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A Study of Style and Imagery in the Early Prose Works of Paul Morand.

Theodore Toulon Beck

Louisiana State University and Agricultural & Mechanical College

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A STUDY OF STYLE AND IMAGERY IN THE EARLY PROSE WORKS OF PAUL MORAND.

Louisiana State University, Ph.D., 1961
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A STUDY OF STYLE AND IMAGERY
IN THE EARLY PROSE WORKS
OF PAUL MORAND

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in
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by
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T. T. B.
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iv
A STUDY OF STYLE AND IMAGERY
IN THE EARLY PROSE WORKS
OF PAUL MORAND

For books have been more enthusiastically re-
ceived or adopted by a given epoch, in France and
perhaps also in Italy, than the early prose works of
Paul Morand. The style and imagery were discussed and
consigned upon by almost every critic. The purpose of
this study is to determine the characteristics of his
style and to establish the ways in which they were
original.

During the ten years of 1903 to 1913 the four
novels, of which only the third or fourth is more
characteristic in form, were all published. Two of
these, the first and second, are characteristically
successful. His early
novels did not achieve the success of his short stories,
in part because of their later date, but, in the novel as
in the short story, Paul Morand created a style
that has been in perfect accord with a world and
with a epoch in which fashion in styles passed quickly,
in which Morand has been known how to follow, to guide
and even to foresee.
his impressionistic style was non-conformist, exotic, illusionist and artificial, but scintillating and even shocking. It was the novelty and daring of this brutally unconventional style which rocketed him to literary heights in five short years and which became the basis for his later, more classical works, constructed carefully and more elaborately and written in a subdued and masterful style.

Through his imagery, Morand disclosed his sexuality and sensitivity, his awareness of the five senses, particularly of those of sight and smell, his cult of the contemporary, his penchant for graphic individual and national portraits and, almost imperceptibly but surely, his attitudes and antipathies.

From this study of the imagery and style of his early prose, it is obvious that Morand created a style clearly his own by consciously breaking with tradition, by bringing together without transition disparate images which tend to force upon the reader those perceptions of paradoxical relationships which might otherwise escape him, and by surpassing with an audacious rapidity and diversity of images both his alleged models and his contemporaries.

Concomitant to this, through an aesthetics of discontinuity and the rapid juxtaposition of uncontested
and original associations, by his varied and, at times, almost incoherent tropes and metaphors, Forand disclosed his philosophy, attitudes and innate prejudices to the world. Beneath his imagery and style lie the thoughts, ideas and ideals of the author, which he conveyed consciously and unconsciously to his reading public. By probing them the critic becomes cognizant of his originality of expression, his contribution to the literature of the present century and some of the infinitely complex reasons for his position during the German occupation of France.

Literary critics, whatever method they use, must make certain assumptions; their justification is entirely pragmatic. This study assumes that the basic thoughts and attitudes of an author can be determined in an almost infallible fashion. It demonstrates that throughout his early work Forand betrayed, perhaps unconsciously but definitely, his illogicophobia, his moderate but well-defined anticolonialism, and his stereotyped anti-Semitism. Had the critic but scrutinized his writings more closely, his political position during the Vichy regime would not have appeared startling or unexpected, but normal and inevitable.
INTRODUCTION

When approaching a study of style, the scholar must select standards and models. In the case of this dissertation, the rules and techniques accepted are those advocated by Jean Thoravel in *La Dissertation française* (Armand Colin, 1959), J. Marouzeau in *La Linguistique ou Science du langage* (Paul Geuthner, 1950) and *Précis de stylistique* (Masson et Cie, 1959), Nelly Corneau in her *Physiologie du roman* (La Renaissance du Livre, 1947) and, to a lesser degree, Georges Duhamel as he expressed his ideas in *Essai sur le roman* (Marcel Lesage, 1925). Classical stylistics as analyzed by Richard Anthony Sayce and Stephen Ullman appear to have little in common with the technique and style of the more modern and contemporary authors.

The standards and interpretations accepted are as follows: Phonetics, morphology and syntax show a language codified, submissive to a format of rules and laws. Yet even though people who speak the same language are obliged to have recourse to approximately the same sounds, words and sentence structure, this uniformity is only theoretical. The words and grammatical procedures are furnished by the author, but, with the same material and the same general purpose, two
authors will make entirely different portraits. To express his thought the writer selects, as the rules of his language permit, the means of expression that conform to his character, to the present situation, to the impression that he wishes to produce.

It is in the choice of words, in sentence structure and word arrangement and particularly in the accommodating of these procedures to the expression of his thought that the writer produces a style. Grammarians have striven to codify this art, which they call rhetoric, to catalogue these procedures under various headings, e.g., metaphor, hyperbole, metonymy, personification, apostrophe, syllepsis, prolepsis, ellipsis, zeugma and many other divisions. This type of rhetoric is now chiefly a curiosity. It is occupied mainly with noting and cataloguing appearances in which a writer's style is studied for the purpose of seeking laws and explanations which, if followed, would enable a neophyte to produce a similar work of perfection. If this were true, it would apply to other arts, such as music, sculpture and painting. Obviously, no student of the principles of the arts could hope to achieve a mastery of them and to produce works comparable to those of Mozart, Chopin, Rodin or Renoir, merely by following rules. In literature, a similar procedure is patently
impossible for a writer attempting to imitate Paul Morand, whose kaleidoscopic changes and constantly shifting images are purposely designed to depart from the beaten paths.

Yet such an analysis leads one to try to fathom the psychology and thought of the author, whose preoccupation is undoubtedly to communicate his thought. Thought, however, is an extremely complex thing, accompanied by sentiment, emotion and individual fashions of expression, which eventually and infallibly betray the mental processes of the author, even unbeknownst to himself. Thus, behind the mask of sparkling images and figures, the critic seeks one reality, namely, the impression desired or willed by the author to reach his reader.

There is another essential consideration, which varies for whoever addresses a public and especially for a literary work destined to portray a technique and to take its place in tradition. In this, the attitude of the writer is determined by a double concern— that of equaling or surpassing his predecessors by borrowing their procedures and at the same time that of being original. This problem of imitating models and at the same time freeing oneself of imitation will establish two contradictory poles, between which the activity of the author may be expressed in an infinite
number of ways.

This dissertation analyzes the early works of Paul Morand, from which his later works sprang, establishes the facets of Morand's style and classifies them under various headings. Obviously, in sustained images and portraits, more than one facet is frequently apparent and, as will be seen, the underlying thought, attitudes and prejudices of the author are discernible only after an analysis of a number of his works, in this case Tendres Stocks, Ouvert la nuit and Lewis et Irène.
Paul Morand, renowned teller of tales, novelist, poet, planetary chronicler, memorialist, amoral moralist, globe-trotter, attaché, vice-consul, minister, ambassador, diplomat, was born in Paris, March 13, 1888, at 35 rue Marbeuf. On the distaff side, the family was pure Parisian, his mother having been born on the rue de la Cerisaie and his maternal grandmother and great-grandmother having lived in the Marais.

His artisan forbears had been engaged for generations in the etching of glass and later in the smelting of bronze. His paternal grandfather settled in St. Petersburg, Russia, around 1840 and it was in that city that Paul's father, Eugène Morand, was born. This was verified by Morand himself in an interview with Frédéric Lefèvre, in 1924, when he stated the following:

"J'appartiens à une famille de fondeurs de bronze. Mes arrière-grands-parents habitaient Paris, sous Louis XVI. À la fin du xviii e siècle, ils achetèrent un bien national, dépendant de l'abbaye bénédictine..."

This is corroborated by Morand himself. Lucien Dubouch, in Les Chefs de file de la jeune génération (Paris: Plon, 1925), p. 20, however erroneously stated that Paul Morand was born in Russia.

d'Yerres, près Montgeron. Vers 1846, mon grand-père paternel alla se fixer à Saint-Pétersbourg. Il y dirigea la Fonderie Impériale des bronzes. Mon père y est né.  

However, after 1670, his father went to Paris to fulfill his military service as a volunteer. There he married and established his permanent residence.  

The father was a gifted amateur of the arts and a talented literary dilettant, painter, poet, scholar-librettist for Pierné and Massenet, playwright, (he wrote a play in verse entitled Griseldis which was highly successful at the Comédie Française), and, in collaboration with Marcel Schwob, superb translator of Hamlet. From 1902 until 1908 he was the conservateur of the Dépôt des Marbres, the store-room for statuary not on exhibit to which were relegated the statues of the great men of previous regimes, men whose name and fame were embarrassing to the current ruling powers. Extremely intellectual and esthetic, for he even designed the costumes and décor of Griseldis and frequently contributed poems to La Vogue, he cultivated social and artistic contacts in some of the best circles. He was a close personal friend of Sarah Bernhardt, Mallarmé, Porto-Riche, Rodin, Bénard, Marcel Schwob, Marguerite Moréno, Oscar Wilde, Lord Alfred Douglas, Frank... 


Harris, Vance Thompson and many others. These literary and artistic lights illuminated the Morand home and the lad was thus subjected at an early age to an exquisite cultural environment.

Most of the regular visitors to the home were English or Anglophiles, for even Mallarmé was a professor of English, and this, plus the close friendship of his father and Lord Alfred Douglas, accounted for Paul's later education and sympathies and became a determining factor in his future life and character. Being an only child, rather frail, calm and silent, the young Morand was a trifle spoiled by his parents and enjoyed much more freedom of speech and self-expression than is customary among the French. He even refused to speak to his father for several weeks because the latter did not share his enthusiasm for Cézanne.

Marcel Schwob introduced him to the works of Marlowe, Webster and Tourneur, and when Paul was a small boy he would tell him tales from Jules Verne and Les Vies Imaginaires, which opened to the child delightful vistas and fantastic horizons, thus inculcating in him a taste for strange lands and faraway places.

Paul was educated at the Ecole de Saint-Marie de Monceau and at twelve years of age entered the Lycée Carnot.

Two years later, when his father became conservateur at the Dépôt des Marbres, the family moved to the rue de l'Université, near the Tour Eiffel. At the lycée Morand was more interested in rugby, prize-fights and auto races than in the academic life, and his father had to forbid him to read L'Auto-Vélo. As a child he used to spend the summers with the family in Venice, where they rented a home, but in 1902 his father sent him to England during the vacation months so that he might perfect himself in the English language. There, from the very first night at school, he had to defend in pillow-fights the French national nightshirt en jaonnes avec broderies russes against what was to him the outrageous Anglo-Saxon pyjamas.

In 1905, after failing to pass his oral examinations for the baccalaureate in philosophy, he spent the summer in Munich where he was tutored in his deficient subjects by a young normalien, Jean Giraudoux, who not only prepared him to pass the Fall examinations but tutored him in German. In pursuit of extra-curricular activities, Paul learned to drink beer, smoke cigars and take sunbaths,

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6 G. Guitard-Auviste, op. cit., pp. 16-17.

7 Fidus, "Silhouettes Contemporaines: Paul Morand," Revue des Deux Mondes, XXXIV, (1er août 1936), 578. This can be found also in Tendres Stocks (Paris: Gallimard, 1922), p. 86.
a pastime completely unknown to the French. During these weeks a close friendship soon flowered and developed between the young Morand and the nearly twenty-three year old future playwright and diplomat. This friendship was to endure until Giraudoux's death in 1944. They pole-vaulted in morning-coats by the Starnberger See, ran foot-races, swam, discussed literature and engaged in the usual social amenities at the various local beer gardens. 8

After passing the October examinations for his baccat, Paul Morand had to choose a career. His original intention had been to enter the naval training ship, the Borda, and become a naval officer, but his weakness in physics and mathematics, of which he understood little or nothing, (he once defined a circle as a rondi), prevented the realization of this early ambition. Now it was a question of the Colonial Office or a diplomatic career in the Office of Foreign Affairs. Choosing the latter, Paul entered the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, Faculté de Droit. Here he made excellent progress and at the end of three years his father rewarded him by permitting him to travel to Vienna, Belgium and Holland, and to study in England, at the end of which time he was to return to the School of Political Sciences to finish his fourth and last year of preparation for the competitive examinations for the

diplomatic service.

The decision to send him to England was taken at the instigation of Lord Alfred Douglas, a Magdalen College man, son of the Marquess of Queensberry, and it is quite possible that the fact that his father's friend, Oscar Wilde, (died 1900), was also a Magdalen man may have added prestige to the suggestion. However, contrary to all his critics and biographical data, Morand did not study a year at the University of Oxford, but only eight weeks. He was a member of St. Catherine's Society at Oxford, matriculating on the fourth of May, 1909, and was in residence for one term only, the midsummer term of 1909. He did not read for a degree, but from the records of the Society it appears that he intended to read for a Diploma, although he never completed the Diploma course. St. Catherine's Society of that time was non-collegiate in that it was not a corporation having a legal identity separate from that of its members. It attracted the less gifted, less wealthy and, frequently, the less qualified students.

From portions of Ouvert la nuit there are indications that Morand knew the customs and insignia of Magdalen College men, but from the record it is certain that he was never enrolled in the college. He considered himself a one-year student at Oxford, inasmuch as he had

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9 See Letters from the President of Magdalen College and from the Clerk to Delegates of St. Catherine's Society, in the Appendix, pp. 372-373.
matriculated in the university. His teacher, or tutor, was a Fellow of Magdalen College and Paul, by staying at Magdalen as a guest of one of the Fellows, which is not impossible in view of his father's connection with the Queensberry family, could have resided there for some period during 1908-1909 without having left any official record of his stay.

Of his life after 1905, Morand has made the following remarks:

A partir de dix-sept ans je n'ai plus jamais fait que des études ou la France n'était considérée qu'en fonction des autres pays; de la géographie, mais universelle; de l'histoire, mais diplomatique, c'est-à-dire l'histoire des relations entre États; du droit, mais du droit international. À vingt ans j'ai lu un livre de Joseph Texte: Les Origines du Cosmopolitisme littéraire; cette thèse qui est à l'origine de la littérature comparée, en France, m'ouvrit beaucoup d'horizons.10

This was not entirely the truth, for at nineteen years of age Morand had discovered the Poèmes en prose of Baudelaire, at twenty, Rimbaud, at twenty-one, Walt Whitman and Masefield. These were his favorite poets. Other literary sources familiar to the youthful Morand included Marcel Schwob, the prose symbolist, Henri de Régnier, Laforgue, Albert Samain, Klingsor, Corbière, Lahore, Verlaine, Verhaeren and Stuart Mill. Régnier himself gave

10 Frédéric Lefèvre, Une heure avec..., IIe Série, (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1924), 37-38.
impetus to his first published work and all of the above named figured in original and dedicated editions in his father's library. As a boy, Paul had been enamored of the naturalists and symbolists and when he read *Connaissance de l'Est* by Claudel he was equipped with an excellent background and springboard for his later writings.  

While studying in England he spent months browsing in the literary pastures of the British Museum and Bodleian Library, gorging himself with British and American authors, a reading which was certainly extensive but not particularly eclectic or exhaustive. He became quite familiar with the works of Sir Walter Scott, and in his diligent perusal of books he made the acquaintance of Mark Twain, Cecil Roberts, Edgar A. Poe, William Cowper, Keats, Shelley, Henry James, George Moore, Wordsworth and O'Neill, in both biographical and bibliographical senses; in fact, even to the point of knowing whether or not they were felinophiles. The English romantics of the end of the eighteenth century and the Elizabethan dramatists were his daily nourishment but Arnold Bennett and Meredith were his


and it required but a casual glance at his literary production to note the many citations from Emerson. Among the French writers who had a marked effect on his cultural formation and philosophy were P-L Courier and Gobineau, the latter's ideas concerning Aryan supremacy being reflected strongly in Morand's subsequent works. Long before going to London, in fact, while at the École des Sciences Politiques, he was influenced by Marcel Héraud who induced him to read Das Kapital, and thus he became interested in socialism.

During his year in London he was entertained frequently by the dowager Rænee of Sarawak, whom he called his mère anglaise, at her bungalow in Greyfriars. The Rænee, who had known personally Bourget, Maupassant, Wilde and Burne-Jones, must have been a priceless jewel in Morand's social crown. He learned also to smoke a pipe, play cricket and propose toasts, and he was particularly impressed by English reserve and the fact that they accepted his own silences. At this time he was initiated into English university and social circles with
their detached aloofness and he served his apprenticeship for what may be called his "snob period." Perhaps it was here also that he developed his acute sense of humor, which seems so lacking in most French writers, as well as his appreciation for understatement, so peculiar to English humor.

In 1908, his father had been named Director of Decorative Arts and the family moved to 5, rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, which was to be the Morand home for the next twenty years. In 1909, Paul returned to France to serve his two years of military service and was assigned to the 30th Infantry which was stationed at Caen. During this period of relative inactivity he wrote an unwieldy novel entitled Les Extravagants, scènes de la vie de bohème cosmopolite, which was never published and was, as he himself has stated, "avant la lettre un Barnabooth manqué et une Mlle de Maupin en moins ennuyeux." He referred indirectly to this again when he wrote:

En littérature, je distingue deux sortes d'imitateurs: les écrivains - généralement des débutants - qui sont profondément impressionnés par un auteur et qui, par un mimétisme souvent inconscient, venu de l'intérieur, arrivent à assimiler la manière du maître préféré. J'estime que cette imitation-là est utile, indispensable: plus exactement, c'est une influence. C'est à elle que revient

17 Paul Morand, Papiers d'identité, p. 25.
le joli nom d'"heureux larcin". Proust a
débuté en imitant France, dans les "Plaisirs
et les Jours." Le délicieux Maurois de "Dis-
rafli" doit beaucoup au délicieux Strachey
d'"Eminent Victorians". J'ai tiré pendant
plusieurs années d'utiles nourritures du
"Barnabooth" de Larbaud. A leur tour, des
écrivains originaux, comme Delteil, comme
Beucler, m'ont dit s'être servis de moi;...

It was during his military service at Caen that
he became interested in the ballet, which, but for the
sole exception of his experiences at the Exposition of
1900 where he saw and appreciated the Ceylonese and exotic
native dances, was a sharp about-face for Morand. As a
child he had been forced to take dancing lessons from a
Mr. Washington Lopp, an American, who specialized in the
grizzly and the cake-walk. These lessons were a torture
and a horror for the boy. Later, in 1908, Giraudoux
dragged him to Bullier where the danse de l'ours, a varia-
tion if not a fore-runner of the bunny-hug, was the rage.
These experiences confirmed in Morand his distaste for
popular dances, which appeared more like contortions of

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18 Within indented quotations the French punctuation has been retained.

19 Paul Morand, "Influences et Imitations,"
Papiers d'identité, p. 154.
one afflicted with the St. Vitus dance.  

However, at this period of his life he came to Paris on furlough from Caen and rushed immediately to the ballet where Nijinsky was performing in creations of Serge Diaghilev, and this was the probable sperm which fertilized the imaginative egg that culminated much later in the exquisite _Mort du Cygne_ that Morand wrote in 1933 and which, when adapted to the screen, won for him the _Grand Prix du Cinéma_ in 1937.

At the end of his military conscription he returned to the Ecole des Sciences Politiques where he completed his fourth and final year, preparing for the competitive examinations for Vice Consuls, and where he again studied under the galaxy of professors that included Boutmy, Sorel, Vandal and Emile Bourgeois. He was received first in the concours and was attached to the protocol, along with his classmate Alexis Léger. In 1913, he presented himself at the grand concours for Ambassadors and again carried off first honors. He was assigned to London and from that time forward his period of travel began. To be sure, he had spent some time in Spain just prior to the Petit concours and had traveled to England frequently as a lad and


student, but the really serious business of continent-hopping and living out of a valise, which characterized the next twenty years of his life, was embarked upon. His new day was about to dawn.

The outbreak of World War I brought him back to France, where he was mobilized in the Fourth Zouaves at Rosny-sur-Seine, but, within a month or so he was transferred to the diplomatic service, on loan from the Armed Services. Reassigned to London, he engaged in the mysterious, exciting business of an Embassy in war-time.

During this sojourn in England he frequented not only the diplomatic circles but also the haunts of cafe society, the Bohemians, the English Vorticists, so similar in aims and ideas to the Futurists, and the cabaret set. While serving directly under the conservative French diplomat, the septuagenarian Paul Vambon, Morand learned to appraise coldly and dispassionately the madness of a world gone berserk chasing ephemeral pleasures in an attempt to forget the impending catastrophe and apparent Armageddon. Stansbury described him very aptly when he wrote:

As a diplomat and bohemian Morand was in an excellent position to take the pulse of a shattered and delirious Europe. A part of the routine of his life was to hear the din of cabarets, and to be the guest of many establishments, whether "open" or "closed" at night. Here he heard many a strange tale and confession from the human wrecks who frequented them. The commonplace had no attraction for him, and wishing to make a methodical
investigation of strange derelicts whom the War had cast adrift, he assurred the haunts of dissipation and vice in quest of his subjects. He sought the wandering, unprotected girl, the drug addict, the degenerate, the social outcast; in short, any human embodiment of moral and intellectual degradation.22

Here Stansbury was projecting his remarks a bit farther along in the life of Paul Morand but they also fit more or less well his experiences in war-time London. The three years which he spent at the French Embassy enabled him to renew his previous contacts made while he was at the University of Oxford and to establish new ones among the international set that thronged the capital.

In 1916 he returned to Paris, serving as an attaché under Philippe Berthelot and Jules Cambon until the end of 1917, at which time he was transferred to Rome. While in Paris he renewed his acquaintance with Marcel Proust, to whom he presented the Princess Soutzo of Roumania. Proust, who greatly envied Morand's diplomatic career, was perhaps more impressed by the royal aura which surrounded the princess, for no sooner had Morand left for Italy than he carried on a regular correspondence with the princess, who later was to become Madame Morand.

In Rome, Morand served as Third Secretary of the French Embassy under Barrère and, in 1918, he was transferred to Madrid where he worked in a similar position

under the supervision of Joseph Thierry. The end of the war and the beginning of 1919 found him again in Paris where for six years he was attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Here he occupied various posts, including that of Chief of the literary section of the Oeuvres françaises à l'étranger, working under Jean Giraudoux directing propaganda for French letters, and later as Second Secretary. His work was not particularly confining, for he made quarterly trips to London and was able to find time for forays into various literary activities and circles.23

Under the sponsorship of Henri de Régnier and with the encouragement and approval of Emmanuel Bibesco and Marcel Proust, Morand had published his first short story, Clarisse, in the Mercure de France, in 1917. This whetted even more his interest in modern literature. He tried his hand at the new poetry, contributing to the Dadaist journal, Littérature, where the leftists of Tristan Tzara's coterie joined hands with the avant-garde, thus producing a curious combination of talents, some of which were hardly justifiable according to the title of the journal. Here could be found all shades of the post-war literary rainbow: Claudel, Valéry, Gide, Larbaud, former Cubists and

friends of Apollinaire, such as André Salmon and Max Jacob. Among the musicians were Erik Satie and the Six: Georges Auric, Louis Durey, Honegger, Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc and Germaine Taillefer. Of the Dadaists, the best known and certainly the most vociferous were probably Philippe Soupault, André Breton and Louis Aragon. Other contributors included Drieu la Rochelle, Blaise Cendrars, Benjamin Péret, Paul Eluard, Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes, Pierre Reverdy and the ubiquitous Jean Cocteau. Among the illustrators and left-wing artists were men like Marcel Duchamp, Picasso and Picabia.  

In 1919 Paul Morand published a collection of his ultra-modernistic poems which were examples of a curious mixture of the principles of the fauvistes and futuristes, under the title of Lampes à arc. The following year appeared another collection, Feuilles de température. The style of these poems presaged the future prose works of Morand and could conceivably be called the bell that sounded the matins of his new day. Pierre Brodin summarized them tersely and succinctly when he wrote:

>Ces poèmes courts, inspirés par des impressions de guerre et d'après-guerre ainsi que par les séjours de l'auteur à l'étranger, emportent la marque d'une riche imagination; avec leur rythme syncopé, moderne, leur style imagé, invertébré, fiévreux...Morand poète fait songer à Cendrars, à Marinetti. Il se

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For the next five years Morand's star broke forth in all its scintillating glory. *Tendres Stooks* (1921), *Ouvert la nuit* (1922), *Fermé la nuit* (1923), the short novel *Lewis et Irène* (1924), and *L'Europe galante* (1925) established him as the foremost writer of the younger generation. Like a meteor he rose to the heights of literary popularity. His style was commented upon and copied by a host of writers, both young and old. This style was one in which he added image upon image, metaphor upon metaphor upon metaphor, employing startling disassociations, exceptional characters and circumstances, the complication of simple situations and the simplification of complicated problems, while the reader followed his dizzying ascent in a daze of admiration mingled with astonishment and, at times, perplexity.

During these five years he had continued his travels, visiting the Balearic Islands, Ireland, Turkey, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. He had moved to 9, rue Davigny in 1922, and after the publication of *Fermé la nuit* to 18, rue de Penthèrve, in 1924. His

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parents were still living at 5, rue de l'Ecole-de-Médecine, but Morand's Parisian residence changed almost as often as his daily routine. Not only did he visit Morocco and Italy each year but in 1925 we find him installed at 11 bis, avenue de Suffren. In the meantime, he had been collaborating with many reviews and journals, including various English periodicals. Some of the better known publications of which he was a collaborator were Broom, the Anglo-French Review, The Dial, La Ronda, Grecia, Cosmopolis, La Revue de Paris, La Nouvelle Revue Française and Les Oeuvres Libres. He was the darling of tout-Paris and sped from success to other successes. Perhaps wearying of this semi-literary, semi-journalistic life, he requested a foreign assignment and the Foreign Office appointed him chargé d'affaires of the French Legation in Bangkok.

Heretofore his peripatetic urge had been satisfied by his peregrinations in the Mediterranean area and in Western Europe. Henceforth wider and more universal horizons opened up for him. Enroute to his new assignment he traveled to New York, Vancouver, Japan, (where he renewed his acquaintance with Paul Claudel), Singapore and finally Bangkok. Here the tropical climate was an obstacle on which he had not counted, and, suffering poor health, he


was forced to return to France after but a few months sojourn. The return trip was made in an eastward direction and thus he accomplished the girdling of the globe.

Back in Paris he was relieved from diplomatic duty and he purchased the Orangerie at Villefranche-sur-Mer, the port of Nice and the most beautiful harbor of the Côte d'Azur. Here he settled down in order to recuperate his health and here also he resumed his participation and interest in outdoor sports, particularly swimming and boating, and, what is more important for his career, continued to write.

