To act without judging

whether the action is good

or whether it is evil

to do without questioning

whether it's good or bad.

N., I am going to teach
you how.

compels us to feel more than to think."

He ~~admonishes~~ admonishes his imaginary listener to cherish every moment, to abandon himself ~~entirely~~ ^{every} to ~~all transient~~ ^{sensation} ~~lust~~ to accept and relish ~~all sensations~~, to comply with every lust. - ~~command~~ ^{command} ~~with nature~~.

He warns him against fixations - against everything rigid and limited. The new message is anti-intellectual, anti-historical. N. is urged to distrust ~~books and dogmas~~ ^{to burn books} - even the ~~books and dogmas~~ ^{those} of his teacher and lover, ~~Gide~~.

"And now, N., throw away my book!" This is Gide's last advice.

"Emancipate yourself! ~~anti-hierarchical~~ ^{anti-hierarchical} ~~his anti-dogmatic~~ (Vol. II, p. 223.)

Does one recognize these grand and feverish accents?

Nietzsche.... "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Gide later suggested that he was not yet familiar with when he composed "Les Nourritures." Be this as it may, the influence is beyond any doubt - whether direct or indirect. ~~This sublime hedonism - the Dionysian ecstasies; even the style, or the style above all: the redundant orchestration, the slightly morbid offensiveness.~~ ^{Disappearance of style} ^{Journal} ¹⁹⁹⁰

And yet, there are other influences...

One might even trace back certain elements to ~~the~~ Jean-Jacques Rousseau's tradition. "Retour à la nature": the exaltation of simplicity - as Lawrence did, with different ~~literary means~~ ^{methods} and different ~~objectives~~ ^{Protestant defiance of Cath. hierarchy}... anti-hierarchy, anti-Catholic; anarchistic, in the last analysis - challenging ~~civilization~~ ^{all conventions}....

There is Bergson, whose first book had been published eight years before "L. N. T." ^{His slogan of Creative Evolution} ^{was not yet coined, at the time; but we feel the coming of such formulas} foreshadowed ~~not only in the N., but already in Les Cahiers d'A. W.~~

^{in O.S. glorification of life and vitality.} ^{and the eternal vital}

Page 8

To quote the Rev
1, 481

Wild's statement, a proper
"Non-sensicalities": "Don't write
the word again!"
It might make sense in
reference to Gide's sentence
life work (which G.W.
could not know.) It
seems without real relevance,
however, to that particular
book. For "Le Non-sensical"
are ~~indeed~~ a human quality
rather than a monologue.
If instead of saying "I
am going to learn how
to love," one, "I
have finally learned how
to love," he promises,
"Nat.," I shall thank you how
to love. — W. — condensed the
his motto "in the narrow sanctuary
"Kingdom" of one body. At G. in his Yarn,
displays them — gloriously

6. - No color ^{Nieder} ~~Zona~~ ~~hinter~~ The
L. T. T. head, ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ spots, like a
French version of the Sparrow? "

Yet ^{the} ~~Nietzsche's~~ authority ^{where} ~~that~~ overshadows all the others is that of Friedrich Nietzsche...

Page 9

True, he is by no means interested in all aspects of N.'s vision. The Will to Power has no attraction for him, nor does he believe that "man is something that is to be surpassed" - to be replaced by the Superman. Like Whitman, Gide - already the G. of the N. T. - is ~~gloriously~~ concerned with the man as a reality ~~that has to be~~ - not as a "transition" or preparation of higher forms of existence.

Yet many elements in common:

Certain concepts, out of the mood!
The Primacy of biological ~~values~~ ^{interests} over moral ideals; *"Transvaluation of all values."*
the disparagement of the intellect: the glorification of action.

("Thinking while acting, not thinking about acting.")

The euphoric bliss of convalescence....

The sublime hedonism

(N. Preface to "Fröhliche Wissenschaft")

Binton, "N", p. 53/54)

"Beyond Good & Evil."

The defiance to moral conventions; the emphasis of Oriental wisdom in contrast to Christian tenets; yes, in a sense Gide, the fanatic Puritan, finds himself on the risky paths of the Anti-Christ. Like N- Zarath., he proclaims ^{Dionysian} Love - expressly contrasted to ^{Christian sympathy} ~~the~~. Suggesting the "Beware of Pity!" Nietzsche's admonition ^{to} ~~for~~ all high-developed, that is, vulnerable men. *"Non point de sympathie, Nathanail, l'amusé."*

N. blames Christianity for "avoiding life," neglecting ^{for} ~~the~~ truly vital energies. - an idea which Gide, at that state of his development, might have accepted, although he ^{has never done} ~~hardly~~ so expressly.

quite the contrary, it seems that N.'s rampant hatred of Christianity formed a barrier between the German master and his French disciple - even at the time of G.'s greatest Nietzsche enthusiasm.... *Years after "L.N." he still writes* "I could never oppose Christ with that arrogant and jealous fanaticism as did F. N."

It is from classicism to surrealism, obsolete ideas

there are essential elements
in the Kierkegaard's thought, especially
incomparability with G.S.
vision. Now do I mean to
indicate that N.

Evidently, there are other causes,
other own forces.

We might go back to G.-G.-P.
to locate the intellectual source
of ~~the~~ ^{the} R. a. I. Na. ^{philosoph}

~~the~~ ^{the} ~~main~~ ^{main} and ~~Stoicism~~ ^{Stoicism}

~~acceptance~~ ^{acceptance} from which certain

~~may be~~ ^{may be} ~~founder~~ ^{founder} of ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ

~~in~~ ⁱⁿ this at one main and
completing ~~of~~ ^{of} us.

Gide's "dionysian" raptures are always shot through with Franciscan ~~elements~~ ^{and idyllic moods} ~~and affection~~ ^{that pious tenderness} for the meek, the little, the innocent...

The philosophy and spirit of "L. N. T." is essentially anti-heroic - its intrinsic message not that of defiance but of tenderness.

G. later observed ~~and says rightly, too~~ that N. is in reality much less un-Christian, or anti-Christian than he believed to be.

N.'s vision of Dionysus, ~~who was martyred and~~ - a deity ~~in~~ who experienced martyrdom and resurrection - is, in a sense, closer to Christian concepts than, for instance, ^{the really} ~~Göethe's truly~~ pagan Apollo ^(as whom Goethe adored.) A...

The same goes for Gide himself - the Gide of the "Nourritures" - in a different way, but no less obviously so. He, too, ^{has never been} ~~is~~ quite as remote from ^{the} Christian ~~teachings~~ ethos ^{as} ~~him~~ he thought to be, at the time.

There can be no doubt that "Les Nourritures" mark the ^{point of} ~~not least~~ ^{longest} distance to Christianity Gide has ever reached. And yet

Yes, I convey cannot help wondering whether the outcry "N., I no longer believe in sin!" - is altogether sincere. Could it be that there is ^{a bit of} wishful thinking involved?

Page 13.

*** Joy

Sacrifice

The moral antithesis of ^{of that period} ~~lust~~ and ^{joy} ~~chastity~~ remained ^{inherent in} ~~always~~ relevant to Gide's philosophy - even when he accepted ^{the supremacy of joy} ~~and glorified lust~~, while ^{denies all} ~~denying all~~ the validity of all ascetic ideals. ^{the memory of} ~~his past struggles~~ ^{memory} ~~is always perceivable in his~~ The shadows of his

Puritan past ^{is} ~~is~~ perceivable in the effulgency of his carnal mysticism.

- as a shadow but also as a stimulus... The immoderate effusiveness of his pagan moods becomes understandable only in view of the struggle preceding the ecstacy...

Besides he is fully aware of this interrelation...

(Vol. I, p. 203.)

No doubt, he wants his disciples to believe that ^{he} ~~the~~ made no longer ~~has~~ believes in sin.

new loss it
 The notion of Sin ~~remains~~ relevant to Gide's thought.... He always feels that the things he enjoys are forbidden things, which at once complicates and intensifies his enjoyment. Whereever he goes - in Biskra or Istambul - he is the prodigal son, ~~the prodigal son~~ who gathered all his belongings, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. *and polarizing*

Only in L. N. the ethical ~~obsession~~ *issues have ignored* is repressed, or at least removed from the text. Here the worship of Joy - the acquiescence in all desires assumes the character of a regular philosophy. The philosophy of hedonism ~~is presented with the~~ *the* and unending motion is presented as the universal remedy, a religious credo. But already in Saul - a drama in five acts, written shortly after the Nourritures - the ethical consciousness comes through with renewed vigor. The promiscuous delight *as thing* is replaced by the a more discriminatory approach....

"Rien de doux ne passe inaperçu de moi," says L. N.

But Saul replies: "Tout ce qui t'est charmant, t'est hostile."

A note dramatic work of that period
Philoclete 1899
 Philoclete conveys a classical moral problem: Is it allowed to violate Truth for the sake of the fatherland? Are there several moralities, or just one moral - unchangeable, absolute? The drama - a treatise in dialogues rather than a play - echoes certain themes ~~and~~ implied in the Dreyfus affair. Kierkegaard's ~~religious~~ influence (religious) - counterbalances Nietzsche. Characteristically, Ph. translated into German by Rudolf Kassner, the philosopher thanks to whom G. became first acquainted with Kierkegaard...

Saul (1902)
 Third dramatic experiment of that period, "Le Roi Candaule" (1901.)

Topic - very central in G.'s work -: the ~~antonymy~~ antagonism between sincerety and shame. Candaule - "généreux jusqu'au vice" - wants to transmit his happiness to all people by disclosing *not to everybody* his secrets....

thus prostituting himself as does the artist by revealing his innermost
demonstrating

The reality of the
Demon (= Sin.)

[Journal des
Famx. No-nay.]

More dramatic: conceived for the ^{stage} theater. Produced at the theater of Lagné-Poe, with De Max in the leading role... German production

G. interested, ^{during the period} at this point, in the possibilities of a truly poetic drama... Lectures: "The Evolution of the Theater"; and, "About the Importance of the Public." 258
262

The last title sounds almost ironical, considering the saddening lack of response G.'s work found at that point. Break with the Symbolist group, after "Nourritures," resulting from a controversy with Pierre Louys. ~~Disapproved of his concern with~~ ^{Deemed} his new concern with material things a betrayal of the pure Idea... Consequence: intellectual isolation, more than ever before or afterwards.

Mallarmé's draft, 1898.

Henrietta's statement.

Pivotal change with publication of L'Immoraliste (1902) - first regular novel, with ~~the~~ according to convention. Plot, psychological - everything French public expected... Aroused lively attention. Success...

Plot:

.....

The doctrines of Les N. T. - pushed to the extreme - dramatized and refuted. The impracticability of hedonism. Leads into disaster. At the same time, Michael's attitude half accepted and glorified. Yet the dilemma recognized as such, and coped with epically...

Fascinating piece of writing - one of the most striking things, undoubtedly, G. has ever produced. Full of a hectic glow, incisive intelligence - concise, tense, nervous....

Yet ^{G.'s} ~~the~~ truly representative work of that period - ^{the} his most superb achievement of his ^{creative} ~~artistic~~ youth is "Le Retour de L'Enfant Pr." (1909.)

All themes in Le Retour de L'Enfant Pr. in the texture of these dialogues: the prodigal son with father,

A Many adventures taken at Gagné-Poe; 1911.
anti-historic (Tristram vs. Rome)
Conversations

All of us know the story
told by Jesus in it
to explain his benignant purpose
the ~~finest~~ contrast.

The Ph. who were covetous,
hated all who put the
poor and ~~dreams~~, were
always particularly sensitive
to the magnanimous
magnanimity of Jesus
beautiful tale.

The prospect of the father
call that would be
killed to his heart
his return, was comfort
and ~~date~~ to many
an ~~resent~~ youth.

And when ~~but~~ solar
remains from Christ's
benign paradox, to the effect
there is

which is a 10 in 100
of the demand of the
who are

mother, older brother, Younger
brother, as it omph to be
night, as it omph to be
minutes (66)

Chm

Solutions a No. Solutions
b. Locations. Part

are simple fixations
The complexities of this
~~the~~ contradictions
the ambivalence
in the mind vision
of the interworlds like
and organic forms
so many textures of these
in the dialogue. The
wishing by no means a
result is system; but
philosophical of art —
the comfort of art —
this ~~human~~ over the work of mysterious
mysteries of human life.

Strait is the Gate...

The road of ~~the~~
leads to the
palace of wisdom.

For every one that asketh receiveth;
And he that seeketh findeth.

The Sermon on the Mount

Connaitre Dieu, c'est le chercher.

A. G.

The geometric pattern of creative life is neither a straight line nor a zigzag or a circle. The most suggestive symbol of all biological or ^{mental} spiritual development is the spiral curve, ~~which~~ whose ascension is punctuated by its inherent backward tendency. The spiral motion seems to follow the double magnetism ^{emanating}, simultaneously, from its predestined goal above and from its basis, below. The upward ^{swing} trend is more powerful, to be sure, than ~~the~~ its opposite, the direction of the spiral is of course ascendant. And yet ^{the energy manifest in the moving line} it would falsify its intrinsic ^{ultimate} movement if it followed exclusively ^{the rising tendency of the spiral} its proclivity to rise and disregarded its proclivity to the depth. ^{back to the point of origin}

The curve of André Gide's biography is particularly apt to illustrate and dramatize this ^{trifold tendency} upward motion, modified by backward tendencies.

Evidently, his ^{arson} rise is constantly interrupted and ^{modified} complicated by what may look like relapses to the concept and ^{conflicts} and long overcome concepts.

^{Every} idea which has ^{once} ever been truly relevant to his philosophy, can ever ^{allegedly} lose all bearing on his thought. He will revert to it ^{sooner or later} every notion he ^{that was directed to him} and reaffirm its validity on a higher plane. Hence the ^{maintains a direct line} astounding continuity of his vision, which ^{appears for all its} - its harmonious

^{Organic complexity of the} which integrates so many heterogeneous ingredients.... ^{tends to} ^{elements go to a certain only} True he has made

^{He constantly} ^{that he has made} ^{he seems always attracted by} the unknown and also by ^{and the}

^{unperceivable} ^{still} ^{his origins} That is why

^{faithfully} ^{commune with}

some wanderers of unbroken paths.

The most disingenuous elements of
his vision are not only intertwined
among each other but also
colored with a common basis.

~~The~~ - a highly topical concept,
in the days of the Bay of
Pigs. For it was ~~in~~ the image
of this ~~significant~~ ~~significant~~ ~~significant~~
that he conceived the Phil. and
reaffirmed his ~~amplifying~~ notion of
YOUTHFULNESS ~~above all~~.

The ~~fascists~~ ~~and~~ the Nationalists
and the ~~exploiter~~ ~~exploiter~~ ~~exploiter~~
for the sake of ~~left~~ ~~abstractions~~ ~~and~~
which, in ~~the~~ ~~face~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~only~~ ~~common~~
stood as ~~theoretical~~ ~~disguise~~ ~~for~~
political interests.

he, the experimentalist and adventurer, could claim loyalty as ~~the~~ his predominant feature. One might almost say that his ~~entire~~ work, for all its apparent inconsistencies, is actually devoted in its entirety to a few leading thoughts which we find constantly resumed, varied and amplified.

~~Yet the backward return to it is less joyful to rediscover than~~

Yet the rediscoveries are less joyful and less elating than the bold movement forward....In fact, the resumption of ^{functions} themes and thought - however transformed and ~~and~~ matured they may be - may easily result in a state of ^{frustration} depression and discouragement... What is really an ^{steady, consistent progress} organic growth might be subjectively felt as a decline and self-repetition.

It seems, that G. passed through a depression of this kind, in the ^{the years} period following the publication of "The Immoralist." Not that he was altogether despondent: Le Retour de L'Enfant Pro., which is a product of that time, could, ^{and does not look like} have ~~hardly~~ been written by a downhearted man.... ^{Adrian} Yet a gloomy vein prevails in most documents of that ^{period}... The euphoria of moral awakening and physical convalescence was worn....

He had gone as far as possible into one direction; the upward curve had to yield to the counter-movement, downhill.

^{Public success of "Mammistatist" and "Bret" is dangerous from} Practical circumstances... ^{dangerous}

Spiritual isolation. The circle of the N. R. F. had not yet taken on its definite shape... The contact with the Symbolists, definitely out. When he still refers to them, only with contempt - particularly in the case of Pierre Louys, who degraded his talent to distasteful cheapness. ^{Even in} Relation to Henri de Régnier, also completely cooled off. Rather bitter about Symbolists in general; blames them for the lack of curiosity.

(Journal des Fauxmonnayeurs, p. 66)

Now, gaining, suffering, maledys
- not consa...
"Utilité de la Thaladie" Journal
98

Whenever he has a new important to the
organization to compose of his
~~thought~~, he is likely to ~~be~~

~~identity~~
int. mental ... identity,

return to

a previous stage of his
quest, and to learn for, a
it will be his other experience
to the at to nearly a ~~blame~~
~~conclusion~~

but in fact, these regular
studies with the motion

staff from and

Thus his main family the spiritual

continuity of his in dispersible
for ~~say~~ sound and creation

growth

Of course, these regular examinations
with one's own past a dream
and value from is less reality
than the to explain now,
method in growth

The Symbolists, what remained of them, hard on him, in their turn. Heredia ostensibly said, shortly before he died: "G. will never do anything...": not a very friendly last word...

Did not stay much in Paris. More erratic than ever... perpetual traveling: Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor...

Life on a rather large scale: 2 country seats - La Roque, Cuverville (from his wife's family;)

Villa in Autheuil - intention to "make a house", with Emmanuele.

An idea not very well in keeping with his nature, and which he dropped before long... Never a word of complaint concerning his married life. Was it happiness? It hardly behoves us to ask... We may assume, however, that the first bliss began to wane... Also, that the social implications, the loss, or at least the reduction, of his liberty may have had a slightly depressing effect....

Be this as it may, the figure of Emmanu "Em." - as he calls her in his diary - , indeed, the very fact of his being married was of central importance throughout that whole period. Characteristic, that the two major works of that decade, from 1900 to 1910, are dealing with marriage: the Immoralist and, in a very different manner, La Porte Étroite (1909.)

If the former was a strangely detached form of self-indictment, the latter was originally conceived as a satire mocking the very ideals of that connected him with Emmanuele....

The idea was to prove and ridicule the utmost futility of unwished-for sacrifices... the heroism as a rather disturbing obsession... the fatuity of the gratuitous action... The first reference to this theme occurs as far back as 1894: "Mort de Mlle. Claire." :

Journal, p.55

The plot of the novel might have indeed be treated in an ironic way:

Seraphic girl, in love - happily; finds out sister loves same boy; sacrifices herself; boy loves her - not the sister, who - more light-minded - contents herself with other fellow. The noble girl fell in love with her own sacrifice; does not want to renounce her renunciation. Sends boy away, not to spoil her love... Girl dies, frustrated.

Only when he has lost his
 head and his mind with the war
 will he be happy with all
 his countrymen. His
 oriental imagination is
 doing its best to digest
 as far as his memory lets
 it. All is
 known, but all is
 gone. It is that it
 was a mass contact and
 for dominant it follows
 his companions suggest.
 his Roman

As regards his Roman-
 nungament with Emma-
 his memoirs and details
 in the part of the country
 West of the river, the many
 great, small, slender and in
 a ~~land~~ mystery... ~~East of~~
 with respect to his
 in the public opinion
 of the public opinion,

A diabolical approach possible:
Skepticism towards reformation:

As with regard to the Frenchman's maxim:
"Si nous résistons à nos passions, c'est plus tard
une faiblesse que nous confirmerons." — a beautiful
strikingly confirmed by

Manner of Heaven

Plat. 1
S. H. A.

"Those who restrain..." 191

And since we are with that
guine, who was to have said
moral influence on God:

"He who desires but acts not,
breeds pestilence."

That reformation, too, is
action ...

Al for man's moral
resistance to the law
This Maxim offers an abstract solution
of man's wisdom revealing the
fully motion forms disquiet for the
motion

There can be no doubt, however,
that ~~Linnaeus~~ ~~did~~ ~~im~~
this ~~to~~ ~~start~~ ~~down~~ ~~a~~ ~~series~~ ~~of~~
of ~~a~~ cardinal ~~significance~~
to ~~the~~ ~~bird~~ ~~development~~ ~~and~~
proportion. If we make
any particular ~~case~~ ~~within~~
for this ~~for~~

Many of ~~the~~ ~~more~~ ~~than~~ ~~one~~ ~~hundred~~
of ~~the~~ ~~wid~~ ~~known~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~
fact ~~it~~ ~~would~~ ~~not~~ ~~two~~ ~~months~~
March ~~be~~ ~~smaller~~
Am

The latter was ~~originally~~ ~~concerned~~
as a section on his - and, perhaps,
on ~~Emil~~ ~~-~~ ~~John~~ ~~Asch~~
L. P. E. was ~~supposed~~ ~~to~~ ~~begin~~ ~~a~~
revision ~~found~~ ~~and~~ ~~a~~ ~~reformation~~
to L. C. d. A. and ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~following~~ ~~translation~~
that follows ~~is~~ ~~exactly~~ ~~as~~ ~~L'Ann.~~

: it is the ^{disinterested} gratuitous action - the most generous, ~~the noblest~~ ^{resumes} form of behaviour, which Gide calls "essentially French." This ~~takes up again~~, and varies ~~surprisingly~~, another leitmotif, first intonated in Les Nourris:

"to act without worrying whether the act is good or evil." This theme, which we will find in many transformations throughout the lifework of A. G., appears in 'La Porte Etroite' surprisingly fused with the idea of sacrifice....

Ms Alissa's noble and self-sacrificing attitude
Alissa, the girl who deliberately renounces what she loves most, does so in parts to maintain her earthly love in a state of purity and

innocence - the ~~fleshly~~ ^{carnal} fulfilment could not but pollute the miracle; in parts out of her fixed idea wants her to give up what he the fondest

of, here below, for the sake of something much better - ~~the~~ a transcendental recompensation of heavenly bliss. *She believes in the word of Christ.*

For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life the same shall save it.

This augury, at once so comforting and so frightful, ~~which~~ which dominates Alissa's heart and determines her actions, will be another leading thought woven through Gide's writings hence.

No, there is hardly a trace of the first satirical conception noticeable in the lovely and ~~admirable~~ ^{impressive} character of that delicate heroine, Alissa. Her prayers and contemplations echo ~~Gide's~~ ^{innocent thoughts} ~~innocent~~ ^{most} authentic and most fervent thoughts. What sounded muddled and forced when André Walter, becomes truthful and great in Alissa's diaries and dialogues.

Her drama springs from the same pathos of ~~insatiable~~ ^{unmastered} unrest and metaphysical curiosity which is ~~the~~ ^{his} basic impulse of Gide's character.

For Alissa is not sure of God or of His intentions - not at all. She ~~knows~~, with the author whose transfigured double she is, that "to know God, ~~that~~ is so seek him." "You will not seek me, says Christ according to Pascal, unless you ~~possess~~ ^{have found} me already."

The Spirit of Gide's 'La Porte Etroite' is the abandonment of self - says the Lord.

Dost. J. N. S. Y. XI, 281

This second paradox is the ^{method} of ^{the} first and
of that ~~is~~ ^{is} of

The question is, to begin with,
whether she could have acted
differently. "Mais, mon ami,
la sainteté n'est pas un
choix" ("P.E.", 170) -
which suggests ~~certain~~ might
has, said by the young
André Walter. Her denial
of desiring ~~remains~~ ^{is} of
"L'Éternité" ~~Américaine~~.

Besides the question remains if
a dissatisfaction action is in man
a voluntary one. May be
Alissa but to be human the way
she did a distinction to the
point of distinction from it at

It is the word that we will find quite more
frequently from any other subject than
the word of the individual person
by removing the individual

God - the God of Alissa, the God of Gide, our God - is not a fact but a problem; not a possession but a goal. The Pharisees, who think they possess Him, are in reality farthest from His Truth. Not the knowledge of God is the truly religious experience, but the quest for Him. He who dares to locate the Strait Gate, will go astray: he will find the broad one that leadeth to destruction. But everyone that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth. *For his word is promise...*

Gide does not believe in dwelling anywhere, not even in paradise. To him, paradise is nothing stable but something *fluctuating*, intriguing, infinitely attractive in its *eternal* flux. His whole work confirms what he divined in his youth, playfully disguised as Narcissus, that the paradis has to be *always* constantly reconstructed. "Le Paradis est toujours à refaire:" this word connotes a complex moral *philosophy*, which may turn out, one day, to be a *phil* political credo as well - the *notion* ~~concept~~ and postulate of a perpetual evolution.

Like Goethe's Faust, Gide conceives life not as a static being but a perpetual becoming: faith, not as security but as an unending movement. Alissa, the pious heroine of Le P E, vocalizes his own feeling when she writes:

"I imagine the celestial bliss, not as a fusion with God, but as a continuous, infinite approach.... In fact, if I were not afraid of playing with words, I might daresay that I would sneer at a bliss that is not progressive."

From a literary point of view, Strait is the Gate... *marks* a signal progress, not only from Les Cahiers...., but also in comparison to "The Imm." *flows* Gide *renounces*, in this book, the seductive devices *so lavishly*

As Alissa renounces her *fleshly* passion for the sake of a higher form of *beatitude*,

that the Kingdom of Heaven (as the
Paradise) will not be given to
me by grace but will have to
be sought and conquered.

For this only he who has
overcome the inclination of selfishness
will be able to ~~reach~~ ~~conquer~~
reach for the heavenly most
towards God. The ^{ultimate} quest is for
the ^{physical} ~~spiritual~~ ~~transformation~~ ~~from~~
of ~~transformation~~ ~~from~~ ~~from~~ ~~from~~
of ~~transformation~~ ~~from~~ ~~from~~ ~~from~~
of ~~transformation~~ ~~from~~ ~~from~~ ~~from~~

all literary the seductive devices of his early style to a more disciplined, less startling and more sedate approach. If there are hectic tones and glaring in the composition of L'Imm. is tainted in parts by glaring colourings and hectic accents, the new novel is completely free of such elements. The style - classical... A pure, silvery hue is cast over all things and faces. The landscapes and interiors are bathed in the same limpid light that prevails in the dialogues and in Alissa's beautiful diary notes.

The drama develops without any superfluous balast, with a minimum of apparatus and personnel. Organized with that sublime economy characteristic of the tragedies of Racine and Corneille. All characters introduced are strictly necessary for the procedure proceeding story...: Alissa, her sister, Juliette - the one who falls in love with Jerome but finds no response - ; Abel Vautier, the young man who loves Juliette and is finally accepted by her; Madame Bucolin, the mother of the two girls, whose loose conduct incites in Alissa the longing for sanctity...

Right the opening scene is quite masterly. The setting is the garden of the Bucolin home, near Le Havre - a garden which is "not very large, not very beautiful, and which differs in no particular way from many gardens of the Normandy." But it seems to become the garden par excellence to everyone who has read, and can appreciate, the meticulous and plastic description of its shape and light, and of the persons moving along its roads. Small wonder that Gide a connoisseur of French letters - namely, A. G. himself - was fully satisfied when he read this initial chapter to his wife. "Certainly, the description of the garden is good," he observes in his journal. "But as for the rest...?"

Doubts. Reading to friends: Jacques Copeau, who will be later one of the founders of the NRF and the manager of the experimental theater, Le Vieux Colombier. (Journal, 167.)

Book released in the fall of 1909. Critics stupefied, vexated.

How could the author of L'Imm. venture on such a subject.....? Journal, p. 275/76.

we can sense its reflection
even in the Sidi and yet
passionate and above all
A's. There are strong hints of
the growth, even in the
meditation and the
work of the soul.

[illegible]

It may be that the pietist mood with which La P. E. is imbued evoked certain hopes among those of Gide's friends who had become fervent Catholics. If so, they were disappointed. For, ~~as~~ almost inevitably, ^{6's} the mystic vein was presently superseded by rather irreverent, even blasphemous tendencies: his literary output about that time - from 1910 to 1914 - must have ^{in part} been ~~really~~ shocking to the devout ~~and~~ Catholics. But even when the religious impulse ^{in part} ~~got~~ became predominant again, during the War, Gide's concept of Christianity, his emotional and philosophic approach to God, ^{and the humanist} remained incompatible with the ~~doctrines~~ of inflexible tenets of such men as Paul Claudel.

The friendship between Gide and Claudel is one of the paradoxical features in the biographies of both men and, incidentally, testified to the ~~spiritual~~ rank and the independence of both. ^{They remained close} to each other, notwithstanding their frequent disagreements and occasional quarrels. Claudel could forgive A.G. for his heresies as he was aware of his friend's deep and candid religious feeling. G. ~~could~~ could be fond of Claudel, in spite of ^{almost blind} overlook Cl.'s fanaticism, as it was primarily metaphysical in its orientation and hardly affected the poet's views on worldly ^{affairs} morale. ~~But~~ Claudel sounded intelligible, even sympathetic to Gide when he exclaimed: "And certainly we love J. Chr., but nothing on earth could make us love morale."

