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But these artists would profess to find a kind of essence of ox; a sort of transcendental Bovril. And if the artist says "The Ox Emotion is best expressed to me by zig-zag lines of black and vermilion," I shall say to the artist, "You are a story. The Ox Emotion was most vividly expressed to you by two horns, four feet, cloven hoofs and all the code of signals already drawn up by God in order to convey that emotion. And it did convey it, for I saw you running for the stile."

Spiritual Murder.

Futurism, however, contains no elements of danger, even from an ox. It has not even those dangers that have always attended beauty. When I find a lady's eye in one corner of a confused picture and her eye-brow in another, I have no inclination to write a sonnet to the eye-brow. "Because of her I shall not die." I must again invoke the authority of light literature. Good Robber Brown, I think, in "The Bab Ballads," said he had "studied human nature and knew a thing or two." And his conclusion was that the separated pieces of an otherwise attractive person seldom renew the charm of the *ensemble*.

Yet the creed that is now reproached as ascetic has in all ages fought this strange and horrible decorum. The deepest of all indecencies is to strip the soul of its body. It is blasphemy to despise the forms of things; to have eyes and see not, to have ears and hear not; to have only an imprisoned mind. This is something worse than bodily murder that banishes the soul and leaves a dead body. This is spiritual murder that banishes the body, and leaves a dead soul.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

Barometrical Truth.

Is it the atmosphere that causes men to see the truth with varying degrees of accuracy? Was it mental as well as actual fog that caused Captains Kendall and Andersen to see the same events so differently? And now one reads, in the accounts of the great boxing match, a conflict of evidence too remarkable to escape notice. One journal refers to the affair as a terrific combat, and conjures up a sickening vision of so-called "sport." Another journalist of repute describes the fighting in a manner to reassure the least pugnacious. So gentle was Johnson, so merciful was Moran that the referee urged them to make a better show.

How two men can describe the same event, the one finding it a bloodthirsty struggle and the other a tame boxing display is hard to understand. Possibly, to a certain temperament, all strife is terrible. Others could witness a bull fight with the equanimity of a Spaniard grandee. Yet these inconsistent descriptions force one to ask whether the modern mind does not colour the truth by some three-colour process.