His interests were now cosmopolitan and the tendencies of his writing veered towards journalistic commentary, essays, reportages and travel memoirs, with but occasional excursions into the field of pure fiction. In 1927, he married the widow Hélène Chrissaveloni, the princess Soutzo of Roumania, and not long afterwards established his residence at 3, avenue Charles-Piaget, almost within the shadow of the Tour Eiffel in Paris.

The appearance of Rien que la Terre (1926), Bouddha vivant (1927), and Magie noire (1928) disclosed a definite modification in his style and content. Traveling in South America, the West Indies, Africa and the American South,

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he had been confronted with and fascinated by the color and race problem, particularly with respect to the Negro, and much of his work during this period betrayed his preoccupation with this question.

In 1928, his father died. At the time, Paul Morand and his wife and step-daughter were living at Les Menuls, a château belonging to his in-laws, located near Ram-bouillet. The financial crash of 1929 affected seriously his wife's financial investments and holdings in Central Europe, and, consequently, Morand was forced to write and lecture extensively for a living. Upon order from the publisher Flammarion, he wrote New-York (1930), which opened the way for two more portraits of cities, Londres (1931), which was much more sympathetically written, and Bucarest (1935). In these frothy and delightful portraits, Morand deftly mingled fact and fiction, successfully pillaged popular and erudite sources for the history and background of the cities, added his own peculiar brand of witty commentary and dramatic imagery, original as well as borrowed, and produced a type of exoticism, or perhaps exodisme, which became another of his trademarks.

He further increased his income with Flèche d'Orient and Air Indien, both written in 1932, partially because of his mania for speed, new horizons and air travel, but chiefly for "a fat stipend from the publicity department of
a French air line."

Being on leave from the Foreign Office, which technically was termed en disponibilité, he had but occasional diplomatic assignments. So, for the greater part of the 1930's, he devoted his time and energy to travel and the writing of fiction, essays and chronicles. He visited the United States, South America (except Ecuador), Egypt, Arabia, Bagdad, Aden, Tombouctou and many intermediate points. In 1935, he was invited by Pierre Brisson and Lucien Romier to join the staff of Le Figaro which Madame Fontaneau had just purchased from Coty, Limited. She had been Coty's first wife. Morand accepted the invitation and became, technically speaking, a member of the journal's editorial staff, along with Wladimir d'Ormesson and André Maurois. In actual fact, Morand merely gave his name to a collection of short stories, in which appeared, among others, Edgar Allan Poe's little known tales, (little known in French, that is), and

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29 Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft, op. cit., p. 983.


Marguerite Yourcenar’s first books. In 1938, he was recalled to diplomatic duty by the Foreign Office and became French delegate to the Danube.

At the outbreak of World War II he was Chief of the French Mission of Economic Warfare in London. In 1940, he was French Minister Plenipotentiary in the English capital, but at the time of the Armistice he was on leave from his post, having been called back to France. It is reported that while he was in London there was a scarcity of French stenographers and secretarial help and that, as a result, he had to share the services of his secretary, a Mademoiselle de Miribel, with a freshly minted general, Charles de Gaulle. The general is said to have approached Morand on the subject of joining the Free French and continuing the struggle against the invading Germans, but that his offer was refused. Morand, at the time, was practically unacquainted with the general and perhaps felt that his life-time connection with the Quai d’Orsay was too strong a tie to be broken so easily.

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For two years he lived in Paris and became a resolute 35 partisan of German hegemony. He has been criticized severely, perhaps unjustly, for his journalistic commentary during this period, but it is a fact that he was a frequent contributor to the weekly journal, Voix Françaises, and continued to write an occasional article or play review for the Nouvelle Revue Française while it was under its new editor, Drieu la Rochelle, who was a frank collaborationist.

In 1942, Morand was recalled to the Foreign Office in Vichy. In 1943, he was Minister at Bucharest, and, in 1944, Ambassador at Berne, Switzerland. In August, 1944, he was discharged, like all the Vichyssois at the request or demand of the Communists who were then in full power and with powerful influence over General de Gaulle. The press reports of the time merely mentioned the break between the Swiss and the Government of Vichy and stated that Morand had resigned his post. Later, in an inter-


view with Christine Garnier, he explained his dismissal in the following words:

En 1944, malgré l'opposition de bons amis, le C. E. D., à la demande d'un pharmacien de province, avait jugé bon de me mettre sur les listes de proscription en l'honorable compagnie de Giono, de Montherlant... Je venais d'être chassé de mon ambassade de Berne, sur l'initiative de Bidanet qui voulait être agréable aux communistes, et chassé comme ne l'est pas un domestique, sans traitement ni retraite...39

His discharge was apparently peremptory and Morand prudently remained in Switzerland at Territet, Villa Maryland, for the next three years. In 1947, he returned to France, he claims, without permission or passport, to see his mother on her deathbed, and, this same year appealed the decision concerning his discharge by requesting the highest French administrative tribunal, the Conseil d'Etat, to return his rank and post to him and to grant him his pension, as he was old enough to be entitled to the latter. The Foreign Office opposed this request but the Conseil d'Etat, on July 24, 1953, annulled the original decision, declaring it "entachée d'exces de pouvoir." The Minister of Foreign Affairs had the right and the duty to appeal this decision if he considered it


40 "Out of the Night" Time, XLIV, 19 (November 6, 1944), 99.

unjust, but, apparently unable to locate substantiating evidence to the contrary, declined to file an appeal or to reopen the case. On July 6, 1955, an official decree appeared in the *Journal officiel* declaring valid the decision of the Conseil d'État, which resulted in the reintegration of Morand into the *cadre* of the Foreign Office, retroactive to 1953, and provided him with retirement and pension.

From 1947 on, he lived alternately at the Château de l'Aile in Vevey, Switzerland, and in Andalusia. In 1950, he established a winter residence at Tanger, Morocco. Withdrawing from all political activities, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the writing of novels, souvenirs, *nouvelles* and *récits*, among which figure many that, in quality, far surpass his early successes.

The death of the academician Claude Farrère presented him with an opportunity to offer himself as a candidate for the vacant chair and was the stimulus for a subsequent events which are unique in the history of the Forty Immortals.

Early in his career, as a result of the resounding success of his first books, Morand appeared surely destined to a seat with the members of the Académie

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Française. In 1928, a weekly polled its readers concerning the most likely of the younger writers to be elected to the Academy and Morand led the field by a wide margin. In fact, once before, in November, 1935, Paul Morand had presented himself to the Académie Française as a candidate for the armchair of his former chief, Jules Cambon, and had lost ignominiously to the admiral Lacaze. On that occasion Lacaze received sixteen votes, Charlety eight and Morand six.

Only three or four years prior to his second candidacy, he had disclaimed any pretension to the Academy, when he stated:

J'aurais...beaucoup aimé être de l'Académie vers quarante ans. Aujourd'hui, vingt-cinq ans plus tard, ayant échappé aux honneurs toujours détestés, je suis débarrassé des contraintes sociales. Pendant trente-deux ans, j'ai coiffé le bicorné, je préfère maintenant aller tête nue...Je ne regrette pas du tout de m'être présenté une fois dans les années 30: mes visites académiques m'ont fait connaître de vieux gentlemen absolument pittoresques, courtois et charmants, que je n'aurais jamais vus sans cela, de Paul Bourget à René Boylesves...Je ne réside d'ailleurs plus en France depuis 1943; mon statut de voyageur, je ne suis pas près d'y renoncer!

His actual candidacy in 1958 unleashed a barrage of protests from a minority group of eleven members of the Academy, led by Jules Romain and including François Guillaume Hanoteau, op. cit., p. 30. Hanoteau erroneously states that the referendum concerned the writers who were less than thirty years of age. Morand was forty years old at the time.

Christine Garnier, op. cit., p. 164.
Maurlao, Pasteur Vallery-Radot, le comte d'Harcourt, Georges Duhamel, Maurice Garoon, Fernand Gregh, Wladimir d'Ormesson, André Chanson, André Siegfried and Robert Kemp. These writers of the so-called "left," which term includes the literary and university clique as opposed to the "right," which is composed of the nobility and diplomatic representatives, were vehement in their denunciation of Morand. On April 24, 1958 they signed a letter addressed to the Academy stating their opposition to the entrance of Paul Morand into the Company. Jacques de Laoretelle assumed the leadership of the majority who favored Morand, and wrote a detailed letter to M. André François-Poncet, then serving as director of the office of the Academy. In this letter he excused himself for not being present at the meeting of May 8, 1958, inasmuch as he was delegated by the Academy to represent it at Amsterdam for the ceremony commemorating the foundation of the Royal Dutch Academy.

He recalled the last meeting of the Academy, at which time a member had pronounced some sharp attacks against Paul Morand. These attacks were not, according to Laoretelle, based on facts or direct testimony. He then cited several witnesses, in the form of testimonials in favor of Paul Morand, specifying particularly that of a Monsieur Younel. Among the others were a letter from the actress Mori Freund, dated Easter Monday, 1943, which
related the steps taken by Morand to have her released from imprisonment, a statement by Madame Edouard Bourdet, and a letter from Jean Paulhan, dated May 1, 1958, which recalled the intervention of Morand with the Vichy Government in favor of Benjamin Crémieux, (August 5, 1942), and of Anne Hirsch, (February 2 and 10, 1943), "interventions rapides et dans le cas d'Anne Hirsch parfaitement efficace," according to the testimony of Paulhan.

Monsieur de Laoretelle continued his defense of Morand as he terminated his letter, as follows:

Pour résumer la question, il apparaît que sur le plan professionnel la situation de M. Paul Morand, en tant que fonctionnaire, est très nette. Révoqué par le ministre des affaires étrangères en septembre 1944, il a aussitôt fait appel de cette mesure devant le Conseil d'État qui, le 24 juillet 1953, a annulé la décision en la déclarant "entachée d'excès de pouvoir." Le ministre des affaires étrangères, qui avait droit de faire appel et de rouvrir le dossier quant à fond, n'en a pas usé. Et le 6 juillet 1955, par décret paru au Journal officiel, le ministre des affaires étrangères a entériné le jugement du Conseil d'État.45

The dissension flared up again when Jules Romains wrote an open letter, published in L'Aurore on May 13, 1958, begging Morand to withdraw his candidacy. Veiled threats were made, stating that if Morand were elected the eleven dissidents would not attend the meeting of the Academy.

45 Cited from a Parisian journal, May, 1958, a copy of the article being inserted in the Appendix, pp. 375.
In favor of Morand were Pierre Benoît, Marcel Pagnol, Lacretelle, Daniel-Rops, Jean Cocteau and thirteen other assured votes. But one more vote was needed for a majority and this was practically assured from Monseigneur Grene. It is reported that this assurance was blocked and voided when, at the last moment, an anonymous hand sent to the prelate a copy of Morand's *Hécate et ses chiens*, with the scabrous passages underlined with red pencil, a procedure reminiscent of the method used to defeat Alexis Piron two centuries earlier.

Further complications and political horse-trading occurred at this time. Another seat of the Academy, that of Edouard Herriot, had fallen vacant in the interim and the postulant was the renowned biologist, Jean Rostand. He was the favorite of the "left" and in the corridors of the Academy new alignments were suggested, the "right" offering to help elect Rostand only if the elect would agree to support Morand.

The elections were held May 22, 1958, each candidate

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Guillaume Hanoteau, op. cit., p. 31. Hanoteau errs again when he cites the récit in question as being *Hécube et ses chiens*. His literary background is a trifle weak, inasmuch as he does not know the difference between the Queen of Troy and the Queen of Hell. Nevertheless, the method used by the anonymous donor was effective and it is possible that the refrain may be changed to

"Ci-git Morand
Qui ne fut rien
Même pas académicien!"
failing by a single vote to attain election. This was the signal for the beginning of a year-long campaign, waged along parliamentary lines, inasmuch as the next elections were scheduled for April, 1959. In November, 1958, the Academy ruled that henceforth no dual elections were to take place the same day, thus avoiding a repetition of the obvious political trading that had taken place in May. Rostand, rebuffed, refused at first to present himself a second time but was eventually persuaded to change his mind.

An unsigned article in Le Monde commented in detail about l'affaire Morand, as it was coming to be known, and summarized the reasons given by the opposition in the following words:

Si malgré l'opposition d'une importante minorité M. Paul Morand devait être élu le 22 mai, d'autres troubles suivaient sans doute: refus de participer aux séances, etc. La Compagnie perdrait en tout cas cette bonne entente, faite de courtoisie, peut-être aussi de silences, qui est une de ses traditions. Une règle veut en effet Quai Conti que tout candidat, une fois élu, soit considéré comme l'élu de tous. Mais les adversaires de M. Paul Morand estiment que celui-ci ne pourra jamais être leur élu.

Quelles sont les raisons de cette rigueur? Le mérite littéraire de M. Paul Morand est indiscutable et n'est pas discuté. Son attitude pendant l'occupation seule est en cause. Il a été de ceux pour qui la victoire allemande de 1940 a été le signal d'un

In the case of Morand, eighteen votes; Jacques Bardoux, four; fifteen blank ballots. On the second and last ballot, Morand received eighteen votes, with six for Bardoux and thirteen blank ones. On the last round of voting for the other seat, Rostand received eighteen votes, Jacques Charpentier, sixteen and three ballots were blank.
engagement politique, qui peut paraître, vu son oeuvre antérieure, inattendu. Cet engagement se traduit dans le cursus honorum d'une carrière, et dans des prises de position que l'écrivain n'a d'ailleurs nullement désavouées par la suite......

...Le 29 août 1941 il écrit: "Lorsque frappèrent à nos frontières des peuples soumis à une haute pression patriotique, portée au rouge dans toutes les formes de leur vitalité, ayant présent à l'esprit le sentiment tragique et dionysiaque de l'existence....Lorsque ces peuples mené par des hommes pour qui ne comptait que le bonheur collectif se furent heurtés à nous..., les chefs de ces masses pour qui la vie avait été longue et difficile firent voler en éclats les faibles et vieux hédonistes qui nous dirigeaient et pour qui la vie était courte et bonne."

Cette foi politique, qui lui est inspiré par son horreur du communisme, il l'exprimera plus explicitement encore dans ses ouvrages d'après guerre, dans un livre comme le Flagellant de Séville, où sans se mettre directement en cause, puisque le sujet a trait à l'occupation française en Espagne sous Napoléon, il explique et justifie l'attitude de la collaboration tout en peignant celle de la Résistance sous de tristes couleurs. 48

Thus the battle-lines were drawn strictly along the ideas of resistance and collaboration. His friends claimed that the reintegration of Morand into the Foreign Office was equivalent to a non-lieu, while his adversaries claimed that the matter was never judged on its merits.

His most bitter adversary, Jules Romains, did not raise a single doubt of Morand's fitness for the Academy insofar as his literary qualifications were concerned, for he wrote, perhaps with tongue in cheek:

Je tiens d'ailleurs de vous assurer que les considérations qui nous ont poussés, dix de mes confrères et moi-même, à prendre l'attitude que

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Le Monde, (26 avril 1958), p. 9. Although the article is unsigned, from its style it appears to have been written by Jacqueline Piatier.
you savez (attitude absolument exceptionnelle dans l'histoire de l'Académie) ne concernaient en rien l'œuvre purement littéraire de Paul Morand.49

The expression "purement littéraire" may be the tongue in cheek, for Morand's journalistic essays in the Voix Françaises form much of the basis for the accusations against him. Jacques de Lacretelle, nevertheless, defended Morand's journalistic writings in a most eloquent fashion, as may be seen from the following excerpt from a letter:

Pour l'écrivain, je puis vous assurer qu'il n'a pas écrit une ligne qui fût favorable aux Allemands. A la Libération, un Comité National des Ecrivains a été formé et a prononcé des sanctions.50 Rien n'a pu être relevé contre Morand. Peut-être avez-vous lu dans "Le Monde" un article où on lui reproche une certaine phrase contre le dangereux relâchement des Français tandis que l'Allemagne de Hitler préparait la guerre. Mais chacun de nous pensait cela, l'a écrit et ce n'était pas de trahir son pays. Vous pouvez lire dans le Journal de Gide à la date du 21 mai 1940: "O insursemblent léger peuple de France! Tu vas payer bien cher aujourd'hui ton inapplicaiton, ton insouciance, ton repos complaisant dans tant de qualités charmantes." Et quelques jours plus tard Gide ajoute que le


50 The C. N. E. was headed by Paul Eluard and dominated by the Communists, who also controlled the Front National, Union Nationale des Intellectuels and the Maison de la Pensée Française. Anyone who attacked the Communists was de facto anti-communist and therefore follower of Goebbels and an enemy of democracy. Cf. Pierre de Boisdeffre, Une histoire vivante de la littérature d'aujourd'hui, 1938-1958 (Paris: Le Livre contemporain 1958), p. 96.
relâchement qui a suivi la victoire de 1918 nous a perdus. (Souhaitons que cette prophétie ne puisse jamais s’appliquer aux États-Unis à l’égard de la Russie.)

En ce qui concerne l’Académie, Morand, malgré la campagne acharnée de ses adversaires, a failli être élu. Une voix lui a manqué seulement. De même qu’à Jean Rostand, écrivain dit de gauche, qui se présentait le même jour à un autre siège, j’avais voté pour l’un et pour l’autre et je puis affirmer que si, ce jour-là, la politique l’a emporté, la littérature, elle, a perdu.

Between the elections of 1958 and 1959 both factions were busy, repairing breaches, shoring up their defenses. First of all, for the opponents, it was necessary to replace André Siegfried, who had died, and secondly, to keep Jean Rostand in a receptive frame of mind, for he was a trump card for carrying votes beyond their own group of ten.

The division between collaborators and resisters is a tenuous one. Mauriac and Chanson certainly fall into the line of resisters. Romaina had to leave France in 1940, his wife having been born a Dreyfus, and he had, therefore, little direct knowledge of subsequent events in occupied France. His animosity to Morand may have originated from the fact that he was in a slightly vulnerable position, after the Liberation, inasmuch as he had succeeded a man who had been excluded from the Company because of collaborationist activities. Romaina would certainly consider Morand’s former status as Vichy

minister and ambassador as something similar. Ergo, the admittance of Morand to the Academy would conceivably place Romains in danger of losing his seat, in the event that Abel Bonnard returned to claim his place among the Forty Immortals.

Among the dissidents, Vallery-Radot, an adamant Communist, would surely be opposed to Morand, but Georges Duhamel presents a different aspect of the problem. Morand, himself, reported most sympathetically the reception of Duhamel into the Academy, but the personal feud between Duhamel and Pierre Benoit may have influenced the former's attitude. It is common knowledge that Benoit has little respect for Duhamel's literary competence. He is reported to have made the following comment:

Aujourd'hui, trois médecins siègent à l'Académie: Mondor, Vallery-Radot, Duhamel, car je ne vois pas dans quelle autre catégorie on pourrait ranger ce dernier.

Another hypothesis could be constructed from the fact that in his Rond-Point des Champs-Élysées (Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1935), p. 34, Morand wrote a criticism of the various economic plans, singling out specifically the Plan du 9 Juillet which was sponsored by Romains. This may have been one of the original reasons for Romains' hostility. Petty resentments over which one broods for years often result in otherwise apparently inexplicable animosities.

La Revue des Deux Mondes, XIV, s8, 34 (15 juillet 1930), 465-468.

Guillaume Hanoteau, "Elles et Eux" Paris-Match, 529 (30 mai 1959), 82.
Duhamel was, of course, an active Résistant in the underground, working with the Comité National des Ecrivains and being associated with Jacques Decour, who was shot by the Nazis in 1942, Debord-Bridel, Malraux, Vildrac and others in the publication of the weekly Les Lettres Françaises. His works were placed on the verboten list by the Nazis and an entire edition of his works was burned. Three members of his family were imprisoned and his home ransacked by the Gestapo.

Robert Kemp, journalist and Johnny-come-lately member of the Company, was also openly opposed to Morand's candidacy.

Pagnol, Laoretelle, Benoit and Cooteau were among Morand's most ardent defenders and for many years have been his close friends, or at least as close friends as Morand permits, for he is ever reserved and aloof. Laoretelle and Benoit were among those singled out for ridicule, together with a particularly vicious attack on Morand, by Jacques Prévert more than twenty years ago.

Carcopino, who was Pétain's Secretary of National

55 H. C. Wolfe, "French Literature Emerges from the Blackout" Saturday Review of Literature (XXVII), 42 (October 14, 1944), 12.

Education and who opposed religious instruction in the public schools, and Léon Bérard, Pétain’s ambassador to the Vatican, can be placed in Morand’s camp. In fact, prior to the elections of April 23, 1959, eighteen votes were pledged to Morand. The hard core of ten votes of the petitioners could well have been the only opposition, i.e., after the first ballot in which a few courtesy votes might have been given to minor candidates.

Jean Roatand was elected to the seat formerly held by Edouard Herriot, on April 16, 1959, notwithstanding the disapproval of Cardinal Grente, who could never be persuaded to accept willingly a free-thinker in the Academy, and in spite of the opposition of the right who had supported Jacques Charpentier, in an apparent effort to embarrass Maurice Garçon, for at the Academy a lawyer never likes to see another lawyer come to sit beside him.


58 (1876-1960).


60 Ibid.
The following week the election for the vacant seat of Claude Farrère was scheduled. Until the last moment the victory of Paul Morand seemed assured. Of the thirty-five academicians, four were absent: Gaxotte, Jean-Louis Vaudoyer, the Duo de Broglie and the Cardinal Grente. The first three were pro-Morand, Vaudoyer having been in charge of the Comédie-Française during the German occupation of France, Gaxotte, a close personal friend and admirer of Morand, and Broglie, whose nephew and heir to the ducal title is married to Morand's step-daughter. The duke was at Cannes and the other three were ill. Grente is reported to have succumbed to pressure from Wladimir d'Ormesson who promised his vote for Grente's cousin in another election.

The outcome of the scheduled election was now in doubt, Morand being assured of but fifteen of the thirty-one votes, ten of the remaining sixteen being unequivocally antagonistic. Minutes before the voting was to begin, Morand dramatically withdrew because of the interference of the President of the Republic, Charles de Gaulle, titular protector of the Academy. The request was reportedly instigated by Jules Romain and his friends

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62 Ibid., p. 100.
was delivered through the intermediation of the perpetual secretary of the Academy and two of Morand's supporters, Daniel-Rops and Jacques de Lacretelle. The message was worded mildly, even blandly, suggesting merely that the candidacy of Morand be postponed because, at the time, it provoked too much partisan hatred. The inference contained in this request was that the President would refuse to receive M. Morand on his customary official call, if he were elected.

Such peremptory action is completely in accord with the vindictive nature of Charles de Gaulle, who apparently permits his judgment to be influenced by dreams of grandeur, personal enmities and prejudices. This has been demonstrated repeatedly by his reprisals against antagonists and even dissenters, to wit, his persecution of General Maxime Weygand, his dismissal of

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63 "The Limits of Tolerance" Time, LXXIII, 18 (May 4, 1959), 21.

64 This was evident as far back as the Liberation and the interim government of General de Gaulle. Pierre de Boisdeffre commented upon this tendency in the following terms: "Et les guides les plus écoutés - à commencer par l'éditorialiste anonyme de Combat, Albert Camus - la mettaient (La France) en garde contre les rêves de grandeur dont le général de Gaulle était alors le symbole." op. cit., p. 95.

Roger Wybot, his denial of Jacques Soustelle and, of course, his rejection of Paul Morand.

Morand having formally withdrawn, the election was adjourned until May 21, 1959, but the furor over the Morand affair did not subside. Pierre Benoit resigned from the Academy; Morand left for a tour of Scotland; Lyautey and Bardoux, his opponents for the seat of Farrère, also withdrew; Henri Troyat, Russian-born novelist, formerly a postulant for the vacant seat of Georges Lecomte, transferred his candidacy to that of Claude Farrère, and, virtually unopposed, was received by the Académie Française in an élection du maréchal.

Parisian journalists wrote reams of copy concerning the affair but Bernard Frank, with his characteristic

66 "The Listener" Time, LXXIII, 18 (May 4, 1959), 21. Wybot was head of the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire, the internal security agency similar to the American F. B. I., from 1945 until December, 1958, at which time he was removed by De Gaulle, whose conversations he is reported to have had tapped.


68 Troyat was elected by twenty-three votes, with two blank ballots. There was no opposition, except for a last-minute futile campaign by the relatively unknown journalist, Pierre Berger, whose candidacy was not regarded seriously.
caustic wit, appears to have best summarized and reflected the opinion of the general public, when he wrote tersely:

En suggérant à Paul Morand d'aller visiter les châteaux d'Eoosse, l'Académie française a voulu montrer que si de 1940 à 1944, sa résistance à l'occupant était passée inaperçue, par contre, en 1959, elle s'était ressaisie et que sa résistance à la littérature pouvait être éclatante. 69

The irony of this rejection was accentuated still further the following year when Henry de Montherlant was literally drafted into the Academy without making any overt steps. This also was an election of the Marshal, and hardly in keeping with his actions of the year before. Montherlant was an open collaborator during the German occupation, writing for La Gerbe. Neither he nor Anouilh nor Malraux, the three leading contemporary French writers, had made any pretension to the Academy. Nevertheless, in a meeting of the Academy, Pierre Gaxotte re-discovered Article 15 of the rules of the Company, which states that an act of candidacy can be constituted by a simple wish expressed in the silence of a private office in the presence of a single member of the Academy. Montherlant was elected March 24, 1960, by the vote of twenty-four for him and five blank ballots. These five were apparently only technically blank, for it is reported that each

69 Bernard Frank, "Faut-il supprimer l'Académie Française?" Arts, 723 (20 au 20 mai 1959), 1.
one was marked with an angry cross.

From the evidence, it appears that Morand's candidacy was merely ill-timed. From eleven dissidents in 1958, to ten in 1959, and, finally, to five in 1960 is the record of the opposition. Unfortunately for him, Morand was not the postulant in 1960.

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Guillaume Hanoteau, "Montherlant le sauvage pris au piège de l'académie" Paris-Match, 573 (2 avril 1960), 82-88.
According to Thibaudet, few books have been more enthusiastically adopted by a determined epoch, specifically that of 1925, than Ouvert la nuit, Fermé la nuit and L'Europe galante. This commentary was applicable chiefly to France but in only slightly lesser degree to England and her reading public. Ouvert la nuit and Fermé la nuit followed Morand's earlier collections of verse and his trio of short stories, Tendres Stocks, and were followed by his first novel, Lewis et Irène, then another collection of short stories, the afore-mentioned L'Europe galante, and a récit de voyage, Rien que la Terre. These were not merely the depiction of a post-war Europe but a synthesis and construction of the Europe of that era, far more successful, accurate and appealing than the syntheses attempted by the Cubist painters, because of the almost inimitable style that he produced.