Cl.'s judgements in literary matters were less easy to take.
Claudel..... "That ass of Gide..."

("Approximations, VI, 297)

True, they had their love for Rimbaud - Baudelaire in common.

But Claudel irked Gide by claiming those two great poets for Catholic.

("Appr.", p. 263.)

His Ymancy in this found about P.
for is comparable in view of
the original role the nagant guine
played as for in Claudel's

Yet they remained on good terms.

Journal, ps. 805, 645

All converts try to convert others. For Claudel ~~too~~ ardent, aggressive faith, too, was due to a conversion. ~~He was~~ Up to his eighteenth year he was indifferent in religious matters. It was only then, in 1886, that the mystic transformation took place, as described in his simple and moving account, My Conversion.

The next one to follow, Francis Jammes (Pierre quint, 69)

During the world War, conversions multiplied:

Jacques Riviere, Ghéon, Copeau, Du Bos; later, Cocteau etc.
(page 14 c.)

At the same time, Gide in a new ~~religious~~ phase of religious fervor...
Under the impression of vast, upsetting events... Maybe Emmanuèle's influence:

"Decision", p. 54.

However, his prayers ~~become~~ will soon become more genuine and more urgent.... Numquid et Tu (1916) - ~~A~~ ^{striking} great document, profoundly marked by the anxiety, the confusion of those trying days...

Illuminating, to compare with Claudel's conversion:

the great playwright, struck by the revelation like lightning: certainty...

Gide - asking, striving for faith, uncertain, tormented, glowing...

Claudel - (accepts the ritual ~~with~~ as an integral part of the revelation... gave and performed)

Gide: "I am neither a Cath. nor a Protestant but a Christ., quite simply."

No doubts, there were moments when the spiritual harbour of Cath. attracted him mightily.... Certain statements occurring in his correspond. of that time confirm this ~~in~~ inclination: "You anticipate what I may

Emmanuel's life = love + Obsession
Conversion by God himself
The conversion
has not yet
to Paulus.

No publication

Apocalyptic
moods. Silence.

do before long" - to a converted friend. But he did not follow his example.

It seems that his aversion to the Church increased proportional to his new obsession with religious thoughts.

"L'horreur de l'Eglise" (Dostojewski, p. 264)

Undertones of Kierkegaard in this grim defiance of the ritual... Protestant tradition.... Also quoted the Janenists, a Catholic sect, akin to Protestantism in many respects:

~~Unyielding~~ ~~intransigent~~ truthfulness.

"Honneteté" - fanatic honesty - praised and demanded by Nietzsche (Journal, p. 90.)

Goethe quote, Journal 165

Rejecting Catholic tutelage:

Liberty: The didn't approach to God
Journal 95

The absolute surpemacy of Truth : Puritan heritage.

Stern rejection of the Jesuitic morale. 'The end does NOT justify the means. The lie can never serve the truth.

One of his dramatic treatates, Philoclète - written soon after Les Nourri.

: scrutinizes the idea of a double morale, represented by Ulysses... refuted by the author...

"Phil." - conceived under the impression of the Dreyfus affair, in which G. came out for Dr. (although he hardly cared for politics at the time.)

That is why the most eloquent converts had no chance with him.

Their lack of truthfulness - in all details.

Francis Jamme's innocuous fabrications... ("Incidences", 72)
Henri Massis' insidious falsifications. (misquoting him.)

as he said to Maritain...
Most impressive scene - *Maritain admonishing, warning Gide...*
Journal, 774.

Mary, Mother of the Lord:
"Journal", 919.

To Claudel:
Journal 675

No, he would not come to
I was with the Church
him. I like the way
before the insist for
the direct dialogue with
his Lord, without any
good between

He has the three as Luther can
not move the system of the
Protestantism since 1517
to him. His attitude is

Christian. But it must be
not of its own business
out of it, as

The Church, both Catholic and
Protestant, has become
of resistance

humanity man's
man's, man's
man's, man's

There are no more developments
with Luther, whom I
with the same obstinate
the hall for the apostle

The shocking book appeared and shocked.... Most of his Catholics friends turned against G. - even the mild and understanding Charles Du Bos... *Dedication, "Hermann" 1914*
 Henri Ghéon, playmate of happier days, became one of his most venomous enemies... *as pure and as* → *[Ghion's decline: "Journal" 1919.]*

Gide - lonely as ever, proud and independent - continued his pilgrimage on the narrow way. *19th* a proud and isolated wanderer.

What admirable and alarming spectacle! Those of his devout friends not yet estranged from him, watched it with apprehension. The greatest and most faithful one among them, P. Cl., was most anxious about the salvation of Gide's endangered soul. *The father of France*

Gide to Claudel - half to tease him, half to comfort him: *action*

"I have lost all interest in my soul and in its salvation." *every day*

And Claudel:

"But God," replied P. Cl., "He has not lost interest in you." *never more of a friend to suffer kindness*

Which G. may have known, at bottom.

even without Claudel.

He would urge the



For there is one notion of the...
 more of love than we...
 account of faith - namely, faith...
 Honestly is the...
 holds the highest...

The absolute supremacy of...
 part of his...
 We may...
 You...
 appear again...
 the G. pos. of H.

Chapter Five:

PROTEUS & PROTESTANT

L'estre veritable est le commencement
d'une grande vertu.

Montaigne

Je ne suis peut-être qu'un aventurier.

A. G.

For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall
lose his life, the same shall find it.

Gide has quoted this word in many different contexts and with
many different connotations. The self-^{sacrifice} abandonment it implies is not
necessarily the same in all cases. There are many ways of aban-
doning one's own ego, for the sake of a wider, more general and of
emerging in wider, more general.... ^{many forms of manifestation in} with more than *

Characteristically, the first reference to this particular saying
of Jesus Christ occurs in Gide's work occurs in the fascinating treatise
about Influences in Lit., which I have mentioned before.

(Vol. III, 263)

This concept - to amplify the scope of one's own personality ^{also by}
by assimilating energies from without, is typical Gidean... We
find it ~~repeated~~ beautifully resumed in the address about Ch.-L.
Philippe.... Enumerating the many voices - that helped Ph. to
find and to define his own identity...

(Vol. IV, 145)

And then, of course, there are the personal influences - in Gide's
cases (like in Ch.-L. Philippe's) almost as significant as the ^{external}
literary ones. "A great man commands not only his own ^{intelligence} mind but also
the minds of all his friends." ^{intelligence} As Nietzsche said and Gide is wont to
quote... Personal ^{contacts} affiliations have often were instrumental in initia-
ting

An extensive passage in "Sir de Gram..."
paraphrases and ^{develops} this idea
("Sir de Gram", III, 9)

means of of sameness of limits
of influence and

It is ~~any~~ common and alternative
to present the line that
concerns Gide's philosophy of
influence with his philosophy

of sacrifice

That is true for any prophet
but particularly for a man like
Gide, whose action is explicitly
such a vital part of his work

With
What Gide tells us, then, with
an old man's of modern
and truth is that he ~~seems~~
to ~~admit~~ all assimilation with
those young lions and ~~insight~~
in which his friends were
satisfied of him
which any of his friends had to
offer as his ~~first~~ ~~step~~
as he "surrendered"

or clarifying a new phase of G.'s development. We have seen ~~the~~ ^{how much G. owes to} signal relevance of the personalities of Pierre Pouys and Mallarmé, Oscar Wilde and Paul Claudel... At one point, the relation to Paul Valéry assumed major significance... ; in other moments again, the solid comradeship with Roger Martin du Gard or the example of certain younger colleagues, Saint-Exupéry or Malraux...

And not only is he ^{sensible} responsive to the advice and stimulus coming to him from his friends; ~~also~~ he responds also to the ^{wins} arguments of his adversaries. ^{Not many others in a generation that} ~~more often than not~~ G. would drop his own point and adopt, if only temporarily, the argument of ~~his~~ his interlocutor. He may go even further, at times, and make up certain effective arguments for his foe - always ready to ~~sneak from his own~~ shift from his own sphere into that of his antagonist...

This penchant - ^{admittedly} admitted by G. himself as a "weakness" ^{deliberate} typical of his spirit - is, of course, a typical, almost indispensable feature of the artistic ~~disposition~~ ^{in a 19th or 20th century} as such. All artists have ^{playful tendency of} this treacherous ^{propensity to change sides} propensity to change sides, to indulge in masquerades. Every poet, indeed, every creative mind is a bit of an illusionist, ^{and a dramatist} of a Proteus. Goethe's famous assertion, ~~that there~~ ^{we} about the two souls dwelling, alas, in his breast together, is of course a glaring understatement. There were not only two souls fused in his iridescent character but a great many of them. The Faust-Mephisto formula is a simplification...

~~The same goes for so complex a genius as is that of Gide~~ just as it would be inadequate to reduce the Gide's ^{contradictory} complexity to the relatively primitive ^{19th c.} antagonism between the Immoralist and the Saint. There are innumerable shades and transitions.... ^{on the}

"Le sentiment de la complexité peut devenir une stupéfaction passionnée."

Painting ...

Picasso (containing, 4.3.)

Vincent van Gogh

He transforms himself into every being he loves. And you must love him to understand him being... "Some of us have..."

[Handwritten signature]

~~✓w~~ One is not
 Nobody is a Saint,
 says the Mar. fac. v. extat.
 one to is dead. Before,
 one becomes a Saint.

gliding, as it were, from the
 down ... for a ...
 and against the ...
 form.

Is it a major ...
 that ...
 Is it ...

Do be just

All this may be ...
 weakness may be ...
 All these qualities may have

That this ...
 to be ...
 For the ... is partly ...
 from the way ... but the ...
 an ... manifestation of ...
 quantity ... the ...

the ...
 out of ...
 in ...
 to ...
 this ...
 the ...
 and ...
 as to ...
 the ...
 it is ...
 in ...
 the ...
 fallacious

But if it is for you
G.S. you are going to
weight ~~it~~ ~~down~~ ~~in~~ ~~fact~~
to ~~mean~~ ~~it~~ ~~be~~ ~~less~~ ~~attractive~~
and ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~importance~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~
other ~~writing~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~work~~,
it is ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~would~~
be ~~frequently~~ ~~without~~ ~~the~~
that it ~~not~~ ~~so~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~case~~,
of ~~Morgan~~ ~~on~~ ~~Ryan~~,
As ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~we~~ ~~can~~ ~~appreciate~~
the ~~work~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~or~~
Dickens, ~~Schiller~~ ~~or~~ ~~V. H.~~,
~~Dante~~ ~~or~~ ~~Disraeli~~ ~~or~~ ~~Milton~~
without ~~knowing~~ ~~the~~ ~~diary~~
material. But nobody who
wants to ~~extension~~
far from being an ~~accident~~
addition to his ~~creative~~ ~~output~~,
it is ~~its~~ ~~great~~ ~~and~~

a few other reminiscences of G.'s earlier writings, are just casually hinted at: they are not integrated into the texture of this ironic idyll. Yet in its ^{amazingly} ~~minor~~ way Isabelle is a charming book - rich in minute observations and wistful jocularities. Strangely impersonal ~~and~~ ^{it falls short of other major works; yet} ~~but tedious as it may be~~, we ~~still~~ ^{indeed} would not like to miss it. The pensive serenity of this quaint intermezzo adds an amiable, somehow reassuring touch to the glowing variety of Gide's artistic palette. Between the two major efforts of La Porte Etroite and Les Caves du Vatican, the tale of Isabelle has the function of a relaxing exercise, like one of those minor feats the acrobats are wont to perform - left-handed, so to speak - ~~while concentrating~~ before they launch out into the risky adventure of the Grand Ecart.

André Gide's Grand Ecart, his big number and uncanny stunt, is famous under the name of Les C.d.V. (1914.). The humor, which begins to manifest itself modestly in Isabelle, suddenly ~~effervesces~~ ^{and exuberantly} effervesces; ^{(the sedate drinker grows, gains momentum, becomes overanxious, finally} ~~breaks out rampantly~~, ~~with explosive power~~.... The whole book is one inordinate hoax ~~and~~ - irreverent, ~~impish~~, staggering, and altogether delightful. One of the classics of humorous literature, The Vaults of the Vatican ^{on the Vatican Square, or Gide's Adventure} refute, once and for all, ~~the~~ Gide's reputation ~~of~~ ^{being} ~~ponderous~~ ^{and obscure} ~~all heavy weather~~, no sunshine.

It is surprising that even an eminent connoisseur ~~as~~ like the American scholar Albert Guérard should foster the prejudice that G. is lacking in sense of humor....

"Preface to World Lit.", p. 272.

In the same excellent book we find a concise and acute definition of the particular genre of literature to which Les Caves belongs.

force....."Sotie"..... (Guérard, p. 293.)

