

Les Mouches Fantastiques

A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION DEVOTED TO THE ARTS

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LATE AUTUMN AFTERNOON

TO REGINA.

Grey, fingered with flickering threads of light;
Silence, broken by restless quavers of music.
Greyneess, music, a fragile peace;
A playing thought of slumber.
And on my lips faintly disturbing fingers,
And at my heart, Love's hand, like a child's hand,
Stirring me half awake.

—ELSIE GIDLOW

EDITORIAL

LES MOUCHES FANTASTIQUES recommences, after a meditative silence, as an unprejudiced publication devoted to art and artists modern and not modern, young and old, and to life as it is related to art and artists.

Art is not apart from life, but intimately and vitally conjoined with it. If, in fact, the words "art" and "life" were not so persistently misused by so many of those employing them, one could say without fear of misinterpretation, Life is art, art is life; but it seems that only life's more vulgar manifestations are accepted as veritable life and that art is commonly visualized as unreality, an extraneous growth that life would be infinitely more comfortable without, (perhaps it would be more comfortable!); or else as some delicately woven thing remote from life and irreconcilably divided from it. Whereas, in truth, art and life are interwoven.

They who assert that only the vulgarities of life are its realities, its crudities truth, its commonplaces beauty, have yet to discover the sanguinary, unsatisfied pulse that leaps in the covered depths of life's breast like a seeking youth-passion. But evidently they are incapable of discov-

ery. They can never be beauty's pilgrims.

Hundreds of thousands live and speak as though art were all silver and scent and impossibility, and life a melange of labor, propagation and eating. With what have they covered their eyes and ears? With what have they stifled and choked the great songs of their being? Someone may reply to this by telling me that humanity is becoming more utilitarian and, consequently, utilitarianism is the great and revered god. I know this. I know that utilitarianism is a requisite and good foundation. But it is only a foundation. What of the structure? There are those who labor at the structure, serene-faced, with laughter in their souls; those who work feverdly in devil-driven abandonment; and those who play yet, curiously, add by their play much to the beauty. But below all these is the mass that toils at the foundation. Perhaps it is best that it should know nothing of the structure—and yet!

Even while realizing that devotedness to art is for the few, I sometimes wonder if it would not add a shade of greatness and refinement to the many if they had only a little appreciation for and understanding of life's noblest self expression.—E. A. G.