When a writer succeeds in producing a style it may be recognized by his choice of words, the sentence structure and the arrangement of words, and in the accommodation of these procedures to the expression of his thought. In the past grammarians have striven to codify this art, which they called rhetoric, to catalogue these procedures under

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technical headings labeled metaphors, similes, hyperbole, trope, prolepsis, syllepsis, ellipsis and various other terms. This codification is at present a curiosity, a cultural cemetery, for it is merely the notation and classification of appearances, in the hope of determining laws and explanations for the style of an author. Theoretically, a literary debutant could follow the precepts thus established and produce a work of equal caliber and quality.

Such an analysis is patently impossible in the case of an author like Paul Morand, who, by his very denial of the accepted rules and procedures, succeeded in developing a style which was exotic, non-conformist, illusionist and artificial, but scintillating and shocking to the readers of that day. It was the novelty and daring of his unconventional style which rocketed him to the literary heights in five short years and became the basis for his later, more classical works, which were constructed carefully and more elaborately written in a subdued and masterful style.

Yet, behind the masks, which are the figures and images of a writer, the critic seeks one reality, namely, the impression desired or willed, consciously or subconsciously, by the author to reach his reader. Such an analysis leads one to try to fathom the psychology of the author whose preoccupation is undoubtedly to communicate his thought in some particular manner.
From the two early volumes of verse through Tendres Stocks and including Lewis et Irène, there is a solid chain which Morand has forged and which has been tentatively and precariously grouped under classifications such as imagism, exoticism, "exodism" and cosmopolitanism, to mention but a few. Morand himself realized the unity of his work and style, for, in an interview with Frédéric Lefèvre, he stated:

On m'a reproché d'avoir donné une suite à Ouvert la nuit; mais les personnages de Fermé la nuit avaient été conçus bien avant que le premier des deux livres n'ait paru. Bientôt cela se fera qu'un tout. D'ailleurs, je pense que tous mes autres livres contiendront toujours la même chose sous des formes diverses.²

This statement, if true, would place chronologically the conception of all the male protagonists of Fermé la nuit before 1922, the date of the publication of the entire collection of Ouvert la nuit, perhaps as early as 1919 or 1920, which is quite plausible. La Nuit de Charlottenburg, included in Fermé la nuit, was written at Berlin-Talloires in 1921. From a standpoint of similarity in style, the technique and methods employed could go back as far as 1917, the date of the appearance of his first sketch, Clarisse, later included in Tendres Stocks.

² Paul Morand, "Interview donné à Frédéric Lefèvre" Papiers d'identité, p. 26.

in 1921.

Morand was seeking a style that would be not only original but in harmony with the flashing, fleeting tempo of the century. He resented, at least by implication, attempts to harness and to codify literature or to develop iron-clad literary systems. More of a realist in outlook and ideas than anything else, he believed that the label exotisme, attributed to his early works by many critics, was exactly the reverse of what he had written, which is corroborated by his own definition of the term:

...l'exotisme, c'est l'utilisation littéraire de ce qui se trouve au loin, hors de nos frontières, par exclusion et aux dépens de ce qui est au dedans.

Thus he appeared as a proponent of a type of cosmopolitanism that sought to establish new, exact and constant relationships between France and the rest of the world and to reflect an international viewpoint. But Paul Morand has consistently refused to accept generalizations or preconceived theories, as can be seen when he remonstrated in an unmistakable fashion:

...Nous m'entraînées dans les idées générales. Je me défends d'avoir des théories; les théoriciens n'en vivent pas et les créateurs risquent d'en mourir.

An additional consideration which is essential to the critic of any literary work which portrays a technique

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4 Papiers d'identité, p. 20
5 Ibid., p. 23.
and takes a place in tradition is that of influences. The writer's attitude is determined by a double concern: that of surpassing his predecessors by borrowing, more or less discreetly, their procedures and, at the same time, that of being original. This paradox of imitating a model and at the same time freeing oneself of imitation is the greatest of all obstacles and, when successful, may be expressed in an infinite number of ways. Morand's technique became that of the super-imagist but one for whom the images were but shortcuts to reality.

It is probable that the work of Paul Morand in his early years was influenced by Larbaud, Giraudoux and the Vorticists of England, although Morand, supported by the testimony of Marcel Proust who wrote a preface to his Tendres Stooks, has denied that of Giraudoux. The Vorticists were merely an off-shoot of the Futuristic movement in art which in turn was developed under the influence of the Cubists, but their influence was indirect. Morand himself declines to admit any direct influence when he writes:

There is, there was, no real Futurist movement in French literature (1912-15). The Italian Marinetti movement, the English Vorticists, the Swiss Dadas in 1917, etc...were different tendencies, the different shades of a general aspiration, that of utilization of the modern world, requiring new

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6 Régis Michaud, Vingtième Siècle, p. 224.

forms of art. Larbaud and Giraudoux have nothing
to do with that, when not the contrary. Dos Passos,
Whitman, Rimbaud, the German romanticists, were the
ancestors, as you know.

For the critic, the easiest point de repère is that
of influences, precursors and models, but it is always
difficult to establish definite connections. A safer and
sounder method is to analyze the actual work of the author
and establish his original qualities, which, taken as a
whole, separate him from all other writers. Pierre
Dominique early recognized most of the salient qualities
of Morand as already present in his poetry, e. g., his
cult of the contemporary, cosmopolitanism, predilection
for individual and national portraits, a predilection
which bordered upon xenophobia, and his taste for violent
metaphors and images. In part, Dominique stated:

Dans les deux petits livres de vers on trouve
déjà tout Morand... Et surtout cette trépidation,
ce passage brusque du comique au tragique, cette
espèce de clownerie, de désarticulation rythmée
qui n'est pas du déséquilibre, étant volontaire.
Et puis un extraordinaire excès d'images:

Les villas sont serrées au bord de la promenade
comme des incisives
tandis qu'au-dessus
comme de noires molaires déchaussées
les couvents jésuites
mastiquent un paysage de montagnes.

Ça et là un vers merveilleux: celui fixant le
corps de la fille morte qui

flotte dans le manteau trop vaste de ses murs.

Ibid.
D'extraordinaires dessins, par exemple celui
de ce Dieu byzantin de Ravenne, dressant la rigi-
dité de ses gestes au-dessus de la palude:

Enfin le patron du cirque...
dieu des archanges et des grenouilles. 9

And a little farther along he adds other citations:

Sur le ciel vert, d'un pathétique Pathé...

C'est dans Lampes à arc. Rapprochons de ce vers
de Feuilles de température:

Dispenses par des ecclésiastiques élastiques
ou bien de:

Hélas, c'est le même décor
des ongles noirs, des intérêts, des entérites

Pathétique amène Pathé; ecclésiastique, élas-
tique; intérêts amène entérite. Les psychiâtres
appellent cela de l'écholalie. Phénomène fréquent,
il faut le dire, dans les Asiles et dont la poésie
française vers la fin du XIXe siècle fit un remar-
quable abus. 10

Even in the citations by Dominique one can find
an anti-clerical tendency in Morand's choice of adjectives
and images, e.g., the Jesuit monasteries being likened to
noires molaires déchaussées. Apparently this tendency
was not repeated sufficiently in the early poetry for M.
Dominique to seize the inference. At that time, also,
the features of the five senses which played such a great
part in the later prose works, the increasing anti-semitic

9 Pierre Dominique, Quatre Hommes entre vingt

10 Ibid., pp. 65-66.
tendencies and erotic interludes were still in the foetus.

It was not until much later that the critics found all the features of the style of Morand: those of the senses, disassociation of ideas, individual and national portraits, anti-clericalism, anti-Semitism and eroticism. However, the vividness of his imagery was apparent from the very first and attracted many imitators, which, in fact, persuaded Morand to abandon this particular technique, realizing perhaps that it was becoming forced and too unreal. He knew that if he continued to write in such a fashion he would descend to the level of being an imitator rather than a model, either an imitator of himself or, even worse, of his imitators. This is obvious in his comment that follows:

Ce qu'on imite de moi, c'est ce que je dois abandonner; celui qui copie va droit à ce qui est ornamental, artificiel, périssable. Je ne me suis débarrassé des bars, des jazz, de beaucoup d'images boursouflées ou clinquantes que grâce aux pasticheurs; dès qu'on s'est lu chez autrui deux ou trois fois, on devient incapable de recommencer ses tours, car on s'est vu dans la "glace", tourné en ridicule. Continuer, ce serait imiter ses imitateurs.11

Chronologically, the dividing line between the old and new style of writing was certainly World War I, some critics and writers placing it as early as 1914 and others, like Morand, claiming 1917. The new literature was cer-

11 Papiers d'identité, p. 156.

tainly a departure from the classical concept of literary art which, in France, depended upon a philosophical system, the hallmark of which was clarity and logic. The new era, in literature as well as in science, was one of relativity and not bound to a system of causality, continuity and progressive development within space and time. Words in a strict and confined interpretation no longer existed and were insufficient, but it was the thought of the author which the reader discovers through them, and often in spite of them, which is the source of their meaning and their sole raison d'être.

Régis Michaud analyzed clearly this new tendency when he wrote:

The searching of the true nature of words and of the part they play in literary expression and composition is the key to the new art of writing. While traditional writers took the words for granted and grouped them in a sentence, the new writers began to reflect on the nature and function of words and to try new verbal expressions. This began with Baudelaire and came to a climax with Rimbaud. Most of Mallarmé's poetic and didactic compositions illustrate or discuss the true meaning and importance of words for the artist. That the words do not so much serve to express a meaning as to convey color and music was the gospel of the Symbolists. New experiments were made along these lines. The words had been overloaded with impressions and concepts; to renew their capacity of expression, the new writers decided to use them offhand and to play with them arbitrarily, i.e., with regard only to their artistic value and significance. In their violent reaction against the past, the Dadaists and Surrealists tried to empty the words of all pre-conceived content and went so far as to assert that they had not any. Absurd as this may seem to the average man, this new attitude
was quite in keeping with the conclusions of experimental psychology as applied to linguistics.13

Here can be seen the point of bifurcation which, in prose as well as in poetry, became most marked after World War I. Those novelists, such as Gaston Chérau, who wrote in the pre-World War I style, believed that the duty of a writer was to seek the logic of action whose motives seemed obscure and that it was the duty of a novelist to tie together the events of the story into a logical, unbreakable chain. No discontinuity of language, grammar, logic or chronology of events, for that matter, was conceivable.

Even Gide, the purist, recognized these changes in style, technique and method of presentation, for he commented upon the spread of Dadaism and the structure of the French language in the following terms:

Here Gide went far beyond even Morand, Cendrars, Delteil and Giraudoux. He heralded, perhaps unknowingly, the present allitération of post World War II of Samuel Beckett, Henri Michaux, Michel Leiris, Robbe-Grillet and Nathalie Sarraute.

Morand, however, exemplified many facets of the coming trend. His imagism, composed of sharp contrasts and dissociation rather than of association, and his syncopated style remind one of the words of Lautréamont: "beau comme la rencontre fortuite sur une table de dissection d'une machine à coudre et d'un parapluie." Nevertheless, there are certainly good reasons and explanations for Morand's adoption of and addiction to this style, of which one is certainly his contact with foreign writers and particularly with the English. These foreign influences are partially responsible for the irregularities of syntax which stud his early works. His imagery is frequently so unusual that it requires an effort to follow his train of thought, an imagery which perplexed Proust so much, as can be seen by his remarks in the preface to Tendres Stocks:


Ce nouvel écrivain est généralement assez fatigant à lire et difficile à comprendre parce qu'il unit les choses par des rapports nouveaux. On suit bien jusqu'à la première moitié de la phrase, mais là on retombe. Et on sent que c'est seulement parce que le nouvel écrivain est plus agile que nous. 16

On wonders what would have been the reaction of Proust if he had lived to read some of the later works in which are found descriptions of objects the "couleur foie de mulet," or the color of cane alcohol burning. By his selection of one-syllable words and by the elimination of almost all abstract terms, Morand gave "à la prose française un caractère dense, ramassé, une phrase aux muscles apparents." 17

From his early success in verse and the critical articles and reviews which he wrote for the Nouvelle Revue Française, (1921 to 1923), Paul Morand rose like a meteor to the heights of literary fame and popularity. At the same time that he was achieving one thunderous success after another, he succeeded Ezra Pound as chronicler of the "Paris Letter"in The Dial, (1923 to 1927). More short stories appeared, essays, impressions, impressions,

16 Paul Morand, Tendres Stocks, p. 33.


18 Fidus, op. cit., p. 580.
travel "shorts" and commentaries, many of which were immediately translated into English and spread throughout the United Kingdom and the United States.

*Rien que la Terre*, a collection of fifty-five essays and impressions of travel, was published by Grasset in 1926. Morand published these after having made the tour of the world from Paris to New York to China and Siam, and then returning via the Suez Canal. His conclusion was that the world was all the same, small and uniform. The means of communication, whose speed increases each year, shorten all distances. As distances between countries are abolished by speed, so are the differences between countries and peoples. As Léon Pierre-Quint has so aptly expressed it,

*M. Morand a une manière de parler familièrement de contrées immenses, d'étendues qui ont encore, malgré l'avion, la réputation d'être d'accès difficile ou lent, telle que le lecteur frémit devant ces evocations ultra-rapides. M. Morand trouve les distances abolies, en même temps que les différences, qui séparaient contrées et peuples. Son livre est une magnifique vision, intensément colorée, prise au vol d'oiseau. Il donne cette impression que le voyageur éprouve parfois en chemin de fer, lorsqu'il aperçoit des champs où des cultures très diverses ont été essayées sur un petit espace: les carrés rouges, verts, bleus se touchent, et, comme le train avance rapidement, se mettent à tourner comme un carrousel. Il faut lire tout l'ouvrage, car certains morceaux, qui avaient paru séparément en revue... ne nous donnaient qu'une image imparfaite et inexacte de
This, then, was the beginning of his "Pullman-car" period, in which he traveled throughout the world, usually first-class, and observed with keen, and at times whimsical perception the attitude and face of our world, so different and yet so similar. Henceforth, in his writings he inserted many a personal touch and, unconsciously perhaps, began to preach. It is quite probable, as Albert Schinz has written, that

the critics are perhaps more responsible themselves for the present overbearing attitude of Morand than they are to think; one does not heap such superlatives of admiration as they did on the very young man Morand was when he began to write, without suggesting to him that his utterances are all gold.

With Rien que la Terre, Morand's generalizations, aphorisms and pontifical pronouncements attain an importance and effect equal to his glittering style and imagery, but in his cosmopolitanism we find none of the desolation of Chateaubriand nor the nostalgia of Loti. Rather than being a devotee of exoticism, he is an example of exodism, of the Frenchman who travels and observes. His method of observation and technique in telling is what separates him from his predecessors. Pierre Audiat explained this, in

19 Léon Pierre-Quint, "Lectures" Revue de France (VI) 5 (1er octobre 1926), 569.

Les voyages s'évadent hors de la littérature. Ils n'intéressent guère qu'à titre de records: à moins que vous ne traversiez l'Afrique sur des échasses, le Pacifique en canoë, à moins que vous ne ceinturiez la terre en vingt-six jours au plus, inutile de nous conter vos impressions. Quant à décrire, superflu: l'œil du cinématographe voit mieux.

Il faut donc ou renoncer au genre, ou le renouveler. Ce renouvellement est possible, puisque M. Paul Morand vient d'écrire Rien que la Terre (Grasset). Titre plein de sens. Paul Morand, dans son rapide périple autour du monde, a écarté systématiquement les hommes. On en voit bien quelques'uns, jaunes, rouges ou blancs, mais ils sont incrustés dans la terre, comme des ornements décoratifs ou comme des enseignes. Ils servent d'étiquettes aux paysages: Japon, Chine, Malaisie, Siam, mais ils ne comptent pas... Cette prodigieuse attention, jointe à une richesse verbale peu commune, font que M. Paul Morand reconstruit sous nos yeux la terre et ses cantons, comme le ferait un magicien...les lignes et les teintes apparaissent plus nettes et plus vives dans leur raccourci...vous saisisrez comment ce livre s'apparente à l'art moderne où les disciples de Cézanne bâtissent des paysages à coups de surfaces géométriques et de teintes plates.21

This chronique de voyage was the springboard for a rash of short stories and articles written by Morand with the Indies, China and various parts of the Orient as the mise en scène, which established him in the minds of his readers and critics as a worshipper of speed and modernity. He replaced the camera by his vivid, verbal vignettes, the clear etching of his word pictures and

the suddenness of his metaphors. Far from being related in a literary fashion to Pierre Loti or Chateaubriand, he is really much closer to the cosmopolitanism of Larbaud, whose Barnabooth was admittedly part of his literary heredity.

Georges Lafourcade appeared to have comprehended the subtle difference between Morand and Larbaud, however when he wrote:

Morand, c'est le cosmopolitisme sans nostalgie ni dépaysement. Larbaud c'est la recherche systématique du dépaysement par le cosmopolitisme. Ce qui est fin pour l'un est moyen pour l'autre. Larbaud veut comprendre, pénétrer les sensibilités et les esprits étrangers pour leur valeur et leur intérêt propres sans doute, mais aussi pour les avoir compris, pénétrés; pour l'enrichissement personnel qui en résulte, la riche patine qui pare ceux qui ont voyagé et regardé. Pour Morand le "vain travail de voir divers pays" reste assez vain quoique toujours très amusant. Larbaud est un voyageur d'avant-guerre, donc un amateur du cosmopolitisme; fantaisiste, éclectique et peu pressé. Morand est un professionnel. Malgré ses trains de luxe et ses palaces il écrit pour le public des voyageurs d'après-guerre—le public des voyages à bon marché. Diplomate ou journaliste, c'est la princesse ou le public qui paie. Larbaud veut en avoir pour son argent sous forme d'émotions rares, d'humeurs précieuses, de découvertes profondes. Morand donne au lecteur pour son argent sous formes de sensations violentes, de spectacles, nouveaux, d'images imprévues. Professionnel et amateur, Morand n'est guère romancier...

This cult of the contemporary, this taste for

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G. Lafourcade, "Note sur le roman français contemporain" The University of Buffalo Studies XVI, 2 (April, 1939), 65-111.
modernity, for being on the spot and alert to the contemporary world, became a hallmark of Paul Morand. He was in advance of all the movements, ideas and popular subjects. Bouddha vivant, in 1927, exploited further this rich vein of the Orient which he had discovered, and, in addition, developed another facet of Morand's works: Preoccupation with the color line and active interest in other races.

The novel centered around an East Indian prince, heir to the kingdom of Karastra, who journeyed to England with his French tutor. The prince's life, inspiration, impulses and perhaps even his influences, infer a contemporary repetition of the great Bouddha's, but the parallel between the two men and Voltaire's Candid is striking. Nor is the Panurge of Rabelais too far in the distance for certain comparisons.

The prince, Jali, was eager to understand the Western world but after a term at Oxford and an interlude in Paris he fell in love with an American girl whom he followed to New York, where he became painfully disillusioned. The color line proved his downfall and he

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returned to the life of his ancestors and the philosophy of the Orient.

Morand indulged in his penchant for picturesque phrases and paradoxes but did not forget to moralize in moderate manner, one which, although not necessarily accurate, presented his personal point of view.

His tendency to reproduce the aspect of the times, without regard to what has happened previously nor care for the future, is also characteristic of his writing.

He himself, quite early in his career, recognized this fact and practically boasted of it, as he stated:

But I despise regrets; I cast my lot with the present. I admire it for its new virtues, its love of truth, its modesty, its force, its vitality; I pity it for its sadness, its neuroses, its pessimism; and I try to extract those elements which are best and most interesting.26

After his description of the world at large and his interest in the Orient, Paul Morand discovered the Negro. At first fascinated, later repelled, he undertook an analysis of the social and ethnological problems that the world would have to face during the remainder of the twentieth century.

Magie noire, in 1928, was a collection of eight

25 Review of Bouddha vivant in Books Abroad, (II) 2 (April, 1928), 27.

short stories that related the atavism of the Negro and the primitive savagery to which he reverts whenever his surface culture is scratched. Here again Morand pre-ceded popular movements and subjects, not only in France but abroad, for *Magie noire* was published prior to William B. Seabrook's *The Magic Island*, which was also translated into French and for which Paul Morand wrote a preface.

The critics were rarely in accord concerning the documentary value of *Magie noire*. Walter White, perhaps personally touched, claimed, however, that "despite its meretricious character, born of mere cleverness with little intellect or intelligent observation back of it, there are in 'Black Magic' numerous pages of brilliant descriptive writing." Clifton P. Fadiman, not long from his baccalaureate at Columbia University, delivered himself of a pompous tirade which included the following:

That Morand knows nothing about the American Negro is evidenced by his cheap desire to show his cosmopolitan familiarity with all phases of Negro life. His attitude is that of a sophisticated tourist, looking for a new shiver, and


29 Walter White, Review of *Black Magic* in *Nation*, (June 26, 1929), 170.
only too willing to swallow the most incredible nonsense, provided that he can get material for a 'story' out of it.\(^{30}\)

There seems to be no question that this collection of tales was the result of Morand's travels among the Negroes of the United States, the West Indies and Africa. He stressed particularly two aspects of Negro thought and practice: his desire to cross the color line and the prevalence of voodoo worship. This can scarcely be considered 'incredible' for he was not the only writer to follow similar trends at this same period. Seabrook's *The Magic Island*, already mentioned, was also a treatment of the voodoo cult in Haiti and affords an interesting comparison with *Le Tsar noir*, one of the stories in Morand's book.

But whether or not one accepts the probability of Morand's interpretation of Negro psychology, the cases that he described have some symbolic value. As Léon Pierre-Quint explained so lucidly,

> Ils nous aident à entrer dans les personnages. Leurs états de crise sont des éclairs qui illuminent un instant leur âme. Cette mentalité mystique, si admirablement analysée par les philosophes, nous en avons aussi, dans Magie


noire, la brusque intuition. Elle apparaît dans l'arrière-âme de ces nègres vaguement polissés. Scènes de fétichisme, d'initiation, d'anthropophage religieuse, dédoublement de la personnalité, terres soudaines des signes, des présages, c'est tout un paysage de la vie primitive qui surgit dans un paysage emprunté aux différentes parties du monde où vivent ces noires.

Contraste étonnant: cette force de suggestion est atteinte dans ces contes brièvement narrés, condensés, si rapides qu'ils donnent parfois l'impression de quelque chose de linéaire, que les événements prennent l'aspect de coups de théâtre. Bien plus, les différents états de conscience d'un personnage se suivent parfois si rapidement, énumérés plutôt que décrits, qu'ils semblent sans souci de la réalité, non pas dans un but psychologique mais simplement comme points de repère schématiques, comme des prétextes fantaisistes de même que dans les contes politiques à la manière de Voltaire.32

This appears to be a more exact evaluation of the author's intentions. After all, Morand was writing stories of fictional quality and tenor, not reproducing facts in the sense of a newspaper reporter. The personality of Congo, in the story Béton Rouge, resembled very much that of Josephine Baker but none of the incidents related was biographical in the slightest degree. Occasionally, Morand Managed to interweave incidents and characters that were authentic or near-authentic, but these were apparently only used as background material.

When Congo went with the doctor to the Negro club, El

Garron, the *mise en scène* included portraits of famous Negroes, Dumas père, Pushkin, Booker T. Washington, Marcus Garvey, etc. and the voodoo Queen who reigned over the gathering was reputedly the resuscitation of Marie Laveau, the last Voodoo queen.

In another story of the same collection, entitled *Charleston*, the protagonist was Agatha Montclair, a white American Southerner, who was attacked by a Negro with intent to ravish, between Nice and Juan-les-Pins. Some Americans who were passing by came to her aid and killed the Negro. This incident was not of major importance to the tale but was inserted, perhaps, for local color and background. Such events were not unknown to the French. The antipathy of the American White for the Negro had been apparent in France and had led to physical violence years before the appearance of Morand’s book.

Likewise, in another tale of the collection, *Excelsior*, the struggle of the Bloom family to pass the color line and to achieve respectability was not presented as a documentary or clinical report. The town, Excelsior, Georgia, does exist, it is true, but bears

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34 Cf. "Colored Frenchmen and American Métèques" *Literary Digest*, (LXXVIII) 9 (September 1, 1923), 40-44.
little or no resemblance to the one described in the story. It does not now and never did have an extent of eight blocks or more, much less a Negro quarter known as "Petite Afrique," but there are and were many towns and villages of the American South that fit Morand's description, which is certainly more of a composite depiction of places and impressions than a factual account of specific places and people.

The author himself, in the foreword, presented his own credentials in a chronological and biographical account of his contacts and experience with Negro culture: 1895, childhood souvenirs of pictures in the Petit Journal which reported the entrance of the French into Tananarive; 1902, Negroes doing the cake-walk at the Nouveau Cirque; 1914, a parade of Senegalese sharpshooters passing down the Boulevard Saint-Michel en route to the Marne; 1916, gleaned from Saint-Léger-Léger, (known better as Saint John Perse), of the West Indies; 1919, discussion of Brazil with Darius Milhaud, as well as Negro sambas which the latter played as illustrations of South American Negro culture; 1920, the post-war Negro jazz which swept across France, and, from 1925 to 1928, his own travels through

See Letter from Dr. Lawrence Huff, dated November 16, 1959, in Appendix, p. 385.
twenty-eight Negro countries and areas of Africa, North, Central and South America, covering fifty thousand kilometers. Obviously, Morand was not an expert on the Negro question, but, at the time, he was intensely interested in the race and was a close observer of customs and behaviorisms of Negro groups, which is more than many of his critics could claim. In addition, Morand never made any claims of offering documented reports, which appears to be the basis of most of the criticisms of *Magie noire*.

Some of these criticisms chided the author for lack of depth, failure to create character and exploitation of the subject matter merely to produce esthetic effects, "as the decorative stuff of a smooth, high-geared prose that is modern in its surface aspects and not particularly searching." It is true that the characters of this group of short stories were silhouetted rather than brought into sharp focus, but they appear to illustrate facets of the general psychology of the Negro.