... whereupon he adds; ^{and by way of a footnote:}
"....."
~~~~~



the other <sup>major</sup> models by  
Of course, Professor G. is in  
principle right when he states  
in his

Excellent definition, Vase.

Only, why label H.G. as  
a follower of the Abbé Janssen,  
where the L. is administered but  
modestly?

When his literary interests are  
not <sup>exactly</sup> ~~precisely~~ those of the  
Jews from whom the G.  
movement has its origin.

As for the L. & V. they have  
obviously more to do

L. & V. is the work of a man  
whose first aim is to show —  
that is to say, to show him

It was by no means "a psychological  
movement" of the kind of the V.  
Sw. meant to find out about,  
"can't say"



I don't quite see, frankly, what is "recondite" about Gide calling his grand farce a sotie, nor do I know, by the way, what other works of his ~~are~~ bear this particular designation. In fact, ~~the~~ Les Caves have a unique position among ~~all of~~ Gide's writings.... Apparently feels it most akin to Paludes, <sup>parody</sup> ~~but~~ on Symbolist aesthet... The full subtitle of Les Caves reads, "Sotie by the Author of P." (The English translation, "Satire.....", is <sup>not quite</sup> ~~inadequate~~ and even somewhat misleading; for it suggests that ~~the~~ Gide intended to poke fun at <sup>some</sup> specific matter or institution - say, the Catholic Church, or adventure novels...

In reality, however, the author is up to <sup>a</sup> much more comprehensive kind of <sup>and the most new of</sup> ~~harlequinade~~.... It mocks not only the high clergy in Rome but also the complacent materialism of certain "free-thinkers": Dr. Armand-Dubois, the <sup>William-mason</sup> ~~pedantic fool~~ who dissects rats and believes in Progress, could be a malicious invention of Gustave Flaubert... In jocose veins, ~~the professor~~ would refer to God as "Monsieur le Principal"; but then a rather tenuous "miracle" <sup>the same year</sup> ~~illuminates his soul~~ and ruins his worldly career... Nothing, nobody is exempted from this exuberant wit: the French Academy, <sup>cardinals, prostitutes, imbeciles, madmen</sup> ~~mundane literature, provincial life, metropolitan~~ the stifling narrowness of life in the French provinces and the tawdry glamour of life in Paris..... <sup>the follies, the antics, the dislocations</sup>

An ingenious gang, under the leadership of a philosophical crook called Protos, bamboozles this foolish and corrupt society <sup>disinitiated</sup>.... Their trick, smart and reckless enough... : they spread the rumour that His Holiness the Pope has been kidnapped by the Free Masons and is imprisoned somewhere in the vaults of the Vatican, while <sup>that</sup> a ~~phony~~ <sup>conspiracy</sup> Pope receives the homages of Christianity.... The ~~swindlers~~ <sup>considerable funds for a great escape to liberate</sup> raise a ~~good deal of money~~ <sup>to "rescue" the Holy Father</sup>... Devout Catholics, - make pilgrimages to Rome to ~~rescue~~ <sup>the illusion</sup> ~~the illusion~~ <sup>prisoners</sup> ~~the illusion~~ <sup>Laurel into another</sup>....

A complicated plot, shrewdly woven, quite convincing indeed. The kidnapping affair somehow linked with the mystery of Myriam's death.



Mr. [unclear] 6. does not present  
replaying, repeatedly does not do  
book as a most beautiful  
a "Society" ...

When, then, is [unclear] and [unclear],  
it [unclear] A - D in a

Prof. So does the [unclear] ...  
his brother-in-law, [unclear] a [unclear]  
member of the [unclear] ...  
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] 10  
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] 10  
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] 10  
allows [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] 10

his [unclear] [unclear]

He is a [unclear] ...  
Lafayette the 6th [unclear] of [unclear] [unclear]  
not [unclear] [unclear] with [unclear] [unclear]  
the Old Count de [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
old [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
[unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

Crown Prince Radulph, [unclear] [unclear]  
~~assassinated~~, assassinated, [unclear]  
imprisoned with the Pot /  
kings, [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
involved ...



Literary influences: mainly the great English novelists... There are suggestions of Dickens and Meredith, but above all of the ancient masters, Henry Fielding and Tobias George Smollett. From there, certain threads to Spain. For the eighteenth century having been less individualistic than the twentieth, authors were not afraid to acknowledge their models: Fielding's "History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews" expressly "written in imitation of the manner of Cervantes, author of Don quixote." Smollett, in his turn, not ashamed to name Gil Blas as the literary parent of Roderick Random.

Also French elements.... but far back, preceding the ~~Great~~ Grand Siecle... Rabelais's sturdy wit noticeable in such hilarious scenes as the journey to Rome of that pious fool, Amédée Fleurissoire.... hunting bed-bugs in Italian inns.... His touching helplessness in front of the hard-boiled whore....

Amédée weeps when she has finally seduced, not to say raped, him. It is a moving scene, quite apart from its being exceedingly funny. The sinner's tears, however, his remorse "after the fall" are unmistakably Gidean... And, of course, neither Fielding, nor Cervantes or anybody else could have invented the character of Lafcadio - the veritable hero and radiant center of the whole composition...

He is incredible, he is monstrous, enchanting, <sup>charismatic</sup> that spirited What an astounding guy! what prodigious creature <sup>and a rarest admirer</sup> good-for-nothing, L. Wluki, <sup>19 years old</sup> natural son of <sup>Yasitab</sup> lady in Bucharest and a French nobleman in the grand old style who had had an affair with that easy-going belle.... He is an impostor and an aristocrat... his wit, his laugh, his speech - everything is as elegant as are the clothes he wears - money or not: "A badly fitting suit <sup>sent to L.</sup> what a lie is to a Calvinist..."

He has no ethics, no country; speaks all languages of <sup>laugh</sup> to him by his <sup>low</sup> of his late man...



✓ Mammoth list, on a high  
plane of the Spisak river.  
The air is lighter and  
warmer, at 4200.

features of Raitingue,  
South, very animal,  
young, ... small, ...







Bare of any moral inhibitions, he commits a crime just for the fun of it, but he would impose the most painful castigations on himself when he has somehow transgressed his self-styled, capricious code... Unscrupulous to the point of outright brutality, he would drop a woman who loves him but with whom he lived merely for "hygienic reasons." He ~~even~~ risks his own life to <sup>rescue</sup> ~~save~~ a child out of a burning building, but he amuses himself by pushing an innocuous old gentleman out of an express train... just to prove to himself that he is capable of doing everything and would not shrink back from ~~the extreme risk...~~ any consequences...

~~He is Gide's creature~~

He reveals his ancestry - not the one from Madame Wluki in Buchares but that from André Gide - when he muses, just before committing the grisly deed: "An unmotivated crime - what embarrasement for the police!" (What delice for his author! the concept of the "disinterested action" - l'acte gratuit - pushed to its paradoxical extreme...) And, again;

"It's not so much the actual event that incites my curiosity: it's myself..."

And - as he falters and is perturbed, the last moment: "Hell! if one could foresee all risks involved, the game would ~~lose~~ <sup>lose</sup> cease to be exciting any more..." - Yes, he is indeed Gide's son - ~~all taken to~~ he loves and ~~leads~~ to live dangerously...

~~Some~~ At times he may almost look like a parody of D.'s murderous philosopher, Raskolnikov....: ~~the theme of the unmotivated crime is taken from .....~~ what L.'s capricious misdeed seems akin to the gratuitous crime of the Russian student who slaughters <sup>an</sup> ~~the~~ old woman to prove that he is superman. But ~~what~~, again, what a difference! Rask. is torn by remorse: in fact, the novel is but the story of his repents, climaxing in his confession, preparing his atonement... As for Lef., he hardly cares to atone: he wants to live, first of all.



— : he just felt like that with  
G. does, there is no <sup>principle</sup> ~~principle~~  
behind his action, just money

He is aware of all this

He ~~proves~~ <sup>shows</sup>  
No doubt, he would take G.  
particular, even shall, <sup>in the</sup>  
from the class.

Not he does not stick it, as  
does his general comment — St.  
J. L. L. L.



Infinitely more buoyant and more graceful than his Russian cousin, he gets away with his appalling joke and even attains happiness, namely the girl he loves.... The concluding scene shows him in her arms, and it is morning, we hear the vague noises of the awakening city and punctuated by the sound of a trumpet, far away, from the distant garrison. *A new day begins, a new promise...* No, L. is not going to give himself up to the police, as he intended to do, for one transient moment. He is going to live. He will abandon the girl who loves him in spite of his guilt... So does Gide. *A. Gide's story* Evidently, he has the time of his life while describing the hazardous larks of his favourite. Gide writes Lafcadio's story just for the fun of it, just as pranks for the very reason out of which L. commits them - for fun.

"I don't write to amuse myself," says Lafcadio's demure half-brother, the legitimate son of the old nobleman, announces gravely: "He is a member of the Academy, a popular novelist, and a bore." *He is a member of the Academy, a popular novelist, and a bore.*

As for Gide - the Gide of Les Caves du Vatican - I would like to quote what he said in reference to Voltaire - the Voltaire of Candide -:

"On s'amuse, il amuse."

*Gide's ideal - one of his ideas: one of the charming*

*be pleasant to L. is* ~~the type of~~ *the leading* ~~of~~ *La Symphonie Pastorale (1919) embodies*  
~~the type of~~ *G. would lead to*  
*be like - an unrelentless hypochondriac*  
*a slimy and pompous chap who*  
*cheats not only his environment*  
*but also feels to himself.*



How could he be a little boy

Like a girl, the reason

the house the

You a Who would be angry

at him Who would take

him to take for a

falling in a world

Madness by Swindlers

Who would







how she began to speak, ~~but~~  
~~the~~ ... Thanks to the pastor's  
maintaining efforts she becomes,  
little by little, a human being,  
and a rather attractive one. <sup>400.</sup>  
For quite some time <sup>cannot help studying</sup>  
that the pastor is in love with  
her; but his still <sup>the H.S. is</sup>  
chastity. His wife <sup>is in love</sup> to her light on  
him but he refuses to grant the obvious,  
~~the~~ <sup>palpable truth</sup>  
in love with a <sup>His son</sup> <sup>falls</sup>  
desires to marry her; <sup>the blind girl</sup>  
father gives with jealousy but  
does (not yet) recognize <sup>the</sup> <sup>lying - doggedly</sup> <sup>obstinately</sup>  
his <sup>feeling</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>mis</sup> <sup>TS</sup>  
his father and his boy  
the marriage <sup>How</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>parents</sup>  
and his protégé <sup>between</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>boy</sup>  
and his girl. <sup>How</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>parents</sup>  
and she understands.



lying to his wife & who  
looks through his thumbs  
denies it; lying to  
his son (who obeys)  
the paternal authority and  
nevertheless (Curtis does) ;  
lying to Curtis,  
who believes him as long  
as she is blind.

when idea of Y. appears and  
of his own appearance &  
falsification and confession  
with his meditation  
and for the 10 years  
she the savantly reads when  
C's ~~gains~~ <sup>reassight</sup> is  
said, "I have to



It is the young one she loves -  
The son, not the father. The  
son looks precisely the way she  
imagined the father. But she  
breaks with father  
and joins a Catholic order  
community suicide; pastor trying to  
say but feels his heart to be  
killed and as the desert. So  
he stays with his food,  
frustrated wife: "but father  
which art in heaven ..."  
What has G. in common with you  
judged from a literary angle,  
must not be a bit more  
in administration of it and  
reverted with mature, incon-  
spicuous most wish. ... Psycho-  
logically, most revealing.  
For the can be no doubt  
that G. has furnished the  
miserable ~~man~~ pastor  
with certain features of his own  
character. In fact, he says many  
of his own ideas into the



Sh. recognizes at last the  
same mistake of her poet's  
attention. Sh. should be  
Every thing falls on her.  
Sh. has previous the truth  
and insight of Eliot - too  
suddenly to  
the ~~most~~ most subtle  
of poet against an  
artist



month of the Minister, when they  
presently vanish and lose all  
validity. The hypothetical power  
employs big and beautiful words - G. S.  
to ~~conceal~~ <sup>conceal</sup> or to excuse his illegitimate  
passion .....: <sup>Christianity</sup> ~~Relation to his writings~~  
"Love is power", and so forth. Right in  
the beginning, when she takes him  
to task for the obvious way  
he prefers to his own  
disobedience: "..... lost sheep ....."  
The Lazarus logic of the  
Prodigal Son parable. On short,  
he has good reasons, for all  
of it is <sup>not</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>acts</sup> of paradoxical  
unselfishness to <sup>inward</sup> ~~inward~~ argument  
for ~~the~~ <sup>our's</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>antagonist</sup>, it implies  
much more of a ~~selfish~~ <sup>selfish</sup> and  
a self-implicated venture to  
beat the antagonist empty and  
mad. One's own thoughts and  
tactics... [ "Symphonies" ] a much  
more <sup>scattering</sup> ~~scattering~~ and more







~~"I have seen no monster or miracle on earth more~~

*as now that*

~~"There is no monster or miracle on earth I have watched with more~~

*concern me myself*

*than*

~~interest than my own being.... The more I explore and scrutinize myself, the more my deformation amazes me - the less can I understand myself."~~

*He will be most bright approval that*

~~Gide quotes these words in his brilliant Essai sur Montaigne (1929.)~~

*with a brilliant*

~~The great French humanist of the sixteenth century meant more to him than either Pascal or De La Rochefoucauld. His admiration for the former is~~

~~deep and genuine but somehow lacking in cordiality; as for the latter,~~

*... point of view wishes and even points his finger*

~~Gide is wont to quote his debunking maxims but makes principal reservations:~~

("Dostojevski, Vol. XI, p. 232)

~~But in the case of Montaigne, Gide feels both admiration and sympathy~~

*Newman is more delicate*

~~.... He does not like to see him pigeonholed as a "skeptic", or at least~~

~~at any rate it is not Montaigne's skepticism that attracts Gide mostly...~~

~~Montaigne's question, que sais-je?" - would not be helpful in itself,~~

~~if it were not for the new humanistic pride and inspiration derived from~~

~~"It seems," says Gide, "that in view of Pilatus's horrifying question,~~

~~what is truth?, Montaigne resumes, in his turn - quite humanly, though,~~

~~in a strictly profane and very different sense - the divine answer of~~

~~Jesus Christ: "I am the truth."~~

~~This is the ~~lesson~~ lesson Gide obtained from his sturdy master,~~

~~Michel Eyquem de Montaigne: that self-scrutiny, self-analysis, complete~~

~~sincerity towards oneself, is the beginning and, perhaps, the crown of~~

~~all wisdom; that the most promising way of teaching anybody anything is~~

~~to disclose what one has found out ~~about~~ one's own ~~secret~~~~

~~inmost conditions... Gide is enchanted by what he calls "l'heureuse audace~~

~~dens l'indiscrétion personnelle." "What interests me, his reader, is~~

~~undoubtedly not the fact, for instance, that M. is able to hold his water~~

~~for ten hours, but his indiscreet desire to ~~tell me so~~. This is more than~~

~~He wishes all the while to stage a personal~~

~~nobleman offers an to his intimates~~

~~not, since 1944-45~~

*How this is the life of a man who is a man of letters*



to belongs to his most beloved  
and most trusted master.



sheer indecency. It connotes a <sup>as all about</sup> ~~certain~~ protest against conventions: <sup>can</sup> ~~that~~ what is concealed in general, <sup>very shadowy</sup> what keeps hiding, that is precisely what he speaks out with the greatest pleasure, what he likes to exhibit."

(~~The problem of~~ <sup>was solved by similar manner</sup> King Candaulus felt the same way: that is why he prostituted his wife and was assassinated.... Side, by dramatizing this ~~and~~ <sup>amplified</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>still for which he had to pay with a</sup> edifying tale, has proved that he is not unfamiliar with the antagonism between shame and <sup>similarity</sup> frankness, and all the ticklish problems this antagonism implies. And yet his "indiscreet desire" <sup>to first say reality</sup> ~~to put the world into~~ his secrets - or his pedagogical impulse to teach the world a lesson by communicating his own experiences - <sup>this is with complete</sup> not the better, more often than not, of any conventional or moral inhibitions. <sup>published in 1926</sup> In his autobiography, Si le Grain Meurt, <sup>these meticulous frankness</sup> certain details ~~surpass indeed~~ the "fortunate audacity" of Montaigne or anyone else.

I am afraid that I may not have been quite fair towards this particular work when I referred to it in a preceding chapter. Didn't I call it "somewhat disappointing"? What a rash and superficial judgement! I am tempted to take it back. But I can't. I want to be this essay as sincere as is the artist it deals with. <sup>th. 43-44 is</sup> I have been disappointed when I first read ".....", and I cannot help feeling the same way whenever I ~~read~~ <sup>re-read</sup> it.

That is not to say that it does not contain a profusion of lovely things and illuminating material. The author seems at his best in the early chapters: the childhood scenes are first-rate, full of unforgettable moments. There are brilliant spots <sup>also</sup> in the following parts, to be sure. <sup>the same goes for</sup> First literary and artistic impressions; Ecole Alsacienne (particularly the beginning of his friendship with Pierre Louys); then, the circle around Mallarmé and Heredia - offering sidelights on literary life of that epoch; the Algerian episode and the portrait of Oscar Wilde, finally, which are perhaps the narrative climax of the whole account...

It is there, in the Algerian chapter, that the "shocking" details

Book  
L  
H  
Hypothesis  
disposition  
re-read

What the 1.11 is about first first first  
in 1926 that is, with the end of the 1920s, it is near



occur - ~~about~~ <sup>on 50</sup> six or seven pages in a work that comprises about 600. And yet these ~~sex~~ <sup>very</sup> passages have attained a popularity entirely out of proportion. I have heard people discuss "Si le Grain...." as a salacious book - "the book, you know, where he tells every all those dirty stuff about Wilde and Douglas and the little Moors" - : while, in reality, the autobiography deals mostly with such earnest matters as Stéphane Mallarmé, Puritan pastors, Beethoven, country life, <sup>and diseases</sup> and Gide's engagement with Mademoiselle Emmanuèle.

I suppose there must be ~~some~~ certain reasons for this undue emphasis on the part of the public - more valid and more serious reasons, I mean, than the mean and ~~natural~~ <sup>sexual</sup> predilection for risqué ~~and~~ disclosures. <sup>It may be that the sexual interest in *Alphie* is the first place, with the fact that the rest of the book is somehow lacking in color and interest.</sup>

Moreover, the "revelation of the desert" - as one of Gide's biographers, Léon Pierre-Quint, calls the African adventure - seems to be logical climax, indeed, the solution at which the whole story was driving.

The anguish and apprehension of André's childhood, his abrupt outburst - "Je ne suis pas comme les autres!" - the moral struggle of his later years, the strangely ~~celestial~~ <sup>sexual</sup> character of his romance with Emmanuèle - all this becomes intelligible in the light of this new development.

By disclosing his "deformation" - to use Montaigne's formula - G. gives us the clue to labyrinth of his inner drama.

There can be no doubt that certain erotic penchants and experiences have been of pivotal relevance to the development of G.'s inner drama.

One does not need be an unconditional follower of Freud's doctrines to recognize the primary importance of sex in the life of a human being.

It was not the founder of the psychoanalytical school but it was Friedrich Nietzsche who said that sex is the root and the basis of

all emotional life and all artistic creation, and that a man's sexual



Why then, do so many doctors  
choose to remain so solitary  
the question, in fact,  
with the Arabian poets

It is just on record

It is the same emphasis

to be explained

of the extraordinary production

for

There must be more serious

reason for the modern emphasis

than for the



inclinations can be traced even in the most lofty and most disinterested  
~~manifestations~~  
 utterances of his genius. And yet we ought to beware of any premature  
 conclusions, as far as Gide is concerned.

His request - "Ne me comprenez pas si vite, je vous en prie!" - is  
 applicable to his erotic problem too, ~~in~~ <sup>also, or obviously</sup> In this delicate sphere, more  
 than in any other, rash simplifications are tantamount to <sup>outright</sup> falsifications.

Let us be frank <sup>and</sup> as well as precise! ~~Gide~~ <sup>\* But he</sup> has never said that he is,  
 homosexual in the usual sense of the term, nor does his work suggest  
 such a disposition. ~~The part of his work which is devoted to the~~  
~~any of A. Gide's~~

In fact, the topic of homosexuality plays but a secondary role in the  
 complex world of his ~~reflective or~~ <sup>essayistic</sup> narrative writings. ~~Les F-~~ <sup>Essays: only Corydon</sup>

are G.'s only book in which a relation of this type <sup>is used</sup> as a central  
 theme. Besides ~~there are~~ <sup>certain</sup> allusions <sup>to</sup> this form of love in L'Immoraliste  
 and, in an even vaguer fashion, in Les Nourritures Terrestres.

On the other hand, Gide's moral attitude and the whole character of  
 his work obviously exclude the possibility ~~that~~ of his having employed  
 certain contrivances and disguises <sup>as did</sup> ~~à la~~ Marcel Proust. It is well known  
 no longer a secret that ~~Proust's~~ the young girls in À la Recherche...  
 are actually young boys in disguise... Gide <sup>disagrees</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>in fact</sup> rather irked by this  
 cunning strategy:

"...." (Journal, p. 705)

What ~~he~~ <sup>irritated / annoyed</sup> ~~he~~ liked about Proust's presentation, furthermore, was  
 the way the way Proust seems to confound homosexuality and effeminacy.  
 Baron Charlus, the <sup>marvelous type</sup> leading character of Sodome et Gomorrhe, is indeed  
 the prototype of the effeminate pervert.... As for Gide, he holds, in  
Corydon:

"....." (Vol. IX, 201)

G. has told us about <sup>but</sup> ~~certain~~ <sup>he had a different way</sup> that is all.  
 with young Arabians

Friend once told me: "Women mean more to  
 him than men..." His book seems to confirm this.



On the contrary, this disappears, slow

that is all; but the woman B. all  
if it were not for the fact  
a short period in which to B.  
confrontation - a sentence to the effect  
that in

the same with Tolman and  
this was especially as B. was found in  
first his "normality"

But there is no indication with the  
"normality" is "fantasy"  
to a fixation.

that the fact B. is much more  
disorder than he is usually  
thought and the more to affect

As far as I can see, his  
whole work is given to the  
Gommes, contains no reference  
to his sexual habits, except  
the one passage in his work



The distinction between the "invert", (i.e. the effeminate type) and the "normal homosexual" (i.e. the male lover of male youth, in the Hellenic style) goes as a leading thought throughout the composition of the dialogues between that wise and knowing Mr. Corydon and is somewhat goofy interlocutor. Corydon - quite an expert in his particular field - ventilizes the matter from all conceivable angles - aesthetical, sociological, medical, philosophical, literary, and religious. He quotes Montaigne and Darwin, Pascal and Goethe, Plato and Walt Whitman, as erudite and eloquent as he could be, he does his best to prove that homosexuality - the "normal" version of it, to be sure - is not ~~in itself~~ <sup>in itself</sup> ~~not opposed to the~~ <sup>not opposed to the</sup> nature nor incompatible with lofty principles and the progress of culture. ~~A disease and a~~ <sup>a disease and a</sup> ~~condition~~ <sup>condition</sup>

C. is a brave and intelligent book. It makes its point with candid  
elegance and thorough erudition. No doubt, it serves the interest  
of human progress and enlightenment by fighting and refuting an obsolete,  
inhuman prejudice which tries to outcast millions of diligent and decent  
human beings (with the exception of a handful of crooks and also some geniuses.)  
most men and women, most of them fairly decent and diligent, with the  
possible exception of a few crooks and a few geniuses. It is difficult  
to understand why the friends of the author should have been so worried  
and bewildered about this semi-scientific treatise. The whole  
fuss concerning Corydon seems a bit overdone - all those private  
editions, etc. until the definitive version could appear, in 1924.

~~if there is anything speaking against this solid, meritorious piece of~~  
~~work, there is a certain lack of élan and boldness, and élan,~~  
~~rather than an immoderate lot of these qualities. Among all writings of~~  
~~A. G. Orr. is the sole one that~~ Also, C. E. is a th.

invariant complexity typical of  
G. style thought and style of answers,  
and develops ~~the~~ thesis - standardly so,  
and efficiency



According to his ... no other ...  
relation and ... him ... in  
an equal degree ... for work

~~He~~ thorough and ...

and ... from ...

Only ... a ...  
young ... a ...

His ... argument includes

the habits of dogs ...  
guineas, Christian ...

pagan ...  
witnesses of ...

doctors, and ...  
... of ...

He is ...  
... bright ...

...  
... the ...

...  
... a ...

...  
... quite ...  
... in ...  
... and ...



with an impressive display of eloquence and erudition. But it does not include the antithesis <sup>of the novel</sup>. It is not dialectic, not musical, not artistic, not disinterested: it just wants to prove its point.

Proteus ~~as a propagandist~~ seems a little awkward and uncomfortable in the role of a propagandist.

He

\*\*\*

Proteus is more himself - he is at his best, commands ~~the~~ the highest degree of persuasion and attractiveness when he plays, when he changes his shape, when he oscillates, phosphoresces, puzzles, and intrigues.

This is the voice of Proteus - this is his confession:

"....." (Journal des F-M, p.86)

This explains, perhaps, the relative tenuity of both autobiographical <sup>115</sup>book and the purposeful essay. In <sup>both</sup> cases, ~~it~~ tries to come out undisguised - as a man who tells his story and ~~who~~ who proves his point. But, curiously, the ~~story is not quite as effective, indeed, it appears less authentic than~~ authentic story and the direct <sup>testimony</sup> fall short of his subtle ~~and non~~ noncommittal devices... Paradoxical as it may sound, <sup>even</sup> ~~it~~ sounds less <sup>convincing</sup> authentic, less truthful when he conveys the plain truth. For the plain truth is never his truth. The plain truth is a simplification. <sup>(6.5) fictions of critical writings</sup>

That is why ~~his~~ <sup>(6.5)</sup> novels - contradictory...as they may be - communicate his personality - the substance of his being - more ~~convincing~~ stirringly, more directly than does the autobiography.

~~Yes~~, In his literary essays, like in <sup>his stories</sup> ~~the~~ novels, he presents himself in disguise, that is to say in his most authentic fashion. What startling aspects of his own character he reveals when speaking of Stendhal or Dostojevsky, Baudelaire or Nietzsche, Montaigne, Chopin, or Charles-

but also of his personality like in his novels, he at one time

Louis Philippe

personality



Problems

~~A. Missa~~ or ~~S. A. Amator~~  
~~Lafayette~~ or ~~S. A. Amator~~  
de l'Église de la Vierge  
A. L. A. P. A.



What he tells us about ~~Flaubert~~ <sup>Emerson</sup> or ~~Johann Sebastian Bach~~ <sup>Barthelme</sup>, Goethe or Racine,

not only ~~increases~~ <sup>deepens</sup> our insight into the characters of those masters but also into Gide's. <sup>"L'homme à Angèle" [Intro.]</sup>

<sup>Perfectly integral part of my work ...</sup> ~~Gide's character remains attractive as he is cannot be reduced to~~ <sup>turned:</sup>

a formula, this changeable, opalescent character of A. G. ~~just because~~ <sup>it is impossible</sup> The impossibility of labeling and defining its being ~~increases~~ <sup>increases</sup> the makes it all the more delightful and instructive to watch and scrutinize its ~~growing~~ <sup>growth</sup> and changes, the process of its becoming.

<sup>Translation:</sup> "das Werden", ~~as the Germans would say.~~ "Je ne peints pas l'estre. Je peints le passage." <sup>Side not only quotes</sup>

<sup>comments upon</sup> this word of his friend Montaigne: he also follows it. He paints the adventure of transformations and developments - everywhere, but ~~the~~ most impressively in his ~~diary~~ <sup>Journal</sup>.

There are many objections against the publication of diary notes of a living author....

(My article, 1, 3, 4.)

<sup>The Art of the Journal</sup>  
(A. Waals, Alissa, ... etc.)

<sup>"CANIS" =</sup>  
<sup>recognition</sup>

What the Catholic confides to his confessor, the protestant submits ~~to~~ directly to his God. As it so happens in the case of professional writers, the ~~most direct~~ <sup>best way</sup> ~~approach~~ <sup>goes</sup> to God ~~at times~~ <sup>one</sup> ~~by way of~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~reading public...~~

The continuous monologue of Gide's Journal - that is the infinite <sup>to God</sup> approach ~~Alissa~~ <sup>had</sup> in mind... There is no hierarchy to which one could be admitted, once and for all. There is nothing but the permanent endeavour, the unending quest...

~~"No man is a saint before he dies."~~

"In this life one is not a saint but one may become one." The Catholic philosopher from whom I quote this sentence must ~~have~~ <sup>be stained</sup> tinge of Protestantism.

Gide's rights - how  
disappearance of confessor

X

+



— in "Promi & ihre  
Mal Emblam!"  
(1899)

— : Offenbar ...  
L'action youtante

His columns against Bannis,  
his notes on Chopin, his  
standing for D. Wilde as the Arabian  
Goethe and indeed his original  
in fact of his life work as  
an analysis of his story as a play  
C's literary power, and his  
imagination ~~and in his~~  
no less in Vienna and  
original in the field of  
lit. criticism than many  
as in the sphere of  
dream, novel, etc.



## THE FUGUE

Without Contraries is no progression.  
Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and  
Energy, Love and Hate are necessary to  
Human existence.

William Blake

Les extrêmes me touchent.

A G

*Seven*  
At the age of fifty-six A. G. published his first novel, *the book*  
*to establish his world fame.*  
That is to say, he had published five other novels before, or, to  
be more precise, three full-length novels and two novelettes. Yet he  
deemed it appropriate, for one reason or another, to present Les F-m  
(1926) as his first novel. The dedication reads:

"...."  
*Evidently, his idea of a novel is most exacting... What, then, is*  
*his idea of a novel? Who are the great novelists he admires most and*  
*who, ~~influenced his own~~ <sup>he served him as model - a model -</sup> molded his concept of what a novel should be*  
*like?*

Two facts are noteworthy and a bit surprising:

First, Gide does not believe ~~that the novel is the form of literary~~  
~~expression~~ French writers have excelled particularly in the field of  
the novel; in his opinion, Russia and England <sup>the great</sup> have produced the <sup>best</sup> greatest  
novelists. *definitely! Sarajan this French compilation*

Secondly, he is but ~~a~~ <sup>deeply</sup> interested in the contemporary novel.  
About ninety percent of his reading time and his critical <sup>of</sup> ~~activity~~ <sup>work</sup> are  
devoted to the classics.

As for the former point, there is a profusion of illuminating material  
scattered throughout ~~the~~ <sup>generally</sup> Gide's diary, letters, essays, etc. The most  
revealing <sup>statement</sup> document in this context is an article, "Les Dix Romans  
Français que..." (NRF, 1913.)



I want those who are children now  
will be surprised one day  
to find me on their path.

During the program, we  
Revolutionary in his political and  
psychological views, for he  
wally construction in his L.I. factor  
A. W. said, some what disingly:  
"I don't care whether or not  
I am understood and for by  
my gunwell..." And he  
said: "My friend keep  
"Why" he says, why should  
sympathetic be able to claim a  
of which we could anticipate  
what is the other and really?  
What problem will present the  
coming generation? It is for  
these coming ones that we write.  
My ambition is to respond to  
yet indistinct yet unspoken  
institutions of nations to give  
institutions of nations,



*The request to indicate the 10 to 15 most eminent ones. Right in the beginning he deplores this undue limitation. For, after having announced his two favorites - Stendhal's La Chartreuse de Parme and Les Liaisons Dangereuses by Choderlos de Laclos (1782) - his voice already falters...*

(p. 145)

Then he enumerates three other masterpieces of the 17th and 18th centuries as belonging to his favorites, namely, "La Princesse de Cleves" by Madame de Lafayette (1634-1695), "*for want of a Moll*" "Manon Lescaut" (1731), *Flaubert's* "Marianne" (1741), *Formentor*, "Roman Bourgeois".

Then He concludes his list with Fromentin's "Dominique", Balzac's "La Cousine Bette", Flaubert's "Madame Bovary", and Zola's "Germinal."

Evidently, the 19th century - the truly grand siècle of the French novel - does not occupy a very brilliant place in the hierarchy of this list. And even those admitted have to endure a rather cruel treatment - excepting, of course, Stendhal, *to (Germans)* whom Gide mentions only with the most has paid so numerous and so acute homages: in fact, he feels tempted to include all novels by Stendhal into his enumeration - "Le Rouge et le Noir" and "Lucien Leuwen" besides "La Chartreuse."

In the case of Balzac his enthusiasm is much more conditional. While he congratulates himself on not having discovered "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" before his thirtieth year, he begins the passage about Balzac with the remark that "it is advisable to read B. before the twenty-fifth year; afterwards, it becomes too difficult."

..... (p. 147 and my article: "jamais moins sublime...")

*With regard to Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" that jewel of the 19th century*



The Indian American and South American  
God shows us, with a brilliant  
vision, realism, a generation  
born in the and comfort in the  
midst of the rampant Yawm  
that is our present life.  
He shows the struggle, the fighting  
effort, the search for the  
future, a generation  
He wants future generation to  
receive this dialectic confusion,  
- the hope of our contradictory dream  
- ~~as he wants~~ He thinks the night  
is profitable for the young folk  
young youth to learn about  
the midis given account, now  
fame, God of our crisis,  
He ~~shows~~ the new dawn and for the  
immediate search of his writing  
He that ~~shows~~ he was not in  
the picture to aspire to present  
32 years later, from when he wrote  
L. F. T. I had become too int.  
in the future to be possibly  
connected with his past and  
contemporary world



What he has to say about Zola sounds even more reserved...

(148)

And his feelings become still more reserved and contradictory when it comes to evaluating Flaubert.... He does not want to get involved in a discussion of Flaubert's style and rank as that what lead too far...

.....

("Incidences", p.95)

What he seems to miss, above all, in the sphere of the French novel is the spirit of adventure and exploration... the <sup>rousing</sup> turbulence of high winds and open spaces... the tonic breeze from the sea...

"And yet France has had great navigators," he observes, in a significant diary note."

("Journal", p. 674)

Melville is mentioned frequently and always with the ~~almost~~ most liveliest admiration. <sup>E. A. Taylor belongs to his early fans.</sup> There are several respectful references to Hawthorne... not to speak of Whitman... As ~~regards~~ <sup>regards</sup> contemporary Americans, however, the Journal is remarkably reserved or almost hostile... Neither Eugen O'Neill nor <sup>Sherrwood Anderson or</sup> Hemingway, or Thomas Wolfe.... : only Upton Sinclair, (Journal, p.245)

Dos Passos...

The same goes for <sup>modern</sup> ~~contemporary~~ English writers, with the one exception of Conrad... : but, Fielding, Richardson, Melville, Dickens, Jane Austen, Huxley, etc. "William Faulkner" } my article, p. 4  
The same in Russian, German... <sup>not Walther, Wulf, Romy</sup> [Kafka]

And the contemporary French novel... All of them are mentioned: personal contacts; many of them started their career simultaneously; others are his pupils... Yet it seems that next to nothing lives up to his requirements. Romain Rolland - icy. Cocteau (Journal, p.759 etc.)

I am skeptical about help  
I am inclined to doubt  
the <sup>marked</sup> seriousness of it



Harvey is one of the most contemporary  
American in G. J. Yonson: he  
about whom G. Yonson seems a fairly  
the word: P. - Louis Point

In fact, the <sup>birds</sup> ~~single~~ <sup>and direct</sup>  
writings contain no reference  
to contempt. At all times, modern  
we choose to account one  
man about John D. P.

when  
Not that Harvey <sup>are</sup> any <sup>judgment</sup>  
The <sup>is</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>noted</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
case of English models, G. J.  
his <sup>former</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>dead</sup> <sup>become</sup>,  
was <sup>more</sup> <sup>obvious</sup> <sup>than</sup> <sup>with</sup>

His essays and notes <sup>among</sup>  
writings about that part among

all <sup>modern</sup> English writers of  
P. century, G. J. seems to  
only one who had any <sup>by</sup>  
worthwhile for say in C. of

At any <sup>the</sup> <sup>name</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>H. G.</sup>  
Wells is a <sup>consequently</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
as those of G. J. or V. W.



He - The friendship with Julien Green seems primarily human, not literary. <sup>1/10</sup>  
 The same goes for his attitude towards Montherland. Very critical remarks  
 about his works, we are almost surprised to read: "Montherland est char-  
 mant." Similar, in the case of Mauriac. <sup>En fait, la cause est</sup> The attraction which certain  
 younger writer <sup>cannot help falling for them</sup> "Thibauts" <sup>personal sympathy</sup> <sup>but...</sup>

← The great exception: Proust - after having overcome twofold in-  
 hibition: first, <sup>adapting</sup> Personal (wealthy young dilettant, protégé of France;)  
 then Proust's policy in the erotic question... But once his view of  
 Proust's work was free of such extraneous ballast, his admiration  
 manifests itself in expression he never used about any other contemporary,  
 save Valéry. .... Compares him with Montaigne...: one of the highest  
 honors available in Gide's vocabulary...

"Incidences", 49, 50, 51

<sup>The promising paradox and paradoxical</sup>  
<sup>promise inherent in his plan: purity +</sup>  
<sup>complexity</sup>  
 In the same essay, - it is one of Gide's open letters to his imaginary  
 lady-friend and disciple, Angele - he confesses:

"Trinity": Transition "....." (p. 48)

Yet there can be no doubt that he feels a ~~defin~~ vital affinity between  
 his own effort and Proust's. A novel that is no novel any more - ~~is~~  
 that the ideal Gide was driving at? <sup>Novel quotation</sup> <sup>not about traditional</sup>

Yes, a novel which is no longer a novel in the ~~usual~~ sense of the  
 term; a novel which surpasses and disregards all accepted devices, and  
 oft-tested clichés; a novel that lives and moves without the props of  
 a plot or even against the conventional rules of <sup>logic and</sup> psychology... A novel  
 that integrates the whole complexity of our spiritual situation -  
 Freud and Marxism, the antithesis of freedom and discipline, <sup>science, education, religion</sup> modern  
 man's loneliness within the framework of a decaying society. It will  
 have to be a novel without a center, <sup>as is Proust's</sup> ("Journal des F-M", p. 55)  
 It will be a novel <sup>a novel</sup> manifesting and scrutinizing the crisis of the novel,

<sup>delineating the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>difficulties</sup> of writing a  
 novel these  
 days;



Gidi's ambition at this point  
is to produce a novel  
compared with which ...

[ "F. M.", p. 425 ]

This attempt <sup>to produce</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~produce~~ <sup>produce</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~compared~~ <sup>compared</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ...  
day ~~about~~ <sup>modern</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~produce~~ <sup>produce</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~compared~~ <sup>compared</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ...

The ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~produce~~ <sup>produce</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~compared~~ <sup>compared</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ...

It ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~produce~~ <sup>produce</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~compared~~ <sup>compared</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ...  
like ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~produce~~ <sup>produce</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~compared~~ <sup>compared</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ...

Of course, it is ~~easy~~ <sup>easy</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~produce~~ <sup>produce</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~compared~~ <sup>compared</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ...  
why ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~produce~~ <sup>produce</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~compared~~ <sup>compared</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ...

New York ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~produce~~ <sup>produce</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~novel~~ <sup>novel</sup> ~~compared~~ <sup>compared</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ...

which, in its turn, is but an aspect and an implication of a more  
*If this novel lives up to its intrinsic aim,*  
profound and more general crisis. It will be the epos of the crisis.

But can it be done? Will it be feasible to define, to form transitions and dissolutions without becoming chaotic, nebulous, amorphous?

No. For, by becoming more comprehensive the novel should also become exclusive: - purified from.....

(Journal des FM, 71-73)

The novel of the crisis must not be naturalistic

( " , p. 34,35)

The pattern to follow, if any, is the classical fugue - ~~Bach's~~  
the august lucidity of Johann Sebastian Bach.

("Journal", 704, 705.)

And what ~~we~~ will result from this bold and exacting effort? What will be the ~~fruit of~~ realization of such a daring and delicate scheme? Will it be a "rest novel"?

An outstanding connoisseur of the novel, and a fine novelist of his own, E.M. Forster, says: ~~he~~ "Les FM is among the more interesting of recent works: not among the vital: and greatly as we shall have to admire it as a fabric we cannot praise it unrestrictedly now." Whereupon he "must glance again at War and Peace: here the result is vital."

The book ~~out of which~~ *from* I quote this passage - "Aspects of the Novel" - is one of the ~~most delightful and penetrating~~ *most* achievements in the field of lit. criticism. Forster speaks admirably about Proust, ~~and~~ *and A. France* Melville, Tolstoi, Joyce, and Dickens. It is from his discussion of Dickens that he jumps directly to André Gide: he senses ~~a resemblance~~ *an affinity* between "~~Les FM~~" and "Bleak House" and "Les FM" - "a novel which for all its modernity has one aspect in common with 'Bleak House': it is all to pieces logically. .... (P. 109 - 110)



The month seen G.

Swindell and intel. life as closely  
intw. in his view and ~~equation~~  
to him, the great ~~fusion~~ <sup>complex</sup> of plants  
and relations of life as moral nature.  
Now: faculty his representation in

The last sentence is wrong in Skry -  
travelling time. Besides God is in  
very aware of the deep instinct in  
his constant self-observation and  
auto-analysis. His doubt and  
monition in L. F. H. - the  
moralist E. who is to Green  
man ~~and~~ and his diary.  
But E. d. and E. D. F. are ~~not~~  
very much it ~~really~~ clear which  
they... Why should ~~not~~ an  
intw. be

Why compare a fragment of ideas with an entire saga  
of Homer with NO human at all does not compare... it's like  
comparing tennis champion

Ontli.  
p. 4

"L. F. M."

Heavy - script ...



They are of different status;  
they respond to different requirements.  
We should do our utmost with  
each other.

- comparable to "Ulysses", "A la Recherche...", and, perhaps, "The Magic Mountain."

And now let us have a look at the novel itself.

\*

We must keep in mind, first of all, that the composition we are dealing with is a fugue, not a symphony. That is to say, the novel is not built in several major episodes, each with an individual theme of its own; but the whole polyphonic score develops ~~but~~ <sup>by</sup> one central theme - varying and transforming it in the most ingenious, ~~most capricious~~ <sup>first</sup> fashion and yet, according to strict contrapuntal rules. As for this central theme... But it ~~may be more advisable to~~ <sup>maybe we ought</sup> ~~draw~~ <sup>outline</sup> the scheme of the variations.

<sup>integrated</sup> The texture of the novel is at once involved and transparent. It contains <sup>things</sup> a multitude of threads and patterns, which <sup>at first</sup> may appear a little intricate and confused. But they are so skillfully and organically interwoven that it is not very difficult, really, to disentangle them. <sup>all of which are interwoven with the utmost skill</sup>

The many characters of the various plots are introduced and inter-related in various manners: the reader is allowed, or required, to ~~conceive them~~ <sup>first, to imagine</sup> visualize them as members of different ~~and~~ <sup>from</sup> every individual as belonging to several groups simultaneously and ~~as~~ <sup>to</sup> playing a role in several dramas at once. Of course, that is the way life works. A schoolboy, say, is not exclusively a schoolboy: he is also a son and perhaps a lover or a criminal or a genius or what not. So every actor in the ample cast of "Les FM" has his function on several stages and in different capacities. The central character, if there is such a thing in this book, is ~~connected with~~ <sup>and</sup> involved in all dramas at once.

This central character is Edouard, a novelist engaged in writing a novel that happens to be called "The Counterfeiters" - "Les FM." This



is by no means the only feature in which Edouard resembles his author. Edouard is Gide - ~~hard~~ scarcely disguised. Edouard's diary, ~~which~~ <sup>(continuous commentary on the</sup> constitutes a sort of ~~novel within the novel~~, is Gide's diary, almost.

But Edouard is not just a commentator, not only the author's mouthpiece; he takes actively part in the various plots. There are links between him and all other sectors of this complex microcosm.

Bernard, the most important figure after Edouard, is Edouard's secretary and ~~trusted friend~~ <sup>confidant</sup>. Bernard's best friend, Olivier, is the son of Edouard's half-sister, Pauline. <sup>How damn. D.P.</sup> She has two other sons, Vincent, and Georges, who is a schoolboy in the boarding school of Pastor Vedel and his wife. One of George's schoolmates is Boris, the grandson of old Pérouse, ~~is~~ Edouard's former teacher.

The Vedels have four children - a boy and three daughters, the oldest of whom, Laura, is the mistress of Vincent (son of Madame Pauline, brother of Olivier and Georges, nephew of Edouard.) Now, it so happens that a cynical snob and ~~brilliant~~ <sup>half-</sup> cheap writer, Robert de Passavant, is interested in Vincent and tries to separate him from Laure. <sup>grandson, man of 1.41,</sup> To ~~accomplish this~~ <sup>to this end</sup> he employs a lightminded lady, Lilian, as his bait - which works excellently. Vincent, crazy about Lilian, abandons Laure. Passavant, in his turn, drops Vincent and amuses himself by corrupting his younger brother, Olivier: which irritates Edouard. For he, Edouard, has a definite penchant for Olivier - although in a less trivial and desultory <sup>less</sup> ~~mode~~ <sup>way</sup> than M. de Passavant.

Now the following dramas are simultaneously followed and coordinated:

First, the ~~drama of the~~ boarding school drama, in which young Georges and young Vedel ~~set as~~ simultaneously as schoolboys and criminals. For both are mixed up with a gang of counterfeiters: they circulate the faked money... When this business becomes too hot they

fall false coin

- 511.4/1004 601

his own views and reflections  
with regard to the <sup>parent</sup> F.  
Which side to attempt to solve,  
the ~~delicate~~ <sup>problem</sup> task of writing <sup>the</sup>  
a novel of the crisis, a  
novel of ideas, a great novel,  
E. dwell on this difficult  
very problem theoretically, on the  
but not

His position is <sup>the</sup> mainly,  
that of a go-between, mediator,  
confidant, and confidant.  
But of <sup>somehow</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>as to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of the</sup>  
he belongs half to the camp of  
the good people, half to the  
side of the ~~most~~ <sup>most</sup> ~~material~~ <sup>material</sup>  
dignified grown-ups. Both parties  
trust him and  
tell him about

3 camps:  
of adults  
young  
children



establish a kind of suicide club and drive the little Boris into his death. The tragedy of Boris is the climax of the boarding school drama, which also involves old Vedel, <sup>akin to Symphonie Pastorale La</sup> an unctuous hypocrite, and the old Pérouse, <sup>La</sup> Boris's grandfather. It may be more correct, though, to present Pérouse as a minor drama in itself: his <sup>abyssmal</sup> rigid pessimism goes <sup>through the whole book</sup> as a saturnine leitmotiv.

Edouard is connected with the counterfeiter affair in his capacity as an author; (the false coins circulating in Paris stimulated him first to write "The Counterfeiters;") besides he is strongly concerned about the all goings-on in the Pension Vedel, because the little Georges is his nephew and Olivier's brother, <sup>and son</sup> and also because of <sup>Vedel's daughter</sup> Laura, with whom he is on cordial terms.

2 The drama Laura - Vincent - Lillian would be yield enough of a plot for a full-length novel. Lillian and Passavant form the contrapuntal

counterpiece to the Puritan Vedel ménage: both Passavant and Vedel

8 Drama five: Pauline, the mother of Vincent, Olivier, and George, Edouard's half-sister; (she does not love her husband any more and feels that she is on the point of losing her sons.)

Other Triangle: Olivier - Edouard - Passavant. (10) The two dramas I mention last are the most significant ones - even more predominant than the counterfeiter story. Bernard and Olivier

3 are very different from each other and yet - or just therefore - faithfully fond of one another. His quest - another complete model...

↳ Bernard - more viril, more active and more resilient; runs away from home as he finds out that he is illegitimate son child - not really

the son of the aging Judge he believed his father. (The Judge is

— heart-broken about Pérouse's loss —  
has to do with the counterfeiter affair, in his professionally

Original plan  
Bernard - a <sup>prodigal son</sup> younger cousin of the Immoralist and a craver brother of Lafcadio - <sup>more matured</sup> struggles... falls in love with Laura (Vedel's daughter, abandoned by Olivier's brother Vincent); has to find his own way; comes in touch with various political organizations;

in search for his identity... <sup>passes through a few adventures</sup> <sup>repulsed by radical movements</sup> <sup>relationships</sup>

Lady Griffith after occupies a strong  
position among the other characters.  
The embodiment of radiant animation,  
she stands with tall, laughing in  
the moral ~~view~~ Verity, the type of  
fall - the hypothesis and the system -  
our ethical will, L. is essentially  
solitary, an element rather than a  
person.

- for human

Lit. really. The year now  
A fight for  
But see the end the night  
and you would - boy  
and night -

Le M. dis. F.M. - Gide's own  
commentary of his most M. gradual  
process  
L. was sent to L. in disguise  
M. forward, then, the L. in disguise



9. Olivier, meanwhile - softer, more vulnerable and more attractive than his friend - oscillates between two men both of whom woo him for pedagogical, or not purely pedagogical, purposes - Passavant and Edouard. Edouard wins. He rescues Olivier from Passavant. The final union between Edouard and Olivier is more happiness and excitement than O. can take: he attempts suicide but fails, where <sup>the little</sup> Boris succeeds, alas. (Boris, the victim of Olivier's little brother, Georges, and of Laura's little brother, Armand, who, in his turn, is the victim of old Vedel's obnoxious hypocrisy...) This twofold acme of bliss and disaster coincidences, furthermore, with Bernard's supreme <sup>trial</sup> experience - the struggle with his angel, who finally helps him to recognize and dominate <sup>namely</sup> the potentialities of his being.

What, then, is <sup>the</sup> ~~connecting~~ <sup>clue</sup> ~~clue~~, all these incongruous plots - the common element in <sup>so many</sup> ~~by~~ virtue of which these incongruous elements cohere and <sup>form</sup> ~~form~~ a living entity? Gide simplifies the <sup>problem</sup> ~~question~~ - deliberately so, to be sure - when he makes some of his <sup>partial</sup> ~~inquire~~ ~~after~~ of Edouard the subject of his novel. That is why Edouard's answer turns out to be ~~simpler than we~~ somewhat too simple to be quite satisfactory.

"My novel has no subject," declares Edouard ~~at~~ succinctly.

".....", Forster, p. 132.

This may be Edouard's last word but not Gide's. He realizes - although he never says so ~~so~~ expressly - that his novel has indeed a central theme and the leading figure - namely, the demon; the double-faced genius and demon of life who is at once creative and devastating, who manifests itself as an illuminating or darkening energy; the demon who is the problematic, not to say diabolic emanation of the divine substance.

~~But God remains God, even in his infernal masquerade~~

The demon is not quite dynamics  
and energy

Ms. F. 5. and the other search  
center of the camp. with  
from Ed. diary with its  
reflections about the crisis of  
the world.

Yes, the book is  
the demon - not only the book is  
demon in great and as said.

No. is the demon partly moral  
and spiritual nature. It is  
the one by which Aissa  
and the man as ~~possess~~ <sup>possessed</sup> ~~lamb~~ <sup>lamb</sup>.  
The demon of L. F. D. - B.'s

the Yandy, <sup>demoniac</sup> con-  
Reasons  
~~George~~ Envy, and ~~Fail~~, Love  
and Hate, <sup>constitutions</sup> and  
distortion <sup>impulse</sup> are ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup>  
can be a <sup>in</sup> the Yandy  
demonia <sup>qualification</sup> disposition



No doubt, the demon is the motion  
 power behind all these various  
 romances, the Yvachinis and  
 in dea world. Not just the  
 "many of life", to be sure;  
 that would be too general  
 was a motion. The ~~obsession~~,  
 the compelling impulse in question  
 is of a more specific nature,  
 for all its incessant variability...  
 it can manifest itself as truly  
 diabolic obsession ~~and~~ as  
 creative inspiration. That the  
 creative inspiration, if demonic,  
 is quite free of diabolic  
 undertone, which the  
 distinction of obsession, if  
 demonic enough, includes also  
 non-stimulating aspects...

forward is better supported by the father  
(who is not really his father) so he,  
at least attempts at his - effort.

The demon himself is an official,  
cautious dignified person, who doesn't  
factors the citizens like, who don't  
admit his existence and not acknowledge  
of his still. They lie to each other  
to flourish. by stealth

she belongs to the demon  
of the demon program and  
the demon manifest itself in the body  
of the demon: a poison in the blood  
in the demon's blood adheres in

in P.S. cold and weak  
in the elegant manner of P. de  
P. I. in the V. hypodermis in the  
night and anagogic gloom of L. P.

No doubt, Grosz and his  
follow-follower follow - follow  
that No doubt, Grosz and his  
follow-follower follow - follow

that No doubt, Grosz and his  
follow-follower follow - follow  
that No doubt, Grosz and his  
follow-follower follow - follow





-8-

demon who is part of the divine substance - the part, namely, that has become diabolic. But God remains God, even in his infernal masquerade. He who is touched by the Devil is also touched by the deity.

No doubt, H. H. Munro is the author



Passant — the demon of his  
most vulgar personification; shows  
corruption, vanity, lawless glimmer  
Libian, the Devil's fool in the  
classical style ...

Bernard's demon becomes visible  
he has the appearance of an  
angel: angels are demonic,  
demons seraphic ... Journal 489

"Le Journal des F.M." — a commentary  
on the novel Gide published shortly  
after the book prop — is full  
of allusions to the demon.

For instance: p. 35.  
"Identification du Démon.", p. 139.

x x x  
E. M. Forster is inclined to look  
for. [Forster, p. 130.]

Low the ~~philosophy~~ ~~is~~ an ~~unstable~~  
this ~~obsession~~ ~~is~~ to a ~~confusion~~

The demon mental life  
side system with both. The  
who admit the right person, as  
the power of the demon are in  
a better position, and as both  
class, than those who deny  
on account of their own ~~delusions~~

Inducement  
Even the madmen young in Part. V.  
boast school as perfect to the  
meditations factor: they follow  
the demon - blindly, mainly, into  
most adventures, whereas the old  
have protected himself and been fertile  
as does those who desire  
but get not

E. discovers his demon and to not  
~~appear at home~~ follows him, unappeared  
but at times I would like to see him  
out out of interest rather than  
out of a curiosity, which is  
rather but an ~~apparent~~ result  
which is often clearly the result  
of detached or ~~unintentional~~ view  
which is only a  
greatest advantage and  
characteristic, ~~is~~



Happily, or unfortunately, there is  
no such "synthesis" available.  
There are another documents, however,  
apt to shed some additional  
light on the implications of  
"Les F. M." The document, by  
reference, and which I <sup>already</sup> mentioned  
in a different context, is  
G's fascinating variation on  
Dostoevsky's "The Idiot" or rather  
recommended in my 9.9. It contains  
even more information about "Les  
F. M." than does the journal.

"Maiden's", 88

Demon.

Blake: That is when Blake  
comes in. Introduced to  
Dostoevsky. Explains also  
the date of his visitations.  
Gide. Marriage of Hermann and Hil

But the answer is really only  
too frequent as daily means  
now in the low noon, it  
answer completely good as  
This sentence of D. - quoted by  
E. in reference to B. - is application  
also to G. himself and to  
all his associates, from the time and  
the 1900s to the present E. :



Title suggests program.  
Depth impulse: Grand Laine quotation.  
Two fold: the polarity "Le Immoraliste" - "Posti Exot"  
"Which way ~~the~~ fly is Hell; myself  
is Hell ....": Milton, "Paradise  
Lost."

Out of this double impact:  
inconsistency. ("Dostojewski,  
p. 224")  
Disapproves of Gravell  
3 Hyl: XI, last page

Children: playful <sup>element</sup> impulse becomes  
demonic <sup>excitation</sup> for life.  
Love for youth = love for life.  
You trust in the coming.  
The possible ... : potentialities,  
rather than realities; promises,  
rather than fulfillments ...  
What is in trust in ...  
That what has been is will be  
than what is ...  
What seems in the beginning  
in melancholy ...

- Yo write "for future generations"  
now assumes many meanings.  
Quotation, "Auf der  
Sicht."

X / play fast and faithful  
and proud

And what do we know about P's  
young brother, Calvert?  
E. it might seem to me find out  
what this little star may be like.  
The voluminous invol. composition of  
the L & T. and with a capital  
was but sugg. of form to the  
imminent music.  
Thus the fugue remains and remains  
its ~~unfamiliar~~ theme, which is a strange  
promise for new themes, new fugues,  
new adventures. The melody,  
of which romantic musicians dream -  
how it is, full of possibilities and  
promise, at once grand and  
confident, ~~solid and~~ severe.



## FREEDOM &amp; DISCIPLINE

Whereever a man comes, there comes revolution.  
Ralph Waldo Emerson

Je vous assure que le sentiment de la liberté  
peut plonger l'âme dans une sorte de détresse;  
(expliquer et développer.)  
A. G.

In "Les F-M." Gide reached the climax of his artistic experiment. It is to this book, to Gide's "first novel", that his international prestige is mainly due - particularly his fame in the United States. <sup>was very reluctant in</sup> The public and the critics, in France as well as abroad, confirmed what <sup>ask nothing of the author's sign. for.</sup> Gide knew at bottom - that he had now succeeded in communicating the valid formula, the very extract of his message.

From that point on the center of his interest shifts from fiction to the moral and philosophical sphere. The demon, who hitherto obsessed all Gidean characters, including his own, gradually withdraws, to be superseded by a more rational inspiration. The romantic period of Gide's quest seems to have reached its end.

<sup>MP</sup> ~~One~~ It may be allowed to say that this was the intrinsic meaning and <sup>the real purport</sup> of Gide's <sup>artistic</sup> effort, from "Les Cahiers d'A.W." to "Les F-M." - to overcome the romantic temptation; to purify his <sup>art</sup> style and his vision from all <sup>intoxicating</sup> soft, <sup>consistent</sup> redundant elements, from all distortions and exaggerations. The development of Gide's <sup>idiom</sup>, from its style proves impressively this <sup>aesthetic-ethical</sup> tendency - away from the morbid and mannered, towards <sup>an ever more serene, more balanced</sup> the ideal of classical perfection. From book to book his idiom becomes <sup>more transparent</sup> less rhetoric and more concise. What <sup>difference</sup> between the <sup>intoxicating</sup> enchanting but <sup>dithyrambic</sup> slightly turgid verbosity of "Les Nourritures Terrestres" and the crisp precision of the elegant characterizing the style of "Les F-M." +

<sup>everything word to the</sup>  
<sup>point...</sup>  
<sup>sobriety</sup>

Put Light by L.M., how the  
reader public ~~is~~ gasped that  
Gide the ~~rich~~ ~~and~~ its revolutionary  
~~Marxist~~ infant.

What Gide had accomplished, the  
war made him a success for non  
it was a new fashion and a  
~~the~~ ~~growth~~ ~~the~~ ~~premises~~ ~~but~~ for the story and  
microscopy and other books in the

same line to come in other intellectual  
projects, other forms and passions  
summing up and adding up of  
one part.

the G.S. first word is perhaps  
with the ~~normal~~ suggestion and  
promising infant.

"What is a book?" asked G.  
he for his work. The G.

decades  
A lot of dead letters?  
No, a sum full of genius.



There can be no doubt that this constant endeavour striving for simplification, clarification, <sup>and this conscious abandonment of what is essential</sup> purification of the artistic expression <sup>is</sup> essentially and consciously of ethical in its impact, although seemingly confined to the sphere of aesthetics. Gide is fully aware of this moral impact inherent in his artistic endeavour...

"Le Classicism Français", ps. 42-42, p. 49

An eminent expert in this particular domain, Henri Peyre, of Yale University, quotes this sentence in his book..... He adds another quotation from ~~Ramon~~ one of Gide's greatest friends and most understanding critics, Ramon Fernandez...

(p. 49)

This tendency, perceptible in G.'s work from its beginning, <sup>is</sup> becomes predominant after "Les F. m." We recognize it in his early polemics against Naturalism....

(Morceaux Choisis, p. 62, 66)

His admiration for Mallarmé rests on this belief

Gide always agreed with the beautiful sentence his friend Paul Valéry coined in reference to Gide's master, Stéphane Mallarmé - spiritual master mentor of both Valéry and Gide - : "Classicism - 1. 13th"

"Qu'est-ce qu'il y a de plus mystérieux que la clarté?"

It was this "dominated romanticism", this mysterious lucidity he admired and loved in Racine's and tragedies, and in the fugues of J. S. Bach; in the perfectly balanced grandeur of Poussin and in the heroic harmony into which Goethe forced his demoniac nature....

But Goethe is the only German in whose work and figure Gide recognized this triumph of form over the elementary assault of the unrestricted forces of chaos. It is precisely this <sup>hence</sup> ~~urbane~~ self-restriction he missed in Richard Wagner's boisterous orchestra. His animosity, <sup>which</sup> to that master assumes the character of outright disgust when it comes to Wagner's minor predecessors. ("Salomé", Journal p. 245.)



, (from,

Shall in nature: the  
bountiful cosmic world

the his cosmic work  
with his friends, friends  
material... and laughter,  
and his great passions,  
and his violent  
and his world.

But it is the reason  
and even of art

— high — economic,  
at one economic and general,  
well-balanced, high mind,  
disciplined, and so forward,  
in the

He did not want to see the  
obvious truth, although he was  
was by his High Pr. the thesis,  
had plenty of way from

— a disagreement but should  
be a gentleman —, from his

his unfortunate wife and his wife  
He was blind by his will, with the option  
for which he had now to pay with  
the loss of his property and his son



Such angry, contemptuous accents, coming from A. G., indicate more than a merely aesthetical judgement: they connote ~~indignation~~ <sup>real</sup> moral disapproval.. The nature of this indignation becomes clear in the light of Gide's "Reflections on Germany", written in 1919:

(Incidences, p. 15)

"The work of art is a product of reason," an astounding statement coming from A. G., who recognized and hailed the demon as the source and kernel of artistic creation.... <sup>His will to</sup> ~~His moral determination~~ to counterbalance this demonic tendency of his ~~own~~ nature induces him to to make statements like the following one:

("§ Classicisme", p.73)

Henri Peyre, who quotes this sentence in his book, <sup>the spirit of art</sup> ~~is~~, is quite right in calling it "dangerous", although ~~se~~ it might be almost superfluous to remind Gide, or ~~his~~ Gide's readers, of the indispensable function "the demon" has in all artistic efforts. I wonder where Mr. Peyre may have found the Goethe citation to the effect that "das Schaudern" ~~is the~~ - namely, the shudder or tremble under the touch of the demon - is the sublimest sensation that can be experienced by man. It so happens that this Goethe word is a favourite quotation of A. G. Who would dare to question G's profound familiarity with this particular feeling.... It is his primary and central experience... The opposite vein - that is, the rationalistic sobriety and classical moderation - is the result of a high-minded moral effort.

X There is a strange and suggestive contrast between <sup>the</sup> ~~Gide's~~ floating uncertainty and unbound restlessness of G.'s <sup>dedication at 3 in the Preface</sup> ~~philosophical~~ attitude, <sup>and</sup> towards his will for <sup>an additional</sup> ~~fixation~~ clarity, <sup>rather in</sup> ~~classical~~ form in the realm of aesthetics. He told us not once but dozens of times that "the idea of option, <sup>an</sup> ~~of~~ fixation and limitation is intolerable to him. "How can you expect me to have an opinion?" he keeps asking us. "I have all opinions at once. - playing off one against the other in a unending interior dialogue."



but i he. int. yaf. it in. his  
work but m. p. allow. it to

"Each work of Art, G.  
says, " ~~is a~~ is a Reason."

Astom. work, then — con-  
from a man who  
But so did Goethe, and get  
a trained harmony, by  
vision of Reason and of  
Discipline.  
Gide ~~has~~ often ~~and~~ quoted Goethe's  
word for the effect that  
no work of art is value  
and affection without what  
G. calls "the Sch."

The poet of F. and  
T. was certainly familiar  
with this word and sub-  
suggestion



*betwixt*  
This dualism of Gide's ethical and aesthical views is one of the  
*paradoxical* typical and basic paradoxes inherent in his genius. His rampant disquietude of his thought, and feeling, manifest *in* itself in forms of perfect harmony and august grace. The more daring the questions he asks the more sedate and lucid the style in which he conveys them. It is as one of his Catholic admirers and analysts, Wallace Fowley, has put it, in his fine book, "La Pureté dans l'Art":

*intensity of the* (p. 120) *confession - 1950s*  
Gide seems to refer to the same creative paradox when he says, in an essay about Marcel Proust:

*That it is possible* ("Incidences", p.51) *to understand*  
Of course, it is also possible to sense destructive and dangerous elements in this discrepancy between the anarchic streaks in G.'s early philosophy and the conservative trends of his artistic *style*. Seemingly, there is but one sound *formal* fundament on which a classical style can rest - namely the absolute acceptance of a definite hierarchy and social-spiritual order. This presupposition is completely missing in the case of Gide. While he recognizes, as a young man already, the necessity and *the* validity of rules and patterns in the sphere of art, he denies *law* *mechanical* all rules and the corresponding *code* convention in the realm of reality. With his artistic effort tending towards an ever increasing conformism, his moral credo, quite the contrary, *becomes* stresses more and more *a* non-conformistic challenge.

*primarily*  
Gide's social consciousness seems springs *altogether* from his individualism.... He would subscribe to Emerson's notion of society which is "everywhere in conspiracy against the manhood of every of its members."

*this beditions humanism*  
This distrust to the tutelage of society, this *in* unyielding pride of the independent personality.... might have led towards anarchy and disintegration, if it were not for the artistic discipline, on the one hand, *for and*, on the other, for what we may call G.'s "individual ethics" *(artist)*

*danger in Hedonism of Novelists*







The demand for individual independence and liberty implies the necessity and the postulate of individual self-discipline. It is from this ~~this~~ <sup>self-styled morality</sup> proud and voluntary, or gratuitous, ~~control~~ <sup>noble</sup> .... that Gide's <sup>dignity</sup> restraint as an artist is originated - a proud and voluntary sacrifice, a gratuitous <sup>effort</sup> gesture...

"I have long believed that this is the quality in virtue of which men distinguished himself from the animals: <sup>the capacity of acting</sup> a gratuitous action. To me, man is the animal capable of acting without recompensation."

This axiom, which appears in one of G.'s early writings - "Le Prométhée Mal Enchaîné", - sums up the credo of his individual ethics. <sup>1898-1899</sup> (1899) - an philosophic farce of notable charm and <sup>profoundity</sup> profundity...

(Pierre-Quint, p. 145)

Prometheus's eagle = Lafcadio's arbitrary code, more relentless, perhaps, than any collective compulsion, but easier to bear as it is voluntary, gratuitous and, therefore, compatible with the most sensitive dignity....

Throughout his youth, up to the time of the "Counterfeiters", we will find G. always on the side of the individual whenever there is a conflict between individual and collective interests and ethics.

<sup>Protest against nationalism, family, moral, education</sup> "Question sociale? ..."

(Journal, p.93)

<sup>criticism</sup> From this fervent individualism emerges, paradoxically, G.'s social consciousness. <sup>1897-1898</sup> In defending the independent personality against the encroachment and oppressions of society, he conceives the existence and the demands of the underprivileged, <sup>74.5</sup> the outcasts. The demarkation between <sup>minorities</sup> the exception and the outcast is flexible, often blurred: as becomes particularly clear in the case of "Corydon." Here the spirited fight ~~of~~ for the sake of "individual ethics" discloses obviously its social impact....

Even more evident in "Les Souvenirs de la Court d'Assis."

At one point, and in a very  
there is an affinity, a  
significant relation between  
his voluntary adherence to  
artistic discipline and his  
concept of the gathering  
action in a free action —  
some performed and executed one  
without any form  
My art is discipline, an  
original, a creative action —  
a human

The individual completes his  
own dignity by honoring his  
selfishness: self-sacrifice  
the voluntary discipline  
is the triumph of the  
postulation and the consequence  
of individuality and the  
It is fascinating  
His ~~last~~ exaltation of the  
gathering action (discovery,  
at times, to the point of glorification)  
and his ~~acknowledgment~~ of  
the classical nature of art and  
the classical nature of art and  
the classical nature of art and



1 -5a- (to serve on a jury at the Roman  
Assizes) the 1st (and)

1st Assizes

summoned to serve on the jury  
when he was ~~first~~ <sup>first</sup> at Rome, published, in 1914.

— Passionate interest in justice. —

"L'acte gratuit": éti que de  
provisoire, comme de plus désigne  
les actes ~~de~~ motifs, mais dont  
les mobiles nous échappent."

"Ne juger pas" (collection  
1936)

.... "Man in Search of  
himself" ....

.... compiling "faits divers"

[material for "Faux-Monnayeur"]

Humanistic curiosity ....

Observer — in order — deliberant

The phenomenon of the evil,  
 illegitimate action & its 1954 down  
 can, motives, and ~~consequences~~  
 of, belong to his later work.

Did those many figures and  
 board officials not ~~negate~~  
 stop and ~~As for this~~  
 notion. ~~As for this~~  
 One ~~in the~~ ~~1954~~

certain contrivances as did Marcel Prost.

of Glide's work evidently excludes the possibility of his having employed  
 L'Immoraliste and Les Faux-Monnayeurs. On the other hand, the character  
 Gorydon, and there occur allusions (not very obvious ones, though) in  
 and essays. There is one voluminous treatise devoted to this subject -  
 The topic of homosexuality plays but a secondary role in his stories  
 as his niece, as long as Madame Glide was alive.  
 liaison which resulted in the birth of Glide's daughter? She was presented  
 or rather, avoids to deal - with his married life. But how about the  
 sed the extraordinary reserve with which Glide's published journal deals -  
 as regards the women who may have entered his life. I have already stress-  
 be descended from a family very close to Glide. Nor do we learn anything  
 save Marie Allard, the companion of the Congo journey, who happens to  
 a unique adventure. There are scarcely hints at any young men he knew,  
 beginning of a long series of similar debauches, or whether it remained  
 Neurt. He fails to indicate whether the Algerian experience marks the  
 his sexual habits or desires, except the one passage in St le Grain he



- 50 -  
(Cont d) Assises.)

"De tout temps les Yribanans ont  
eu une seule et même fascination  
irrésistible. En voyage, quelle que soit  
surtout m'a attiré dans une ville:  
le jardin public, le marché,  
le cimetière et le Palais de Justice."

— "Assis sur le banc des  
jeunes, on se voit la parole  
un Christ: Ne jugez point!"

Quand je me me persuade point qu'un  
Socrate puisse se passer de Yribanans  
and de juges... "them, murders...  
Pitty thefts, rapists... him of shit...  
Responsibility de pines  
Young fellow killed mistress, / 7 of  
ag... WHY... Follow-judges:  
obstacle, callons, ignorant,  
even, prejudice...

were swept away <sup>superior</sup> by  
the most ~~form~~ intriguing ~~gratification~~

How could he judge this

The callous complacency of his

filial justice <sup>sterner</sup> as

monitions to

this little that a boy this man  
who had <sup>not</sup> a girl?

Or was this murder by

And how the real motives

behind this deed? Who

was initiated into the condition  
that had caused these motives?

And how could anyone

claim to judge without knowing

And he understood the  
causes of the crime a

This sensitive judge & was

disconcerted by the

an <sup>unfathomable</sup> manner in which

the constant <sup>harder</sup> and <sup>deeper</sup>  
reformation <sup>the</sup> <sup>drawn</sup> <sup>harsh</sup>



Of course, this interest in crimes and criminals has its diabolical aspects... But it inheres also the germs of a bold, progressive humanism, as becomes clear in the light of statements like this one:

"Ce qui m'est apparu constamment, ce qu'il y a dans l'homme des forces considérées mauvaises et qui cependant peuvent devenir à leur tour des éléments de force ~~and devenir a~~ et de progrès."

This is Gide speaking at a time when his social consciousness had ~~led~~ <sup>led</sup> him to outright socialism. But if his chivalrous crusades for the parias ~~cannot~~ or anticipate the his socialistic credo to come, even his ~~most~~ <sup>rebellious</sup> most anarchistic exposures connote his future ~~revelance~~ <sup>recognition</sup> of the individual's obligation and responsibility. It is in the ~~emb~~ <sup>character</sup> character of Lafcadio that Gide's individualism reaches its dizzy peak. ~~Lafcadio~~, the effulgent vagabond, is the purest, most reckless embodiment of unbound, self-assured youth - free of all inhibitions and limitations... And yet it does not sound ironical but grave and affectionate when the old count Baragluil, his illegitimate father, says to him: "My child, the Family is a great and ~~exclusive~~ <sup>powerful</sup> institution. You'll ~~be~~ never be anything but a bastard."

He is right-, undeniably - as right as is the older brother ~~of the~~ <sup>Prodigal Son</sup> when he defends the paternal order and sacred hierarchy against the ~~seditions~~ <sup>iconoclastic</sup> romanticism of the Prodigal Son.

"Les F.-M." are a novel of ~~analysis and protest~~ <sup>psychological</sup> <sup>Social</sup>; or rather, the analytical and rebellious ~~elementary~~ <sup>veins</sup> veins prevail in its contrapuntal texture. The settled ones, the rigid, deceitful bourgeois, are the enemy; ~~strain~~ whereas the author's love is concentrated on striving, disorderly youth. And yet there is something new - the promise and prospect of a new development. Bernard - among all young ~~characters~~ <sup>men</sup> in the book the most gifted and most significant one - is shown, not only in the pose of a defiant runaway, not just a rebel ~~clamoring for freedom and for~~ <sup>and a desire to know</sup>





but as a man who seeks his position in society, who wants responsibility, <sup>and</sup> who clamors for a new scheme in which <sup>all of which he is asking</sup> could use and his energies would no longer be derelict and no longer wasted. Bernard .... His struggle for freedom and independence seems just a casual prelude to the more serious and crucial struggle for a new discipline. We are not told what this new order will be like, nor does the author pretend to know its shape and its code to come. Bernard wavers between various extremes, and rejects all ultimately: the Nationalistic slogans fail to satisfy him, and the same is true of Passavant's glib and shallow snobism and of the apocalyptic gags of the Dadaists... The problem, however, is no longer "individual versus society", but "the individual in search of a new community."

The Gide of "Les Nourr. Terr." proclaimed: "You must be without law to perceive the new law to come."

The Gide of "Les F.-M." does not revoke <sup>He has never</sup> what he preached <sup>this doctrine</sup> hitherto; but he shifts the accent from the first part of the sentence to the second. What he <sup>he</sup> will stress <sup>during the</sup> from now on is not so much the necessity of destroying the obsolete idols - a necessity which he never denies, to be sure - but : it is the will to discover and clarify the new direction, <sup>determination</sup> the coming ethics, the valid <sup>goal</sup> code, the new law. <sup>to be established</sup>

\*\*\*

It is has been said by many critics that Gide's journey to the Congo, in 1925, marks the turning point of his moral development, the awakening of his social consciousness. This is only partially correct. Even so intimate a friend and expert like Jean Schlumberger perceives and presents the situation in this simplified fashion:

(LAG et Notre Temps, p. 87)

Gide rectifies this inaccurate version in an open letter to his old friend Schl.

This declaration only confirms what G. entire work indicates: that he

for the first time  
But to find himself the companion  
with the ... in ...  
the alternative ... of not  
he ought to ... on ...  
against it.

This is not a ... , 4000-  
to G's ...  
Acc. to G's own ... it was  
by no means a ... at 1945  
that he ...  
inadequacies ... of our social-  
system.

He ... and ...  
then ... shot ...  
aware of ...  
He was aware of the ...  
shot ... for ...  
at ... the ...  
of ... the ...  
and ... aspects of  
European colonization and  
capitalist ...  
when he ...  
After ... as a ...  
as a ... man ...  
with an ...



was never with at no point without sensitivity to the shortcomings and transgressions of our social order - not when he wrote "L'Imm." and "Les V Caves..."; ~~not during the~~, and "Les F.-M."; certainly not when he served as a juror at Rouen, or when he composed "Corydon", or when he conveyed to Jesus Christ his burning anxieties during the Great War...