Morand's modernity is evident, in *Magie noire*, not only in his subject matter and contemporary references, but...
which included Paul Whiteman's band, sports reporters, baseball, airplanes and mechanical pianos, but also in his use of similes, slang, Negro dialect and vocabulary. He described a dance floor as shaking like Brooklyn Bridge when the trolleys pass, and employed words such as yep, suh, (which are authentic when expressed separately, but not together), hullo, bayou, levée, boss, (used awkwardly and incorrectly in the context), and expressions like "I axe you." At times, he pushed his realism too far in an attempt to reproduce American Negro dialect in French, e.g., "C'est 'evenu..., Zales ziens.... Leu coupe'ai la figu' avec mon 'azoi," which

38 Ibid.
39 Paul Morand, Magic noire, p. 87.
40 Ibid., p. 85.
41 Ibid., p. 103.
42 Ibid.
43 Ibid., p. 86.
44 Ibid., p. 99.
awkwardly omitted an interior r, at times but became ridiculing when dropping an initial one. However, in the depiction of Negro river baptisms, funeral sermons and folksongs of the bayou country, Morand's descriptions were almost inspired.

At the funeral service for Congo's grandmother, the preacher began the reading of the Scriptures. "Sa bouche s'ouvrait, rose comme l'intérieur d'une pastèque, dans une face couleur de crème de stout," and he likened the soul's final owner to the winner of a train race, in which the fast train of God and Satan's express match their speed to see which would be the first to reach the bedside of the dying grandmother.

During the post World War I period, along with the jazz age and the Negro blues, the popularity of Negro stories and interest in the race achieved unprecedented heights, in Europe and America as well, and Paul Morand,


47 *Ibid.*, pp. 99-100; "Le ministre décrivait la course de deux trains, le rapide de Dieu et l'express du Diable uttant de vitesse à qui arriverait le premier au chevet de la vieille madame Lizzie Dejoye."

48 An example of this is the work of Carl Van Vechten in America, which includes his *Le Paradis des nègres*, a French translation of *Nigger Heaven* by G. Sabouraud, (Paris: Kra, 1927), for which Paul Morand wrote the preface, "Sous pavillon noir."
as usual, was in the van of popular tastes. This does not imply that there were no predecessors. Morand always has had the knack of being in the right place at the right time, plus a flair for scenting a new vogue and for heralding it. When the vogue had passed its peak, he seemed to realize it immediately and ceased the exploitation of a vein that had run its course. He again scented the wind for new quarry, leaving to others the thankless task of following the spoor of the old.

_Magie noire_ was followed by the documentary, _Paris-Tombouctou_, which further illustrated Morand's bewildering sleight-of-hand in the establishment of startling new relationships and displayed once again his amazing imagery and modernity. In impressionistic style and within a framework of disconnected syntax and ellipsis are found descriptive gems and similes that are representative only of Morand:

_Village guinéen à la tombée du jour._

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49 _Magie noire_ was preceded, among others, by Marius-Ary Leblond's _Ulysse, caire ou l'Histoire dorée d'un noir_ (Paris: Éditions de France, 1924), but there was no similarity in the treatment of the theme.

50 _Paris-Tombouctou_ (Paris: Flammarion, 1928) may have received its inspiration or perhaps its title from an article by G. Barthelemy, "Paris-Tombouctou en 3 Jours pour Affaires," which appeared in _Lectures pour Tous_, (avril 1923), 903-906, accompanied by illustrations, 907-911.
Grandeur majesté, antique de l'Afrique.
Pas de mendients, aucun commerce. Au
centre un fromager géant unit le ciel et
la terre.51

Le commerçant syrien qui nous promène
cet après-midi, très fier d'avoir des
français dans sa voiture, redevient sou-
dain l'Oriental conteur d'histoires. En
un langage plein de mensonges et de poésie,
il nous parle de son père.52

A la gare de Lyon, je vois passer, sur
un chariot électrique qui semble être le
fils du vrai train, les bagages, mes sacs de
tolle, ma cantine de fer, pèle-mêle avec
d'autres colis et des skis qui eux vont
bifurquer à Lyon, vers les Alpes.53

The book is scarcely more than a collection of
impressions and travel notes but contains a multiplicity
of descriptions of the flora and fauna, together with
that of the customs of the natives. As Henry Lauresne
pithily summarized:

Morand is here at his best in humor
and brilliancy of style. At every moment
a flash of wit or an amusing simile re-
minds us that we are in the presence of
the author of Fermé la Nuit and L'Europe
Galante.54

51 Paris-Tombouctou, p. 69.
52 Ibid., p. 73.
53 Ibid., p. 12.
54 H. Lauresne, Review of Paris-Tombouctou in
Here the reviewer placed a finger on a feature of
Morand's work which has generally been overlooked. His
sensitivity to colors and odors is obvious to any regular
reader of Morand but only occasionally does his sympathy
with nature appear. He himself admitted this abiding
interest, for in referring to the death of Claude Monet
he commented upon his "peaceful end, prolonged at Giver-
ney, amidst flowers which, with animals, are our one re-
fuge from the sorrows and malice of men."

The cycle of Chroniques du XXe Siècle was not yet
finished when he embarked upon more physical and cultural
voyages, exemplified by Hiver caraïbe (1929) and numerous
essays and collections of maxims which included Le Voyage
(1927), De la vitesse (1929), Le Rhône en hydroglisseur
(1929) and Rain, Steam and Speed (1928).

Repercussions of Magie noire and his Negro tales
occurred when a preface attributed to him was published
in an Anthologie de la poésie haïtienne indigène. A
simple interview which he had given at Port-au-Prince to
Haitian reporters and writers was reproduced as a preface

55 Paul Morand, "Paris Letter," The Dial, 82
(March, 1927), 236.

56 Published at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, 1928.
Apparently the Negro writers of the island were more
impressed with Morand's ability than Walter White and
Clifton P. Fadiman cited supra. had been.
to the anthology and became a poetic manifesto of the Haitian school of that time. The wording of the preface caused a brief literary storm in Paris where Gabriel Bounoure took Morand to task for giving the following advice:

Ce que notre art moderne que vous aimez doit enseigner, c'est à détester le cri, le pathétique, l'uniforme chamarré d'or du sublime; la littérature d'aujourd'hui est un art de précision; elle n'a pas un but en soi; elle est un moyen; elle doit servir à emporter, le plus loin possible; comme pour les avions des grands raids on doit y prévoir le minimum de métal pour le maximum de résistance. 57

The storm subsided to the point of being merely a tempest in a teapot after an exchange of letters in the journals. Morand explained that his opinions applied to prose and that for Bounoure and the Haitian writers to read into his words an inference of a poetic manifesto was a distortion. The importance of this temporary clash was not the fact that it was a conflict between the new and the old schools of poetry, where the older and classical school demanded a profound, scholarly and sensitive knowledge of the language, (as Bounoure interpreted it), but that it was a statement of Morand's


Ideas concerning the writing of prose and one which his works fully corroborate.

After the documentary *Hiver caraïbe*, which further illustrated Morand's reactions to physical phenomena and sensitivity to colors and odors, he was commissioned by the publishing house, Flammarion, to write a book about New York, which became the first of a new cycle, entitled *Portraits de villes et de routes* and which included *New York* (Flammarion, 1929), *Londres* (Plon, 1933), *Bucarest* (Plon, 1935), *Air indien* (Bernard Grasset, 1932) and *La Route des Indes* (Plon, 1935).

*New-York* was hurriedly yet sympathetically written. Descriptions of neighborhoods, night life, art museums, personal experiences and itineraries from Brooklyn Bridge to the Hudson Tunnel and from Washington Square to Harlem abound. Anecdotes and historical data, some of which are authentic and others piquant fiction, borrowed


60 Much of the material for the founding of New York is a direct translation from Theodore Roosevelt's history of New York, which was reissued in 1924, the year of the Tercentenary of the city. This is probably the one to which Morand had access. The original edition was entitled *New York* (New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1891.)
aphorisms and racy commentaries are poured into one vast mold, which, although sub-standard perhaps from a literary point of view, become a delightful potpourri for popular consumption and lead to the realm of the best-seller. By the time the book appeared on the market it was already out of date, in that many of the neighborhoods had changed, certain ephemeral night clubs had closed their doors and new skyscrapers were built, but the book was a huge commercial success anyway, here as well as abroad, and in the years of the depression that was what counted.

Champions du monde, in 1930, was the novel which closed his cycle of chronicles of the twentieth century, (following L'Europe galante, Bouddha vivant and Magie noire). In a sense it was a fictional sequel to his New-York. Four students at Columbia University in 1909, members of the relay team, are the protagonists of the novel. They vow to reunite every ten years after graduation. The book is divided into three general parts: 1909, 1919, 1929. The young men become, respectively, a boxing champion of the world, an economist in the mold of a combined Herbert Hoover and General Dawes, a Jewish financier

E.g. Summaries stating that New York is owned by the Jews, administered by the Irish and enjoyed by the Negroes; New York is the first Jewish city in the world, the second Italian city, the third German city and the only capital of Ireland; or, Manhattan is a shop which seduces, offers pleasures and causes money to circulate, while the Bronx dresses it, Brooklyn feeds it and New Jersey manufactures the steel for its houses.
who is presented as a champion of ideas, and a rich American living in ease and retirement in France. Whereas they had been carefree and almost frivolous students in college, their entire outlook on life changed during the ensuing years, a change which is described by one critic in the following manner:

Bientôt le boxeur, entraîné par sa maîtresse, une excitation obsédée par le luxe sombre dans une histoire louche de combat gravement irrégulier; il se tue. Le Juif disparaît de la scène...à la suite d'une autre histoire louche de document volé. Là encore, l'homme est intégré: c'est sa femme, une ambitieuse exaltée, elle aussi, jusqu'au déséquilibre qui est la volupté. Quant à l'Américain de Paris, il vit, impuissant et célibataire, sous la "pantoufle" de sa mère, qui appartient à l'autre catégorie de femmes américaines; ces femmes masculines, énergiques, qui dirigent des "clubs" pour la pudeur, contre l'alcool. Seul Webb, (alias Dawes), l'économiste triomphe mais meurt; c'est sa femme (catégorie: femmes masculines), riche et sévère, qui achève son œuvre. Morale: ces Américains sont de grands enfants. Ils envisagent la vie avec une simplicité qui leur donne une grande puissance.  

Thus the champions of the world are the American women who lead their men to destruction, control them, dominate them, which is a favorite theme of foreign writers and is ever the basis for lively and even violent discussion. Both New-York and Champions du monde were translated into English and widely read by a public which had little or no knowledge of the French language. Reporters interviewed Paul Morand on a myriad of subjects

but generally inquired about a comparison of European and American women. His eroticism and exoticism, plus the fact that he was French, set him up as a main target for the inquiring reporter.

In an address which he made in Paris in 1930, he stated that culture was more easily found in the United States because Paris had lost the gentle art of living. This criticism aroused the French to angry indignation and Morand was forced eventually to modify his statement and claim that he was misquoted. This was but one of many controversies in which he became involved, the later ones having more serious and unfortunate consequences.

Again in the role of a seer, insofar as foretelling a coming vogue was concerned, he wrote *1900*, in which he invoked the nostalgic atmosphere of the end of the century and poked fun at many of the customs, characters and fashions of that bygone era. More travelogues, like *Route de Paris à la Méditerranée*, collections of


esses, poems and articles, and new visits to the American
continent highlighted the year, 1931.

From his travels throughout South America he produced, the following year, his picturesque Air indien, the first half being strictly impressionistic and the latter part finely documented and masterfully written. This may eventually be accepted as the best of his travel literature. Documentary, yet frequently literary in tone and method, he wove into the book three pilgrimages to the imaginary tombs of famous French fictional characters, namely those of Ramuntcho, La Périhole and Manon, in Argentina, Lima and Louisiana. Another novel, Flèche d'Orient, with a thin, barely distinguishable plot, gives the impression of having been written to placate the French national airlines or even of being a book written on command, and paid for on delivery by the said airlines.

66 (New York Times, September 11, 1931); (October 14, 1931).


68 S. G. Inman, Review of Air indien in Yale Review, 23 (Autumn, 1933), 211; Also note the review in the Saturday Review of Literature, 10 (October 21, 1933), 198.

With but two or three notable exceptions, which included France-la-Douloge, a satire on the film industry which was misinterpreted in Germany as being anti-Semitic and gleefully reproduced in translation in the Goebbels-controlled newspaper, the Angriff, under the title of "Jews Shoot A Picture," Les Extravagants, and certain stories in Roccooo, Morand's output from 1932 until after World War II is perhaps the nadir of his literary endeavors. His style was not as scintillating, although sublime passages can be found in Londres (1933) and remarkable images in Bucarest (1935). It is true that he had by now graduated from his age of snobism and the depiction of cafe society and drug addicts, but he had reached an arid plateau, already designated as his period of Pullman-car writing. Still, not all of his production during this period was mediocre. In an article about the postwar literature, which might well have been written

70 (Paris: Gallimard, 1934).


about Morand alone, Daniel-Rops made the following astute observations:

N'être pas au moins divorcé apparaissait comme désuet, touchant, un peu ridicule. Se soumettre à la normale en matière de moeurs, semblait obéir à un poncif décidément démodé. De cette existence-là, quelques jeunes écrivains nous ont donné des témoignages; aucun n'atteint à ce point de réussite où une œuvre rend un sens vraiment décisif....

À l'expression de cette forme d'existence s'attachait une conception radicalement fausse de l'originalité, qu'on envisageait trop comme quelque chose de plaqué, d'artificiel, de conscient en tout cas. La preuve en est que les meilleurs s'en écartèrent très vite. Ainsi M. Paul Morand, dont les succès de styliste avaient, dès l'abord, paru éclatants au point d'être quelque peu agressifs, lorsqu'il eut constaté, la lire les ersatz pullulants de son propre style, à quel point il était extérieur à sa vraie nature, eut la sagesse de s'en détacher et de revenir aux principes de l'expression la plus simple, la plus classique.

Impressions, essays, journalistic commentary and hack writing featured this period of Morand's literary life. He contributed regularly to *Le Figaro*, *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, *Europe Nouvelle* and many foreign journals, in addition to reviews of plays and books, short stories and memorialistic contributions for *Marianne*, *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, 1933 and *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, among others.

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Rococo, a collection of nine short stories, featured La Mort du cygne, a masterpiece of the world of the ballet, which won the Grand Prix du Cinéma in 1937 for its screen adaptation. Incidentally, the only other prize awarded to a work by Morand was the Prix de la Renaissance in 1923 for his successful Nuits. At that time he was also a candidate for the Prix Flaubert but because he had already been awarded the Renaissance Prize and also, as it was said, he did not need the larger sum of money, he was eliminated from consideration. One commentator of the day wrote that it placed him "in the position of a brilliant athlete who finds himself disqualified from the Olympic games because he has won a sack-race." 75

In La Mort du cygne and most of the tales in the collection, Morand's imagery was expressed in more measured tones and his style became meticulously classic. Unlike his chronicles and travel literature, in which his literary distinction and critical praise proceeded in practically inverse ratio to his abandonment of style, Rococo disclosed the birth and development of a new Morand, who was apparently more aware of or sensitive to the demands of professional critics. His hastily written

travel books and chronicles were, in general, scarcely more than glorified Baedeker guides, written with little care for critical recognition, for he evidently preferred to be "read once by the profitable multitude than to be reread by the discriminating few."  76  La Mort du cygne, in particular, appealed to both.

Rond-Point des Champs-Elysées was a collection of articles that had appeared previously in Le Figaro and diverse journals. Here one finds again the moralist and memorialist that Morand strives intermittently to become. Commentaries and personal impressions abound, covering almost every conceivable subject: customs, sports, cities, literary figures and prominent individuals. In the majority of cases the articles degenerate to simple journalism, but occasionally a gem pops up, e. g., the essay in which he attributes a special sense to the various continents: America, hearing; Asia, taste; Africa, odor; Oceania, touch and Europe, sight.

In 1936 appeared Les Extravagants, a collection

76 Milton H. Stansbury, French Novelists of Today, p. 98.


of two stories entitled Milady and Monsieur Zéro, which appears to mark a forward step in the evolution of his technique and a change in his choice of subject matter. Here Morand approaches the classical type of nouvelle, in which the development of character is stressed and in which the climax is reached as the result of a logical sequence of events. His style was becoming sober and subdued. Longer than the standard nouvelle, each of these stories might be classified as a short récit, of which Milady is certainly, at this point of Morand's literary career, his masterpiece. Marius Richard commented, perspicaciously and ecstatically, as follows:

Deux nouvelles, deux perfections; deux délicates perfections. La première surtout. L'extravagance du commandement de cavalerie en retraite Gardefort, c'est son amour du cheval, sa passion pour tout ce qui touche à la science hippique, en laquelle il est passé maître. Il aime le cheval comme on peut aimer la poésie, et c'est toute la poésie du cheval que Paul Morand a su faire tenir dans Milady...

...Condamné à payer cinquante mille francs à son ex-femme, Gardefort devra bientôt vendre Milady, parfait cheval, dont il est le parfait cavalier, et qu'il entraînera avec lui dans la mort, l'ayant emprunté à son nouveau propriétaire pour une suprême démonstration.


The second story is that of an American financier on the verge of bankruptcy who stages a pseudo-suicide and escapes to Europe, changing residence frequently to avoid arrest and extradition, still hoping to recover a fortune and to be once again on the pinnacle of the business world. He dies, delirious and mad, planning the formation and incorporation of a company of which he will be the president, under the name of Monsieur Zéro.

Another and final piece of travel literature, *Route des Indes*, appeared this same year. In addition, he wrote articles for various journals on current topics, essays, prefaces and adaptations or translations from foreign authors. In 1937 he published another collection of essays and chronicles, *Le Réveille-Matin*, and in 1938 a similar work entitled *L'Heure qu'il est*. These chronicles, together with those of *Réflexes* and *Réflexions* in 1939, were all published at the Editions Bernard Grasset having appeared separately previously in various journals. They revealed his thoughts and ideas of the pre-war years and, for that reason, are worthy of perusal. One perceptive reviewer, however, refused to spare any spurs when he criticized *Réflexes et Réflexions*, in the following frank and blunt fashion:

These brief essays on encyclopaedic subjects are not incisive, paradoxical and vivid like his *Ouvert la Nuit*. There is a "bronze d'art" and
"bronze de commerce": This Paul Morand de commerce. I hope he does not see the difference; it would be too cruel.

Perhaps the most striking point about these notes on the year 1938 is the fact that the author—and probably his sophisticated public—did not understand, did not want to understand, the tragic plight of Europe and of France. It is Morand's profession to be intelligent; a Parisian brought up in intellectual circles, a diplomat, a "globe-trotter", a man of affairs. When such a free and alert spirit can be so dim-sighted, the obstinate blindness of Mr. Chamberlain seems less miraculous.

Guérard's conclusion has been corroborated frequently since the close of the war. Many French writers thought and wrote in similar fashion during the late 1930's and early 1940's, a fact which was mentioned by Jacques de Lacroix in his attempt to defend Morand from calumny.

While continuing to write journalistic articles and essays, later to be collected under the headings of the Chroniques de l'homme maigre, suivies de Propos d'hier, in 1941, and Propos des 52 semaines, (1943), Morand found time to write a rather mediocre novel, L'Homme pressé, (1941). This was an attempt to portray the modern man under the pressure of present-day big-business methods, speed, efficiency measures and social

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81 Albert Guérard, Review of Réflexes et Réflexions in Books Abroad, XII, 3 (Summer, 1940), 292.

82 Cf. Letter from Jacques de Lacroix, dated August 4, 1958, in Appendix, p. 362
ambitions. He also wrote two one-act plays, *La Matrone d'Ephèse* and *Feul*, which were published in his *Petit Théâtre*, (1942), together with *Le Mouchard mouché*, (originally written in 1939). The latter was a romanticized episode of Fouché's life at Prague, based on Louis Madelin's *Fouché*. Also included in this group of plays was *Le Voyageur et l'Amour*, in two acts, which had been presented for the first time, on January 26, 1932, at the Comédie-Française.

During the Second World War, Morand was occupied chiefly with the diplomatic service and writing journalistic propaganda. Consequently, other than assembling additional essays and articles, as in *Excursions immobiles*, (1944), the writing of an impressionistic biography of Maupassant, which was piquantly salacious and even sordid in places, and the printing of a posthumous tribute to his former colleague of the diplomatic service, *Adieu à Giraudoux*, (1944), which was merely the reproduction of a lecture presented at the Institut Français de Bucarest, his literary baggage of this period is slim and in fact almost negligible. Nevertheless, it did indicate his growing interest in biographical writing

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83 T. II, pp. 519-520.

and souvenirs. His penchant for being a memorialist was competing on even terms with that of the moralist.

After the liberation he wisely withdrew to Switzerland, where he returned to the genre of the nouvelle. His craftsmanship was full-blown and his period of literary dilettantism and partisan writing appeared to have gone with the wind. In 1946 a collection of three stories appeared, *À la Fleur d'Oranger*. The title story was a masterfully told tale of an elderly woman whose passion was reading fiction and the classics, omnivorously and indiscriminately. She purchased a marriage broker's business which had the trade name of Fleur d'Oranger and which she operated in adequate fashion during the day. However, her nights were occupied with imaginary matches of fictional characters, replete with anachronisms and with results ranging from astonishing to sublime. The other two stories, namely, *Le Locataire* and *Le Bazar de la Charité*, further enhanced the reputation of the author. *Le Locataire* contains strong overtones that remind the reader of Gogol. The scene of *Le Bazar de la Charité* was laid in Paris at the end of the last century, at the time of the great fire which wrought so much havoc. An ironic twist, *À la Maupassant*, furnished a smashing

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(Vevey, Suisse: Les Clés d'Or, 1946).
climax, as surprising as that of Milady, which has already been cited.

Le Dernier Jour de l'Inquisition, a mystical and psychological story of a tormented soul, is another giant candle which burns brightly at the altar of Morand's versatility. This was reprinted the following year, together with a new tale, Parfaite de Saligny. More memoirs, in the form of a fascinating diary, Journal d'un attaché d'ambassade, 1916-17, appeared this same year, but Morand's most memorable advance was in the field of the novel.

Lewis et Irène, Champions du monde, Bouddha vivant, France-la-Doulce and L'Homme pressé are generally classified as novels, perhaps for want of any other available category. Elongated short story, mixture of impressions, satire and light travelogue, feeble character sketches, - all these criticisms may be applied to one or another of his previous attempts called novels. However, with Montociel, rajah aux Grandes Indes, Morand

86 Le Dernier Jour de l'Inquisition, suivi de Parfaite de Saligny (Vevey, Suisse: La Table Ronde, 1947).


returned to the scene of former crimes, the East Indies, but with a surety, facility and mastery that were previously lacking.

A French adventurer, having become rajah of Oudore and having ruled wisely, vanishes into thin air. His son and heir, half-French, finds a coded document left by the father and upon his arrival in Vichy to take the waters, he employs a cryptographer to break the cipher. The cryptographer learns not only that the father had returned to France to seek a boyhood sweetheart but that he himself was also his son and therefore half-brother to the visiting potentate. To his misfortune and dismay, the reigning rajah does not accept this idea with the same relish and leaves him in his poverty.

Certainly not a finished work of art, this novel marks a gigantic step forward in Morand's technique in novel writing. The ideas, philosophy and words of the father remind one reviewer of Rousseau, Buffon, Montesquieu, Voltaire and the physiocrats. Another reviewer drew a parallel between Morand himself and Voltaire, when he commented:

Ce livre agréable, qui par le ton et la grâce, rappelle les contes philosophiques du XVIIIe

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It is easily apparent that this reviewer missed the mark slightly when he judged it a fairy-story for children. The tale is witty, frothy and purely imaginary but has its background in a fascinating period of French history. The final effect is more that of a philosophical fairy-tale for adults, with more than one touch betraying a modern Zadig.

Not yet safely back in the bosom of the French public or publishers, Morand devoted much time to memorialistic writing. *Première Visite de Marcel Proust, Suivi de quelques lettres inédites de Marcel Proust* as well as *Giraudoux, souvenirs de notre jeunesse, suivi de Adieu à Giraudoux* appeared in 1948, attesting not only his desire to be a memorialist but perhaps also a wish to identify himself with these writers who had a current

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vogue. Thus he himself might obtain a wider reading public and, as a corollary, erase the blot on his personal escutcheon resulting from his activities during the Vichy regime.

The work on Giraudoux contained letters received during World War I, Morand's personal impressions and souvenirs of his acquaintance with Giraudoux prior to that war, and an appendage of the Adieu à Giraudoux. Yves Lévy, whose religious affinity and inherent prejudice are apparent, takes Morand severely to task for these souvenirs, as he says:

Il est vrai qu'il n'a pas souvenir des propos de Giraudoux. À titre de compensation il nous apprend diverses choses sur Paul Morand. Le reste est bien mince pour trente ans d'amitié, et bien sec. Le livre se termine sur une allocution prononcée... par Morand en février 1944. Giraudoux venait de disparaître. Dans cette allocution, M. Morand évoque avec dégoût "la littérature d'irresponsabilité et d'évasion de l'après-guerre" (l'autre après-guerre). Il s'agit visiblement des œuvres de M. Morand. Ils ne dégoûtent plus personne, on ne les lit plus. Dans la même allocution, M. Morand expose que c'est par accident que Giraudoux ne fut pas fonctionnaire de Vichy et fait un parallèle entre l'activité cinématographique de Giraudoux (qui fit alors La Duchesse de Langeais et Les Anges du Pêché) et sa propre activité de censeur cinématographique sous l'occupation. Vous rappelez-vous le temps où M. Morand désirait des "cadavres propres"? Nous voyons maintenant pourquoi: il voulait les salir.  

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The viciousness of this attack is apparent and is astonishingly similar to that by Antoine Guyon some five years before, particularly when referring to the fact that Morand's books are no longer read. Lévy may also be a victim of his own prejudices. In the book, Morand reviewed his early contacts with Giraudoux, quite in keeping with the title. The fact that he did not record events beyond 1918 is not a just criticism. Morand was thirty years of age at the time and Giraudoux several years his senior. Any commentary beyond that period or any souvenirs of their associations in the 1920's and 1930's would certainly not fall into the category of 

notre jeunesse.

Lévy's reference to the cadavres propres is an unfortunate one. Morand has suffered more unjustly at the hands of various critics for this statement than any other single sentence or phrase in all his literary works. Taken out of context, it might be applied to almost anything which appeals to the prejudices of a critic. In context, it is a trifle ambiguous, but, at worst,

92 Antoine Guyon, "De l'Europe galante à l'Europe nazie," Les Cahiers de la Libération, 2 (octobre 1944), 29-33.

93 Cited from Morand's essay "De l'air!... de l'air! ..." which was written for the Plon publication, 1933, edited by Henri Massis. M. Morand claims that this is his only contribution to this magazine. The essay was reprinted later in Rond-Point des Champs-Elysées, pp. 12-15.
merely a pithy summary of his attitude towards the evils of the times.