~~And if it is incorrect~~ <sup>No</sup> that G.'s social criticism <sup>conscious</sup> dates from July, 1925, <sup>No</sup> it is not true, ~~either~~, that it found its definite expression and or reached its emotional climax during the journey into the interior Africa. For what he discovered there, and what he arraigned so effectively in his book, "Voyage au Congo" (1927), was the suffering of ~~one~~ an underprivileged minority once again. Just as his criticism of certain legal procedures and prejudices constitutes just one aspect and a preparation of <sup>future</sup> a more comprehensive protest <sup>this time, the exploited natives</sup> to come, his indictments <sup>exposés of</sup> against ~~colonies~~ certain <sup>barbaries</sup> practices of the French ~~colo~~ imperialism in the Congo zone <sup>the "5000" and indignity of</sup> only foreshadows his ~~future indignations~~ other indictments to come.

The fact remains, however, that G.'s Congo book ~~now~~ represents an impressive and pivotal document of ~~his new frame of mind as it gradually~~ a moral attitude which was always latently inherent in his thought and took on a more definite shape in the period following "Les F.-M."

The book is remarkable in various respects...

("Auf der Suche...", p. 347-349.) <sup>Handling</sup> <sup>Samuel</sup>

This notable lack of any sense of humour characteristic of G.'s vein ~~in~~ at that time, charmingly illustrated in an anecdote that amused me in Julien Green's "Journal":

(\*\*, p.29)

But what matters, essentially and above all, is not that G. became aware of <sup>social</sup> injustice or discovered the ugly implications the capitalist system; the decisive change ~~is his~~ takes place on a different plane.

It is a philosophic, or rather, an ~~ethical~~ and ideological <sup>reorientation</sup> metamorphosis.

Gide's conception of the individual ~~and his role and his rights in~~

~~subject~~ <sup>substantive</sup> ~~and his role and his rights in~~ <sup>signification</sup>





Renaudates his basic concept of  
the individual in his relation  
to society.

As it really allows to speak  
of "vitalization" as we have  
seen how this new conversion  
was prepared ....

A.M. tends towards classicism:  
artistically disempowered.  
The idea of sacrifice:

but more as doctrinaire  
Reservations as to  
individualism. (Moncreaux  
Stimulus  
"Choisis" (1.77))

Distrust to "great man";  
then taken up again in  
Dostojewski's essay.

No dramatic metamorphosis,  
no spectacular conversion ....

This question is not new in itself,  
is now as a central theme  
in G's work. Up to that point  
he had ~~only~~ <sup>only</sup> hinted at it, or  
~~mentioned it in~~ <sup>mentioned only</sup>  
its religious implications, not its  
social impact. G's ~~no book~~  
~~the~~ <sup>His</sup> ~~quintessential~~ <sup>subject</sup> ~~of G's~~  
~~was~~ <sup>liberation</sup>, not discipline  
The ~~of course~~ of the individual  
things required self-control;  
it was a matter of personal  
will (the case of L.) or  
of religious impulse (A. with  
sams.)  
Hence has to do with  
social responsibility.



Work mirrors change only  
slowly — reluctantly.

"Enoch des Fremdes", "Robert" (1930)  
[Pinner-Quint, p. 247]

— followed, in 1936, by  
"Gewissen" — former on activity.

lustreless; dry; anti-mystic,  
anti-~~scholarly~~ scholar, bare of

autobiographic; v. brown etc.  
almost commonplace; dreams banal

There is still disillusion vs.

convention: particularly in

"Gewissen" (1936 — like

elements in fantasy nights;

"for loss" (etc.)

And yet, the concluding paragraph  
suggests a half new thing  
acquiescence of order ....

They all tell her that it  
would be very wise to  
abandon R. because Dis is  
thick of her little daughter?  
of her misbehavior? of the reputation  
of her family? Of her  
womanly honor? And, last  
not least, does she know  
of God? He is strictly  
against divorce, against to  
Evil. I know of her child,  
her own, her father's birth and  
the ~~good~~ ~~father's~~ answer to  
the heavenly father -

She is a good woman - a  
non baptist woman - mother of the  
~~the~~ The life she will lead  
from now on is a dreary  
fast. A  
A, for her dear child, The Girl  
she is not so very innocent any  
more, when she is baptized. But own  
mum! A to Mr. Gid.  
The profession of man who has  
baptized.



and before long the world will have to  
look at the new - 11 - 5000 of "Bidi" (1931)

More definite in  
Ride in allusions to former  
themselves: the bastard (Lafradio-  
Bernard; ) the boys (self-  
parody: poking fun at own  
style ....) Thersias  
has been most hostile ....  
(honour) vocalizes so true

opposing the self-assured boast  
of Bidi's "individual ethics."  
Atomism: physical blindness,  
castigation for moral blindness.

.... No, it is not a yarn against  
individualism — how could it?  
— Hebbel: "The individual is  
not an end but a  
means: not the best one  
but the only one."



The individual as a means  
an instrument ..... for  
goal the "man - God" of  
whom Dostojewski speaks. Or  
N's "Superman" - No. 100.  
Sobor. This is as Sobor  
moment in G's life.

His companions H. Goltz and  
Racine; Swift; Dryden;

Alexander Pope [ "Journal", P. 973 ]  
didactic

Rationalist - anti - Humanism; Montaigne  
( Essay, 1929 )

[ De Ros, IV, 240 ]

anti-religious: now completely.  
" Je n'est bon plus difficile que me soit  
de me pas croire à Dieu. "

Twentieth Century ( Zisch, Berlin, 1930 )  
Eating ~~FA~~ M. N. Guyy pas [ 1930 ] Denis Compt. [ 1930 ]

Saint - Exupéry. What is this?  
more important words: Niss of Liberty.



THE CRISIS

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,  
That I was ever born to set it right!  
Shakespeare.

Il faut être sans loi pour écouter la loi  
nouvelle.

And then - suddenly - it was, now, so different, he makes things worse. A. G.

What an odd and puzzling phenomenon! - The intellectual authority, <sup>his</sup> the moral and artistic prestige of a writer. It has scarcely to do with popular success, especially not in France. None of the French contemporary authors who enjoy the are deemed the most distinguished ones, could compete with the circulation of the novels by Decobra or Claude Anet, as far as circulation is concerned, nor is there any playwright of high literary <sup>standing</sup> whose plays have been "smash hits" comparable with those of Marcel Pagnol, Louis Verneuil, or Henri Bernstein. And yet there can be no discussion among intelligent Frenchmen as to who represents the genius of the nation - the clever, money-making craftsmen, or these who renounce this sort of prosperity for a more discreet and more lasting glory. Every college boy between Toulon and Dieppe realizes - unless he is a half-wit or a stooge - a Vichy agent - that those who "count" are Gide and Valéry, Proust and <sup>modern</sup> ~~Man~~ Claudel, Mauriac and <sup>Marcel</sup> ~~Montherlant~~ - not Sacha Guitry and not even André Maurois.

After the appearance of "Les F.-M.", André Gide was "arrived", <sup>he was a celebrity</sup> a famous man, a "lion"; <sup>graph called him "le lion moderne"</sup> whether or not he likes it... Certain critics specialized in the exegesis of his works.... <sup>For a while, even</sup> The literature about Gide <sup>was written about him then by him</sup> almost matches his own literary output, which became increasingly scarce.

Not that he ever idled.... Fame implies a lot of more or less tedious obligations, which the famous person is of course free to <sup>dodge,</sup>

a capital ~~asset~~ that owes its  
existence and its solidity to  
a slow, almost ~~not~~ unmovable  
accumulation of independence.

To become a master, a ~~real~~  
reputation is one's ~~spot~~ -  
mation, one needs ~~more~~ ~~glance~~  
just ~~quint~~ ~~one~~ needs ~~patience~~  
(marriage) strength, and ~~power~~  
patience

~~reputation~~ ~~of~~ ~~de~~ ~~roy~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~  
Rash ~~at~~ ~~winning~~ ~~(winning)~~ ~~any~~ ~~Victory~~  
out of ~~the~~ ~~squint~~ ~~and~~ ~~stare~~

failure in ~~various~~ ~~disgrace~~  
The ~~fast~~ ~~time~~ ~~affair~~ ~~the~~  
rank of a work of art does  
not depend on its immediate  
power but on its ~~fast~~  
efficacy the stability of its ~~affair~~  
Side for it, ~~is~~ ~~not~~



but which a man of G's type

If he dodged all social obligations or temptations that result from fame, he was all the more conscientious as regards the literary responsibilities a great position implies. Extensive correspondence. <sup>Open letters,</sup> Symposiums, en-  
<sup>(fables),</sup> quêtes, prefaces, epitaphs, and the like. In 1932, the NRF began to

bring out the monumental edition of his Oeuvres Complètes, which contains <sup>in this</sup> almost every word he has ever written, <sup>separated</sup> chronologically arranged. <sup>discontinuity</sup> 15 volumes published when the edition was temporarily stopped, shortly before the War. <sup>for the time being at least</sup> Stops with the essays on Montaigne and Chopin (1929) and the Journal from 1928 to 1932,

The journal leads up to 1932, whereas the literary work stops about 1929, with the essays on Chopin and Montaigne. <sup>Pages du Journal, (NRF. book.)</sup>

Dallies with all kinds of miscellanies; <sup>organized</sup> translations (first act "Hamlet", 1930. In the same year, founded a series of booklets dealing with criminological subjects, "Ne Jugez Pas!" Contributed two pamphlets himself, "La Sequestrée de Poitiers" and "L'affaire Redureau." Both dictated - a new technique, not quite in keeping, it seems, with his <sup>the character of his work</sup> mode of producing...

A certain lack of <sup>inspiration and idea</sup> impetus and creative joy... Admits in his diary that the thought of his novel - "L'Ecole des Femmes" - palls on him as soon as he stops working on it. Finishes it under pressure from an American <sup>heavy for him</sup> magazine, "Forum", with <sup>the</sup> ~~whom~~ the editors of which insisted on their con-  
<sup>to make a little</sup> tract... <sup>manuscript</sup> <sup>Fatigued, downhearted, little doing</sup>

More erratic, more restless than ever... Roving from Cuverville to Paris, from Paris to Berlin or Nice; from the South of France to Switzerland or Northern Africa... Pontigny - summer meetings of European writers; desultory visits in country houses of friends; toying with the idea of journey <sup>to</sup> New Guinea, <sup>but soon</sup> which he drops the plan before long...

What is the reason of this gloom which at times <sup>almost</sup> seems to paralyze

his ability to create?

<sup>the</sup> <sup>friend</sup> <sup>providing</sup>  
"La Poste L'Espresso"



Prayer, Mammal,

Telling the world in Karlsruhe,  
 Vilhoj Sienkiewicz by the experience  
 of the - Bonaparte. I know I have  
 a terrible time in Italy,  
 when Fascism invites him  
 everywhere. (It is in Naples  
 that he has to find the  
 brilliant former "architectural  
 journalism" to describe the  
 hollow grandeur of Fascist  
 monuments.

thought to have ... transition bit  
 ... from ...  
 from ...  
 ... always plenty of things  
 ... to ind: ...  
 ... late or ...



Why this disquietude and direction? Waiting for something...

: a new formula to give his life a new purpose and direction...

the route across the ocean Bernard was looking for...

New ethos of duty, discipline required a contents, an aim... Might have been traditionalistic, though. Scarce sign in the beginning indicating the shape and colour of the ~~new~~ order. Red. Socialistic

~~May seem paradoxical~~ to arrive at a revolutionary philosophy, out of sense of order and subordination.

"No, I don't like disorder; but those exasperate me who keep yelling:

'Don't move when nobody is at his proper place as yet.'"

(Contrast to Goethe: "Rather injustice...")

And then, there it was: new creed

First Sensation hint:  
→ "Journal", 1044 (1931.)

→ Sensation.

→ More definite delusions

followed. Sounded as if

he had made up his

mind: spoke like a

Party member, or at least,

decided fellow traveller.

"Just like him!" dreamed

meanings: guardians order:

that is what it boils down  
to - revolution, disorder.





Indignation, delight, astonishment, tremendous lot of talk about Gide's final "conversion"....Did not like expression;

Maurice Sachs, last page;

"Journal", p.1051

All very good. But....:

how could he reconcile Marxian doctrines with his previous metaphysic views?

Anti-Marx: my article, p.9; [former refusal to submit to Catholicism] "Nouvelles Pages...", p. 126;

"I still am the simple Christian I used to be."

Anti-Church (Sachs, 103)

Kierkegaard: "That which had a political countenance and imagined itself to be pol., will one day be unmasked as a religious movement."

Communism conceived as reasonable religion; religion without myth.

M. Sachs, p. 101 (Christian Socialism, then? Yes. But with Soviet orientation)

How about his individualism? Betrayed altogether?

Answer: my outline p.5; "Nouvelles Pages", p. 13.

Hebbel: "The individual is not an end but a means: ~~not the best one~~ I do not know if it is the best one but it evidently happens to be the only one available..." 'Communiste Individualisme'

independent, incompatible spirit - untroubled in orthodoxy...  
All these qualms and contradictions, mirrored in "Nouvelles Pages d.J." (1932-35; publ., 1936)

often more honest, I think...  
Non-political writer, in political fix. Cannot help remembering what he said in reference to Dostojevski (insert, ad 4.)

~~and what he said to Green (Green Journal, \*\*, p.76)~~

Afraid of being forced into a political role for which he does not feel equipped (p. 62.)

Yet his political reflections, keen and incisive.  
(~~Pacifism-Fascism: 56-57; 71 - Einstein -~~)  
conscientious objectors

Just passing on ... But G's  
first - the 103 not on the  
religious matter in the secular  
and literary and historical  
has found individual feature part

... ~~the greatly improved~~  
G's diary - ~~the~~ ~~reporter~~ ~~the~~  
the author and the other  
obviously / ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~

1. The ... of the ...  
1932, at the ... of the ...

Common. ~~Goldman~~ ...  
What matter, above all, here, is  
to the ... ~~Goldman~~ ...  
for the ... ~~to~~ ~~to~~  
the ...



Hopeful, spirited moods: élan of reconstruction... : "Journal",  
~~2) Distinct to bourgeois aesthetic~~ <sup>Pol. Asia, June, 1931,</sup>  
Yet this inspiration seems to elude literary treatment... 7. 199

1) Hypochondrical veins: Tolstoi parallel, p. 21.

p. 25 : p. 27

3) Urges young Communists to remain honest: "Honnêteté" (Nietzsche)

How ~~combine~~ <sup>reconcile</sup> it with Party Line?.... Fear of deviation.

4) Fear of Index: almost masochistic. <sup>Enjoying subordination</sup> Cannot lie.

Silence like during the War? Not quite:

Sacrifice  
"Les Nouvelles Nourritures" (1920 - 1936.)

<sup>slim</sup> A concise masterpiece - crystal, complex, like "Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue." Visualize it as pendant. <sup>to G. 4: 14. 86. 76.</sup>

Contradictions and anxieties musically reconciled - solved and balanced by the magic of art... Synthesis

Direct connection with "Nourritures Terrestres." Style less redundant, yet colourful and dramatic, compared with preceding works. Blooms, radiates, lives again... Is it because metaphysical emotions are admitted again?

"More difficult than one should believe, not to believe in God."

True, the concept of the deity is somewhat indistinct...  
<sup>mt</sup> pantheistic, Spinoza-like... But, again, Christ...: recognize the ardent intonations of "Numquid, et Tu...?" P. 41  
[40]

(p. 52)

JOY - leitmotiv of "Nour. Terr", resumed and amplified...

No longer selfish: Joy for everybody. (Ruskin-like moods...)

p. 62, etc.  
LOVE - not wisdom....

Both notions - Joy and Love - now integrated with a new one:

PROGRESS.... (p. 137, etc.)

[Suggestions of Ruskin: Wild.]  
The motion, no longer aimless; the quest, now with purpose and aim...

Not only to love world but to change it.





Concept of Progress becomes central, predominant. It is as though the whole complexity of G.'s thought <sup>his dynamic, anti-static philosophy</sup> could be integrated in this notion.... his curiosity, love for future, worship of youth, ~~his philosophy of dynamic, anti-static philosophy~~ <sup>idea of</sup> sacrifice idea: the individual has to renounce his selfish ~~well~~ interests for the sake of this magic formula: Progress... Metaphysics = his

It's not that man IS good (he could not assert this without betraying his psychological insights...): but that he might become good...

(The English book, "Journal", November, 1929.)

Dynamic appeal, resounding throughout the pages of "Les Nouvelles Nourr." This passionate tendency towards the future. Whitman-like: Cosmic Progress. Not by accident that we find G. intent on Wh. again....

quotes, "O days of the future..."

(Nouvelles Pages de J., p. 29)

\*\*\*

The origin and the impact of Gide's conversion - candidly and precisely explained in these two writings, "Nouvelles Pages..." and "Nouvelles Nourritures." Difficult to see reason for that unending talk about so-called "conversion".... ever new interpretations, derogatory or praising...

The scorn and indignation of reactionaries - <sup>most</sup> ~~most~~ understandable. <sup>natural</sup>

"Just a crook...." or: "Just a phony..." <sup>Parloos Pink</sup> / <sup>always</sup> "I told you so before..."

(Page 3!)

Mallarmé: "Red will..."

More substantial: anti-Stalin Socialists = Trotskyites.

Claude Naville, "A. G. et le Communisme" (1935):

"Malentendu dramatique... Affiliation with Stalinist reaction..."

Warns G. (Stalin will not admit "strong personalities": illusion)  
Warns Socialists (G. never will be one of them. His individualism, notwithstanding all his forced efforts to marry it with collectivistic doctrine... Metaphysics... Nietzsche-Mallarmé background)

Most intelligent appraisal of "Nouvelles Nourritures"





Most illuminating debate, however, arranged by Catholics:

"Union pour la Vérité" - meeting, January 23, 1935. Booklet,  
containing speeches by:

[last topic had been:  
Clamart - affiliation  
contrast!]

.....

Sagacious .... on a ~~high~~ remarkably high level, in spite of some  
disturbing undertones.... <sup>H. MASSIS</sup> Revealing results...

Maritain's objections (p. 46-47)

Antithesis Montaigne-Lenin: p. 56; ....: "Marxist humanism"  
"Revolutionary Democracy"... etc

Much more significant than Party line hullabaloo. Jubilating  
publicity... blaring triumph: "Conversion"... G. could not be surprised:

lost sheep, more valuable... <sup>Particularly auspicious of "Proletarian Front"</sup>

Malraux-Aragon; down to .... "L'Humanité". <sup>Naville, 65.</sup>

"Friday" (new weekly) "Ce Soir" (J-R. Bloch, Aragon)

Ilya Ehrenburg... enthusiastic. <sup>"Greatest writer of our time"</sup> (published his article in magazine I

then edited) Rather tenuous eulogies - including Maurice Sachs

~~little~~ booklet (1936): Stalin motto...

Signing manifestos....

<sup>anti-Fascist</sup> <sup>Spain, China, etc.</sup>  
Attending meetings.... [Unforgettable impressions....: Gide, at the platform,

.... strange, timid, from another world...

Great coup to be staged: Journey to Soviet Union.

Leaving for Moscow, June, 1936.

In his party: Jef Last (<sup>proletarian author</sup> "Zuiderzee"), played role in "conversion" and  
following developments. Eugène Dabit, author of "Hotel du Nord"

("Populaire"; Zola reidscovery.....: applauded by A.G.)

Dabit, died in Sebastopol, August 21, 1936

Last, on the point of breaking off relations with Party.... :unfortunate

auspices....Another: first official appearance: speech on occasion of

Gorki's funeral, Red Square. (June 20, 1936.)

Schiffman in Paris  
Lons Grilleaux

He went ~~just~~ as far as ~~far~~ a  
All has ~~accomplish~~ in the ~~line~~  
every ~~where~~ ~~can~~ ~~possibly~~  
~~obtain~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~indis~~ ~~histori~~  
in the ~~story~~ ~~a~~ ~~for~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~form~~ ~~i~~  
define ~~form~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ ~~an~~  
which ~~may~~ ~~be~~ ~~seen~~ ~~liber~~  
to ~~an~~ ~~affair~~ ~~in~~ ~~an~~ ~~aim~~ ~~can~~  
but ~~a~~ ~~discovery~~ ~~on~~ ~~in~~ ~~an~~  
after ~~had~~ ~~gone~~ ~~as~~ ~~far~~ ~~as~~ ~~possibly~~  
into ~~the~~ ~~domain~~ ~~of~~ ~~abs~~ ~~olutely~~  
God ~~felt~~ ~~the~~ ~~necessity~~ ~~to~~  
fix ~~on~~ ~~a~~ ~~range~~ ~~transcending~~  
his ~~own~~ ~~ago~~ ~~a~~ ~~new~~ ~~constantly~~  
of ~~life~~ ~~to~~ ~~continue~~ ~~life~~  
This was the ~~indication~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~  
whole ~~discovery~~ ~~God's~~ ~~revelation~~  
of ~~what~~ ~~he~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~source~~  
"art of ~~faith~~ ~~its~~ ~~psychology~~  
reasons and ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~moral~~ ~~imp~~  
R. F. found the most ~~positive~~ ~~and~~  
H. Morris's ~~exposition~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~main~~  
moral and ~~sagacious~~ ~~on~~



A conventional gesture: something he  
had now done before. Then the ornate,  
hollow form ...: something "official."

No affinity.  
Gorki, anti - Dostojewski (Nacht, p. 20)  
anti - Nietzsche (p. 20)  
anti - homosexual (p. 26)  
Atheist (p. 47.)

Speech prepared for writers in  
Leningrad, much better. But  
how naive! - Tarkentzen's  
problem: intellectual opposition.

[ "Rykov de ...", p. 49, etc.]  
What he liked in Leningrad: St. Petersburg.

Moscow - children.  
Fâted - most clumsily ... the  
who now allowed ...  
How, in Soviet Russia, he rendered  
it, sure to enjoy it: pictures  
show him laughing, cheerful ...  
Addressed ... [Emma from of  
speeches.]





about 6. would be very fine  
- 9 -  
All friends and property of the S. C. are  
lower down with to the publication of  
All the more surprising: there  
are some

to the mass of report.  
"Reform de l'URSS" [1936.]

Valid testimony...  
rather famous piece of writing...  
(certainly genuine when he said: ...)

Did I say before I would  
pick out "Conydon" if I  
had to suggest one of his  
books? No, it's "Reform",

his only "best-seller", characterizing  
it in "Conydon" analysis  
lacking, it is interesting, unsolved  
in "Reform."

Pity, it's not written in form  
of journal: the constructions counter-  
balance each other dialectically ...  
Enthusiasm of the beginning,  
sounds dishonest, considering the  
scathing tone of the  
~~reassuring~~ what follows ...  
~~stand for~~

6. In addition to the famous and  
lit. clubs, far from me generations,  
libraries and Sam Houston and the  
famous "Parks of Culture" —  
recreation center with  
in inspecting every 3 m. fly 12 m.  
in the address presents and  
on foot and ag. school boys.  
The medieval ~~thunder~~ computer with film  
work. The spirit of had more  
to deliver in Long 1  
on the occasion of a lit. day,  
Yvonne and to be mainly boys,  
not to say American of lit. and  
opposition in nature, f.  
it when there are lit. can flourish  
when it is completed 1/2 George  
or even to glorify the stable  
order. Almost every one  
as as the vast outcrop of  
Gide would last fully, a vision. The  
the would not of the day for 10 years  
the night time day to say.  
Obediently, he composed another poem  
much for in the poem the boys



Two main reasons, only two  
justified:  
Commissions Complacency

Ignorance as to foreign countries;  
Stalin cult;  
Pony, inequality ...

But those <sup>naïve</sup> faces? "This remains: the  
... R. foot sum  
happy"  
That happiness?

Some how does not work ...  
Massive simplifications: "400 may  
1000" ... etc.

What it boils down to:  
disappointment.

Priest of the anecdote: "against it"

Not quite: but almost.

How could it have worked out  
otherwise?  
High minded effort to coordinate  
his vision to propaganda apparatus  
— doomed. All-starved adventure.  
Logical outcome

He signed off the similar when people were  
M. in fact a Spanish person was from there  
The six in the  
A Mr. M. am known as  
It was a quite a place to  
Gide, who  
Gide had been similarly found at  
the moment was Swiss  
The shadows in the Sharon and  
all really they; the shadow  
and his group  
of those who watch me for  
him during the expedition  
and believe that he was by a  
good person. He seemed interested  
in my work always about and  
days, often in Spanish  
He studied was plenty in the  
that he had children who had  
been one of the ~~living~~ problem,  
of the very Soviet people  
and who has not yet been taken  
still within the Yrsky note about  
the anti-~~alib~~ movement, ~~was~~ about  
since the ~~income~~ of the last  
the ~~start~~ of Russian works,



Logical epilogue - but diary.  
Whole Marxian mob turned  
against him ... Envy pinkish  
senile, who fanned on  
him yesterday, now ... Fascist agent!  
One furious outcry: "Traitor!"

— inducted by Party & brain  
trust:

Enslaving ("Nazi-land in flame")  
Roman Rolland [Emote. 65] blatant chords.  
French manager. (captions...)

"Communist" Taggart. (André Gide's)  
etc. (Rolland ... Nemours ... Sardonis ...)  
insults ... the whole ...

— Provoked him to even more  
aggressive pamphlet, "Reformers"  
(adding ugly details ... (1937.)

Exacerbated situation:  
why was S.V. worse when  
Rolland and E. died G. r.  
"Afterthoughts"

Did I say before that I would  
do it if I had  
to sacrifice one of his  
writings a W.H. I thought as  
much. It's R. d. L.

I would like  
to be instructed by  
the L.H. Committee was not enough  
but in addition I to be quoted in  
papers by G. G. G. - the Semantics  
Farrist about the capital - was  
indeed almost unbroken  
Even the H.S. V. the don didn't b. it  
in any regard the "M. day"  
the New before had for the  
from the first respect for the  
in the 40s the big big money  
from the Down down to the  
the 40s and 50s  
from the USSR  
a story hit from a The Semantics  
sample, After - even more



Reactionary press, now joyful —  
"Grim go:se", "Völkischer B." etc.  
Comrades, still more in praise.  
Embarrassing, slightly ridiculous.

G. had been naive and rash...  
Other side, more guilty:  
had turned him in to Adam Y...  
now turned against him. the outcome  
of which  
inevitable.  
The way they did it.  
Lack of respect — making.  
No spirit of values, except  
for propaganda ....  
He was the one who suffered.  
He was depressed.

---

After the "Rifondazione" blunder —  
his attitude dignified again ....  
Did not encourage reactionaries or  
anarchists. Consistently anti-Fascist.  
(Spain. Th. M. Preface: 1937.)

"Don't go!"

13.

Some time a few words ... : Remember  
Remember him on <sup>other side of the river</sup>  
Dismissed "affairs" Thanking had  
come out in his favour:  
"Nure" with problem, "Payer."

"Why all this fuss? ... Did  
not really" ~~break~~ want to  
break .... "Well, let's forget ..."

Just last was with Postojnski's healthy,  
vigorous, solid ... G. in  
golly mood ...

high spirits ... the past and <sup>shy young</sup> <sup>brave</sup>  
ERecalling old pictures: the past and <sup>men</sup> <sup>brave</sup>  
Looked at you just ... next limit if <sup>my family</sup> <sup>fewerish</sup> <sup>glance of</sup> <sup>this eyes</sup>  
Swift, <sup>naughty</sup> no from ... Grim gaiter

Got rid of some thing ... a burden ...  
bind a bondage, a burden ...  
Free a gain ... "Libre, affroyablant"

Last time I saw him? as he came.  
Disappears in that <sup>Alert</sup> ... <sup>in</sup> <sup>ready</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>a</sup>  
+ what adventures.



Chapter IX:

THE DEBACLE

O Star of France!  
Star crucified! by traitors sold!  
Star panting o'er a land of death - heroic land!  
Strange, passionate, mocking, frivolous land...  
Walt Whitman

I went to the Louvre - deserted. The end of  
a civilization?

A. G., in 1914.

Summer, 1938: Sombre - for  
the world in general; Gide, in  
particular.

Emmanuël's death. "Secret  
drama" comes to an end ....  
(Christian Pastore; a secret  
suffering.)

"Journal" 1309, 1327, etc.  
Own death hanging: already 1930  
Overcomes it: p. 902. [L. 997]

Politics [Spain; Munich  
1326 etc.]

"Libre, effroyablement ...."

Transition: Reading material: x; Half German: Nietzsche,  
"Birth of Tragedy", etc. x

1939 ..... Relation to Germany:  
complex, contradictory. ("Reflections":  
lack of design. "Main thing, she

Grime (awful), before escape to  
Mazette

" Scandale de la  
Vénitè " [p. 56.] [59!]

" J'ai honte... "  
[p. 69]

Unmasking " l'Union des  
Honnêtes gens " masque  
habitué de l'Union des  
Gens d'Affaires. "

— from George Clemenceau  
to Charles Maurras...  
He (Maurras) too has  
the kind of spirit which  
criticizes most ruthlessly  
what he likes best...

Contrast:  
Charles Péguy, "man of 1789"  
[p. 26] Ancient Regime  
Doubt Tradition: Revolution / Kingdom  
both got lost - anti-nationalistic.



does not write! — Anti-Wagner;  
anti-Stravinsky ("Salome": "Jouissance"  
945.)

At the end of last war. (Apprehension:  
would victory of France be  
victory of future? ... Yet  
hopes for it, glowingly.

Germany must not be allowed  
to subjugate Europe ...

European collaboration. ("L'année  
de l'Europe ...")

antagonism to Old  
Barris-Maurras.

Then, anti-Hitler →

Patience dilemma:  
"Non-vie Paris",  
56. 57. 71.  
"consequential objections."

Now, disaster ...  
treachery

During war in Nice. Hitler →  
refugees (like wounded, during  
last war.) Working: the faces,  
"Liaisons Dangereuses", & Goethe's  
[Transition:]

Threat work. ...  
Reading Goethe in Vichy.  
With Anne M. K.





Now:  
The worst of Germany, of looting  
with the French type, most  
inimical to him. (Pétain, and  
the greasy climbers ...)  
Many friends in ex. h. <sup>Others try to</sup> collaborate ...  
With draws to the South.  
Disappointments ... (Mare A. yet,  
collaborationist ... ) NRF tension.  
With draws material.  
"Figaro" - interview ("Horizon")  
Confidence. [Montesquieu quotation.]

Responsibility of writers.

Vast question .....  
May try a special  
chapter to answer it ....

\*  
The int. dwell on the French France  
in a ...  
The ...  
The ... to ...

-3a-  
 Disappointing to? Who could  
 disappoint him? Certainly not  
 the "stars" — Mistakenly  
 too, going, saw a Gobbler...  
 (M. Chabrier) Darnier (mistaken)  
 A Darnier of 6 Mo Abt. 1914  
 Printemps; Sasha Guitay;  
 Raimon, Harry Bern  
 (you didn't get away  
 with it) Wagner singers, dancers...  
 a for a while climber, half-  
 lunatic, half-second hand;  
 Cortian — slave of opinions  
 (quotations of 1914!)  
 vanity  
 Picasso, Wagner: more serious  
 but not close to G.  
 NRT [Dien la Rochelle]  
 Monard, so what?  
 Vichy: his old enemy; Massis,  
 Bordaux... the Academy,  
 "Revue des Deux Mondes",  
 "la barbe..."



CREATIVE EVOLUTION

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

Shakespeare

Mais cette certitude: que l'homme n'as pas toujours été ce qu'il est, permet aussitôt cet espoir: il ne le sera pas toujours.

A. G.

One of the ~~tick~~ <sup>topics</sup> quasi-literary questions Gide is bold enough to discuss with his imaginary interviewer is the question whether the French writers are responsible for the national disaster, or rather, for the lack of morale which caused the calamity....

("Horizon", p. 317)

Be this as it may, the question is inadequately formulated.... What matters is not whether the French poets and novelists can be blamed for the crookedness of Pierre Laval and the inefficiency of General Gaëlin; the <sup>deliberant</sup> ~~pertinent~~ vital issue is, on the contrary: ~~up to what degree have~~ Have the writers of the 19th and the early 20th centuries fostered and anticipated the pernicious philosophy of Fascism? And if so, in what degree?

The matter becomes complicated through the peculiar character of what we call, vaguely and euphemistically, Fascist philosophy. Amorphous, shapeless and bottomless.... Stealing ideas and slogans from everywhere - indiscriminate, ravenous, cynical, without discipline and direction... Fascism, not a philosophy but a plague.... the <sup>blatant contradiction</sup> ~~abnegation~~ of logical thought <sup>and distorting every thing</sup>.... Evidently, the jungle has no Weltanschauung, except....

And yet certain elements prevail in this slimy mess.... certain elements and influences can be traced, even in the obnoxious maze of Nazi propaganda and Fascist rhetorics...





Nazism, really disconnected from the substance of Occidental thought - have pseudo-affinities with the most incongruous traditions.... :

Frederic the Great (Potsdam) Metternich (intrigues: Habsburg)

French Jacobins (appeal to the masses: terror) Napoleon (Continental pol.)

Scientific materialism (Darwin: Racism; man as an animal; anti-Christian)

Spanish Inquisition;

Worship of State (Hegel-Marx-Lenin) - in their case, organized chaos...

Liberalism: without ideals - Communism: Materialism: in the end  
Main trend, however:

anti-enlightenment; anti-Progress;  
anti-democratic; anti-rationalistic;  
mythical clichés, intoxicating appeals, the supremacy of instinct...

### Anti-humanistic

Reaction against the 18th century; affinity to those elements of the 19th which, in their turn, are conceived out of an reaction against shallow optimism, etc.

German Romanticists ("Intuition", magic ritual, hierarchy, medieval veins)

Dostojevsky (mystic, anti-Western, pan-Slavic...) Flaubert (anti-Progress)

Tolstoi (anti-intellectual, late period)

Schopenhauer (despise of masses) Wagner (most obvious)

Nietzsche (most ambiguous: double-faced demon...)

The generation under Nietzsche's spell. Other influences:

Rimbaud, Bergson ("Vitalism") Whitman? (even there: "dynamics...")  
Kierkegaard (Solitude)  
Baudelaire (cult of vice)

Results: Lawrence - Wedekind - George (Eroticism)

Direct line to Fascism: Sorel (influenced Péguy, Barres...)

Spengler - Jünger - Rosenberg...

D'Annunzio Hamsun: prone to the bacillus.

German expressionism. Blubo. Surrealists: different forms.... Futurists...

But: the line, Ruskin-Wilde, leading into a very different direction...

Stefan George, incorruptible.

Rilke: impervious to brutal seduction... In general: England-U.S.A., less receptive than Germany, Italy, France....

the abyss; disintegration; nihilism;  
solitude... anarchy... chaos...

X X X  
X

distress mess:  
GIDE

With respect for  
The quest of modern science  
I am glad in greatly  
indeed in the mass  
The answer must be  
by ~~abstract~~ images  
which appear more  
faintly, so the away  
The Lib. common sense  
~~Roman~~ White Way body  
after medieval science  
~~intent~~ for scientific  
guising, - isolates  
with dogged obstinacy  
seeks God and the solution



*Machinic quote* -3- *microcosm ...*  
Gide, as a representative case, notwithstanding the unmistakably personal  
character of his experience... *Sincerity Integrity*  
*European source*

The basic polarity of his life - Christian ethics vs. pagan hedonism:  
typical...

Next crisis: "Hamlet" complex, hesitation in front of action...: typical  
again. *Restlessness*

Then, dynamics... "triumph of life".... "Nourritures": most anti-humanistic  
elements. (Cult of nature; of force, instinct, etc.)  
*Liberalism*  
*Compensation: Fascist germ:*  
*Corydon: "natural"=good*

"Gratuitous act": not evaluating: aimless energy...: pride and asceticism---  
Individual ethics: superman (Porte Etroite)

Worship of pugnacious male (Lafcadio) (Murder as a fine art...)  
*pendant for crime (evil)*

Even the demon in "Les F.-M." - destructive...

One has to know the danger, nay, has to be dangerous and endangered to...  
BUT: always inherent compensation, counterbalanced... Always both poles:  
pagan-Christian ("Prodigal Son")  
anarchy-artistic form (French heritage: Racine...)  
mysticism- common sense (humanism: Montaigne vs. Dostojewski)  
faith vs. skepticism (Edouard/Passavant...)  
Freedom/Discipline.... *Hamlet-God*

Spirit as its own remedy : principle of homeopathy: to cure disease  
through its own germs...

*"Inevitable in dualism": be yourself!*

Progress - Joy: complex notions.... *Confidence*

Inherent experiences: doubts, insights. (Man not good, but might become good:  
Belgian quote; "Nouvelles N." quotes.)

Joy: Christian-pagan synthesis... (contrast to Nietzsche: "Ewige Wiederkehr")

\*\*\*

*no shadow optimism*

Complexity (Nietzsche quote)

Dangers: uncertainty.... oscillating between .... iridescent...  
overemphasizing one element; going too far into one direction:

Gide in "Nourritures", Soviet adventure...  
False harmony: usually, sterile and artificial. Goethe: exception:  
almost inhuman...

Gide: human; fallible; adventurous; explorer spirit; experimental...  
(also as an artist: styles.)  
Self-scrutiny: sincerity: strength. (De la Rochefoucauld quote.)

The <sup>stew</sup> ~~author~~ of these words is  
Hans M. G.'s ~~dogged~~  
~~most~~ implacable enemy.

My war with this man  
started that he opened  
his columns ~~confronted~~  
to the symposium ~~confronted~~  
by the U. S. A. to  
discuss ~~the~~ G.'s ~~common~~  
"common" in 1935.

But → What is ~~some~~ that this  
if it is ~~some~~ is chosen  
political experiment  
of ... What M. says here,  
is ~~some~~ not only of this  
pastime ~~applied~~ in G.'s  
life ... if you ~~for~~ ~~all~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~  
it goes ~~for~~ ~~all~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~



Experiment - no solution?

This is the only solution, perhaps, we can <sup>a thin</sup> hope for... To perceive problems and potentialities of our situation; to decide upon a solution, from case to case...

The authoritarian experiments: false solutions: exclusive predominance of one element. ("Nation" "Economics")

Fail to prepare the coming synthesis - which is to ~~integrate~~ and solve contradictions....: ~~promoting universal culture - French, European, cosmopol.~~

We serve this future harmony ~~best~~ more effectively, perhaps, <sup>by</sup> accepting paradoxes and antagonisms of our plight...

Change/continuity

Fervor/patience....

coming generations: real harmony, perhaps...

If so, they may contemplate our struggle as warning example; if they are still struggling, ~~in~~ on their part (which appears more likely) they may learn from our mistakes and ~~our~~ from such delicate triumphs as those of G-s art....

*Orist:*  
*Epitaph: in search of humiliated and of God:*

4  
: a few invocations from Nourritures Terr, and Nouvelles Nourr. ; <sup>Prologal Son</sup> the feverish splendor of L'Immor., the limpid beauty of La Porte E., the irreverent and enchanting wit of Les Caves, the precious texture of "Les F.-M.", <sup>and the author in</sup> the Prodigal Son, some essays, ... *diary...*

*What a cosmos of original, solid life!*  
How arrestingly original! how essentially French! how European! how human!.... Yes, the drama of Gide has universal validity.... It is relevant, not only to our present emergency, but also to coming adventures.. Foreshadows and at times already articulates a new image of man - complex and candid, ~~proud and humble~~, proudly conscious of his physical splendor and in search for his eternal salvation; realistic; faithful; free and disciplined....

His augury will resound through ages:

11 4. 160 11

Honoring 1600

G. in the body, which  
always shows the  
condition of the  
impulse, and a direct  
transmission of the  
personal and  
the of private  
the group of individual

assumes

The basic to the  
his boy all also  
in the European sound at  
also Denon large



By K l a u s M a n n

When I first came to Paris, in 1926, André Gide and Jean Cocteau were by far the most spectacular figures of the literary world. Not that their positions were undisputed - quite the contrary. Cocteau was violently attacked by the Surrealists, ridiculed by the conservatives, and ignored by the Academicians. As for André Gide, the nationalistic and ultra-Catholic press did its utmost to vilify and denounce him. But even the rampant invectives darted against him by reactionary fanatics like Henri Massis could not mar or diminish his solid fame. After the publication of The Counterfeiters, in 1925, he was widely recognized as the leading French novelist since the death of Proust.

It is not an exaggeration to say that both Cocteau and Gide - each in his particular way - were instrumental in shaping the attitude and the vocabulary of the intellectual vanguard in France during a certain period. Their influence waned - Cocteau's more so than Gide's - when the political issues became predominant in the consciousness of French youth. About 1935, the literary scene belonged to activist and heroic types like ~~Malraux~~ Malraux, Aragon, and Saint-Exupéry (the last of whom is, incidentally, one of Gide's discoveries.) In 1925, however, the drawing rooms and cafés of Paris were teeming with juvenile characters molded according to Cocteau's playful fancy or to the complex vision of André Gide.

The salons I knew in Paris hardly differed in any essential way from those frequented and portrayed by Balzac, a hundred years before. The young men I met in the home of the Duchess de Clermont-Tonnerre, at Charles de Noailles, or at the Polignacs, were as slick and ambitious as are Stendhal's Julien Sorel or Balzac's dynamic dandies.



Yet a new shade seemed added to the repertoire of their gestures and intonations - a sort of problematical innocence <sup>n</sup>and sensual compliance; something childlike and yet depraved. The adventurers of the Nineteenth Century tradition were dashing and purposeful, even when displaying a Byronic weariness. Their more fragile successors of 1925, on the contrary, maintained a quality of disarming and perturbing helplessness, for all their overstressed cynicism.

Those who tried to imitate the heroes of André Gide's books were in general more resilient and spiritual than the ones bewitched by Cocteau. His master novel, Les Enfants Terribles, <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ a dangerous gospel for receptive and callow minds. Dallying with narcotics and the risky anomalies of sex, those corruptible adolescents reveled in the dubious thrills of self-annihilation. Exclusively concerned with somatic problems and pleasures, they still appeared strangely lost and uprooted in this material world.

This pose and pathos - at once savage and subtle, saturnine and frivolous - was by no means reserved to any particular nation or social class. It was a type, an attitude to be found at any place from Oxford to Heidelberg, from Villefranche-sur-mer to Salzburg, Prague, and Warsaw. Just as a certain sector of a certain generation could be enthralled by the exuberant appeal of Goethe's Werther, a certain sector of a certain generation - my own - responded, for a while, to certain images and persuasions. It was this strange community of an idiom and an emotional climate to which Jean Cocteau referred when addressing me - in a preface he contributed to the French edition ~~to~~ of my Alexander novel - as one of his "compatriots": "je veux dire, d'un jeune homme qui habite mal sur la terre et qui parle sans niaiserie le dialecte du coeur."

\*\*\*



I met Cocteau about one year after the death of Raymond Radiguet - the young poet whose precocious genius he ~~was~~ discovered and publicized. Jean had just recovered from a nervous breakdown, a disintoxication cure (he ~~had~~ stopped temporarily smoking opium), and his sensational conversion to Catholicism, which he described and analysed<sup>2</sup> in a voluminous open letter to Jacques Maritain. He lived in his mother's ~~an~~ apartment, rue d'Anjou, where I was received by Maurice Sachs, the journalist and lecturer, all dressed up in a becoming soutane. Jean talked a good deal about the wickedness of big cities and the beauty of simple life.

Since then I have visited him in many a dwelling, but it always remained the same: only the young men and their costumes changed. Besides Jean, while moving from one building into another, never did leave the district around the Madeleine - fixated, as it were, to the sight of the basilica.

He lives in a world of his own - a bedeviled sphere full of secret sigils and allusions; at once glaringly artificial and of unquestionable authenticity. The magic apparatus with which he surrounds himself seems an integral part of his being. The sketches by Picasso and models of sailing boats, the plaster casts of male feet and female hands (the latter being dressed with crimson rubber gloves); the canvases by Marie Laurencin, Dali, and Chirico; the portraits of Sarah Bernhardt, Nijinsky, and Radiguet; the antique busts decorated with purple draperies; the Chinese pipes and yellowed sport magazines; the skeletons, mirrors, lamps, and diving bells - this whole inspired mess seems to grow out of his nervous, dexterous hands as the protoplasm emanates from the medium's body.

Cocteau, who looks troubled and bewildered when he has to walk from the Place de la Concorde to the Opéra, feels evidently at ease in the midst of his uncanny bric-a-brac. Nimble and brisk he capers



among the gaudy atrocities with which his apartment is crammed. And how strangely relaxed and concentrated appears his lean, ageless face when he sprawls on the pillows to prepare another "petite pipette" <sup>for</sup> ~~from~~ himself. A weird kind of peacefulness transfigures and hardens his features while he is occupied with sucking the spicy reek, whose fragrance Picasso has called "less stupid" than all other odours on earth. "Liquor provokes paroxysms of folly," Cocteau is wont to say: "Opium provokes paroxysms of wisdom."

Undoubtedly, he is one of the most gifted beings I have ever known and, perhaps, the most nearly perfect one. That is not to say that I think him the greatest character or the greatest mind or the greatest poet. (He has written great poetry, though.) He may be a morbid clown, a treacherous freak, and what not. But he is not to be equaled as a phenomenon - something irresponsible and irrefutable as are rainbows, peacocks, or shooting stars. Can a rainbow lie? Is a peacock unreliable? The display of their grace is their truth. Can a rope-dancer betray principles? He has none. Neither has Jean Cocteau.

He is neither a moralist nor a liar but, primarily and essentially, a performer. His only principle is, not to be a dilettante. Equally remote from the barricade and the ivory tower, he leads his risky life on the high trapeze - the most exacting and ingenious acrobat of his epoch.

You cannot afford to slouch or potter, up there, on the tight, vibrating rope. You have to be soulless and fearless to execute - year after year: with unabated alertness - the dazzling stunt of the Grand Ecart. The acrobat - almost heroic in his dogged conscientiousness - summons no alternatives but the one: to succeed or to break his neck. Cocteau always succeeds.

Whatever he performs or produces - it clicks. His nightmares and



hallucinations are composed with crystalline accuracy - always strictly in keeping with the respective medium employed. His cartoons are as brilliant as his poetry: in fact, he is the one writer able to illustrate his own works without blurring or dislocating his vision. His dramatic fantasies equal his novels in suspense and conciseness. The songs and sketches he wrote for the vedettes of the music hall are no less effective than his famous librettos for the opera or the ballet. I have watched him in the studio when he directed his remarkable film, Le Sang d'un Poète: he commanded the same briskness and bravura he displays in his conversation.

The hours spent in his company assume in my recollection a savour both of burlesque show and magic ritual. I visualize Jean Cocteau - a jesting wizard and bewitched jester. His feline, weightless body seems to be withered and impelled by intoxicating siroccos. The same glowing breath has dried out his hair, distorted his lips and eyebrows, parched and shriveled his skin. He has the eyes of a hypnotist and the hands of a pickpocket. His smile is that of a cunning infant or an infantile murderer. He adorns himself with feathers, scarfs, and daggers, as he impersonates birds, statues, and film stars. He lies whenever he opens his mouth. All his aperçus are as deceitful and as revealing as is the cryptic mot he chose as motto for his autobiography:

"Je suis un mensonge qui dit toujours la vérité."

\*\*\*

Cocteau wants us to believe that there is a mystery hidden under his tinsel disguises. But, perhaps, there is no mystery? Maybe his masquerade is an aim in itself? He is, perhaps, Narcissus who pretends to be the Sphinx?

The real Sphinx does not indulge in arias and capricious. She is discreetly demoniac.



Every book he wrote discloses and elucidates one particular aspect of his intellectual physiognomy. A Proteus trained in the exacting school of Protestant morality, he never tries to please or to impress. His sole ambition is to scrutinize and formulate the truth.

Gide disdains, or even fears, sensational success. Like Stendhal and Nietzsche, he wants to be read and recognized by future generations. "I know perfectly well," he says, "that I have no chance to win my case, except at the court of appeal."

Cocteau's case is lost, unless he succeeds here and now. His posthumous fame - like that of the great dandies and criminals - will be but a pale reflection of his present glory.

Gide cannot afford one inexact or superficial sentence, lest he may spoil his future reputation. Cocteau cannot afford to waste one season: his legend compels him to remain visible and alert like a prize fighter or a prima ballerina.

Gide is willing to risk even a scandal, rather than ~~to~~ betray or falsify the truth. He scandalized the public with his erotic confessions because he would have deemed it dishonest to conceal so essential a part of his experience.

The same kind of extreme sincerity prompted him to come out with his much discussed conversion to Communism - that high-minded and naive attempt of an aristocratic intelligence to coordinate his views and divinations to the scheme of an organized and collective effort. The aging individualist tried fervently - and vainly - to conceive the Soviet experiment as the guarantee of man's coming greatness and intrinsic perfectibility. His Socialistic credo had but little to do with Marxism, but was admittedly derived from Christian tenets and promises.

His bold and childlike hopes were baffled by the imperfect reality of the Soviet Union. The Bolshevists thought him ungrateful and treacherous



when he repaid their bountiful hospitality with loveless criticism. His anti-Soviet pamphlet, Retour de L'U.R. S. S., <sup>(1935)</sup> was as violent a challenge to the Comintern as his pro-Soviet statements had been to the bourgeois<sup>ie</sup>. From his pure and detached point of view he was right when he said, in the Preface to his famous pamphlet, that the lie, "if only the lie of concealment," may seem opportune under circumstances, but in reality plays always the enemy's game. Politically untrained, he forgot that in the dubious sphere of partisan polemics every acknowledgement of weakness or corruption in our own camp is likely to be exploited by a reckless and cunning foe.

"I didn't anticipate such a tiresome hullabaloo," Gide told me when the Soviet controversy was at its peak. "What's the whole fuss about, after all? I just described, as precisely as possible, what I've seen in Russia. It seems that we have either to lie, or else to face the scandal provoked by the truth."

As for Cocteau, he not only accepts scandal but actually seeks and incites it as the most thrilling form of applause. Even his conversion to Catholicism had a scandalous tinge. His mystic bonmots somehow sound like blasphemies. It is at once shocking and touching when Cocteau suggests - in his Letter to Jacques Maritain - that Heaven sometimes employs gloves to touch us without dirtying itself, and that Raymond Radiguet was such a glove of Heaven. In the same context he admits expressly that he "never ~~avoided~~ <sup>shunned</sup> scandal:" "Je le crois indispensable." And he boasts that his ballets, Parade and Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel, caused "the last theatrical scandals on a large scale."

Some years later, in 1930, he decided that it was dull - or impossible - to shock the Philistines any more. La Voix Humaine - a one-act thriller first produced <sup>at</sup> the Comédie Française - was supposed to stir "un scandale de banalité," to challenge and annoy the snobs and the young, whom Cocteau calls "les pires snobs." The new formula he launched at that point



and followed for years to come, appears for the first time in Opium, Journal d'une désintoxication, ~~and reads as follows~~: "C'est pas le public qu'il faut choquer, c'est l'élite."

According to this axiom, the former leader of the vanguard, the friend and promoter of Picasso, Stravinsky, and Chirico, became almost a hack. He wrote series of articles for Le Figaro and made a trip around the world as a special correspondent of the Paris Soir. In the same period, however, he composed his finest, most poetic play, La Machine Infernale. Also, his newspaper articles - especially the autobiographical sketches, Portraits-Souvenirs - are rich in engaging things. Cocteau's journalistic style is less tense, less pointed and epigrammatic than his narrative or essayistic prose. Writing for the ~~big~~ popular <sup>press</sup> ~~sheets~~, he commands a certain casual elegance, which is missing in his artistic tours de force. He relaxes, becomes chatty and unassuming.

It was André Gide who once reproached Jean Cocteau for his lack of ease and nonchalance. Consequently Cocteau made an effort to unbend. As usual, he succeeded - thanks to Gide's advice. Grateful by nature, he paid homage to his master whom he <sup>would like</sup> likes to call his friend: "C'est à Gide que je dois ces Portraits-Souvenir..."

And, one year later - in 1936 - he reaffirmed his <sup>in debt</sup> gratitude in a dedication to André Gide, preceding the book edition of his traveling articles. This dedication featured on the front page of Mon Premier Voyage repeats almost literally the text of the cordial statement ~~and~~ included in the Portraits-Souvenir.

Cocteau, who seems inexhaustibly brilliant, at times repeats his fireworks - in his conversation as well as in his writings.

Gide never repeats himself. He would keep silence for years, rather than to say the same thing twice. But his painstaking honesty sometimes results in self-contradictions.



Cocteau is haunted by certain images and emotional fixations - early traumas, childhood memories, deadly snowballs, a whole set of magic and playful devices.

Gide is preoccupied with ideas. He is as essentially a moralist as Cocteau is ~~essentially~~ an aestheticist. Gide's work is dominated by certain dialectical tensions like the antithesis between Good and Evil, or between Freedom and Discipline. None of these issues has the slightest relevance to Cocteau's irresponsible vision.

Cocteau dwells in an artificial paradise, which is static and sterile - a barren, glacial Elysium. In his Letter to Maritain he recognizes opium as a kind of Ersatz religion: "L'opium ressemble à la religion dans la mesure où un illusionniste ressemble à Jésus."

Gide does not believe in dwelling anywhere, not even in paradise. To him, <sup>paradise is</sup> paradise is a problem, not a possession. Like Goethe's Faust, he conceives life not as a static being but as a perpetual becoming, an unending movement towards aims unknown. Both his religious and his social creed spring from this basic belief. Alissa, the pious heroine of The Strait Gate, formulates his own feeling when she writes: "I imagine the celestial bliss, not as a fusion with God, but as a continuous, infinite approach.... In fact, if I were not afraid of playing with words, I might daresay that I would sneer at a bliss that is not progressive."

Gide's word, "Le Paradis est toujours à refaire," connotes a complex moral and political philosophy - the concept and postulate of a perpetual evolution.

But, undeniably, Cocteau is at times admitted - if only for brief, transient moments - to the paradisiac region, which Gide keeps seeking with so much fervent persistence. Dexterous and daring like a wicked child or a childlike thief, Jean occasionally manages to sneak through the strait gate and to enter the sacred zone. Some of his early poems, like plain-Chant (1923), and certain passages in Les Enfants Terribles and la Machine.

Infernale



confirm and echo a flighty but intense experience in otherworldly spheres from which Gide - less winged and less easy-going - remains inexorably excluded.

Small wonder that André Gide despises and at the same time envies Jean Cocteau. Gide's Journal - now published in its entirety, from 1889 to 1939 - contains only scarce and rather chilly references to the younger colleague. The most extensive entry with regard to Cocteau is dated from August, 1914. Gide gives a detailed and surprisingly loveless description of his meeting with Jean, "at an 'English Tea'." The paragraph opens with the following sentences; ~~which are most revealing as to Cocteau's shortcomings and mannerisms.~~

"I did not look forward to seeing him again, despite his exceedingly friendly nature. For he is incapable of being serious, and all his thoughts, his puns, his feelings, this extraordinary flavor of his chatty talk was a shock to me like some luxury object on display at times of starvation and mourning. He is dressed almost like a soldier, and under the lashes of the day-to-day developments he looks much better. Otherwise he has not changed, and just ignores the martial atmosphere around him."

Gide then portrays, with merciless <sup>minuteness</sup> ~~naturalism~~, the mannerisms ~~and~~ of Cocteau's conversation and attitude. The cruelty of this sketch is all the more disconcerting as Cocteau - throughout this particular meeting as throughout his life - tried evidently his best to please and impress André Gide. It is odd and touching to see the rakish, elegant youth woo and court the grave, inaccessible master, who states dryly that he was "not amused."

The concluding remark of Gide's note, however, reveals the innermost reason for his coldness towards Cocteau. "He has that carelessness of the playboy," observes the older man, who certainly has no playboyish features: "And when I am with him, I always feel particularly clumsy, heavy,



downhearted."

\*\*\*

Gide was irritated by Cocteau in 1914. It is unlikely that he could bear his company in 1942, when mourning and starvation reign in France once again. Neither Gide nor Cocteau wanted to leave their humiliated, tormented country. But what a difference in their attitudes!

Cocteau loathed and ridiculed the Nazis before they invaded France. In 1935, he said to me: "The Third Reich is a distasteful joke that lasts unduly long." I remember having heard from him many an irreverent remark of a similar kind.

He must have been very saddened and discouraged when he composed La Fin du Potomak - his last publication before the collapse of France. A loose conglomeration of narrative fragments, aphoristic notes, and poetry, it is undoubtedly lacking in that artistic élan he formerly commanded. Infinite melancholy resounds throughout the book. In parts it is nothing but a whimper and stammer alluring and anticipating death. Only in one grand and grisly chapter La Fin du Potomak proves the compelling intensity of Cocteau's traditional style. The uncanny hallucination, which forms the climax and heart of the book, is called, characteristically, The Ruins of Paris.

It seems, however, that Cocteau has meanwhile managed to settle down and to arrange his life, amongst the debris of his beloved city. A prodigious chameleon - faithless, soulless, indescribable - he adapted his poses and vagaries sufficiently to the barbarian standards of the ~~Nazi~~ invaders to make his living, to be tolerated. The alternative confronting him was, to commit suicide or to be a success, even in Nazi Paris. Suicide - as he once said to me - is, in his opinion, the most dreary triviality conceivable. Needless to say, he would make friends with ravenous beasts, rather than to do something trivial.

Cocteau is not a free <sup>q</sup>man but enslaved in a double sense - by his



vanity and by opium. Addicted to pipes and to publicity, he is at the ~~mercy~~ mercy of the Nazi governor who could him deprive of both.

André Gide depends neither on drugs nor on the shoddy laurels of the Boulevards. He is free. "Me voici libre," he exclaims on the last page of his diary, "comme je ne l'ai jamais été; libre effroyablement..."

What a proud and bitter word to say for an aging, homeless wanderer! Seventy years old, he is more solitary and more independent than ever before in his life. During the ~~last~~ <sup>past</sup> five years, he abandoned or lost the last emotional binds and the last illusions. Soon after his ill-starred political adventure, he was grieved by the death of his wife. A meek and pious woman, she had spent most of her life in Cuverville, Gide's country estate. Only a few intimates knew her and were in a position to gauge the central and delicate role she played in her husband's complex ~~and~~ ~~complex~~ biography. In his published Journal there are scarcely any allusions to what he calls "le drame secret de ma vie."

During the war he sojourned in a village, near Nice, mostly engaged in helping the anti-Fascist refugees harassed by the semi-Fascist French authorities. The German invasion found him at Vichy - not yet the capital, at the time, of a so-called unoccupied zone. A mutual friend - Annette Kolb, a writer of half-German, half-French extraction - told me ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> she watched, together with André Gide, the Nazi troops enter Vichy. Gide carried a volume of Goethe's works to the promenade, which resounded with the rugged commands of Nazi officers and the frightening noise produced by thousands of marching robots. Goethe was intent on mineralogical studies when the Napoleonic armies swept his fatherland. His French disciple, Gide, was absorbed in Goethe's august and lucid prose, while Hitler's devastating gibberish reverberated throughout a paralyzed France.

Gide lived to witness the sordid conspiracy between Berlin and Vichy. Undaunted, incorruptible as ever, he refused to "collaborate."



He saw the unprecedented affliction, the utter disgrace and woe of his people. The grand old man of French letters - cloistering himself, once again, somewhere in the Midi - was silenced and insulted by the Fascist mob: the "Anciens Combattants" booed and threatened him as he tried to deliver a literary address, on the occasion of a writers' meeting.

He severed from his old publishing house, the Nouvelle Revue Française, when that meritorious firm began to acquiesce in Nazi philosophy. He was saddened by the betrayal of Marc Allegret, whom he had loved like his son. The ambitious youth valued his career more than anything he had been taught by his mentor. He made his peace with the Nazis. He turned out to be just a movie director.

The last time I had word from André Gide was in the summer of 1941. The letter came from the small town on the Riviera where he settled down when the war began. The text of his note refutes all rumours concerning his plans to come to the United States. Evidently he has no intention of leaving France at this point. He sent me wishes for the success of a magazine I was editing at the time, and added: "I shall try my best to <sup>Compl</sup> forward an article to you before long. But I don't dare to promise anything; for I feel, four days out of five (if not nine out of ten) terribly remote from my work. Besides there are so many 'considerations' that slow down my writing..."

The quotation marks around the word "considerations" are more suggestive, alas, than anything he hazarded to say in his letter.

\*\*\*

Cocteau's compliance in Nazi barbarism is a melancholy event but was to be foreseen and, therefore, should neither surprise nor hurt us. But it would have been almost unbearable to see Gide commit an act meanness or treachery. He has committed nothing of the kind.

Cocteau is a relic and a curiosity - a brittle remnant of Europe's



*feverish*  
~~absolute~~ magnificence. Gide is a rocher de bronze of Occidental culture - the most trustworthy guardian of its lofty past, a guarantor of its future.

I visualize Jean Cocteau performing his magic gags in the snowy twilight of a chaotic hotel room. The air around him is imbued with the scent of the Chinese drug. While he prepares another "petite pipette," a portly gentleman on the couch helps himself to a little morphia injection. The jolly giant - massive and bedizened - is Herr Hermann Göring, who relaxes in Jean's boudoir. He guffaws - all vociferous cordiality - as his sprightly host produces some of his oft-tested clowneries. Jean imitates Marlene Dietrich, ~~his grandfather~~ <sup>a parrot</sup>, and Adolf Hitler. Hermann has the time of his life. Convulsed with laughter, he even forgets to attend the mass execution scheduled for midnight sharp.

It is four o'clock in the morning when the monstrous Marshal finally retires - leaving Cocteau in a state of utter weariness and agitation. In the wan light of the early hour he looks like a nervous mummy - fidgety, withered, all corroded by his vices, vanities, and visions.

"Adieu!" he beckons - exhausted and yet coquettish, while withdrawing to the inner sanctum of his apartment - the place where he treasures his finest pipes, Radiguet's portrait, some pebbles Picasso gave him in Rome, and the rubber gloves by means of which Heaven touched him without dirtying itself.

"Adieu, lecteur. Je me couche.

"Je suis ~~un~~ ravagé par la poésie comme certains docteurs par l'emploi des rayons X."

If Cocteau's skin is parched by mystic, terrible rays, Gide's face is tanned by sunshine and salty breezes. I imagine him walking along the Mediterranean beach, somewhere between Nice and Cannes - slightly stooping but still elastic; an ageless wanderer in his dark pelerine.



His features - proud and sensitive under a worn slouch hat - are marked with the traces and scars of deep adventure.

What is he looking for, in the floating haze of the dawn? Which mystery puzzles him? What promise makes him smile? He continues his promenade - lonely but not forlorn. Sober and inspired, he seems all absorbed in the auguries of <sup>e</sup>this beginning day - the savage cries of the gulls, the meaningful, fleet formations of the clouds and ~~the~~ waves, the wondrous messages carried to him by the wind.

To him, it is not difficult to overcome the bitterness of past frustrations, to endure the gloom and misery of the present. (For what ~~has been~~ <sup>was</sup> means less to him than what is; what is, less than what could be and will be.)

He is confident, I don't doubt it. I know that he believes in man and in man's future. He loves man and his future. ~~He~~ A long, active life - rich in triumph and in suffering - has made him understand that Wisdom is not in Reason but in Love.

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New York,

June, 1942.

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ce qui pourrait être -- will never cease to be fascinated by the spectacle of this growth.

"It may be a long, tedious process," he tells us, "interrupted by painful relapses. What we need is patience -- to know how to wait and to mature, to correct oneself, regain control and, as the apostle says, aspire to perfection. But the taste for perfection is going astray. It is a pity, as man's finest accomplishments are due to precisely ~~that~~ that taste. But nothing that has already been imagined or achieved will be lost forever.

"Those who are obsessed with the most insatiable curiosity will give the world an example of patience and endurance -- indispensable qualities for anyone really interested in the future.

"Those who understand and love the concept of the Infinite will reaffirm the value and necessity of voluntary limitation and discipline. This is Goethe's constant and secret drama, and not only Goethe's: the struggle against the Infinite in which he is involved by his too broad and too universal genius, whereas he feels and knows that the community in which he lives and the work of art he wants to create require limitation and concentration -- neither of which is attained without sacrifices.

"Those who have been mostly enthralled by the inconsistency, the perpetual flux and chance of all things, will in the end conceive the opposite law in nature and human life, continuity. The logic and constancy of organic and historical developments may be more difficult to discern than the erratic leaps and vagaries. Yet no phenomenon is disconnected, and even the most desultory motion is not without aim and reason. There are transitions and transformations,



but there are no gaps.

"I often feel like urging the younger generation: Please stop believing in gaps! If you drift or slip, don't think that everything goes downhill from now on. Life travels upwards in spirals. And if you go any further than we have been able to do, so much the better; but remember that it is all on the same road: whither my good wishes and my hopes will follow you, even if they have not preceded you."

How good it is to be in Cuverville again -- that reliable harbour and refuge, symbol of constancy in a restless, nomadic life! Here, everything has a familiar aspect -- the trees, the furniture, the flowers, the roads, the rocks. Here, in these placid surroundings, the old vagabond has leisure to contemplate the organic continuity of all his adventures and experiments.

Is he alone? So many of the old friends are gone. And she whose presence made this place a home -- Em. is no longer here. There are unredeemable losses...

But how could a man be alone whose heart is so full of memories and of sympathy with the future? Even if he had no comrades left to keep him company -- how could he be forlorn and isolated? There are always visitors -- his dreams, the images he created.

What wondrous procession hovers over these familiar garden paths! From the hazy darkness emerge his heroes and saints, his jesters and criminals. Young André Walter opens the curious parade. ....

.....

(END AS BEFORE, FROM PAGE 323 on)

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Author:

Illinois University

Title:

Flora Emma Ross,  
Goethe in modern

France  
1937

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5261-9881  
Jacques Rivière,  
1886-1925



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Author:

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USE A SEPARATE SLIP FOR EACH TITLE

Author: Gide, André

Title: Hommage à  
André Gide

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corner of card)

NKC  
(Gide)

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USE A SEPARATE SLIP FOR EACH TITLE

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corner of card)

Author:

Translation of  
W. Blake's "Le marnier"

Title:

in first of the "Le marnier"  
limited edition

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CLASS MARK  
(In upper right hand  
corner of card)

Author:

Preface to

Title:

11 Liaisons Dangereuses  
(Dangerous Acquaintances)

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1940

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# GIDE lecture

[English version I]

American  
~~German~~ born writer of ~~American~~ German  
origin  
speaking to Swiss  
audience in English on  
a French author - i

funny situation ...  
somehow in keeping with  
Gide's style and character.

not only French European ...  
cosmopolitan ...  
complex ...

Of course, impossible to say  
any thing adequate about him  
in a short answer ...

// Ne me comprenez  
pas si vite, je  
vous en fais ... //

Gide himself has things  
to say ...

~~Don't make any rest~~  
~~don't make any rest~~



I have spent years trying  
to understand a book.

Wrote book ...

Situation after World War

One : German youth  
facing (sacrifice like  
today (having been  
cut-off from great events...)

Moscow ?

Rome ?

Ennot ... ?

PARIS ...  
new faces, fundries ...  
Proust Romain Rolland  
Valéry Jules Romains  
Clandel Gide  
Gautier Valéry Larbaud  
Cortan  
(E. P. Chesters  
in (Lumen))

-3- "Retour de l'Enfant"  
(1925) y know only R: (the translation)  
Podigim: (introduction)  
C: de ... "partir en voyage"  
Paris - :  
Gossit ... : THE LEGEND

X ( "Que voulez-vous ? (dit  
la beauté du diable)" )

First encounter, van Vaman.  
Pass Allot : the book  
arrives.

The first lunch together:  
cigarettes; flower boy.  
( I was to understand  
later the meaning of  
those gestures ... )

Gradually y explored  
the landscape of Gossit's  
mental set up ...



~~X~~

Stupendous complexity ...

X "The Nationalist ..."  
complication (Octian - quotation)

"How I envied him his Protestant childhood! I visualized him skating with singular grace on the waters of Russia, with a Bible in his hand. In beautiful English style he wrote his name on the ice...."



Main components:

Bible  
Hebrew  
Aramaic  
Kabbalah

Christian ...

(Puritans

background ...

Ambrosius

nation ...

But:)

Je ne viens à nous

Seigneur Christ, comme  
dont à Dieu

à Dieu, à l'es la forme  
dont vous êtes la forme  
vivante. Je sais les

de mentir à mon cœur.  
C'est vous que je retrouve

partout, alors que je  
envoies nous faire

ami divin de mon  
enfance. +

"Non sicut hominibus"



Nonwittrus T Swist ... : transition:  
Other component — equally  
strong — : HELLAS ...

(renewed in ~~these~~)

"Ne souhant pas,  
Nathanaël, de  
trouver Dieu que  
partout!" \*

Orient ...  
exaltation ...  
intoxication

Third decrease element :

The Orient ... : "Arabian  
Nights" ( North Africa —

plays similar role as  
Italy in Goethe's biography)

Hellenic — Oriental pathos

meet in "Nonwittrus  
T Swist" X



Other influences:

Symbolism (Thalassini)  
 Germany (Nietzsche, anti-Gothic, Wagner)  
 England (Shakespeare, William Blake, Wilde)  
 Russia (Dostoevsky, Tolstoy)  
 Italy (Dante)  
 France (Rimbaud, Montaigne, Bandeau, Proust, Valéry)  
 U.S. (Whitman, Melville)

Eulogy of Litwas in influences  
 one of his first essays.  
 (He who commands genuine  
brigade city does not have  
 to be afraid of losing it...)



Complexity - manifests itself  
most impressively in

"Journal"

Self-portrait in movement...

↓  
Oreore would be incomplete  
without Diary — : Diary  
no: thou't novels ...  
[transition]

↓  
"L'Ymnosodiste" (philosophy of  
Hedonism down to the extreme...)

"La Poste Extrême" (philosophy  
of Renunciation, Sacrifice  
down to the extreme) The Saint

"Les Cases du Vatican"  
(La radio ... "L'acte patriotique")

- X - "Man from  
Woman"

"Les Faux-Monnayeurs"

(climax) Novel of  
ideas - far more...

A great book? Far more... Not  
You know

E.M. Forster quotation  
(from "Aspects of the Novel")  
DEMON (Blair)

---: he finds Gide's novel "among the more in-  
teresting of recent works; not among the vital, and  
greatly as we shall have to admire it as a fabric,  
we cannot praise it unrestrictedly now." ...

Whereupon he chooses "to glance again at WAR AND  
PEACE -- by Tolstoy --: here the result is vital."

Forster

He makes this statement in his brilliant book,  
ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL...: where he discusses Proust  
and Meredith, Tolstoy and Joyce, Anatole France  
and Dickens... It is from DICKENS that he jumps  
directly to GIDE. He senses an affinity between



~~72a~~

BLEAK HOUSE and LES FAUX-MONAYEURS -- "a novel  
(to quote Foster again) which for all its modernity  
~~he~~ has one aspect in common with BLEAK HOUSE; it is  
all to pieces logically. Sometimes the author is  
omniscient; he explains everything, he stands back,  
"il juge ses personages;" at other times his  
omniscience is partial; yet again he is dramatic,  
and causes the story to be told through the diary  
of one of his characters. There is the same absence  
of viewpoint, but whereas in Dickens it was in=  
stinctive, in Gide it is sophisticated;..... the  
novelist who betrays too much interest in his own  
method can never be more than interesting."

The last sentence -- strikingly, scathingly true.  
Besides, Gide is fully aware of the dangers inherent  
in his constant self-observation and auto-analysis...  
Edouard, in his diary: "A good novel should be  
conceived and composed more naively and instinctively."  
But what is a "good" novel? Or an "interesting"  
or a "vital" novel?

QUESTION OF STATURE.....

Climax -- full of ~~monstrous~~ DEMONIC

~~Plot~~  
~~Yonke~~

"L'Ecole des Femmes"  
"Geneviève"  
"Robert"

} : less important

-----  
"Thérèse" : reprinted ...

\*

Ottawa works :

DRAMA :

"Le Roi Candide"

"Oedipe"

"Robert" (political ...)

"Le Procès" (Kafka)

\*  
~~ESSAY~~ NON-FICTION

"Corydon"

"Si le Grain ne Meurt"

"Voyage au Congo" (social consciousness, 1955)



L: 1845      crit: 1850 ...  
M: 1845      crit: 1845 ...

X Baudelaire ...

Stendhal ...

X Montaigne ... ("cette andante  
lente dans  
l'indiscrétion per-  
sonnelle ...")

X Goethe ...

X Dostojewski ...

Proust ...

Valéry ...

Racine ...

Proust ... [The  
classical style -  
"l'élégance qualitative  
plus exquise  
la réserve ..."]

Reserve ....

↓  
(transition)

Slow success ...

Patience ....

("Patience, patience !"  
patience dans l'agier...)

Slow growth.

Fame ....

[Nobel Prize:  
spectacular  
confirmation]

Influence ....

Youth ....

No "solution" — but:



Lived example - -

faithful to himself ...  
developing his innate  
potentialities  
always lived according  
to own Law ...

"Individualism  
Serviceable"



Remains profoundly  
aware of conflicts.  
Participates in anxiety of  
youth. ... The perplexed  
("Anxiety") - from  
Nuremberg to Bayreuth ...  
Oppen doesn't know what  
to say ...

Kafka

Correspondence with you

Arab — : quotation

Hope ....?

"You have given us, through your books, the example of a certain constant and stimulating dis-  
quietude," he writes. "Cette inquiétude est notre  
seule noblesse." -- Hope? ... No...

"Accepter l'espoir, Maître, ce n'est pas CE-que  
vous pouvez nous proposer maintenant. En ces temps  
d'angoisse et de détresse, qui n'ont fait que commen-  
cer, accepter l'espoir ce serait déchoir; car même  
si nous devons voir des jours meilleurs de notre  
vivant, ce n'est sûrement pas en nous contentant  
d'espérer que nous les trouverons. Non, il ne faut  
pas avoir espoir, mais rester perpétuellement in-  
quiets. Voilà la seule attitude que je crois valable  
et qui peut garder notre INTÉGRITÉ."

But wasn't it just that  
what G. had been thinking  
for the past 50 years?



11  
Last visit: 15 - Paris 1947  
He showed me this  
room. I looked at  
him ---

"What could I answer?"

His life - his answer -

Not a "Superman" i  
not a "Great Man" i  
just a Man -

in the full, powerful  
sense Napoleon gave to  
that word when stating  
after his encounter with

Goethe: "Give seen - a  
man: - Voilà  
UN HOMME!"

X

081-  
Kor  
Lange



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~~Handwritten: "The Snows  
of a Fat Man"~~

"The Nobles of  
A.G."

(Littles L.H.W.  
London)

1924.

... " about a all  
an expression - talist,  
and the form,  
he has essayed,  
some of them  
altogether his own,  
are almost as  
various as his  
books are numerous.

---

... His criticism:

" character - sketches  
at much more  
represents the



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from  
romanticism in  
perhaps its sanest  
form.

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Henri DRAIN,

"Nietzsche & Co."

Paris, 1932.

"En réalité, il s'agit  
non point essentiellement  
de savoir, mais d-  
non loire, et ce  
faire que que le  
vouloir, de faire sa  
nature veut l'être,  
me fait trouver



sa joie que dans  
l'attente ... "

[anti-Socratic]

"Vus be sur-  
humanisme. Non,  
mais vers Dieu."

↓  
God - Man i  
Man - God  
[Dostojewsky]

[<sup>a</sup> N:to + G.I.]

La Mystique de  
l'Agitation et de  
l'Organisation ...

Cont of activity  
dynamics

H. Kitzsch ne voulait la  
joie, il la voulait  
à tout prix ...  
Mais il ne voyait



an fons de l'uni  
que tristesse ou  
bond misquim...

3.) [From dg.]

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"Mais G. n'est pas  
un grand artiste.  
Il est essentiellement  
un humaniste,  
c'est à dire un  
esprit qui découvre  
son humanité et  
la découvre tant  
bien que mal de  
Dieu..."

(Morse H. R. in Yo  
XVI th and XVIII  
Canton 255 ...)



(4)

Montaigne )  
Didrot ....

---

\* La philosophie  
de Tronst est une  
ph. de vieillards,  
celle de G. une  
ph. de jeune  
hommes.

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Ramon Fernandez,  
"A.G."

Pusan, 1931

.... "sa glissant if  
dissonant vitality" ...  
↓

... thanking him  
mostly as liberator:  
- "if we find  
new values, it  
is because  
has destroyed sterile  
idols ..."



2) - gratified ...  
[like Maudsley,  
Cortan,  
etc.]

---

... la traq'idie  
d' A. Wain, la  
trag. de la manifesta-  
tion, de l'expression ...

[Artist problem!  
The drama of  
Donald's journal,  
in 'L. F. - M. ...']

[ Dan Bos. ]  
31

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Zanathustra:

"Fieri - wo girl."

"My du conway tout,  
contre moi-même."  
[ "Sail." ]

at the same time:

"... has encountered  
nobody to be  
himself ..."



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Charles De Vos

---

"L. Dialog-  
ance A.C."

---

[Paris, 1929]

---

... his metaphors:  
crystal (minimal-  
liquor)  
↓  
clavicle - finger  
mystery - labyrinth

2h.) Distinction between  
"maternal" 3

"moral"

[ "moral" implies  
moral category:

not every instance,

moral. Moralism  
implies, etc.

Ancient, etc.

Indicates ... ]



"Vaults of the Vatican"

X "minster as one of the firm  
ants" (The Quarry)

"pinned as a faintest"  
[Lanes"]

— "for the sake of  
disinfecting energy ..."  
— paradoxical extension —

La Symphonie Pastorale, first  
published 1919, in N R F

---

Canis, 1914, N R F:  
"Sotie", by the Author of  
"Paludes" [Hymnos: Guirasa, 272  
"Sotie" " , 293]

---



# GIDE (lecture)

Curious situation: a German-born writer  
of American nationality speaking in English  
to a Swiss audience about a French  
~~author~~ author...  
Somehow in keeping with the style and  
tradition of the particular ~~author~~ author is  
question is for Gide is not only a  
great Frenchman: he is also a  
great European and a great citizen of  
the world... cosmopolitan... open-minded

Many influences have contributed to  
[one of Gide's first lit. speeches -  
eulogy of influence - "de l'Ymphre..."]

## [Cocteau quotation]

Basic: <sup>Protestantism at youth</sup> Christianity... Greek... Orient...  
(<sup>life as a for...</sup> "Atheist") (Asie Nigres)

Influences:  
German - [Goethe; Nietzsche; later  
Kafka... Hesse...]  
English - [De la... Richardson... Dickens...  
Shakespeare... Wilde... Conrad...]  
Blake...  
U.S. - [Whitman... Mr. Wells... Hemingway...  
most recently: interest in Faulkner...]  
Russia - [Dostojewsky... Tolstoy...]

Italy - [ Dante ]  
 France - [ Montaigne ... Rabelais [ Ponsard ]  
 [ Stendhal ... Bandeau ... ]  
 [ Proust ... ]  
 [ the only contemporary ]

No immediate effect

On the other hand:  
 his influence ... : growing ...  
 "Nouveau Roman" ...  
 "inquiry" ... [ England, U.S., Germany ... ]  
 "Faux" ...  
 Noble Pair

My memory: after last war ...  
 Young Germany - so long out of -  
 looking around: ... Rome? Moscow? Warsaw?  
 Paris ...  
 Gide ... L'Enfant Prodigue ...  
 (translation)

New march ...  
 (notes) ... The Legend ...  
 First meeting ... [ heavy for the ... ]  
 French visit ...  
 Lasting fascination ...  
 From book to book ... "André Gide"  
 titles from "Nouveau Roman"  
 "Immortalité" "Post-Exotisme"





"On ne n'est un saint  
qu'une fois mort.  
Avant, on le devint."

J. Maritain

~~"C'est rien! — Dieu existe,  
il est là. C'est quelqu'un,~~



c) est un A. Y. aussi  
personnel que moi !

Il m'aime, il

m'appelle ....

(Clandel,

"Conversion",