The collections of souvenirs, *Journal d'un attaché d'ambassade, 1916-17* and *Première Visite de Marcel Proust. Suivi de quelques lettres inédites de Marcel Proust* form a single unit and are certainly a prelude to *Le Visiteur du soir, suivi de quarante-cinq lettres inédites de Marcel Proust*. A few of the early letters were addressed to Paul Morand but the bulk of the correspondence consists of letters from Proust to the Princess Soutzo, later to become Madame Morand. In his review of the book, D. Vittorini gave the following succinct summary:

The evening caller is Marcel Proust, who in his letters to Paul Morand and the Princess of Soutzo is revealed in a very intimate life. One learns of his odd manner of living due to the condition of his health, and of his contacts with persons of nobility as well as the literary and diplomatic circles of Paris. The reader acquires in these letters a clear understanding of Proust's acute sensitivity, and his method of composing his novels. The letters are accompanied by notes that identify persons referred to in Proust's correspondence. Thus one learns that many of his acquaintances and friends serve as


95 (Genève, Suisse: Editions du Cheval Ailé, 1948).

96 (Genève, Suisse: La Palatine, 1949).
models for the characters of his fiction. The illuminating introduction by Paul Morand states that "Time" is the real hero in Proust's novels, and that these are "romans d'aventure de la conscience."\(^{97}\)

Some of the letters to Paul Morand from Marcel Proust appeared in *La Table Ronde* later, but these apparently exhausted the vein.

Still under a cloud for alleged collaborationist activities during the German occupation of France, Morand wisely continued to write non-controversial material, non-controversial from a political viewpoint, at least. The reprint of Jacques Prévert's poem, *La Crosse en l'Air,* in *Paroles,* in 1949, in which Morand was vilified, appeared to refer to his actions and deportment during the era of the Vichy government, whereas, in truth it had been published originally in 1936 and referred to the pre-war Laval government.

Morand produced, in 1949, an interesting and curious work, *L'Europe russe annoncée par Dostoïevsky*,


\(^{98}\) *La Table Ronde,* 23 (novembre 1949), 1651-1662.


\(^{100}\) (Genève, Suisse: Pierre Cailler, 1949).
derived from the latter's journal at the period when he was convinced of Russia's messianic role. Partially prophetic, it proclaimed that Europe was doomed, rotten to the core, and fated by its atheism and agnosticism to crumble. She had lost Christ through the errors and evils of Catholicism, in general, and the Jesuits, in particular. Germany was on the verge of destruction but was to be feared for the social tendencies which were creeping over her. England would perish because of her imperialism. Only Russia would be strong enough to endure and she was on the eve of world leadership. She would endure because she was truly Christian, of a universal Christianity, and also because she alone had resolved the problem of East and West within her own borders, and had also solved the diametrically opposed systems of capitalism and socialism. Russia would be the savior of Europe -- Christian Europe-- if the latter only realized it in time and called for help.

Pierre Pascal appears to have justly judged the book, when he wrote:

Il plait à Paul Morand de voir dans ces propositions autant de prophéties: Dostoievski voyant l'épilepsie consécutif à d'extraordinaires anticipations! les événements contemporains annoncés de loin, avec à peine quelque modification de forme! Cela est piquant. Il est certain que Dostoievski est allé assez au fond des choses pour découvrir aux événements politiques et aux mouvements spirituels des significations ou des tendances
Believing, no doubt, that sufficient time had elapsed since the occupation and Liberation for him to re-enter the literary lists, Morand produced his longest, most tightly constructed, and, eventually, most contested novel, *Le Flagellant de Séville*. Built along the lines of *Le Dernier Jour de l'Inquisition*, the setting was laid in Spain during the Napoleonic occupation, on which Morand spun a forbidding web of intrigue, collaboration, infamy and tragedy, which was as accurately documented as *La Mort du Cygne*.

This book, recognized by practically every critic as his masterpiece in the field of the novel, caused tremendous repercussions and violent discussions among the members of the higher literary and diplomatic echelons in France. It was believed to be an *apologia*, in the truest sense of the word, for the Spanish who collaborated with the French under Joseph, Napoleon's

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102 *(Paris: Arthème Fayard, 1951).*
brother, and, obviously, the application to those Vichysois who worked with the Germans was an easy inference for Morand's enemies and detractors. This led definitely to his rejection by the Académie Française in 1958.

Whether or not there was any autobiographical significance to the work is known only to Paul Morand and he is not telling. His hero was a Spanish courtesan, educated in France, who had drunk deeply of the beverage of the Encyclopedists and had glimpsed the New Day for Spain and the world. For him, Napoleon was the personification of these revolutionary and beneficient ideas. Consequently, his participation in the occupational government in Spain was not inspired by personal ambition or desire for social advancement or reward. In fact, he was driven into collaboration by happenstance: mistaken conjugal jealousy. Changed from a mild, meditative person into an active informer and collaborator, he became, unwittingly, the executioner of his beloved wife.

Marcel Arland has formulated most articulately the only flaw in the development of the plot, in the following citation:

Peut-être aurions-nous souhaité que l'auteur, plus cruel et plus juste à la fois, eût donné à cet égarement une cause moins fortuite. À quoi bon la jalousie et le hasard, là où l'entraînement, les compromissions, l'engrenage, le cours inéluatable des choses, suffisent à faire, d'un homme qui n'était point bas, qui ne rêvait que de tolérance et d'idéal, un criminel? Pour l'auteur, ce n'eût pas été là diminuer son héros,
mais nous en montrer la tragique destinée. Il est vrai que Paul Morand, tout au long de son livre, n'a pas cessé de nous peindre et de nous faire sentir cette misère. Il est vrai aussi que le mobile qu'il prête à son héroïs devient l'un des ressorts les plus dramatiques de l'action, et qu'il en naît une crise, un éclat, un châtiment exemplaire : délation par jalouse, don Luis en vient, sans le savoir, à dénoncer sa femme que les Français brûlent dans un fourgon. 103

Farther along Arland summarized as follows:

...Mais l'art de Morand est avant tout un art qui veut montrer et frapper : il montre, il frappe, il y excelle, et l'on ne peut qu'admirer sa richesse, son intensité et sa maîtrise.

Paul Morand aussi bien, le voyageur et le témoin lucide, Morand qui, me semble-t-il, a su se ménager une solitude dans la diversité de ses contacts, met aujourd'hui au service de son art une expérience et une réflexion qui lui donnent de fermes assises. C'est là le grand prix de ce livre, qui n'a pas moins de force que d'éclat. 104

The mixture of the sublime and the grotesque, frequent citations from Goya whose concepts of war are the backdrop and the guiding spirit of this book, the delicious moments of pure idealism that are placed in contrast with vicious scenes of fratricide and hatred, and bitter moments of remorse permeate this expertly and exquisitely written novel. Gérard d'Houville, the critic, waxed enthusiastic when she commented:

Paul Morand, le célèbre auteur de tant de livres,


104 Ibid., p. 81.
romans, essais, voyages dont les titres sont trop connus pour que je les énumére, parmi eux, écrit Rien que la Terre, un de ces ouvrages où la vision du monde rétréci par la vitesse et les inventions harcelantes a quelque chose d'étonnement prophétique. Le monde actuel, il l'a prévu et c'est pourquoi aujourd'hui il regarde vers le passé et que Le Flagellant de Séville, ce très beau livre brillant et sombre, le plus beau et sans doute le chef-d'œuvre de Paul Morand pourrait s'intituler Rien que l'Histoire.

L'histoire et ses leçons terribles... Car tandis que tout change ou semble changer par les transformations des coutumes, des moeurs, des facilités nouvelles de voyager, d'aimer et de se tuer, l'humanité, les sentiments humains, les forces de la maine, de la cruauté, des conquêtes inutiles, toutes ces forces sont immuables et ne cherchent que l'occasion du désordre apporté par les guerres, les malheurs, les douleurs et les puissantes secousses des révolutions, pour réapparaître et se combattre en leurs inimitiés profondes, non se lement entre ennemis, mais entre frères de la même patrie. Ceux-là sont d'autant plus féroces qu'ils ne pourront jamais comprendre la diversité des esprits et que, nés sous le même ciel, tous les êtres ne partagent pas avec les fruits du même sol, les mêmes idées, les mêmes violences, les mêmes fureurs, les mêmes sentiments et le même sens du devoir et de l'honneur.105

In this book Morand disclosed his acceptance of the ultimate reality of power politics and of force. The connection between the ideas of the philosophers of the eighteenth century which Don Luis followed blindly and the Hitlerian concept of the New Order is not as tenuous as it may seem. The hero of the novel believed that

105 Gérard d'Houville, "Lectures Romanesques" La Revue des Deux Mondes, No. 14 (15 juillet 1951), 342. N. B. Mme Gérard d'Houville has ever been a friendly critic of Morand and understandably so when one recalls that she is the widow of Henri de Régnier.
collaboration with the invader would bring about a united Europe. His brother defended the Old Order of the Church and the Land. Marisol, the wife of Don Luis, was also Old Spain,

qui se pique de ne point changer quand tout change, celle qui reste fidèle à ses rois, même quand elle les bafoue, à ses prêtres, à ses coutumes, et à ses plaisirs. 106

The three represented, respectively, the sincere collaborator, the defender of vested interests in the Old Regime, and the idealistic patriot. Whether or not Morand depicted himself (or Jacques de Lacretelle or Pierre Benoit) in the role of the Spanish protagonist or Carcopino as the despicable brother are moot questions. What is important is the fact that his opponents read into the novel a defense, if not a justification, of the Vichyssois, which became a major factor in the "Affaire Morand" in 1958.

More articles and essays followed, collected later in L’Eau sous les ponts, and also nouvelles, such as Le Coucou et le Roitelet (1953), Nazaire Droguet (1953), and Histoire de Cafid, cheval marocain (1955), the latter being reminiscent of Milady, but with a reverse twist.

106 Marcel Arland, op. cit., p. 75.

These latter stories were originally published separately in various journals and reviews, particularly in Les Oeuvres Libres.

Another nail was driven in the coffin of his hopes for admittance to the Academy, when he wrote the grim, cerebral récit, Hécate et ses chiens. The dark shadows of perversion and unnatural love pervade the entire work, and it is this book, perhaps, which finally prevented his election to the Academy when an anonymous donor presumably sent it to Monseigneur Grene, as has already been described.

More collections of short stories appeared in 1956, 1957 and 1958. Four nouvelles under the heading La Folle amoureuse, which included the title story, La Clef du souterrain and two reprints, Parfaite de Saligny and Le Dernier Jour de l'Inquisition were his major production of 1956. Fin de siècle presented four more nouvelles: Fleur du Ciel, La Présidente, Le Bazar de la Charité and Feu Monsieur le Duc. In 1958 he shifted publishers, and Arthème Fayard brought out Le Prisonnier de Cintra, which united five short stories: the title tale, A la Fleur d'Oranger, Histoire de Cafid, cheval marocain, Le Coucou


et le Roitelet, and Un chat nommé Gaston.

In these three collections Paul Morand demonstrated once again that he still had the touch of the master and it is not inconceivable that he may, in the future, be rated as undisputed king of the short story in the twentieth century. La Folle amoureuse, Parfaite de Saligny, Le Dernier Jour de l'Inquisition, Fleur du Ciel, Le Bazar de la Charité, Feu Monsieur le Duc, Histoire de Cafid, cheval marocain and A la Fleur d'Oranger represent Morand at his best, equaled only by Milady and La Mort du cygne. His style and technique have been perfected, shorn of the glitter and tinsel, strengthened by character development and close unity of plot, no longer fluffy and frothy but solid and robust.

His inspirational spring has not dried up. He continues to write short stories, essays and travel articles, and, in addition has picked up the thread of the historical play, which he had started with Isabeau de Bavière, femme de Charles VI, in 1938. This was reproduced, along with a previously unpublished portion, in his Théâtre, which also included La Fin de Byzance and Le Lion écarlate.

The brilliantbrittleness of the style of his

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early works, violent surprises and shock tactics were gradually subdued and all but eliminated. From an apparent disciple of *exotisme* he became that of *exodisme*, enlarging his scope from Europe to the entire world, and, with his increasing popularity, he developed an exaggerated idea of the importance of his generalizations. Slowly he veered away from the anecdotic tales and shadowy development of character and eventually mastered the difficult art of developing character by conflict with another. This was especially true of his first novel, *Lewis et Irène*, which Pierre Lièvre discussed as follows:

Là, en effet, sans rien abandonner de cet agrément anecdotique par où il séduisit, il sut décrire des figures plus grandes que celles auxquelles il a l'habitude de s'attacher. D'autre part, en organisant pour ses personnages un conflit déterminé non par des événements extérieurs mais par le seul choc de deux caractères puissamment dessinés, celui de l'amant léger et de l'amoureuse grave, qui s'affrontent à cause de la fatalité intérieure qui les mène, il accédait à l'une des plus hautes régions littéraires. Sous les surcharges que son goût violent pose sur le drame apparaissent des linéaments d'une réalité classique, si l'on ose dire en un tel sujet.112

He was not to perfect this technique until the post World War II years, but it was observable as far back as 1924. The beginning and the ending of his

career mark the apogee of his work, like an inverted bell-shaped curve, with a rich, autumnal sunset full of flowing colors in comparison with a hot, vivid, tropical sunrise.

Paul Morand has a thousand faces, poet, diplomat, novelist, playwright, chronicler, peripatetic philosopher, globe-trotter, dilettant and practical psychologist. Husband of a princess, (without being a prince), grandfather of an heir to a dukedom (without being a duke), a friend of the great and near-great in society, politics, diplomacy and the literary world, e. g., Proust, Régnier, Marcel Schwob, José-Maria de Heredia, Edouard Bourdet, Lacretelle, Pétain, Pierre Brisson, the two Cambons, Giraudoux, Philippe Berthelot, Cocteau and Eugène Bourdet, to name only a few, he has mingled and associated, on an intimate and equal footing, with the elite of twentieth century France.

Attaché, vice-consul, ambassador, cited as a collaborator, re-established in his functions by decree of the Conseil d'Etat, reintegrated into the Foreign Office, retired with the rank of Minister, Paul Morand is a composite of all his male characters in Bouddha vivant, Magie noire, L'Homme pressé, L'Homme maigre, Lewis et Irène, Le Flagellant de Séville and the Nuits. He has known ups and downs, from luxury to penury, from
ambassador to exile, only to rebound to greater successes. Realist, pessimist, amoral moralist, he is a paradox personally. Hyper-sensitive yet warm in his rare friendships, devotee of sports and speed yet solitary and hermetic, socially suave yet individually aloof, Paul Morand is unfathomable.

The four personalities of Oliver Wendell Holmes' autocrat of the breakfast table: the one he really is, known only to God, the one he thinks he is, the one other people think he is and the one he would like to be are inextricably intertwined in this enigmatic individual. The one he really is will never be known, but the others may be learned, in part at least, from his style of writing.
The most marked and most universally accepted feature of the early writings of Paul Morand is his use of the metaphor, employed in a multiple form, with a concatenation of surprise images. From his first attempts at poetry, *Feuilles de température* and *Lampes à arc*, through the collections of short stories and then the novel, *Lewis et Irène*, the reader is continually confronted with a plethora of striking disassociations.

His style has been likened, at various times, to that of Giraudoux, Cendrars, Larbaud, Apollinaire, Maupassant, Daudet and Danois, among others. In an attempt to trace his forebears in the literary stream, critics have mentioned most frequently the currents of Futurism, Cubism, Dadaism, Vorticism and Exoticism. Obviously, all of these may have had a slight bearing or influence on his development, for Paul Morand was always keenly attuned to contemporary moods and movements, but no one inclination appears to have dominated the others.

Apollinaire died just about the time that Morand began to publish his poetry and Cubism was, if not a dead issue, certainly much discredited after 1914. Yet
the influence of the Cubists affected the post-World War I generation of Dadaists and Surrealists much more than is usually credited. Morand, consciously or not, followed this trend in his early poetry, which can be seen from the poem *Liquidation*:

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Le sud pousse un vent de calorifère
qui excite les muqueuses des égouts.
Les nuages s'évènèrent sur les paratonnerres.
Il pleut de l'huile.
Les ouvriers rangent leurs outils
dans les coffres-forts.
Les comptables rentrent chez eux,
assis sur des étincelles bleues.
Une dame dit:
"Antoine a acheté des tapis et une salle à manger
Henri II à Aubervilliers,
et comme je commence à pêter dans ma robe
à paniers grenat
Antoine m'a acheté..."
Le monde est trouble comme si c'était la fin
De la bouteille.
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Such incoherence and disassociation was peculiar to the period of Dadaism and the doctrine of negation and destruction to which Morand adhered immediately after the war, when he made common cause with Cocteau, Valéry and Gide as contributor to the Dadaist review, *Littérature*. It is observable also in his first published prose works, but in a less marked degree.

With *Tendres Stooks*, he presented three portraits

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of women: Clarisse, the English girl with the characteristics of a heroine of Giraudeau; Delphine, a French war widow in London; and Aurore, the Canadian out-of-doors girl. In an as yet unfinished style, these three character depictions disclosed Morand's penchant for short phrases, disconnected sentences and adornment by means of concrete words and images, which is one of his most original contributions to French literature. One of his contemporaries analyzed his style succinctly, in the following manner:

Thibaudet (qui aimait Morand et le taquinait en l'appelant "planétaire") reconnaissait parmi les écrivains français deux lignes: celle qu'il appelait "la ligne du Viscomte", école oratoire qui remontait à Bossuet et à Bourdaloue, à Rousseau et à laquelle appartenait avec Chateaubriand, le meilleur Barres; et celle de Stendhal qui fut aussi, par beaucoup de traits, celle de Voltaire. Encore que Morand soit plus proche de la seconde que de la première, sa prose ne ressemble pas plus à celle du xviiie siècle qu'une façade moderne, volontairement nue ne rappelle les Trianons. Par un choix de mots durs, brefs (aucun écrivain français n'emploie plus de mots d'une syllabe), par l'élimination des termes abstraits, il donne à la prose française un caractère dense, ramassé, une phrase aux muscles apparents.

This syncopated style of Morand placed him in the line of the Futurists and the English Vorticists, in the sense that he showed a distinct predilection, if

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not preoccupation, for the traits of our modern life which had been stressed by Marinetti and his followers. Georges Lemaître drew such a comparison, in part, in his summary of the Futurist movement:

In their (the Futurists') view the best way to work for the future is to break down the prejudices so effectively protecting what is left of Nature, and to glorify the great instrument of man's domination over the material world: modern industry. Henceforth the weird beauty of factories, dockyards, and railroads, the hustle and bustle of human activity under the blinding glare of electric lamps or under the thick clouds of smoke belching from tall, slender chimneys, the mysterious intricacies of the pistons, driving rods and cog-wheels, will constitute the new background for a tremendous epic of a new kind whose protagonists are machinism and speed.

The creative throbbing of machinery and the swift impulse of motion cannot be adequately suggested by an exact and meticulous representation of inert material. The dynamism of our modern world can be conjured up only by means as artificial as the qualities they have to express. Availing themselves of the Cubist method of dislocation and arbitrary re-creation, the Futurists performed in this respect amazing feats of evocative figuration.1

In this respect Morand was a Futurist, for his imagery has always been that of the shock-type, the modern world with emphasis on speed, lightning impressions and juxtaposition of the unexpected. Fidus underthis trait when he wrote:

En un temps où les événements allaient trop vite, où les catastrophes se télescopaient, où

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sur les écrans, en un quart d'heure, paraissaient toutes les terres de la planète, Morand avait trouvé un style rapide, sans transitions, bourré de faits et d'images. Les peuples comme les individus y étaient définis en quelques traits, parfois coasses, toujours exacts. "Les Anglais sont de drôles d'enfants aux mains puquetées de taches de son, que les écureuils et les pois de senteur font pleurer. Ils parlent avec vulnérabilité comme des méridionaux sans lèvres, sont victimes de leurs nerfs et n'ont aucune résistance aux émotions quand il leur arrive de les ressentir." Les tableaux avaient la précision géométrique et dure de certaines toiles modernes. "Des projecteurs débitaient à même l'obscurité tiède des angles d'électricité captivant l'église d'Islington..."

This and many other portions of Morand's work, to follow, illustrate in decisive fashion Morand's affinity for the ideas and ideals of the Futurists. Both Futurism and Vorticism were artistic movements, rather than literary, but the terminology is applicable to Morand's works. Both movements had in common the fact that they were developed under Cubistic influence and insisted on the imaginative reconstruction of nature in formal design, reflecting modern mechanical and industrial development. Cubism and Dadaism were insufficient for such a task, for both resulted in complete unintelligibility, the former by its abuse of intelligence and the latter through its contempt of it.

4 Fidus, op. cit., p. 580.

Paul Morand borrowed the ideas of the artists and applied them to literature. Through his use of the metaphor, he stressed more than one aspect of the image and prolonged the evocation of it. This particular technique has been a favorite procedure of writers throughout the ages but none in the past appears to have made as much, certainly not as spectacular, use of it as has Morand.

In the seventeenth century the technique was considered a brand of préciosité. Alceste's fulminations against certain expressions in Oronte's sonnet, which were nothing but examples of a metaphor "filée" demonstrates the fact that the technique existed. Trissotin, in Les Femmes savantes, having spoken of the "grande faim" that the précieuses expose to his eyes, pursues his gastronomical evocations by "un plat de huit vers," "le ragoût d'un sonnet" and "l'assaisonnement de sel attique."

Morand's sense of asymmetry and disassociation, so evident in his poetry, is discernible also in his prose, as may be observed from the following extract:

Ce n'était que villas tortues comme des guimaves, prenant jour par des algues métal-

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liques, des lianes en zinc peintes en vert, en rose tendre. Sous des blindages gondolés, des maisons en caoutchouc s'affaissaient, trouées d'une porte béante par où la rue tombait, montant en pente douce jusqu'au toit. À leur flanc, les loges de portier pendaient comme des fibrômes, les cheminées poussaient des varices bulbeuses au haut des murs où se battaient des chimères dans un buisson d'iris forgés. Puis les architectes s'étant épuisés, les avenues s'apparurent plus que grâce aux plaques indicatrices, perdus dans les terrains vagues. Ça et là encore, un hôtel particulier dressait, entre des maraîchers, sa silhouette de pièce montée, gratinée d'amandes, hérissee de pierres meulières, pralines mal réparties. Enfin la voiture s'arrêta en face d'une terrasse en céramique ornée de fruits confits, soutenue par douze dolmens ivres. Ce plateau devait être aussi un toit, car en émergeaient, en guise d'arbres, des tuyaux vernissés percés de trous de salière. Dans l'allée qui se tordait en ver coupé, je m'engageai et, par des spirales, gagnai le pavillon à damiers où, souriante, parmi les aloès, Remedios m'attendait.

Portions of Morand's writing, similar to that cited above, could be categorized as Dadaist prose, perhaps, in the sense that the Dadaist loves the extraordinary and the absurd, delights in contradictions and aims at the destruction of all sentimentality and generous impulses. However, the style which clothes the projected images of Morand is not simply a mask. It accentuates a facet of the person or object pictured so that it is not only recognizable but draws attention

to a relationship heretofore unperceived by the reader. This is quite the opposite of Dadaism which aimed at incomprehension. At no time is the work of Morand uncontrolled or unarranged.

Frequently, Morand's style shows relationship with the Cubists and Impressionists, in that he selects the most striking feature of the subject and represents it by metaphors and images which stress the quality. At times, this depiction tends to move in the direction of almost purely geometric forms. An example of this facet of his style, worthy in the artistic field of a Braque or Picasso, is his description of Isabelle, in La Nuit romaine:

Dès les épaules, elle se divisait instantanément en deux jambes maigres et pointues en forme de compas, s'avançant en piquant les pavés. Elle portait à la cheville droite un pesant anneau de favorite tougoulaur en cuivre sculpté qui la faisait boiter.\(^8\)

The concept of Isabelle being divided instantly from the shoulders into two skinny and pointed legs in the shape of a compass, advancing, pricking the pavements is strikingly similar to one used by Michael Scott many years before, with which Morand may have

been acquainted. In this case it may well have been unconscious imitation or automatic recall.

Droll and whimsical juxtaposition of unrelated objects remind the reader of the Fantaisists, as, for example, in Morand’s description in *Ouvert la nuit* of the trip to Pesth with Zaal and Jean:

Nous descendions un fleuve défait par la bise, entre les élévateurs dressés comme des trompettes de ciment, que reliaient des wagonnets sur roues. Un instant encore des dômes verdis, des façades de palais esclaves, aux vitres cassées, passées en revue par des bronzes équestres; Vienne faisait entre les gazomètres, au milieu des meutes de sans-travail, des réverences de douairière dans le malheur. On croisait des chalands chargés de matériel de guerre, remplis à sombrer d’incroyables ferrailles, de chevaux de frise, de roues, de rouille; tout un pays, par morceaux, continuait de se rendre. Puis le Danube se tendit, ressembla à tous les Nigers, n’acceptant plus que le ciel, mettant entre la plaine et lui des saules, prenant parfois aux meules sans grain un point d’appui rapide, fuyant les ponts.................

Puis la plaine hongroise, avec la réverberation

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9 Michael Scott, *Tom Cringle’s Log* (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1899), p. 136. Cf. the description of Isabelle with the following: “He was a most extraordinary built man, he had absolutely no body, his bottom being placed between his shoulders, but what he wanted in corpus was made up in legs; indeed he looked like a pair of compasses, buttoned together at the shoulders...”