~~~~~

"Promst - un maître -
camo-flour."

Gide's sexual anomaly
as the source of his
millions.

Chapter 5, "Protest & Protestant"

"Classicism" Freedom & Discipline

"Sa quiétude est dans
l'expression parfaite et
sincère qu'il donne
à son inquiétude."

Parallele Gide / 2.

25 Pres andence → bourgeois, "dica:
short stories / dent" "Boudder =
Gide's "tartats" brooks - "Si le
Grain m. Menst."]

"Artist / Bourgeois" / "Mammoché."
"Death in Venice"
"Hilarity."

"Hochstapler" / "Canis"

War
"B. Wachter" / "Action Française"

1925
"Magie Mountain" / "Comptabilite"

1933
Anti-Fascist. Now: "Militant
Humanism."

Sammlung, November, 1933

"Poétique Son"

"Transversée" — old poem,
published for the first time.

Rimbaud

Un cœur-qui de son inconstance a
l'imagination et la navigation
hasardeuse.

La nuit, sans plus de plans
à l'horizon,

Sous un ciel, où je ne
reconnais pas un étoile...

Peguy (1873 - 1914.) [Marianne]
mentioned for the first time in the
NRT, 1909. — His present y.

(Contrast: Gide — Present.)

His son. Traditionalism.

Gramm d'Arz. Georges Sorel!

X Anti-Process. X (Marsoulin's master)

|| Causes du Vatican.

German + Russian influence
war. Spanish + English
instead. (Fielden 0 (Strome
...))

1)

"The Hero."

Like Nietzsche, his

The basic triangle:

Racine [Classicism]
"Perfection."

Dostojewsky [Mysticism]

Nietzsche [Paganism]

Goethe, as synthesis. | Classicism plus
romanticism. |

"Fragor"

Primarily interested in ideas,
not in visions.

My ideas assume the absorbing
glow of elements, as they
did to Nietzsche ... Abstractions like
Truth, Sin, Freedom etc.

living entities —
become dangerous, sidetracking
enchanting.

Hence, the lack of interest
in the Homeric line.
(Dante — not Homer.)

Q.) Dostojewsky — not Tolstoy...
 (Goethe, again as the "super-
 " who combines both...)

~~at present~~ ^{man} ~~the~~
Past — Present — Future
 asserts, " more

G. ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~past~~ ^{past} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~than~~ ^{than} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~future~~ ^{future}
 in the past is present than in
 the future more int. in the
 past is present

There can be no doubt
 that the future is a ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~than~~ ^{than} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~past~~ ^{past} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~it~~ ^{it}
 him more But is it
 or present. That is more for
 you that he says more for
 the present " Lis ~~jeux de~~
 past a ~~me m'amusant~~

~~mes~~ ~~contemporains~~ ~~me m'amusant~~
~~friends~~ ~~mon monde~~ ~~conservation~~
 [~~mon monde~~] ~~conservation~~

The possible — more
 exciting than the actual. Hence: end of adolescent.

3) and, at the same time, has
learned directly from both the
English and German lit. (Shakespeare -
Fichte - Diderot - Wilde - Goethe -
about all the German writers. — Whymann
also the whole ~~the~~ ^{same} ~~of those papers.~~
of Goethe's poetic life
shows integration in the ...

ad 4.) The Prodigal Son is the one
who The inheritance will
become a blessing to the P. S.
He rebels in his flesh ... and
for his land & people, Adam ...
God has used the symbol of
the seditions Son himself
in one of his most poetic
narrations ... This is the good
when his books are known. (1894)
and L. J. ... (1902) ...

4)* He was the pagan, the devotee
of sensual joys ... but
always haunted by the problem
of sin. He believed in the Devil,
as did Portogru but, like Bandini,
was uncertain of his existence.

* His work became a challenge to
the bourgeois world — a protest
against the family ...

Les Cans du Vatican (1914) ^{fantastic}
more

it the climax and final of
this "immoral" period.

ad 4.) However, already during
this pagan period

Donalatta, my different mood:
"La Port Etoile" (1916) Religious

twice during the war —
"Nauquien et la ?" Religious

contemplation — restoration. Close
to Catholicism. Gospel. Essential.
90 years of writing, a year.