This novel was published in 1833, with a subsequent Paris edition in 1836. In 1842 it was reprinted in a complete edition in Edinburgh and London by W. B. Blackwood & Sons. It had many popular editions and was well known in England and America during the first two decades of this century. The mental picture of Isabelle conjured up by Morand is almost a duplicate of Scott’s caricature of the smuggler, Buckskin. Morand, however, denies any knowledge of Scott’s work: “Never read *Tom Cringle’s Log*, nor heard of it.” (Letter from Paul Morand, dated March 8, 1960, in Appendix, p. 360.)
de ses blés mûrs, coupés de fermes ceintes d'acacias, alourdie de meules, fardée d'engrais, fit place à des montagnes. Le fleuve se resserra. Des bois de sapins se dévidèrent, gardant l'alignement malgré la pente, obscurs dès l'orée, placards où étaient rangés des villages sommaires, autour d'un clocher bulbeux. À mesure qu'on approchait de Pesth, des hommes et des femmes nus se baignaient sur les rives avec des cris. Des barques chargées de plaintes d'accordéons chaviraient sous les lames que levait notre pyrosoaphe. Des marchands d'enfruits, en tunique brodée, montèrent à bord. Après la frontière tohéco-slovaque, des sous-officiers magyars à dolman répét, aux moustaches tordues sur des dents en turquoise mortes nous visitèrent.10

As a contrast, one finds short, brutal descriptions, employing soft colors and impressionistic, terse phrases, as in La Nuit romaine:

En construisant une succursale du Banco Commerciale on venait d'excaver un temple de Jupiter. Les journaux illustrés prenaient des vues. C'étaient l'occasion d'une promenade. Il pleuvait. Toute mauve et rose. Wanda était domiciliée dans un ciré insubmersible.11

Even more concise, an extract from La Nuit des six jours:


Or, the description of Egon v. Strachwitz:


11 Ibid., p. 112.

12 Ibid., p. 132.
drawing-room:

Petit salon vert et violet. Suspension en émaux translucides. Des peaux de panthères. À mi-hauteur, des rayons de livres, revêtus de rideaux en soie zinzolin.13

which was followed immediately by an ultra-impressionistic portrait of the host himself:

Jaquette, une perle baroque, des oreilles d'oranger, le crâne au papier émeri, et ma valise à la main; il restait au milieu du tapis comme un chef de réception.14

Subordinate to his clashing imagery and elliptical style, but no less characteristic of his descriptive writings, one finds a deep appreciation for and sensitivity to colors and odors. Sounds, ideas, colors and forms were the trademark of the Futurists, even to the point of being carried as a sub-heading of their official magazine, Sic, founded in January 1916 by Albert-Birot and among whose principal contributors were Apollinaire, 15 Paul Dermée and Gino Severini. Morand's dynamic use of ideas, forms and colors certainly brings him into close alliance with this group, although he was never a conscious practitioner of it.

13 Paul Morand, Ouvert la nuit suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 193.

14 Ibid.

In his very first group of stories his predilection for colors is strongly accented, more conventionally expressed, perhaps, than in his later tales but ever-present. In *Clarisse*, a characterization of forty short pages, he employed fifteen adjectives of color at least thirty-five times. This would appear to be normal, even unworthy of attention, were it not for the use that he made of them and the grouping that he constructed.

Adjectives of color were distributed as follows:

- **gris** (pp. 42, 77);
- **bleu** (pp. 43, 44, 66);
- **orangé vif** (p. 43);
- **amarante** (p. 50);
- **jaune** (pp. 44, 45, 53);
- **mauve** (p. 53);
- **acajou** (p. 69);
- **violet** (pp. 46, 77);
- **rose** (pp. 42, 46, 78);
- **roux** (pp. 50, 64);
- **rouge** (pp. 43, 65, 68);
- **cerise** (pp. 44, 45);
- **vert** (pp. 43, 44, 45, 49, 65);
- **noir** (pp. 53, 64);
- **blanc** (pp. 44, 45).

The frequency and distribution have little importance, and there are, at first, only a few unusual contrasts, such as the description of Clarisse breathing the warm, blue humidity of a rainy spring night, dressed in a Longhi cloak of acid green which clashes with the bright orange of a Japanese bridge. A bare-breasted woman, whose mouth is painted a chemical red, is throwing food to the carp. Later, Morand described the

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16 *Paul Morand, Tendres Stocks.*

17 *Ibid., p. 43.*
mauve veins which encircle her eyes, and he attributed
mahogany hair to Pamela, one of her friends.

The profusion of colors and his massive use of
them may also be observed in his description of the young
ladies who are watching a young man in white ducks playing
tennis, which is related in the following fashion:

Sur un tertre de gazon bleu des jeunes femmes
à chandail cerise, jaune, vert, cerise s'assemblent
autour du thé, servi sur une table en rotin.
Et le centre de toute clarté, de cette joie
lustrée, l'essieu lumineux du cerole des femmes
qu'encadre celui, plus vaste, de la campagne et
du ciel, c'est la théière d'argent qui chante
comme des guêpes sur la tarte; les reflets de
son couvercle renvoient l'image convexe du ciel,
l'ombre des arbres; son corps écroulé, les lignes
amenuisées des figures et, en stries étroitges,
les chandails, cerise, jaune, vert, cerise.20

Here the composition of the scene is entirely de-
voted to color, of a standard and conventional type, it
is true, but once or twice he has added an unexpected
touch, as in the case of the mahogany hair and also in
a souvenir of a gray and violet Parisian evening in
July on which the tarts in muslin dresses were driving
along the Champs-Elysées, "dans des coupés tirés par
des chevaux roses."

18 Ibid., p. 68.
19 Ibid., p. 69.
20 Ibid., pp. 44-45.
21 Ibid., pp. 77-78
In his tale of Delphine, the French girl, a derelict who turned to forbidden games and pleasures, his use of color was still conventional and spare, but effective. In fifty pages, he mentioned ten colors: noir, jaune, rose, bleu, ocre, vert, blanc, rouge, violet and gris with only an occasional livide and blême, (one each. But his descriptions are concentrated and used to heighten the effect, such as when the story-teller, (presumably Morand as all these tales are related in the first person singular), finds Delphine given over to drugs, hypodermics and injections:

A la suite de Delphine, je pénétraï dans l'atelier d'où un jour livide dévêtit complètement une femme aux cheveux gras, décolorés, tournant à un rose tomate, au dos voûté, enroulée dans du shantung, avec des bas mal tirés et des savates. Sa manche retroussée laissait voir un bras semé de taches roses, bleues ou noures.22

In an obvious attempt to avoid a color already stated or used normally by other writers, he employed a stock phrase "un ciel plombé" (p. 97), and a bit farther along described it as "un ciel vénéneux" (P. 98), which may have been one of the reasons for Proust's distress, previously mentioned, for it is a certainty that the latter is no inevitable image.

The frequency here was approximately the same as

22 Ibid., p. 126.
in Clarisse, with thirty-eight examples of the use of color in approximately fifty pages. Aurore, the depiction of the Canadian Amazon, which closed the collection, was written in 1916, two years after Clarisse, and was much more somber and restrained. In forty-six pages, one finds the colors orange, rose, gris, rousse, rouge, bleu, vert, jaune, noir, blanco and violet. With rouge, bleu, blanco and noir occurring nineteen times and the others only seven, this is scarcely an abundance of colors, but instead of the routine use of ordinary shades and tones, he employed most unconventional descriptive phrases. An example of this was his depiction of the women who confide in Aurore, kiss her hands and place "leurs jolies figures fardées, pareilles à des bonbons, sur son épaule."

According to Anglo-Saxon standards of propriety at that time, Morand was extremely erotic in his treatment of scenes and events although, in retrospect, there seems little at which to be horrified or from which to be protected. An illustration of this point can be found as he described his tryst with Aurore, as he caught sight of her, in scant attire, cooking breakfast

23 Ibid., p. 143.
In the open air:

Je ne m'habitue guère à la voir ainsi, les genoux noirs de terre, les mains huileuses, agridente et pleine de naturel, la tunique relevée, montrant au soleil rose des cuisses polies, musclées, de ces coins exquis qu'une longue hérédité m'avait rendu si secrets et si désirables.

Je dois céder à Aurore et j'enlève mes chaussettes, mon col. Sur un coup d'œil d'elle, je renonce aux bretelles. Et me voici à mon tour dévêtu, avec, au cou, la raie rouge de mon faux-col, aux jambes la raie bleue de mes jarretelles, aveuglé par la fumée âcre des herbes fraîches, et comme un général en képi dépouillé par les Touaregs, nu, mais encore coiffé de chêne.

Little mention of colors actually occurred in the conversations that studied these three tales. Instead, he employed aphorisms and indirect imagery in his commentary to enhance his style. A typical comment upon an attractive woman was the one in which he complimented Aurore as being as beautiful as another man's wife.

With Ouvert la nuit, a collection of six portraits of European women, in which the author played the male role, namely that of the usually frustrated Don Juan, the reader meets a profusion of colors. In the Spanish

24 Beginning with la tunique relevée, the rest of the quotation was completely deleted from English translations published in America. In fact, anything approaching sexual descriptions and almost all sensual experiences were carefully censored.


26 Ibid., p. 151.
story, *La Nuit catalane*, Morand wrote of "fruits écarlates" (p. 13), older Spanish women who had "cet air d'oiseau au plumage fripé" and who "tournent au gris plombé, et s'affaissent sous l'éclat de leurs bijoux" (p. 16), and a fox terrier with beige ears (p. 17). A French history professor was described as "un nain timide, velu, jaspé de veines vertes" (p. 22), who walked along the boulevard Saint-Michel, talking to himself,

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posant sur le monde des yeux gris et noirs pareils à une plaque de photographie et qui baignaient dans l'eau jaune d'un révélateur.28
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Morand described the Spanish civil guard "à baudriers jaunes" (p. 30) and "fonctionnaires à ceinture de soie bleue" (p. 29). A Parisian restaurant door "tournait ses aubes de soie rose dans l'eau des vitres incurvée" (p. 43), and Paris itself was flooded by the rains of

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un novembre amolli où, dans l'asphalte, les maisons étendaient leurs reflets jusqu'au toit. Les embruns autour des réverbères délayaient une poudre rose.29
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The author searched for Remedios in Barcelona at

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27 *Couvert la nuit*, pp. 13-69.

28 Ibid., p. 23.

29 Ibid., p. 47.
a bullfight, and in his description, rose to near-perfection:

Maintenant c'est un cirque de sable, plage unie où luttent à forces égales l'ombre et la lumière. Un cirque d'azur où le soleil fougueux s'avance sans rencon-trer la cape déployé d'un nuage. Une foule sépare les deux cirques vides. Pareille à un cadre de bois sombre, elle sertit ces deux miroirs qui se renvoient le jour. L'air chaud fait danser les mille taches pâles des visages juxtaposés, fait vibrer les sons épars et se résume en harmonie. L'une de ces taches, l'un de ces sons, est-ce Remedios? A-t-elle comme moi suivi la foule qui s'allonge jusqu'ici? C'est un gala de presse et huit taureaux Sottomayor sont promis sur les affiches turbulentes. Dans cette cuvette mauresque, la ville s'est vidée en une heure. Soigneusement, j'épluche les gradins comme un maïs. Je dépeuple le cirque de tout ce qui n'est pas une bouche éclatante et diserte, un corps bien dessiné sous une robe de foulard, des yeux lisibles comme un écrivain. Etes-vous là, Remedios, précieuse denrée, utile subsistance? Peut-être, mais non reconnaissable, comme n'étant plus cette image déraisonnable et émouvante, cette flamme qu'on eût un instant isolée dans la foule grise de Paris; désormais l'une des lueurs flexibles, l'un de ces corps repus de siestes, gonflés de sucre, émus de voeux et de présages, une femme espagnole.30

Instead of brilliant colors accentuating the atmospheric medium, Morand used lights and shadows, à la Nathaniel Hawthorne, to present the setting of the bullfight and succeeded admirably in the incorporation of an evocation of Remedios. He further developed his

sense of color in the portrayal of the ensuing bull-fight, when the bull appeared in the arena:

*Craintif, il s'arrête au bord de l'ombre. Sa robe est sale; les flancs, marbrés, Les cornes sont blanches de la chaux des murs...
Un cheval qui rue contre la palisade l'attire. Il trotte vers lui. C'est une rosse pierre ponce.31

Then the bull became the prey of men dressed in silver, placed on the sward like chess pawns:

*Un à un ils ouvrent leurs ailes, s'envolent et viennent se poser devant les cornes vermeilles. L'un s'enveloppe les hanches de sa cape et de cette jupe sortent des bas d'un rose bête. L'autre tient très haut un drapeau où le sang séché fait des taches sombres.32

At the moment of the kill, the bull was attacked by the matador, dressed in gold, with glossy, lacquered hair and pumps, bald headed with a blue and yellow face, who stood on tiptoe like a tenor, (p. 52).

As one can easily see, it is not the quantity of adjectives of color that attracts the attention of the reader, but the author's judicious and occasionally in-judicious use of them. He described "des lianes en zino peintes en vert, en rose tendre" (p. 54), "un cache-poussière lilas" (P. 55), Remedios rolling "des yeux

31 Ibid., p. 50.
32 Ibid., p. 51
d'aquarium" (p. 55) and wearing "un corsage de satin à gros pois puérils avec un col marin et un régate de crêpe blanc" (p. 64).

In most of his early works Morand seemed to be partial to pastel colors and sensitive to light and dark.

In *La Nuit turque*, where the attention is centered on the White Russian, ex-patriate Anna, he described "une bise de zino" (p. 74), "lampes bleues et mauves" (p. 76), "un collier de perles roses" (p. 77), "une bâtisse à la chaux sous un toit vert" (p. 81), and "une timbale de vermeil avec un Kremlin d'émail blanc sur le fond bleu" (p. 82). When Morand and Anna entered Polack's second-hand clothing store and pawn shop, the colors turned to the dark and depressing side: "les robes du soir, pauvres loques roses" and "hermines jaunies, zibelines fripées et ternes" (p. 95).

In *La Nuit romaine*, "des chats chantaient" in the garden of the hotel and a dog stuck out "une langue bleue d'avoir mangé des mûres ou des stylographes" (p. 101), as a setting for the author's meeting with Isabelle's mother, a woman "excessivement conservée par le lait de concombres et l'égoïsme, les rides du visage

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nouées derrière l'oreille" (p. 101). Later the reader meets cats "couleur de pierre ponce" (p. 106), sitting at the feet of a white haired man who is reading, sitting in a crimson velvet armohair.

Isabelle herself is painted drastically and strikingly. She paints the palms of her hands a bright pink, spits blood, and lies like a trooper. When Morand went to her room, she offered him a drink and sat cross-legged on the carpet,

non sans que ses genoux osseux craquassent d'arthrite sèche et fumait avec un air de félin paresseux. Elle restait des heures ainsi, inactive, cynique et génitale.35

Igor, one of her current paramours, was endowed with venomous eyes, "sa peau mate ponctuée d'étincelles, ses mains pâles de crème (p. 109), according to Morand, but to Isabelle who likened everyone to trees, Igor had crystal eyes and looked like a maple tree, while Morand was likened to a sycamore tree and had a blunt, dulled look, (s'émois, p. 110). Her friend Wanda looked like an evergreen holly-oak (une yeuse, p. 113). Morand caught the fever himself, for he commented that the kinky-haired mulatto, Jack, whose finger-nails were "comme des gouttes roses arrêtées au bout des doigts"

might be characterized by Isabelle as a wild rose-bush (pp. 113-114).

Such similes, particularly in the conversation of the characters in a story, are most unexpected and disconcerting. They go far beyond animal similes used by Morand in *La Nuit turque*, e.g.,

Des femmes dansaient au son d'un orchestre de singes qu'un ours blanc en casquette et en blouse précédait de son violoncelle.36

In fact, they could give rise to credence in the statements of critics who claim Dadaistic or Surrealistic influences, but for the fact that they are not as unintelligible. It is sometimes difficult to place oneself in the frame of reference of the author, but not impossible. Fortunately, not all the similes are as vague. Some are clear and even brutal, as in the case of Morand's description of his visit to the creamery with Remedios:

Nous sommes seuls dans la crèmerie, avec des mouches. Comme un sein coupé, un demi-hollandaise partage son globe avec un jambon crû à odeur de suif, qui tourne au noir.37

Isabelle, in her affair with the Negro, was portrayed as an eccentric who spent days writing her name of bits of paper. Then, wrapping them up in little balls,

36 Ibid., p. 76.

37 Ibid., p. 74.
she would swallow them. She preferred

l'alcool dénaturé, le tabac en barre, les
gigues en galoches, les fanfares les plus
bruyantes, les couverts en vermeil, les
culottes de satin grossière, les manteaux
faits d'échantillons mis bout à bout.38

Igor and Wanda partake of a drink "couleur de
coolchique" (p. 116), before going with Morand to seek
the missing and murdered Isabelle in a white villa,
owned by a German "avec un bonnet en tricot noir et
une barbe pleine de chauve-souris" (p. 117).

Léa, the French Jewess of _La Nuit des six
jours_, which had as its setting a six-day bicycle
race, was described as follows:

Ce n'était pas son dos lacté, sa robe de
jais, tremblante pluie noire, un excès de
bijoux d'onyx, dont des yeux étirés et noués
aux guignes de l'oreille; c'était plutôt son
nez aplati, le bondissement de sa poitrine,
son beau teint juif de vigne sulfatée, cet
isolement un peu louche.41

With other characters, including those of the

38 _Ibid._, p. 114.

39 The unusual metaphors are effective as long as
Morand uses them in his descriptions, but appear stilted
and pedantic when placed in the mouths of his characters.
Apparently, in his zeal to concoct new intoxicating fi-
gures of speech, he paid little attention to the improba-
bility of their oral use.

40 _Ibid._, pp. 119-114.

41 _Ibid._, p. 121.
professional bicycle racers, and with inanimate objects, Morand was more attentive to the coloration: "des perles roses" and "voitures de choux bleus" (p. 124), the yellow and black colors of the bicycle team, trainers and handlers in white hospital coats, mechanics in khaki shirts, Petitmathieu's "chandail grenat" (p. 130), and Léa's pupils "de la couleur des billets de cinquante francs" (p. 133), which, in 1920-1922, were of a lovely pinkish-mauve color, a rather unique shade. The sunset is garnet-red, and the six racers go round and round in a ribbon, in which are mingled green, yellow, white, garnet and orange (p. 135). Young children, whose parents have brought them to the races, sleep on "les journaux sportifs roses ou blêmes" (p. 139), and masseurs work over Petitmathieu's body until his thighs are the color of wet ivory (p. 129).

Zaël, the Hungarian Jewess of La Nuit hongroise, was not the tart that Léa was. She was purely and simply a prostitute and cheap entertainer,

\[\text{vêtu de muscles maigres, veines en écharpes, ligatures de bracelets, ombres}\]

\[\text{See Letter from Paul Morand, dated March 8, 1960, in Appendix, p. 360.}\]

\[\text{Ibid., pp. 145-156.}\]
Not content with giving her the face of a cow, Morand comments that she is the crossing of a unicorn and a red donkey. Roumanian officers come to the dance-hall and choose the girls "à tête de mouton" (p. 147). Cićilians "à tête bleue rasée" will glass after glass of liquor, "en les humant comme des ouvettes" (p. 146). The chandelier is likened to a crystal porcupine (p. 146), and the sky plunged at last "dans des nuages queue de paon" (p. 153).

When Zaël took Jean and Morand to the Moulin-Rouge, Morand returned to his penchant for colors:

C'était un mausolée Sécession, en marbre noir, avec des cordages d'or stylisés, et un plafond à caissons d'argent battu, bourré de turquoises. Le patron, ci-devant capitaine de la garde, à figure de champion de saut en longueur, nous assit au bord du tapis sombre semé de bouquets. Nous prîmes une liqueur indigo. Zaël fit amitié avec des méétèques en rase-pet gris-clair, cols mous, escarpins et chaussettes blanches. Vêtu d'une jaquette retournée, des favoris en filigrane d'argent encadrant sa figure confite, un directeur de ministère en disponibilité présentait des œufs durs dans un petit panier doré noué à son cou par une faveur rose.45

44 Ibid., p. 145. Here Morand returned to the imagery of animals which he had barely broached in La Nuit turque. It is possible that the similes comparing people with trees and bushes of La Nuit romaine were too indefinite.

45 Ibid., p. 149.
The raspberry light of roof-gardens, the clay-gray face of a Neapolitan which was likened to the color of aging faces, blue and mauve lamps, a lamp that turned black and purple in the face, and golden tramways like lacquered boxes are but a few of the colorful portraits of still life that succeed one another in swift and vivid vignettes. However, it is not merely in short, sharp snapshots that one finds Morand's genius. He excels also in sustained images of neighborhoods and towns, e.g., the description of the Spanish villas in *La Nuit catalane*.

At times his use of color, always subsidiary, is comparatively sparse, yet extremely effective, as is the case in *La Nuit nordique*, the last story of the collection. Set in one of the Scandinavian countries, countries, Norway, Sweden or Denmark, (more probably the latter, but certainly one on the Baltic), this was an adventure with Aino, the Nordic nudist who introduced him to the nocturnal delights of a northern Night of Saint John. Here Morand used nothing but standard colors,

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47 *Ibid.*, pp. 157-187. Perhaps because of the impropriety of a nudist colony as the setting for a story or certain scenes, such as the one which described the author's physical embarrassment for natural reactions while engaged in a naked snake dance in mixed company, the entire story was omitted from some American editions, in English translation.
frugally and sparingly, in fact, thirty times in but twenty-eight pages. Descriptions of a white-haired old man and that of Aïno, whose white skin contrasted with her huge red hands, and a mention of her ash-blond hair are certainly trite, but occasionally Morand added an unusual touch.

Upon meeting Aïno in the office of the nudist colony, he was attracted by her blue eyes "bordés de cils noirs, égaux comme les effilés d'une frange, une bouche courtoise, des cheveux courts champêtres de reflets pâles" (pp. 164-165), but when he saw her later, in action in the nudist colony, making the apex of a human pyramid composed of a mixed group, his attention strayed to her "croupe rose" as she climbed to the top and emerged with her ash-blond hair drawn back by a big, black silk ribbon (p. 168).

While riding with her to their mid-summer night's rendez-vous, he noticed "les fiacres impotents et usés dans leurs couleurs crues," whose horses flashed their red eyes at them as they passed. The side-car appeared to him a small "cercueil de vernis cramoisi," flanked by Aïno in a green sweater (p. 174).

He was sensitive to the colors of Nature as they passed des bouleaux blancs, bordés de noir, végétal faire-part, interrompus par des étangs bordés
In 1923, Paul Morand brought out *Fermé la nuit*, generally and erroneously regarded as either a sequel to *Ouvert la nuit* or an attempt to capitalize, through its title, on the success of its predecessor. The fact is that several stories that were included in *Fermé la nuit* had been written and published in French reviews prior to the appearance of the previous collection.

In this, his third collection of short stories, Morand embellished his tales further by his sensational metaphors and unusual character portrayals, in which the role of the senses became increasingly more important. The strength and weakness of this method were revealed in a terse criticism by Fernand Vanderem, a critic of the time, who wrote:

> Sur quoi je chercherais plus querelle à M. Morand, c'est sur son abus des notations matérielles. J'en sais bien l'origine: une organisation sensorielle supérieurement douée et à qui n'échappe ni l'esquisse d'un geste, ni le reflet d'un regard, ni la nuance

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49 Paul Morand, *Ouvert la nuit*, suivi de *Fermé la nuit*. This sixth edition is the one used for notations from *Fermé la nuit*. 

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de saules tordus de rhumatismes articulaires, où flottaient, noyés, des troncs d'arbres vers les scieries mécaniques. Quelles promesses d'allumettes!

d'un son, d'une couleur, d'un jeu de lumière, d'un parfum. Mais nos sens à nous n'ont pas cette pénétration raffinée et minutieuse. Ils seraient de moins près les agitations ou les émanations de la matière. Ils en reçoivent des impressions plus synthétiques. Alors une telle accumulation de détails, si agilement, si prestement que M. Morand les saisit et les retrace, nous arrête souvent et nous refroidit.... Mais au lieu de sensations d'ensemble, comme celles que nous éprouvons de coutume, ce sont des sensations morcelées, infiniment fragmentées qu'on nous offre et qui nous gênent.

Once again, in Fermé la nuit, it was not the quantity or variety of colors used by Morand that mark their effectiveness, but the disposition. In the Nuit de Portofino Kulm, which could well have borne the subtitle of an event in The Life and Loves of Frank Harris, he used thirteen colors forty-five times in forty-nine pages: rouge, five times (p. 149 et passim), bleu, seven times (p. 145 et passim), rose, five times (p. 145 et passim), noir, eight times (p. 145 et passim), vert, five times (p. 143 et passim), blanc, five times (p. 169 et passim), gris, four times (p. 149 et passim), and or (p. 145), violet (page 186), roux (p. 168), vermillon (p. 181), jaune (p. 169), and ocre (p. 180).

O'Patah, who was chiefly a caricature of Frank


51 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, pp. 143-192.
Harris, the Irish-Anglo-American editor of *Vanity Fair* and other journals, was pictured by Morand in his hotel in New York. He had changed his room into a chapel because of the month of Mary, decorating it with blue candles and an image of the Virgin. A Young priest, his secretary and personal chaplain, whose hair "imitaient l'or à s'y méprendre, avec une tonsure toute rose, le cou romantiquement serré du plastron noir" was sitting on the bed.

Not always did Morand mention specifically a color. White and green were occasionally inferred, rather than mentioned explicitly, by the use either of impressionistic terms or of concrete nouns or adjectives, such as in the description of a gaming table having the color of a sick lawn, a chalky villa and snowy hairpins:

"Au casino, la table se trouvait, gazon malade, au centre d'une sorte de garage en ciment armé. Très loin, un bar américain, pris dans les glaces, pavoisait; cascades de joueurs sans responsabilités. Un valet, en culotte de panne rouge, replouait don talon avec une bouteille vide..."

"Je montai jusqu'à la Lodola, villa crayeuse qui crevait les yeux; le sentier descendait à mesure qu'on s'efforçait de le gravir. Une terrasse carrelée projetait sur les murs un reflet rose où s'enfonçaient goulûment les"

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53 *Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit*, p. 188.
trous noirs des chambres, fraîches mariées
derrière leurs moustiquaires... 54

A peine m'eut-elle laissé dans un lit défaill,plein d'aubépines et une neige d'épingle s
neige, qu'elle se mit à me fuir comme si elle redoutait...la contagion d'un mal qu'elle
ne voulait au fond que bien pénétrer en moi. Un jour qu'elle était endormie, je m'emparai
de son bâton de vermillon pour les lèvres et
j'inscrivis DANGER en capitales rouges, sur
sa poitrine. 55

A most unconventional color description was em­
ployed by Morand when he described his meeting with
the sick O'Patah at Portofino Kulm on the Italian
Riviera:

La maladie l'avait bien changé. Ses vio­
ences, ses triomphes, ses silences n'étaient
plus les mêmes. Il me faisait peur avec sa
figure, couleur des oreillers de chemin de
fer. (Quand on les jette sur le quai, au
terminus-arrivée.) Par la fenêtre ouverte
entrait un palmier au tronc natté, poilu
comme un chimpanzé, auquel pendait, fruit
indigène, un thermomètre. L'ombre striée
des palmes dessinait de grandes arêtes sur
le front d'O'patah, et sur son complet de
 cachemire crème, plein de taches. 56

Animal similes creep again into the descriptions,
not only in the analogy of the palm with a chimpanzé,
but in his descriptions of Ursule, the Jewish mistress,

54 Ibid. , p. 181.

55 Ibid. , p. 159.

56 Ibid. , p. 182.
and of O'Patah himself. Ursule's love-making and kisses are animal-like in nature and she herself has the eyes of a panther, as Morand employs a prolonged and astonishing portrait:

Je n'indiquerai pas toutes les conséquences que ce baiser eut pour moi. Il faut dire qu'il était exceptionnel. Liquide et durable, comme un bol de lait chaud; laissant si énivré qu'il fallait faire effort pour ne pas tomber. Ensuite, presque à votre portée, demeurait une bouche qui n'en finissait plus, entaillé de hache, et, au bord des lèvres, une langue plate d'animal affectueux. Mais derrière cette espèce de sourire, le démentant, des yeux de panthère qui va bondir, mis-clos, quettant la défaillance du dompteur. Je n'ai jamais rien rencontré d'aussi félin qu'"ursule."57

Not content with that animal sequence, he lent to her the childhood of a young badger, now in one hole, now in another (p. 158). Morand, in his attempts to bring her to the point of ecstasy, called her "ravissant loup, loup ravissant" (p. 159) and O'Patah attributed to her the character of a dog (p. 186).

O'Patah in Venice bore a resemblance to a Gothic dragon (p. 174), but the simile was changed when Morand found him sick at Portofino Kulm:

Mais il était mué en chèvre, n'étant plus teint et s'étant laissé pousser des poils sous le menton. Et il bélait, l'hémiplégie lui ayant fendu en deux la bouche et la

57 Ibid., pp. 157-158.
Morand's love for flowers is ever-present in his stories. The settings and décor of many of his scenes are replete with them. He even places them in designs on dresses, kimonos and glassware. In his first interview with O'Patah, presumably at the Waldorf Hotel in New York, the room is laden with a barrage of orchids, lilies and azaleas (p. 143). O'Patah is dressed in a Japanese kimono on which storks were flying over embroidered chrysanthemums (p. 146). One of O'Patah's visitors, a Mr. Oppenheim (sic) according to his altered visiting card, wears a rose in his lapel as a boutonniere (p. 153), and even the intimacies of Ursule are likened to fleurs:

J'avais beau piétiner les fleurs qu'elle me donnait, me débarbouiller soigneusement et me laver les mains en la quittant, son odeur restait en moi. 59

In the midst of a description of the civil war in Dublin, Morand apparently cannot prevent himself from inserting a mention of flowers, on this occasion, roses:

Par les vitr es cassées, sur la pelouse, je voyais des bicyclettes en faisceaux, derrière lesquelles des hommes en habit du

58 Ibid., p. 181.
59 Ibid., p. 160.
dimanche commençaient à creuser des tranchées. Des femmes assises en rond, comme des écossaises de pois, confectionnaient des grenades à main. Des filles en camisole et coiffées de cieux chapeaux de velours à plumes, la pipe d'argile à la bouche, les apportaient dans leur jupe relevée à des capucins casqués qui les rangeaient dans un kiosque, derrière des sacs de sable. Malgré la bataille, le printemps, loyalement faisait tout ce qu'on peut attendre de lui. Des roses grimpantes, à chaque destruction, s'effeuillaient.

It is true, as previously stated, that some of his metaphors and similes appear to have been influenced by the Cubists, Futurists, Fantaisists and Dadaists, almost the Surrealists, although at this time that would be an anachronism. Nevertheless, the variation and range of his style and technique apply to no particular school or literary chapel. The majority of his imagery and stylistique technique is intensely original. His descriptions of O'Patah's eyes, "dynamiques, venant droit comme un jet de siphon," of Doña Remedios who possessed one of those bodies stuffed with siestas, swollen by sugar and throbbing with vows and omens, namely a Spanish woman, and of Magyar non-commissioned officers with teeth like dead turquoise

60 Ibid., pp. 173-174.
61 Ibid., p. 174.
are but a suggestion of his originality.

Girls with heavily powdered faces which cause them to resemble bonbons, Léa's eyes opening like fried eggs, Louisia whose eyes move so slowly that it seems that she must have been reared near a railroad line where only slow freight trains passed and the judgment delivered by one of Samuel Pacifico's guests who was asked if Doña Remedios were a woman of letters and replied, "Non, je la crois chaste" are prime examples not only of Morand's efforts to bring together things rarely if ever before associated, but also of his whimsical pixie-like humor.

A feature of his style which has been generally overlooked is a tendency, if not an addiction, to alliteration, a trait peculiar to Germanic rather than Gallic writers. In the Nuit de Portofino Kulm, Morand described the scene of the revolt: "Dublin était désert, habité seulement de détonnations" and placed in O'Patah's mouth a speech advocating that a poet should try to belong to mythology as quickly as possible, in

62 Ouvert la nuit, p. 124.

63 Tendres Stocks, p. 74.

64 Ouvert la nuit, p. 34.

65 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 163.
which alliteration is stressed:

Tout vaut mieux que de s'amender. Amende amère. Efforçons-nous d'éviter, d'une part, le noeud coulant de la prison de Kilmainham, et, d'autre part, les lauriers de poète lauréat.66

When a shell cleaned out a group of sharpshooters posted in the cupola of a church, O'Patah commented drily: "Si cela continue...nous allons voir les dômes...inés (The domes will be doomed)" and a bit farther along, he spoke of the "éternel extrémisme" in which Ireland lived.

Such alliteration might appear normal and even accidental, until one finds a sustained example, as in O'Patah's manuscript:

 Orient, ancienne chose, nieres-tu l'orgueil originel de ceux dont la force tremble, l'outil oscille dans la main oisive, obéissant seulement pour les mauvais ouvrages, opulence optée, ouragan obscurci, ombrageuses obsèques...

Fermé la nuit continued the pattern set in Morand's previous works, bringing more into focus the blurred, hazy outlines of the half-imaginary characters,

66 Ibid., p. 165.
67 Ibid., p. 166.
68 Ibid., p. 167.
69 Ibid., p. 185.
as portrayed in *Tendres Stocks*, continuing the gaudy, glittering style of *Ouvert la nuit*. The traditional style of the short-story was almost completely discarded, for Morand at this period was occupied with the assembly of entirely dissimilar concepts in order to express his impressions and was specializing in what Léon Pierre-Quint described as "l'image surprise, l'image explosion, l'ellipse à effet, la recherche des appositions cosmopolites."

In *La Nuit de Charlottenburg*, written in 1921, he presented another character of the lost generation, as the post World War I group of writers and artists was called. Just as in *Ouvert la nuit* he had shown the female representatives of the jazz age, the bars, the dance-halls and the underworld, so in *Fermé la nuit*, he described deluded, degenerate and disgusted male counterparts. O'Fatah, the revolutionary poet of *La Nuit de Portofino Kulm*, was not too far removed from Egon v. Strachwitz, the German

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70 The fairy-like, ethereal, Giraudoux-esque quality of Clarisse, Delphine and Aurore is the imaginary part. Morand was inspired, for the portrait of Clarisse, by one of his friends, the Baroness Emile d'Erlanger who is now well over eighty and lives in California.


72 *Ouvert la nuit*, suivi de *Fermé la nuit*, pp. 193-216.
Communist, snake-collector and former baron, spawned by war and living in a demoralized country. Both were characteristic types of the decadent society of the era, childish, vulgar, neurotic to the point of hysteria, almost grotesque.

The use of colors is markedly less in this tale, most of them, in tune with the theme, being subdued and a trifle depressing. As times they were employed in a droll and elliptical style, as can be seen in the description of the meeting between Egon and the author. The baroness had hair of a heather-colored violet (p. 207) and women clients of a cabaret were described as:

> ces femmes qui rient avec un bruit de carafes qui se vident, et leurs yeux, lourdes eaux naphtéuses, et le timbre humide de leurs bouches.

Within the twenty-two pages of the script but nine colors were employed: violet (p. 193 et passim), vert (p. 193 et passim), jaune (p. 197), cerise (p. 203), bleu (p. 204), rouge (p. 204), gris souris (p. 208), noir (p. 213) and argent (p. 214). Nevertheless, the author achieved strong effects by the brutality of the imagery and by a combination of heat, flowers, colors and the

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73 Cited on page 114.

716 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 204.
baroque. The baroness, for example, told of her early experiences with Egon and characterized him in the following words:

Comme moi, Egon aimait la paresse aux longs ongles, les aveux sans paroles sur les mols kanapés, dans des atmosphères d'ardeur où, en quelques instants, les magnolias, ces fleurs de peau, deviennent noirs comme des pendus.75

Mouse-gray suits and inky aperitifs (p. 208), even longnailed idleness, and especially a mistress clad in violet stockings and silver filigreed mules, waiting in a boudoir (p. 214) are within the ken of the average imagination, but sulphured dawns (p. 214) and laughing eyes that were like heavy naphthalic waters are a bit disconcerting, and, in matter of plot, a broken-down baron who raises poisonous snakes and is hospitable to the degree of lending the use of his wife to his guest approaches the limits of plausibility. Again, after a rather complete description of the baroness, in which he stated that she had "un éclair lunaire, le front bas, un nez largement ouvert et soudé aux sourcils. Ses cheveux d'un violet couleur de bruyère" (p. 207), he was struck by her resemblance to an angora rabbit, which, although admirably accurate, is a most unusual and unconventional

75 Ibid., p. 213.
In *La Nuit de Babylone*, certainly the weakest of the collection, Morand recounted the tale of a French politician who

fidèle à sa race et à la coutume parlementaire, n'est jamais à court de repartie et à bout de ressources, et rebondait sur ses pattes et partir sans rougir d'un nouvel élan vers de nouveaux honneurs et de nouveaux profits.77

Here again colors are used sparingly: bleu (p. 218), jaune (p. 218), blanc (p. 219), argent (p. 221), rose (p. 223), or (p. 222), crème (p. 227), and vert (p. 230). However, the reader meets a new shade of color of wallpaper in the author's description, in elliptical style, of Denyse's room:

C'est si jolie chez Denyse, si intime. Un papier rayé, de teinte pistache. Une moquette jonquille. Aux murs de fines gravures Louis XVI. Des abat-jour de dentelles. Des vases de Galle. Partout, dans ces effilés, dans ces motifs au crochet, la main de la femme, comme chez ma tante Emma.78

Another description in which the neutrality of light and dark was employed occurred as Morand described the scene in the Chamber of Deputies, as the president


77 *Pierre Brodin, Maîtres et témoins de l'entre-deux-guerres*, p. 176.

78 *Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit*, p. 230.
mounted to the tribune:

Sa vitalité est tarie et il fait contraste avec les triomphantes Victoires dorées qui, sous lui, s'envolent dans un ciel d'acajou, embouchant de muets buccins. Une lumière livide, soleil d'après dîner, tombe sur les têtes, aussi blêmes que les allégories des murs; le Président de la Chambre se penche par-dessus bord, inquiet comme d'une voie d'eau. 79

Here Morand departed from his two dimensional art of arbitrary combinations by the use of metaphors which appear to be an intentional distortion. Described in more or less traditional style, with the exception of the mahogany sky, the scene presented a realistic portrait rather than his usual electrifying caricature. 80

In La Nuit de Putney, he made much more use of color and in more picturesque ways. As is obvious in the examples already cited, it is not the quantity or frequency of the colors that enhances the style. It is Morand's fashion of grouping and his treatment of them. Statistically he averages little more than one mention of color per page, which is particularly true of La Nuit de Putney.

The reader is introduced to Habib the Levantine

79 Ibid., p. 235.
80 Ibid., pp. 239-280.
who is described as having a very dark complexion and
dressed in a pink flannel shirt, lying on his side in
a lacquered cabin:

le buste dressé hors d'un plaid, comme ces
tanagres funéraires auxquels il ressemblait
tant par cette pose et par sa face orientale.
D'un point situé sous la racine des cheveux
partaient un seul sourcil et un nez en crochêt
qui soutenait, comme une pièce de boucherie,
les lèvres épaisse et saignantes. Au-dessous,
un menton en pleine pâle et des joues d'azur
que la poudre rachel faisait cîrer au vert de

Later Morand mentioned his swarthy, brown eyelids
("les paupières bistrées") and "un œil à cornée
bleue" which opened as Habib "laissa couler un regard
auquel il noua un courire sur une bouche de dix-huit
carats." Habib was truly a colorful character, for
he is described as extending

hors d'un poignet rose (retourné après avoir
été porté à l'endroit, car Habib malgré son élé-
gance, ne pouvait se résoudre à changer de linge),
deux mains soudées à un bras poilu, orné d'une
plaque d'identité en or.

He maintained his headquarters in Hanover Square,
with its blue cats and green doors (p. 255), where a
liveried servant, whose hair was Spanish white, intro-

81 Ibid., p. 239.
82 Ibid., p. 242.
83 Ibid.
84 Ibid., p. 247.
duced the visitors through a marble vestibule to a "salon en crème cuite" (p. 256), covered with a royal blue carpet. Habib wore a black tie with pale blue stripes, the colors of Eton.

In similar style, Morand described at length Sir Charles Vallery Sucoombes' collection of skulls:

orânes aux tons cuits de caramel ou blanchis de chaux ou patinés, orânes arabes où l'on voyait, gravés, des versets du Koran, inscrites des marques de tribus; orânes des Incas, inorustées de turquoise, d'argent et de nacre orânes tabous dans leur gaine de cuir, affligées de stries peintes violemment, orânes congolais pleins de clous votifs et ces mystérieuses têtes humaines que, par un procédé secret, les Péruviens réduisent à la grosseur du poing, petites grimaces noires ayant gardées dans leur rétrécissement leurs proportions, les cheveux eux-mêmes rapetissés, sapajous exquis.

A striking example of the use of color in his descriptions occurred at the conclusion of the story as Habib was staunohling the internal hemorrhages of the sick woman:

Une jeune femme circeuse, très belle, les yeux gravés d'un cerne bleu foncé, les lèvres blanches, était étendue sans mouvement, dans le lit. Elle ne parut pas nous voir. Autour d'elle, des cuvettes rouges, des éponges rouges, des serviettes rouges; les draps eux-mêmes traversés... On entendait au-dessus de nos têtes les pas

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85 Ibid., p. 257.

86 Ibid., pp. 269-270.
pressed des domestiques qui recherchaient du linge de rechange.  

Here the repetition—red basins, red sponges, red towels—is reminiscent of the scene in Clarisse where the tennis player in white ducks was cavorting before a knoll of blue grass on which were seated the young women in cherry, yellow, green and cherry jumpers. 

In Lewis et Irène, his first novel, Morand introduced Irene, sister under the skin to Delphine, Clarisse, Aurore, Léa, Zaël, Aïno and Company. Jacques de Lacretelle compared, in a significant fashion, Morand's treatment of his new heroine with his previous portraits when he wrote:

Il l'a créée de la même manière qu'il avait créé les premières, mais sur une base plus solide et plus étendue. Il lui a palpé le crâne, mesuré l'angle faciale et il l'a rattachée à sa race comme Gobineau aurait pu le faire... Il n'a pas perdu dans cette étude plus approfondie sa rapidité d'expression ni son art des contrastes simultanés.

This novel, which in reality was scarcely more than an elongated short-story, continued in the

87 Ibid., p. 279.
88 Tendres Stocks, pp. 44-45.
90 J. de Lacretelle, "Notes," La Nouvelle Revue Française, XXII, 126 (mars 1924), 363.
impressionistic and baroque style of his previous works and, in addition, introduced the modern world of business into the realm of the novel. New juxtapositions of hitherto unrelated subjects abound, unexpected, droll and whimsical, which remind the reader of the school of the Fantaisists. The extremely contemporary nature of his subject matter and his manner of expression might tempt critics to classify Paul Morand among the realists, but the fanciful and expressionistic nature of his style places his works on a higher artistic level. As René Boylesve has written, "L'art commence à l'instant précis où naît la fantaisie."

The author's sensitivity to color is again present but plays an even more subdued and finished role. The frequency in Lewis et Irène is barely one mention of color per page, but, as usual, the combinations are so arranged as to give the ultimate in effect.

In the description of a funeral, Morand presented again contrasts of light and dark, in clothing, demeanor and environment. He departed from the stylistic device of monotonous beat, characteristic of simple declarative sentences, but, by his use of colors, flowers and music produced a cumulative, ominous sense of death which was

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broken suddenly by the sharp contrast afforded by the final sentence:

À la sortie des cols empesés, hors des vêtements de deuil, les assistants montraient des joues tannées au soleil, des mains brûlées.

Tandis que les oroque-morts à moustaches noires dénudaient le corbillard au profit du catafalque, et portaient dans l'église une à une les couronnes enrubannées, un à un tous ces regrets en fleurs naturelles, l'orgue, accordéon tenu par quelque marin enivré et plaintif, envoyait dans les tentures, sous les voûtes et jusque dans la rue de géantes harmonies coupées de vents. Les suisses dominaient toutes les calvities, de leurs hallebardes luissantes et trouées comme la ouiller à absinthe. Les domestiques du défunt, en livrée amarante, avec brassard de crêpe, le chapeau haut de forme à la main, ajoutaient à cette majesté. On sentait que le moindre chagrin eût altéré, la moindre impolitesse fracassé la bonne humeur de cette obsoue assemblée d'hommes et de femmes réunis dans la joie de sentir le matin, la pâte dentifrice et de n'être pas morts.92

As the funeral procession heads towards Père-Lachaise the description becomes more terse but presents a picture similar in tints and glints:

Précédée de son attelage et de son cocher en suite, la voiture était gainée d'un deuil mat, où seule la bouche des chevaux faisait une déchirure humide et rose. Lewis regardait tomber un soleil gras qui tachait les rayons des roues, les souliers à boucles du maître des cérémonies, les orchidées transparentes, les feuillages d'automne que suivait une odeur de forêt mouillée.93

Throughout the entire scene, from Pastafina

92 Lewis et Irène, p. 6.

93 Ibid., p. 13.
dressed in a daffodil colored raglan (p. 17), to Lewis' return to his home where he threw on the floor his black gloves and mourning clothes, "qui restèrent comme un en­ crier renversé sur le tapiss," and put on an old golf jersey and a gray hat that had turned yellow (p. 21), one is impressed by the subtle use of color in the des­ criptions. During the evening Lewis dressed and drove towards Paris, "cette lueur rouge, ce trou plus clair repeint de rose, qui s'avançait dans la nuit à mesure que les pavés devinrent plus houleux," (p. 22).

Morand further described girls as blond as jute (p. 31), Lewis sun-bathing until his skin had taken on the color of iron ore (p. 43), and olive trees "qui n'avaient que la peau sur les os, s'étiraient hors d'une terre fendue couleur de pain" (p. 44). Pastafina's bro­ ther was depicted most colorfully:

Le suivait son frère, le commandatore Pastafina, sorte de Maciste électoral à l'œil liquoreux, au geste généralisateur, joues, ongles et brassard noirs, cheveux huilés, terminés par des acrocheceœurs, vêtu de cet uniforme de toile blanche boutonné sur le côté qui fait prendre beaucoup de Siciliens pour des officiers de marine en disponibilité.

Irene was presented in a black swimming suit, red rubber cap and with "cette belle couleur terre cuite des peaux méditerranéennes" (pp. 46-47), and the

94 Ibid., p. 44
Sicilian streets were as thick as soup with people, and lined with houses painted with "ce bleu à lessive" (p. 51). This is apparently a favorite shade of the author, for it was repeated in several subsequent stories and novels.

Ever attentive to the eyes of people, perhaps by his diplomatic training, Morand painted, by means of negation, a striking portrait of Lewis early in the morning:

Quand Lewis se réveille il n'a pas les paupières chargées de buveurs de bourgogne dont les reins, toute la nuit, ont travaillé, ni les yeux rouges des liseurs, ni ces cercles violets des amoureux, anneaux nuptiaux, ni les mèches poissées des danseurs au lendemain d'un bal, ni cette peau des joueurs où l'on voit les reflets du tapis vert.95

His interest in races was disclosed, for his sense of color was ever present, in his descriptions of the yellow Orientals in the Apostolatos Bank (p. 53), and the dark hands of the Greeks themselves. Not content with his own descriptive paragraphs he placed words in the mouth of Lewis that betrayed his interest in racial features, e.g., as he described Irene's Byzantine eyes, like a peacock's tail (p. 109).

With Lewis et Irène, Morand had completed his apprenticeship and was ready to perfect his craftsmanship. The tales, essays, travelogues and novels that followed

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95 Ibid., p. 65.
were to contain the same basic elements as his early prose works, at times more resplendently dressed and at other times in more somber tones. The fourteen exotic and erotic tales of *L'Europe galante* enhanced his reputation and displayed the profuseness of his imagery to the point where it seemed that he was gilding the lily, but brought few variations to the style and technique of *Tendres Stooks*, the *Nuits* and *Lewis et Irène*. He was approaching his fortieth year and was already beginning to see himself imprisoned in his own legend, an imprisonment which was to last until after World War II, at which time he blossomed forth in a new and entirely different light.

In his early works the public identified him with his characters, even to the point of attributing to him their features and traits, as he himself observed:

> Chacun de ceux qui me composent aujourd'hui, après dix ans de vie littéraire, est emprunté à un de mes livres. Cette bouche cynique est née après *Tendres Stooks*, ce teint blême après *Ouvert la Nuit*; ce bas de visage lourd d'homme d'affaires m'a été posé après *Lewis et Irène*; ces cheveux plaqués de noctambule ont poussé après *L'Europe Galante*; ces yeux bridés sont ceux de *Bouddha Vivant*, et après *Magie Noire*, mes photos elles-mêmes ont commencé, à Dorian Gray à prendre le type nègre.

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*(Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1925).*

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Morand realized that the critics always demand that an author change and renew himself, knowing that this is what the public pardons least in him. By his flashing imagery and capsule caricatures, he presented not only the appearances of people, places and things, but drove to the very heart of the subject, which places him above the trite classification of inquiring reporter or taker of candid snapshots and into that of an artist and of the prince of tellers of tales.
Hand in hand with his sensitivity to color, Morand disclosed early in his writings an awareness of odors. This was perhaps not as marked in his first stories as it became later in *Magie noire*, *Paris-Tombouctou* and *Route des Indes*, but the embryo was readily apparent.

*Clarisse*, written in 1914 and first printed in the *Mercure de France* in 1917, made use of occasional imagery based on odors but introduced the latter chiefly as part of the descriptive background. The tale was related in the first person with the author inferring an autobiographical event. When he pictured himself and Clarisse on the balcony in Kensington on a Spring night, she leaned forward to smell the odor of freshly cut grass which was mingled with the animal perfume of the dance. Later he went with her on an excursion into the country whose landscape he pictured in a flood of images, color, odor and asymmetry:

> Voici une lande de boue où l'herbe rare jute comme une éponge, sur laquelle tombe le crépuscule d'un vert pourri; rien ne la limite que le ciel et, sur la gauche, les baraques de bois blanc dont l'odeur de beurre fort vient jusqu'à moi. Des flaques d'eau renvoient au ciel lavé, vidé de sa pluie, l'image d'une lune d'aluminium.

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Sur les chemins défoncés, les roues à facettes de l'artillerie lourde font des ornières vertébrées remplies d'une eau mauve.

Elliptical style plus the intercalation of purely subjective imagery appears to be the hallmark of Morand's early technique. He described his visit to Clarisse's apartment in cryptical, syncopated fashion:

Mieux que cela. Petits objets inimaginables, sans âge, jamais rêvés, musée d'enfant sauvage, curiosités d'asiles d'aliénés, collection de consultants anémis par les tropiques. Elle confesse:
- Vous savez mes goûts: jouets mécaniques cassés, lait brûlé, orgues à vapeur, odeur de prêtres, corsets de sole noire à remiges et ces bouquets en perles de couleur faits de toutes les fleurs citées dans Shakespeare.

It is obvious that Clarisse was not enumerating her favorite collector's items, which could hardly include burnt milk and the odor of priests, but merely her preferences. Yet one wonders what particular and identifiable scent there is to the priesthood, without daring to admit the existence of a concrete odor of sanctity, which, in view of Morand's antipathy to the clergy, is scarcely acceptable.

Again, as he described the hand which floated in the wake of Clarisse, he included tactual, auditory, olfactory and visual impressions:

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2 Ibid., p. 45.

3 Ibid., pp. 62-63.
Nous sommes vos prisonniers. Tout nous ramène vers vous. Si, lointains, l'ennui; si nous passons dans votre rue, tout nous attire: le grand bouton plat de la sonnette, agréable à toucher, le bruit de nos pas sur le marbre de l'escalier, les injures du perroquet, l'odeur de papier calque et de palette qui vient de votre boudoir, le camée de votre chevalière, les veines mauves qui cernent vos yeux.¹

As he and Clarisse took leave of the group and returned from the night club, he was again aware of odors:

Il est quatre heures. Nous remontons à la surface du sol, laissant au-dessous de nous la fumée lourde des cigares, des odeurs de jicky et de foie gras.²

Considered quantitatively, such a paucity of odors is hardly an indication of an author's predilection for their use as part of his style or technique. It was rather in Morand's judicious use of them that this was disclosed. In subsequent stories he employed them subtly and with piquant picturesqueness by means of color and taste combinations, which were suggested rather than stated baldly. For example, in Delphine, Morand, who dined frequently at the Oxford refectory, could not resist the interpolation of a description of his meals:

Nous avalions l'entremets, une sorte de moka jaune et rose alternativement, qui avait l'aspect

¹ Ibid., p. 68.
² Ibid., p. 76.
du lard et la saveur de la pepsine, puis un grand verre d'eau.

Later, when Fraser, the professor at All Souls, took him to dine in Chelsea, where we may suppose the fare was more to his liking, Morand noticed only colors. However, when working in the Bodleian library, he found it a sort of barn

où le bois des charpentes de six siècles restituaît, comme l'âme d'un violon, le moindre bruit, tandis que sur les rayons pareils à des planches de fruitier, les manuscrits odorants séchaient.

Sometimes the quality of picturesqueness became mired in the bog of dislocated syntax, which can be seen in his description of Spring on the Thames:

Le talus des routes s'ornait de pique-niques, d'iris, de motocyclettes blessées. La campagne était devenue un vert désert où passaient des paysans en jaquette et en chapeau melon. Au sommet pommier creux blanchi à la chaux ne pouvait éviter à se pencher sur l'eau dallée de nuages, le poids d'une barque et l'odeur d'une lampe à alcool; dans les roseaux éclatait le rhume des foin de phonographes restituant à la nature cette poésie qu'ils lui avaient, pour leur succès, empruntée.