Massis (P. 19)

"La crise que traverse notre civilisation, cette crise nous met, en effet, devant certains problèmes qui sont précisément ceux que G. n'a jamais cessé de se poser pour son propre compte."

"The drama of our civilization repeats itself in G.S. person like in a microcosm ... His personal drama becomes universal. How could we fail to be interested in it?"

Léon Daudet quotation. (1932.)

"You did not yet wrap from adolism"

1916. Letter to Charles Maurras. [P. 20]

... rather noncommittal, though.

✓ devoted to G. "because of his talent and his non-conformism."

Affinités: G. - Piguy;

G. - Claudel.
[Claudel: "My air flows
de la monade." He loves
God as one loves a
father, not a romantic

"Reality."

Question sociale? -
Cervus? "...."
(T. 93.)
(Journal)

To
Brian Howard
in
London,
this essay on the
~~of~~
European genius,
as a message
from America

EPILOGUE

(MOTTOS - AS BEFORE)

Four years later.

This is Cuverville again -- the country retreat to which the old traveller used to return from so many journeys and adventures. Another voyage has come to its end at last -- not a trip of pleasure or exploration, this time; but a painful wandering, an escape from hostile powers, a long nightmare of uncertainty and homelessness.

Now we are through the worst. Things may still be confused and difficult enough; but the double ordeal of Fascism and war -- of collaborationism and occupation is over. France is free again. The exiled patriots return to the liberated country.

Andre Gide found his old Paris apartment -- kept by friends during the time of his absence -- in comparatively good shape. Of course, the city had changed -- showing everywhere the marks of past tragedy and present crisis. This was not the capital of a victorious country: the gestures of victory appeared forced and hollow, almost ironical, in view of so much moral confusion and physical misery.

Yet, it was Paris -- the city of memories for which the refugees had been longing in New York, Algiers, London, Montreal; the mother city whose image had haunted her fugitive sons across the seas, through foreign continents. However reduced and darkened -- to

the home-coming wanderers it was still the City of Light: the City of Life, finally released from the strangling grip of the Masters of Death.

Les Seigneurs de la Mort....: the formula was coined by a Belgian poet, Henri Michaux, years before the Nazi plague became virulent. In the days of darkness and despair, Gide found solace and stimulus in Michaux's work -- just a few slim volumes of poetic prose (Ecuador, Mes Propriétés, Voyage en Grande-Garabagne, and so forth). Gide -- the Gide of that tragic period -- was only too familiar with the sinister powers to whom Michaux appealed:

Je ne vous ai ni blasphémés ni applaudis.

Ayez pitié de moi, voyageur déjà de tant de voyages sans valise...

Was Gide, when quoting these lines, thinking of his own position as it was at the time he composed his Michaux essay? (Decouvrons Henri Michaux, Gallimard, 1941.) Maybe so; yet the parallel is far from exact. For Gide, the author of the Imaginary Interviews, not only refused to applaud the Seigneurs de la Mort but also also risked to say dangerously "blasphemous" things about them. The untiring old fighter did certainly not agree with the Belgian visionary who exclaimed wearily: "Rends-toi, mon coeur! Nous avons assez lutté..." And that at a time before the actual struggle had even begun!

Yet the Michaux essay marks undoubtedly a low in Gide's fighting spirit. He praised the Belgian poet's eccentric images and whimsical paradoxes -- those "phantasms flottantes," as Gide put it -- just because of their remoteness from any topical issues, because of their sublime aloofness and artistic integrity. If there are any political

implications in Gide's eulogy of that "artiste pure," they are of an indirect nature: The ^{admiration} ~~praises~~ of Michaux's capricious and melancholy detachment may be interpreted as a subtle protest against Fascist ideology -- predominant, at that time, even in the unoccupied zone of France. Gide presented Michaux as the artist par excellence -- the independent creator, "beaucoup plus amoureux de perfection que de gloire," who accepts no discipline other than the self-imposed rules of his artistic style. Ignoring or rejecting the "general demand for an invigorating, edifying and nourishing literature," this type of writer prides himself on his social and political "irresponsibility," which is morally counterbalanced by a strict sense of responsibility in all matters concerning artistic taste, form, expression.

The Gide of 1941 -- isolated, dejected -- seemed to recognize himself, temporarily and conditionally, in this "irresponsible" artistic type. No doubt, his Michaux study -- originally planned as the text of a public lecture -- was meant as a demonstration, as an indirect confession of faith. Ironically, it was this unpolitical, or almost anti-political, conférence -- scheduled to take place in Nice, on May 21, 1941 -- against which the Anciens Combattants protested and the delivery of which was prevented by means of physical force.

Those were the bitter years, the dark days. "In a tunnel, artificial lighting does its best." Was the ambiguous cult of pure, disinterested art conceived as a device of indirect, artificial lighting? But the trick did not work: the artificial flame proved too fragile and weak to give any lasting comfort. And as for the

"real light" -- that was still far away. "Before seeing it," Gide had said to the Interviewer, "I am afraid that we shall have to sink much deeper into darkness."

The powers of darkness -- "les Seigneurs de la Mort" -- were still conquering, still advancing, ~~still increasing in expansion and strength~~. The Côte d'Azur was not a safe hiding-place anymore: Gide -- "voyageur déjà de tant de voyages sans valise" -- had to look for a new refuge.

The next stop was Tunis. But once more the sinister conquerors caught up with him! With Tunis controlled by the Germans, the fugitive had to go underground -- leading the furtive, shady life of those social outcasts whose drama he had often described with so much insight and sympathy.

The triumph of darkness seemed complete, irrevocable. Patience! It will not last for ever. Patience, that great and rare virtue -- now it was needed more than ever before. Let us not indulge in defeatism and despondency! Les Seigneurs de la Mort have reached the climax of their success. The tide is going to change...

Gide witnessed (and described in his diary) the liberation of Tunis. To him, the Allied troops came as liberators, in the most direct and practical sense of the word. A free man again, he emerged from the obscurity of his clandestine dwelling. The beard which had made his face unrecognizable to the German invaders, disappeared as soon as the first Allied units entered the town. Gide -- looking like Gide again -- was among those who hailed the Anglo-American colors as they replaced the swastika on the public buildings of the North-African capital.

Sta. Spangh
Barron

Of course, anxiety and suspense continued: France was still occupied by the enemy, the war was still going on, every day brought destruction of human lives and cultural monuments. But unmistakably, there was a change for the better: Tunis and Stalingrad marked the turning point.

As for Gide's personal life, it resumed gradually its ~~normal~~ normal rhythm and color. He was free to move again -- if only within the comparatively narrow area of French North Africa: from Tunis to Algiers, from there to Morocco, back to Tunisia, and so forth. Finally he settled down in Algiers, in the home of friends. He had started working again.

Algiers, during this ~~final~~ phase of the war, was not only the center of Free French political life but also the capital of French literature in exile. The most active elements of the intellectual vanguard gathered around Fontaine Magazine -- "la première revue de la France libérée," as the editors proudly called it.

Fontaine's founder and publisher, Max-Paul Fouchet, tried successfully to present and coordinate the different schools and shades of French anti-Fascist thought, from Catholicism to Communism -- from Maritain to Malraux, from Georges Bernanos to Jean Richard Bloch.

For some time Gide contributed to Fontaine. Also, it was the publishing firm connected with the magazine -- Editions E. Charlot -- which brought out the first book by Gide to appear in exile. An essayistic collection presented under the title, Attendu que..., the volume contains the Imaginary Interviews, the introduction to Goethe's dramatic work, a paper addressed to a young actress who has to impersonate one of Racine's heroines, and -- as its last

but maybe most significant part -- some religious notes of extraordinary inspiration and profundity.

Early in 1944, another literary review, L'Arche, began to appear in Algiers, "sous le patronage de André Gide." At the first look, it was not quite easy to find any essential difference between this new venture, on the one hand, and Fontaine, on the other. L'Arche, as Fontaine, tried to mirror and articulate the manifold aspects of the French genius -- temporarily violated and polluted by barbaric invaders. The new magazine, following the example of its longer established rival, made it its policy to combine the fervent patriotism characteristic of political exiles with the cosmopolitan broad-mindedness and universal culture typical of André Gide's tradition. Even though the name of France was constantly invoked with almost religious veneration and ~~este~~ ecstatic affection -- in the columns of L'Arche as in all the other Algerian publications --, the opening manifesto of the new review stated expressly that a moral renaissance would have no chance to develop, unless it was conceived on a super-national scale: "Une 'révolution nationale,' une révolution en vase closé ... est un véritable nonsens. La Révolution doit prendre comme aire d'action le monde entier."

Whatever Gide's specific purpose may have been in sponsoring this new forum ^{thought} ~~for~~ free spirits -- both French and international --, the gesture as such testifies clearly and impressively to the unabated vigor of his spiritual constitution. By taking an active interest in a collective venture of this particular kind, he proved

once more, not only his enterprising spirit, but also his unshaken, unshakeable confidence in the cause of France -- a cause which, to any good Frenchman (and especially to a Frenchman of André Gide's background and character!) is logically and emotionally integrated with the cause of world civilization. "De cette tourmente affreuse," he wrote in the opening number of L'Arche, "la France peut et doit sortir régénérée, rajeunie." Surely, this reestablished, reaffirmed faith is not limited to one particular country. *Lob... Pot...*

Nor must this faith be mistaken for shallow optimism. The only work of creative writing Gide ~~has~~ produced since the beginning of the second World War, makes it only too clear that he still is as uncompromisingly truthful and realistic, as free of illusions, as opposed to lies as he we have always known him.

This work -- Robert, ou l'Intérêt général; comedy in five acts -- (1945) -- is indeed the most merciless, most sardonic exposure of certain human weaknesses and vices in general, and in particular of certain objectionable qualities characteristic of the French bourgeoisie.

From a strictly artistic point of view, Robert may be disappointing. Rather conventional in its structure and deliberately dry in its diction, the tragicomedy seems to be conceived in as sober a mood as were, years before, the novelettes, L'Ecole des femmes and Geneviève. Indeed, the leading character of the play is a revived, and slightly revised, version of another Robert -- Eveline's husband in L'Ecole des femmes. *realistic*

But if these five neatly built acts are somewhat lacking in elan and inspiration, they are all the richer in intellectual suggestions and implications. For all the brittleness and transparency of its

texture, Robert is not without weight and persuasion -- a dialectic fugue and comedy of ideas, akin (if only in a minor way) to the classic novel of ideas, Les Faux-Monnayeurs.

Is Gide repeating himself? Maybe so -- as he ^{frankly admitted} admits himself, through the mouth of his imaginary interviewer. That unpleasant young man interrupted him, rather snappishly, when Gide spoke about Goethe's "serviceable individualism." -- "Have you not said all this before?" the interviewer had the nerve to ask. And Gide, in his embarrassment, invented hurriedly a friend, also in his seventies, and who was being accused of self-repetition. Said that fabulous friend: "At my age we must agree to repeat ourselves, if we do not wish to say stupid things."

But if the themes of the Robert composition sound familiar enough -- they are presented in a different context and in a new light. True, Robert's problem -- the problem of self-delusion and hypocrisy -- has always played a central role in Gide's intellectual setup, and creative work: The hero of this bourgeois comedy is a spiritual brother, not only of the Robert in L'Ecole des Femmes, but also of the Pastor in Symphonie Pastorale, of Pastor Vedel in Les Faux-Monnayeurs, and many another Gidean character. Just as those other already classic Tartuffes of Gide's invention, Robert employs suavely and eloquently the whole repertoire of lofty ideals and beautiful phrases to disguise or rationalize his selfish motives and ignominious actions. But the old issue has been given a new twist.

For Robert -- owner of an industrial plant -- is not only a liar but also an exploiter. More cynical and much more brutal than the unctuous pastors, he is indeed the prototype of a greedy

independently

capitalist who identifies ~~naively~~ ^{an obvious} his own interest and the interest of the nation. His patriotic virtue is a transparent façade to cover up his lust for power and wealth. If the protagonist of Symphonie Pastorale was only a scandal to God, Robert is a public enemy, a potential Fascist, the very type that has brought calamity and disaster over France, Europe, the world.

As Robert's position and function are new (that is to say, new within the realm of Gide's artistic creation), his rebellious son, too, has a new message. No less familiar a character than his father, young Michel protests against a whole social order when rebelling against the tutelage of his family. The Prodigal Son has turned class-conscious: it is against his own class -- the capitalistic, pseudo-patriotic bourgeoisie -- that he directs the heavy fire of his ^{emotional} moral pathos. A strike takes place in Robert's factory. Michel, the employer's son, sides openly with the strikers.

It is true, he does so partly for very personal reasons; for he is in love with Vera Orlov, a working girl and spirited ^m champion of organized labor. Vera, by the way, is the daughter of Boris Orlov, illegitimate half-brother of Robert Dermoy -- a naive and generous scholar whose invention is coveted, and finally stolen, by his sham-idealistic, ruthlessly selfish kin. (How typically Gide -- this penchant for intricate relationships and cross-connections! Not to forget the characteristic theme of bastardy...)

Vera's brother, Ivan Orlov, plays a leading role in the strike. A rigid Marxist and dogmatic revolutionary, he does not trust Michel's emotional enthusiasm for the proletarian cause: in fact, Ivan dislikes Michel, or rather, he refuses to take him seriously. "Qu'est-ce qu'il

faut que je fasse pour qu'Ivan me prenne au sérieux?" the young man asks -- hurt by the Marxist's scathing irony. And Ivan: "D'abord ne pas poser des questions comme celle-ci. Mon petit, ce n'est pas toi qu'il importe de prendre au sérieux; c'est la grève. Et elle-même n'est qu'un petit chapitre d'une grande histoire, où les partiliers ne comptent pas. Nous n'avons pas affaire à des individus, mais à des classes. Tu as beau faire, tu ne seras jamais au'un bourgeois."

Thus a new conflict, a new antithesis is introduced and becomes predominant: the antagonism between the revolutionary doctrine of collectivism and materialism, on the one hand, and, on the other, the revolutionary elan of individual generosity and Christian ethics. If Michel is undoubtedly right in his fight against bourgeois lies and pretensions, the moral issue becomes more delicate and involved in the case of the controversy between Michel and Ivan. Clearly, Ivan is nobody's fool: what he says is always to the point, always logical and well-founded.

Yet, there can be no doubt that the author's sympathies are essentially with Michel. It is he -- the outsider, the nonconformist -- who defines and defends Gide's own position when saying, to Ivan: "Je crois que celui qui peut le mieux vous servir, être le plus utile à la cause, c'est précisément quelqu'un qui n'y aucun intérêt. Je crois qu'il y a dans tout désintéressement une vertue extraordinaire, capable de triompher de tous les obstacles."

Do we recognize the familiar tune? "L'acte gratuit," the disinterested action... But this time the spontaneous gesture is not futile and irresponsible, as was Lafcadio's playful crime: on the contrary, it serves the highest purpose -- the cause of progress

Alissa's, in La Porte Etroite. Will it be wholly lost?

The situation at the end of the play seems indeed discouraging enough. Robert comes out victorious -- enjoying the support of both State and Church. In fact, he even hopes to win the "professional" revolutionary, Ivan, for his side. We don't know whether this cynical scheme will materialize; but, obviously, the author does not think it out of the question.

The author does not comment. With apparent detachment he presents his grim tableau -- the meanness of it all, the triumph of hypocrisy and selfishness, the ~~per~~ frustration of noble efforts. No illusions! That's the way things are.

Is there no hope, then? No light?

Yes: there is Michel. By echoing the young man's pure, disinterested enthusiasm, Gide reaffirms his own faith in the sublime potentialities of Man. In fact, he uses Michel as his direct mouth-piece when the young rebel and run-away speaks of "love" as the motive power behind his revolutionary elan --: "un amour non point pour quelqu'un; mais pour l'humanité toute entière ... Pour une humanité, non point telle qu'elle est à présent, composée d'êtres hideux et vils; mais telle qu'elle pourrait être, telle qu'elle deviendra du jour où ces actes généreux prévaudront; où la naissance et la fortune ne tiendront plus lieu de mérite; du jour où seront tenus pour criminels des êtres comme mon père et mon frère..."

This is André Gide speaking. How little his confidence has in common with the romantic faith in man's primeval perfection! Does he assert that man is "good" by nature? Does he agree with Rousseau that the human race in its natural state has been without guile and

and revolution.

Gide -- the Gide of this most recent phase -- is still for the Revolution, but against the revolutionary dogmatism: just as he has always been for Christianity but against the Church. This theme, too -- the old antagonism between clericalism and Christian ethics -- returns once more in the intellectual tissue of Robert, ou l'intérêt général. It is true, the priest who appears in the play is less brutal, less revoltingly insincere than Robert Dormoy; but he, too -- the representative of the ecclesiastical hierarchy -- is morally weak, cowardly, complacent, hypocritical. Always willing to play along with the powers that be, he tolerates Robert's crimes and defends social inequality, not only as inevitable but also as desirable, from the Christian point of view. For if there were no misery in the world -- the priest argues, sophistically --, how would we be able to practice one of the fundamental Christian virtues: charity?

In the dispute between the Abbé and Michel, it is the young revolutionary who appears not only more sensible and more generous but also more Christian. It is Michel who quotes ~~from~~ the Gospel -- if not quite literally -- (and, by doing so, intonates another leitmotiv of Gide's oeuvre): "N'est-il pas dit, dans vos écritures: Celui qui cherche à gagner la partie la perdra?" And the Abbé: "Qui veut sauver sa vie la perdra, voulez-vous dire? Mon enfant, ne plaisantez pas avec les paroles divines."

But Michel is not joking or pretending: he is indeed ready for the ultimate sacrifice. Demonstrating on the side of the strikers, he will be killed by his father's henchmen. Another sacrifice -- as high-minded, as tragic, as absurd and yet significant as was

sin? Does he blame civilization and society for all our shortcomings and vices?

No, he does not believe that man has ever been perfect; but he shares Michel's generous faith in man's improvability. And to improve -- as Gide understands the word -- does not just mean, to overcome the "evil" and to develop the "good;" it means, to integrate good and evil, to render all energies -- virtues and vices, love and hatred -- serviceable in the interest of Progress.

To harbor both tendencies; to reconcile the contrasts; to accept and dominate the contradictions and complexities inherent in our nature -- what do the fanatics and the hypocrites know about that inspiring adventure? Montaigne knew about it, and Goethe, and some other free, courageous minds; Nietzsche knew about it when he wrote: "Man, in contrast to the animals, has developed a profusion of contradictory impulses and qualities. Thanks to this synthesis within his character he could become the master of the world."

Man, the master; man, the hero; man, the promise of the super-man -- thanks to his ability to scrutinize his own problem, to transform his substance, to move, to change, and to suffer...

This is what André Gide teaches us -- through his example rather than through his word --: To maintain our faith in man in spite of all disappointments -- malgré tout, trotz allem, after all! To be in love with man, for all his meanness and stupidity; to be in love with his potential greatness, his future trials and triumphs, his yet secret glory.... How can one despise or hate man for what he is, when he still is in the process of becoming? L'homme devient, and an old lover of experiments -- André Gide, toujours amoureux de

- 25 1.) The Men
- 40 2.) The Man and the Letters
- 40 3.) The Men and Society
- 40 4.) The Man and God
- 25 5.) The New Man (... Farther ...)

"Le Paradis est
toujours à venir."

2.) Heritage of Europe
The Novel of Gide
The Confession

[Gide, Rome, North Africa
Wilde, Dostojewski
Nietzsche, E. M. Zola]

~~The Temptation~~
The Man of Letters

Journal
Prophet
Coccyus
Xanthos

- 3.) ~~Scandal of Myself~~ The Prodigal Son (Anti-Family)
The Scandal ("Nausiss", 21)
The Crisis of Individualism
Tenderness and Disappointment

- 4.) The Immoralist
The Narrow Gate *
~~The Protestant~~
The Wanderer

[Pure Christianity:
anti-Catholic]
Importance of
his Marriage

XX Ca qui a été mien-
porte moins que ce qui
est; ce qui est moins
qui se qui peut être
and qui sera.

X "Je reviens à toi,
mon Christ..."

- 1) The Man
 - 2) The Roots ... (... "in the Yissan" ...)
 - 3) Protestants and Protestants [Confession; diary]
 - 4) The Artist. [... Work ...]
 - 5) Freedom and Discipline. [Catholic; Communist; anti-...]
 - 6) The Priest [... now immer still ...
side himself ...]
always striving ...
to seek God many
to have him ...
- X Joy.
Anti

A
 The writer in his time. Priest.
 Analogies: The M. Priest.
 Paul Valéry's Joy - Underside, (1)
 Contrasts: Joy - Underside, (1)
 The Noise of Joy.
 The continuous diary.
 Each noise - one experiment.

I.) The Man

II.) The Work

Portrait

Prophets

Protestant

Pilgrimage

Handwriting

all

add

A booklet, "Name" (about
in 1915, but published in 1966
shows in brief way close to
a Franciscan form of the
mysticism.
The 74 may be most likely to
define the in German his work
The God. Summary follows in brief in
every day b. most. becomes
for a whole generation)

"mysticism"

André Gide and the Crisis of the European Spirit

The Man (Personal Reminiscences;
the first meeting, in 1926, just before
his long voyage to the Congo. His
visits to Germany, etc.) [His personal back-
ground; autobiography]
Tanner's Friends
Scandal
Cathy. (Diary)

~~Protestant and ...~~
~~the religious ...~~
~~the ...~~
The roots

Protestants → Aestheticist - Positivist
the construction - nihil;
pagan - Christian;
Protestant - Catholic etc.)
↳ Politician "changes".
Picasso fanatic

Folding
Diagrams

↳ Testimony:
Julien Green

[Chapter 8: "Reality."]

Le Traquille Arbre

("Sammlung")
simultaneously
publication, in

May 1935:
with French
"Mismis" (?)

Classical farce, very much
à Molière.

Found between the 'Cure' and
a psychoanalyst, Dr Styx,

in a castle, where a
tree has been adorned with
a shocking drawing ...

Governess (speaking English, in
original text:)
G's

"No. We were under the big tree,
you know, the one the children
call, the King. They said,
and it was the goal."

There was such a funny
figure cut in the bank.
I never saw it before.
A little man like a
goblin, with a big ...
When upon the Countess:
"Miss Plot, I have to
discuss something with
Monsieur l'Abbi."

[Paradox: during this "revolutionary"
period, his work becomes more
"classical", conservative,
with ... "Prosopon",
"L'Érot. des Femmes" psych.
"M. Abbi": compl. absence
of revolutionary élan ...]

Massis → shows up, a little
sick, confined to bed ...

Fernand, comparing him
with Barnes. "A.G.S. Notes" p. 12

Moral influence
artistic influence: overlap,
but must not be confounded.

— his notion of a "communist
individualism"

His second statement in this
discussion, characteristically:

X "My art is more important to
me than anything else ... " p. 15.

His Message to Moscow. (p. 17.)

Chapter 8, "Reality"

Discussion of G's "conversion"

January 22, 1935, "L'Union pour la Victoire."

Claudel - Gide, as
the two main representatives
of contemp. French Spirit.

Crisis

"Freedom & Discip."

"Il fallait pour être tel que
me se fixe pas, que me choisit
pas. Et dont d'un camp il a
choisi." [.... "the real world"....]

Bibliography

Ramon Fernandez, "A.G."

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Dialogue avec A.G."

" Le bonheur de l'homme
n'est pas dans la liberté,
mais dans l'acceptation
d'un devoir ;

Preface to Vol de nuit
by Antoine de Saint-
Exupéry.

Chapter 4.

" Freedom & Discipline"

Simplicity

" L'œuvre classique ne sera
belle et forte qu'en raison
de son romantisme accompli."
[Incidents.]

[about - and against - the German
lack of design, moderation, measure:
"En France, et dans la France
seule, l'intelligence tend toujours
à l'emporter sur le sentiment et
l'instinct."]

That main woman who
urged him not to con-
found the idea of Revo-
lution and the reality of
Soviet Russia: "Don't try
to be a Marxian writer!
Even less a Stalinist
writer!" Just try to be
a revolutionary writer!

But that is exactly what he
always was, in Soviet respect.
What he sought, at that
point, was disillusion —
not inspiration. He
was afraid for the
"Index"

MASSIS asks a few G's goal.
Barnes, he says, strives for
self-justification: Gids for
self-justification. (Aimless,
futile...) M.I. belief in
Good and Bad as absolutes
whereas Gids: [Page 30.]

Chapter 3: "Prodigal Son."

"Return à la Nature."

(The line from Rousseau
to Lawrence: from the
« Natural. Tendency to the
Communiste experiment.
Anti-bourgeois; anti-
civilization; anti-
(Catholic.)

He who gives so many... of the...
of G.S. mostly ^{too} at will...
Whom he infers... 50 - action
spent most - ~~king of~~ ~~house~~ in his
illustration personalist, they are with form
by whom (see King Street), or
~~exactly~~ they are in most (like Ulysses
in contrast to Philostrate) (at this
platform is specimens and shoddy
(like the Landy popular, etc. R. S.
P. in contrast to Ed.
And now, at this junction of his
reading, G. ~~is~~ ~~entirely~~ ~~to~~ ~~show~~

A great man who is on the
point of losing his worldly
position for a new adventure,
a new ~~the~~ risk, a new York
That is the ~~the~~ ~~entire~~ ~~as~~ ~~when~~
happens in the drama
The drama Order (1931) is a
most significant ~~and~~ ~~adaptation~~, of
Shakespeare's Order the strongly
perfunctory moralists of Madam
T. and her daughter.

MOTTOS:

Oh Seigneur! je suis pur! je suis pur! je suis pur! (A. G.) (Strait is...)
Les extrêmes me touchent. ("The Heir") "Protestans"

X Agir sans juger si l'action est bonne ou mauvaise. Aimer sans s'inquiéter si c'est le bien ou le mal.
Nathanael, je t'enseignerai la ferveur.

(Prodigal Son)

Ne souhaite pas, Nathanael, trouver Dieu que partout. (The quest)

He who has decided to seek God, will find Him everywhere. (Novalis. The quest.)

Il faut être sans loi pour écouter la loi nouvelle. (The quest, D. 5846.)
(Prodigal Son)

(Psychology of hypocrisy:

L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu.
De La Roche Foucauld) Pastor Verdel

Les personnes faibles ne peuvent être sincères.
(La R.F., "Protestant....")

When man has liberated himself of obsolete restrictions, he is possessed by the one desire, to find a new law.

Les extrêmes me touchent (Dostojevsky. "Freedom & Discipl.")

Assumer le plus possible d'humanité!

(G. "The Fugue.")

Tout ce qui est humain mérite de nous occuper.
(G. "Reality")

He assumes the shape of everything he loves. And you have to love him will not understand his character unless you love him.
(A.G. "The Fugue")

He transforms himself into every being he loves. And you cannot understand his being unless must love him to understand his being.

Protestans

Würde des Menschen? Nichts mehr davon, ich bitt' Euch!
Zu essen gebt ihm, zu wohnen!
Habt Ihr die Blösse bedeckt, gibt sich die Würde von selbst.
(Schiller. "Reality")

Do I contradict myself? I am
an beg... I am...
(William, "Protestans...")

"Apart from the fact that I am a
dieadant, I am also...
(H. "Prodigal Son.")

Anti-Barrès.

"L'Enseignement"

'Le Cœur de la France et des
Monts' [Alsace-Lorraine ;
frontière, union,
vigilance]

Dostoïevski : "On a perdu le
Christ - par la faute du catholicisme."

[1911] ↓

D. : "Conservateur, mais non
traditionnaliste ; tsariste, mais
démocrate ; chrétien, mais non
catholique romain ; libéral, mais
non "progressiste", D. reste
celui dont on ne sait comment
se servir."

Alphonse Sibéria : "Au moins, j'ai
rien ; j'ai souffert, mais
quand même j'ai vécu."

1894 : "L'assimilation et l'indigénisme. Vouloir
servir l'État, c'est
sa force et ne comprendre point
quel service on fait l'un ou l'autre.
Il semble qu'il n'ait pas besoin
de nous. Il devrait avoir besoin
de nous. Mais comment lui
faire sentir ce besoin."

Ilya Ehrenburg,

"Der Weg A. G.'s"

("Sammlung," Dusseldorf, 1935.)

Describes G.'s "conversion" in Africa:
watching Soviet Negroes, making
120 frs. a year; their sadistic
ground — 60.000.

The strange, moving impression of
G.'s appearance in 100.000 mass
meeting. Andromeda — without
by his personality, taken
the work behind him.

by his strange biography —
glowing and saturnal like
the desert ... "

Word of him like soldiers
of a conquered fortress (!!!)

[E's later attacks]

Clandel to Gide:

"There are things worse
than hypocrisy —

cynicism."

(Unops G. to a Mura (th)
mass duty, "to make
the ~~rest~~ your mind and
align it to discipline."

E. analyzes G.'s standing ...
— hails his final "non-violent
to the proletarian community".
(Acute but vast ...)

"Paul Valéry came to
the ~~Academy~~ Paul Clandel
to the (Church), A. G.
to Life."