Morand, the elegant dandy of World War I years, was acutely aware of personal odors, which he tried to

6 Ibid., p. 87.
7 Ibid., p. 115.
8 Ibid., p. 121.
explain euphemistically and favorably when applied to himself. In an apparently autobiographical reference, he described the loan of the book, Dominique, to Delphine. She read the novel and, upon returning it, remarked that he, Morand, was very sensual. Morand's reflection indicated his preoccupation with odors, as he commented:

C'était vrai! Il y avait, après les repas, des nappes de feu dans mes grosses joues et mon nez se laissait prendre à de bien vulgaires odeurs.  

This idea of unpleasant odors being vulgar was further enhanced when he placed them in juxtaposition with the very proper French ladies who volunteered to tend the wounded in the hospital trains. They were well-bred ladies "comme il faut qui, à l'odeur des  

Aurore, written in 1916, presented Morand of the wanderlust complex and the maker of epigrams. He introduced himself with the now famous passage that stressed his boredom and his desire to travel:

Je ne veux plus vivre ici, j'étouffe; dormir serait possible sans les rêves et l'écrasante fatigue des réveils; il est encore plus impossible de vivre loin de ses amis qu'avec eux. Je m'entends les ongles, je m'épile, je fais des réussites; mais je ne tue pas le temps, je le blesse. Je voudrais partir seul, avec mon carnet de chèques pendu à mon ouv dans une petite boîte de fer; avec ma valise. Ma valise dont les flancs

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9 Ibid., p. 95.

10 Ibid., p. 96.
lisses sont comme des joues, sur lesquelles tous les vents ont soufflé, tous les doigts ont passé; étiquettes des hôtels et des gares; orai les multicolores des douanes; et le fond qui s'en va est bleu de sueurs, d'eau de mer, de comissions, et rouge là où les flacons d'eau de Cologne se sont cassés à l'intérieur. 11

Not only, as Stansbury has pointed out, is the valise a symbol of Morand himself, but the reader perceives, by inference, the smells of the sea, the luggage, the broken Cologne bottles, the sweat and the vomit. Parenthetically, Morand here portrayed himself in too modest and self-deprecating a fashion. Far from being the inveterate traveler with worn and beaten luggage, it is probable that Morand traveled first class more often then not, which would be in keeping with his position as a representative of the French Foreign Office. His characters, however, bear the stamp of authenticity. The night-club habitués and dregs of cafe society which he presented were truly tourist class, if not steerage, passengers.

The musing Morand, after having wandered around Upper Tooting, ridden the suburban buses and strolled through the parks, had nothing left for amusement but a walk behind the Opera with its "odeur des travaux agricoles, sous la colonnade, parmi le marché qui parfume-

11 Ibid., pp. 139-140.

l'art de Beecham d'une odeur de chou."

Later, visiting the apartment of Aurore, for he seems to have had a penchant for wandering in and out of young ladies' boudoirs, Morand was again aware of scents: "Il y a dans la pièce une bonne odeur de chair lavée, de savon, d'alcool, de vapeur d'eau."

Quite the opposite of Jules Romains, he injects few odors when he depicts beautiful women or sensual episodes. Cleanliness is apparently his condition for godliness. Body odors are generally repulsive to him and mentioned only when the character portrayed is treated in a derogatory fashion. This is perhaps innate with Morand. When Clarisse asked him about his preferred girl friend, he described her in the following words:

--Elle a un ventre poli, une chair ferme où les morsures ne restent pas, des seins, écartés... Très jeune: elle débouche les bouteilles avec ses dents, s'asseoit face au jour, n'est pas nécessairement chez elle, se donne sans nuances, n'a pas envie de faire l'amour tous les jours.15

Here there is not a sign of scents. Rather, one would suspect that Morand is a tactile, receiving his impressions chiefly from the sense of touch. His imagination turns more to the musculature or suppleness of

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13 Tendres Stocks, pp. 140-141.

14 Ibid., p. 155.

15 Ibid., p. 81.
female bodies. In similar fashion, when he described Aurore in the nude, it was while she was taking a bath:

Elle se dévêêt le plus simplement du monde, entre dans l'eau, se savonne, fait couler l'eau sur son corps. Corps parfait. Les muscles du dos courent comme des boules d'ivoire sous la peau hâlée, tendue, matière à la fois solide et précieuse comme la soie des dirigeables; on les lit aussi aisément que sur une planche d'anatomie, où ils couvrent nos organes de roses arborescences; reins cambrés où ruisselle l'eau, seins de proie, et, dépouillés par la danse de toute lourdeur, des jambes longues, étirées aux chevilles, évidées à l'intérieur des cuisses, renflées à la souple charnière des genoux.

Neither description actually mentions odors, yet each absolutely reeks of cleanliness, soap and sweat-free bodies. The effect achieved is far more powerful and sensual than if Morand had depicted an earthy embrace, with the participants smelling each other's body even to its innermost recesses. Without crossing the t's or dotting the i's, Morand succeeded in conveying to the reader the definite desirability of Aurore as well as his own standards and qualifications for a beautiful woman; i. e., the possession of a smooth stomach, firm flesh, parted and pointed breasts.

16 Ibid., p. 154. This portion, as well as others deemed salacious by the censors, were omitted from the English translation: Green Shoots (New York: Thomas Seltzer, 1924).

Naturally, he returned to Aurore's apartment and, en route, was again perceptive of scents, as is disclosed in the following excerpt:

Mon travail terminé, je gagnais le quartier de la rivière où le courant d'air de la mer du Nord cassait les fumées vers l'ouest, rabattait les mouettes et l'odeur des vases découvertes vers la Cité. Les avenues qui me menaient étaient traçées à peine et trouées de flaques d'eau, avec déjà une odeur de champs, une promesse de campagne.  

He had been struck by colors and odors of cheroots when he took Aurore to the Café Royal. Towards the end of the evening, Arohnsohn invited them both to his apartment for a private party, but Aurore refused, giving as her excuse: "C'est un homme malsain. Il exhale une odeur de corruption."

In Ouvert la nuit, Morand used odors for various purposes: to heighten the effect, for realism, and at times to portray exoticism. Remedios, the dyed-in-the-wool Communist, "éclatait d'arome dans la pièce comme un vin chambré," the late afternoon is described as "parfumé d'anis," and, it may be recalled, while visiting

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18 Tendres Stocks, p. 156.
19 Ibid., p. 175.
20 Ouvert la nuit (Paris: Gallimard, 1922), p. 44.
21 Ibid., p. 52.
a creamery Morand noticed a "jambon cru à odeur de suif, qui tourne au noir."

Barcelona under martial law had its atmosphere accentuated when Morand described the police as questioning "ces banlieues de chez nous, qui sentent l'os brûlé, l'essence de fosse et la gomme laque." Along with the realistic horror of the slaughtered innocents, Morand managed to insert the smell of the Spaniards who plaster their hair with odoriferous ointments.

The exoticism of La Nuit turque was presented by means of a comparison of scents. The Orient Express, traveling from Paris to Constantinople, carried back French dressmakers and milliners who had been on a buying trip. Morand introduced the Near East in a laconic and direct fashion:

à Laroche, le parfum de Paris se dispersa tandis que réapparurent les odeurs tenaces d'Orient: la rose et la bergamote poivrée.  

Isabelle, the protagonist of La Nuit romaine, who sank to the lowest degradations, learned the odor of red hair from her room-mate, Wanda. Such a scent

22 Ibid., p. 65.
23 Ibid., p. 30.
24 Ibid., p. 73.
25 Ibid., p. 111.
is as indefinable as the odor of a priest exhaled or emitted, preferred by Clarisse, or the odor of corruption exhaled by Arohnsohn, or the Jewish odor of a staircase inhaled by Zafl, the Jewish prostitute and cabaret singer of La Nuit hongroise, but which, in context, enlightens the reader as to her extra-curricular activities. Later, when Wanda, Igor and Morand found Isabelle, strangled by her mulatto lover, the scene is described tersely and succinctly:

Je tournai le commutateur. Une lampe centrale pendue à un fil nous brûla vifs, inondant le salon d'un jour blanc. Nous goûtâmes une odeur musquée. Igor posa le champagne à terre et s'avança; dans la chambre à coucher, Isabelle gisait à terre, nue, immobile, avec des marques noires autour du cou.27

Long before Magie noire, Morand was sensitive to the musk of the Negro, something which the reader must perceive by sensing what had happened, for his only clues are the adjective musquée and the marques noires. Such delicacy appears to be the touch of a master.

The combination of odors and disassociation of ideas occurred more frequently in La Nuit des six jours. Léa, the Jewish tart, was accosted by Morand in a nightclub to which he had gone, looking for excitement. He

26 Ibid., p. 155.
27 Ibid., p. 118.
followed her to a telephone booth and then to the washroom, where, without any specific mention of scents, Morand subtly suggested them:

Nous nous connûmes davantage dans le cadre du lavabo sans eau, souillé de pétales, de chalumeaux, de poupées rompues, de cocaïne, de rendez-vous et de poudre Rachel. Elle se considérait sans pitié sous la lampe jusqu'à se baisser les lèvres dans la glace. Sur la buée de cette haleine j'inscrivis mon cœur. 28

From the balcony Morand and Léa watched the dancers below, with bodies pressed tightly against one another, and inhaled the hot smells of the room which "sentait le bouillon-minute, l'oeuf couvi, l'aisselle et 'un Jour viendra'."

Later, they attended the six-day bicycle race where her preferred lover, Petitmathieu, was found resting, while his partner relayed him on the track. The rest quarters were described minutely, but in such a fashion that, without any previse cataloguing of odors, their existence and presence completely permeated and dominated the scene:

Les soigneurs allaient et venaient en blouse blanche d'hôpital, avec des bruits d'assiettes, parmi les taches de pétrole et de graisse, composant des embrochures sur des chaises de jardín, avec des oeufs et du camphre. Roulements

26 Ibid., p. 122.

29 Ibid., p. 123.
démontés, cadres, rondelles de caoutchouc, ouates noires noyées dans des ouvettes. Petitmathieu était étendu sur le dos, les mains derrière la nuque, livrant au masseur des cuisses poilues à veines fortes. Celui-ci les tapotait, les rendant molles comme une étoffe. 30

This is one of the facets of Morand's artistry. By suggestion only, the reader is enabled to smell, almost physically, the camphor, liniment, sweaty body, remnants of food and dirty dishes, as well as the oil, grease and grime of the machines. The same technique was used when he described his physical need for Léa, whose bedroom manner and appearance were carefully catalogued:

Elle décrivait de jolies courbes grasses, et sa voix rauque, un enchantement, me ravissait. Tant de peau douce, apaisée de baumes, lavée d'onguents, tant de bijoux, de mets précieux, de teintures, de drogues, de tendresses, au service de ces cuisses velues, fortes comme des bieles, qui reposaient maintenant enroulées précieusement dans des couvertures. 31

Here Morand suggested an animal eroticism by the exotic unguents, hairy female thighs and tempting flesh, but an eroticism which is purely passive and mental, as far as results are concerned. The moment of action, union and completion is still in the future. Anticipation is to him apparently much more delightful

30 Ibid., p. 128.
31 Ibid., pp. 131-132.
than realization, for when he described mating or copulation, particularly of others, the odors become pungent and acrid.

An example of this may be found in the incident of *La Nuit nordique* which relates the saturnalian revels of the Night of Saint John. He and Aino walk between, around and over couples who are engaged in amorous preliminaries. The scenes of courtship are laid in a setting of pleasant anticipation, suggested by the "odeur d'aiguilles de pin chauffées et de brioche au four," wafted towards them. As Aino talks, Morand slyly un-hooks her dress, while drawing her to a clearing in the woods. The entire scene is permeated, even haunted, by the lingering scents from the bonfires and the piney woods. By this time their fellow celebrants have reached an active stage in their love-making and the odors become sharp, animal-like and acrid:

> Des vaches envoyaient au ras de terre une odeur de petit-lait. On entendait des gémissements tendres par lesquels les femmes sollicitaient leurs compagnons aux mains, lents à s'émouvoir. Dans un abîme invisible, quelqu'un tombe avec un cri rauque et les os craquent comme du bois mort.

Clarisse, the most ethereal of Morand's heroines, and Aurore, the virginal out-door girl, exude health

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and cleanliness. To Léa, and indirectly to Zaël, are attributed foreign and exotic scents, particularly when the author anticipated possession of their bodies. Yet when he described a scene of mass copulation, the aroma became that of soured milk.

J. P. O'Patah, of *La Nuit de Portofino Kulm*, it may be recalled, is introduced in a New York hotel room which is heaped with lilium, orchids and azaleas. Although no specific scent is mentioned, it would be difficult to avoid the impression inferred by Morand. Ursula, O'Patah's Jewish mistress whom he shared later with the author, is endowed with a strong animal odor, as indicated by the citation below:

> J'avais beau piétiner les fleurs qu'elle me donnait, me débarbouiller soigneusement et me laver les mains en la quittant, son odeur restait en moi. Je me rappelais le mot d'O'Patah: 'Quand elle me fait les honneurs de son corps, je pense à un plancher d'échafaud, muet sur toutes les exécutions qui ont précédé la mienne'.

Somewhat similar to the technique of modern motion picture and television directors, who dress the villains in dark clothes and the heroes in light colors, even to the point where the coloration of the horses is in agreement with their respective side, Morand associates

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34 P. Morand, *Ouvert la nuit suivi de Fermé la nuit*, p. 143.

his favorite characters, the good ones, with pleasant and good odors. Ursula, upon meeting Morand after a long lapse, remarks that he smells good. Conversely, the disagreeable characters are almost always connected with unpleasant odors. In *La Nuit de Charlottenburg*, Egon von Strachwitz, broken-down German aristocrat, snake-collector, pederast, who lends to his male guests the intimate services of his wife as a token of his hospitality, smokes evil-smelling cigars, and remembers Paris for the odors of its kitchens and latrines.

Morand also endowed the populace with undesirable scents, as in *La Nuit de Babylon* in which he described central Paris where "une buvette méridionale, à l'odeur d'escaïrot, infecte la bouche de la rue de Burgogne." In the same tale, when Denyse travels through the provinces, accompanying the protagonist on an electoral campaign, they stop for aperitifs in the villages. The setting is brought into focus by the mention of the odor of stews cooking and the fact that they drink with field

laborers who had been loading sheaves of wheat all day long.

Apparently Morand is allergic to snails as a dish and equally sensitive to smells given off by the common and working people. He described an evening session of the Chambre des Députés as follows:

Les sténographes trempent leur chemise à suivre ce débit saccadé de Longuemare qui, au nom de son groupe, développe les raisons d'un vote de défiance, au milieu d'une odeur de civet.

It is in the choice of words, sentence structure and arrangement of phrases that a style is developed, but, more important, that, through the imagery, the thoughts and ideas peculiar to the writer are revealed. It is a moot question whether Morand intentionally attributed the good smells to the pleasant characters and the disagreeable odors to the bad characters. The fact remains that he does this, although it may have been entirely unconscious on his part. The selection of the verb *infécte* when he referred to the odor of snails, and the phrase *odeur de civet* given off by a hot, perspiring group of people in close quarters appears to reflect Morand's personal antipathies and phobias, if not allergies.

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The same observation apparently holds true when he depicts something that he likes. In *La Nuit de Putney*, he compares his two loves, London and Paris, conjuring up the Monceau plain,

humide pâturage, à ses ciels troués de grands tramways roses, aux ateliers d'artiste (du temps où il y avait encore de l'art), à ses hôtels Renaissance, en peluche et fer forgé, avec des persiennes closes d'où filtrent le Gounod, et par les soupiraux le parfum des cardons à la moelle.42

Morand evidently prefers the odors of shrimp and prawns to those of snails, and is just as much a gourmet of oysters, for he continues his description in the following fashion:

Mais le premier soir, Londres est sublime avec ses grands pans de lumière dressée ou abattue dans une ombre épaisse, douce comme la loutre. Des rues odorantes et désertes: une marée basse, OYSTER SALOON et, sur une rocaille trompeuse, les huîtres vitreuses qui agonisent.43

His first long prose work, *Lewis et Irène*, was constructed chiefly along modernistic lines, describing the modern world of finance. Much of the imagery, at times a little too labored, is based on an industrial or commercial vocabulary, leaving little room for sensual metaphors. Nevertheless, there are occasional references


to odors, as in the scene where Lewis attends a funeral at Père-Lachaise. As he watched the ceremony he was aware of the transparent orchids around the grave and the autumn leaves which retained the scent of a damp forest. When he returned home, he pulled off his heavy, smoking boots,

installant entre ses genoux son chien qui répandait une odeur affreuse; un excès de recherche le poussait à se montrer négligé dans les endroits élégants, parce qu'il ne lui déplaisait pas de donner une impression de force et de mauvaise éducation.45

Here again the suggestion of unpleasant odors is joined to the vulgar and uneducated and probably indicates Morand's antipathy to what he considers common. In his description of the filthy hotel at San Lucido, he mentions the odor of disinfectant, but, by association and the remainder of the description, the reader is enabled to breathe the musty, damp atmosphere of the scene:

L'hôtel, si l'on peut appeler ainsi le vieux couvent où, sur le carreau des chambres, les cancrelats se suivent comme les motifs d'une décoration au pochoir, l'hôtel avec toutes les tragédies du sud: draps trop courts (celui du dessus cousu à la couverture), traversins de pierre (où l'on se réveille avec les oreilles écorchées), odeur de désinfectant, nuits à la bougie où les grandes ombres des chasseurs de


punaises dansent sur le crépi des murs, trous par où les moustiques entrent dans les moustiquaires, sans parler de l'huile fruitée des veilleuses... 46

The crowded Sicilian streets with their seething mass of humanity evoke more distasteful scents and sights:

ces ruelles populaires, épaisse comme une soupe, où des cabanes badingonnées de ce bleu à lessive qu'on retrouve dans tout l'orient, poussaient, parmi les eucalyptus. Et partout cette sauce tomate déployée comme un pavillon nationale! Il s'arrêtait dans les impasses les plus sales où fermentait un humus fait de citrons pressés, de rats morts, de plumes de poulet, de vieilles semelles, de cheveux gris, d'arêtes et de poisons. Des cochons dormaient sous les lits. 47

Even in scenes of his beloved London, Morand follows this tendency to associate unpleasant aromas with the common herd and the bourgeoisie. He described the trip of Lewis and Irene from the center of London to Bayswater in the following words:

Ils sortirent tous deux, traversèrent le trafic d'une heure et demie, l'écrasement dans les rues en couloir des camions, des autobus, pris comme une gelée, chargés à crever, entre deux jets d'une foule expulsée des offices,

46 \textit{Ibid.}, p. 42.

47 \textit{Ibid.}, pp. 51-52. After Aronsohn exhaling an odor of corruption, a girl's predilection for the smell of priests, the Jewish odor of a staircase, the smell of red hair, we now meet the smell of gray hair.
engloutie par les souterrains, ou déjeunant debout dans les bars, dans les thés de la Compagnie du Pain aérié.

Arrivés à la Caserne des Gardes, ils descendent. Les derniers cavaliers du matin rentraient et déjà les montures de l'après-midi, désunies, au poil et aux harnais ternes, sentant le louage, possédaient l'allée cavalière. Ils prirent un biais à travers les herbes de Kensington, couplés de grands arbres aux branches régulières comme des branches généalogiques; des Anglaises à collier de faux ambre remontaient, un roman relié en toile verte sous une aisselle humide, accompagnées de longs compagnons mous qui marchaient les genoux ployés, le chapeau à la main.48

Obviously Morand is still in his snob period.

The harness smells of being hired out. The English girls with false amber necklaces carry cheap bound editions of books under damp armpits. The reader can almost smell the rancid, sweaty odors. Their escorts are flabby and lifeless, and behave in an exaggerated lower-middle-class manner, i.e., carrying their hat in their hand. The whole description states clearly Morand's phobias.

Yet when he paints erotic and exotic scenes the odors become fragrant and, if copulation is inferred, the scents are mingled with an animal acridity. One of the most striking examples of imagery occurred as he portrayed Lewis under the charm of Irene. She had been discussing a business deal with him, whereas he had paid

48 Ibid., pp. 95-96.
no attention to the sense of her words, being charmed by their sounds. There was a pause as she waited for him to reply, and then "un jasmin fit soudain retentir son parfum à deux temps."

After their marriage, Lewis and Irene withdrew from all financial activity and set out on a honeymoon to her native Greek island in the Sporades group. After their arrival they apparently repaired immediately to the bedroom for nuptial bliss. Lewis awoke, rested, towards evening to find Irene looking out over the terrace:

Sous le soir les cigales mentaient un bruit d’enfer. De la montagne descendit la grande odeur sacrée du bouo, que suivit le parfum d’une menthe si chaude, si aromatique qu’on l’eut crue portée toute une nuit contre la poitrine.

The combination of aromatic scents of nature and the bestial smell of goats indicates apparently the deliciousness and earthiness of their copulation. Later, when Lewis savored the stolen sweets of adulterous love, Morand depicted him returning from a tryst with Madame Magnac. He "rentra à pied pour dissiper divers parfums qui lui étaient entrés dans la peau." Certainly here is an indication of the author's acute sensitivity to

49 Ibid., p. 63.
50 Ibid., p. 134.
51 Ibid., p. 166.
the lingering scents attendant upon the act of copulation. It is almost a feminine quality, for women who indulge in adulterous activities are ever aware of the betrayal of their act through foreign body scents. It is apparently less common among the male sex. However, from the examples cited, it is evident that Morand used aromas and scents sparingly and suggestively, but effectively, as a subtle, subordinate means of conveying thought and meaning.

With Lewis et Irène, the author seemed to have identified himself once again with the Futurists or Vorticists, who insisted upon the imaginative reconstruction of nature in formal design reflecting mechanical and industrial development. The similes and metaphors used were selected designedly from the world of finance and frequently gave an effect of preciousness. Equally arbitrary was Morand's use of violent antithesis, which gave the impression that he was merely toying with effect rather than contributing to the thought content. Helmut Hatzfeld believes, however, that the clash of different planes, as exemplified in Morand's writing, can still be very important to characterization, which appears to be a safe and just commentary.

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Morand's poetry, so frequently likened to that of the Dadaists and Surrealists, contained much of the designedly artificial facets of a Giraudoux. His first prose collection, *Tendres Stocks*, bore similar imprints, but the transition to a purely personal and almost imitable style is marked in the two series of tales, *Ouvert la nuit* and *Fermé la nuit*, and is further developed in *Lewis et Irène* and his ensuing works. René Lalou clearly noted these early tendencies:

Très vite Paul Morand était sorti de la période des tâtonnements. Ses Lampes à arc et ses Feuilles de Température reflétaient l'influence de Cendrars et de Max Jacob, contrariée par des souvenirs de Jules Romains. Aussi l'art poétique de Plaque Indicatrice demeurait-il généreux et imprécis. Trop de papillotements imités de Giraudoux gênaient encore le charme exotique de *Tendres Stocks* dont les trois portraits sont si finement dessinés. Mais Paul Morand ne tarda point à reconnaître que les plaisanteries mécaniques:

*Il ne fallait pas confondre
Le tout à l'égout et la motoculture
Avec le Paradis...*

convenait moins à son réel talent que les délicates touches de "Ode à Proust":

*Votre nuit n'est pas notre nuit
Votre voix, blanche aussi, trace une phrase si longue qu'on dirait qu'elle plie...*

Bientôt en effet, les nouvelles fringantes et saccadées d'*Ouvert la nuit* (1922) et de *Fermé la nuit* allaient rendre célèbre le nom de Paul Morand. Autour d'images de femmes, la Catalane Remedios, Anna la Russe, Zaël la Juive ou la nordique Aïno, il évoquait un univers aussi cosmopolite et plus bariolé encore que celui de Barnabooth. Dans ces images le flou de *Tendres Stocks* avait fait place au trait le plus précieux. Dégagée des gênes de l'amour, la sensualité y retrouvait cette lucide
cruauté que l'on goûtait à la même époque dans les tableaux de Marie Laurence. 53

His early works were certainly an excellent portrait of post World War I society, comparable only to those of Larbaud, Huxley and Drieu la Rochelle, but were hardly more than sketches, high-lighted by his unusual sense of imagery. They were short-outs to reality, even though the procedure resulted in caricature. Just as Kentucky is reputed to be the State of fast horses and beautiful women, Morand's early works could be characterized as tales of fast trains and beautiful women, or even of fast women and beautiful trains.

In his first four prose works Morand disclosed the germs from which all his subsequent writing sprang: the juxtaposition of violent colors and strange, mad figures, a sense of the dramatic, a delight in distortion. In the beginning, as B. E. Todd commented, his manner of writing was too impressionistic for continual effectiveness. "With him it is hit or miss alternately; he writes like an erratic typist..." 55 A similar point of view was reflected


54 The metathesis is not necessarily applicable to Kentucky.

by Stansbury when he made the following observation:

Rareness it possessed, but hardly depth, for in confining his choice to extreme and unusual types viewed from violent angles, Morand was merely reporting what only too glaringly struck the eye.

With his curiosity about life, his genius for taking brilliant flashlights, his ability to capture in a few vigorous strokes the picturesque and essential elements of every scene, and his flair for the eccentric, he extracted from his experiences vivid material for excellent short stories. 56

Morand, as well as Giraudoux, was a predecessor of the contemporary novel, not perhaps to the extremes of the practitioners of *a-littérature*, as analyzed by Claude Mauriac, but in the sense of disconnected phrases, irregular structure and bizarre vocabulary. His addiction to strange imagery and unanimistic language caused Hatzfeld to call him and Giraudoux the "masters of this esthetics of disharmony which in modern music is called 'atonal'." 57 With a minimum of detail, but expertly selected, he presents a completely new world, topsy-turvy, out-of-proportion, but clearly recognizable.

Beginning with *Tendres Stocks*, almost every page is studded with similes, metaphors and unusual imagery. The influence of Giraudoux may be seen in his first short story, *Clariase*, in fact, on the very first page,

56 Stansbury, *op. cit.*, p. 84.

57 Hatzfeld, *op. cit.*, p. 223.
Clarisse asks him to look out of his window for she is sending him a beautiful cloud. A similar parallel is found in Delphine where Morand describes the month of June at Oxford, in which the university men, clad in white flannel, devoured a false summer made of iced sun, lean verdure and too much water.

Such passages have an amazing counterpart in the works of Giraudoux, to wit:

It was the week when the acacias perfumed the air, and we ate them in fritters; when the larks dotted the skies and we ate them in tarts; when the rye became all golden and had its single day of triumph over the wheat, and we had pancakes.

Also there was Giraudoux's portrait of a cloud "painted and powdered like Esther before her king."

Part of Morand's extraordinary imagery is the result of his ability to find comparisons which suddenly illuminate a difficult or abstract idea, and also his use of metonymy to a degree that is absolutely startling. But perhaps the most interesting facet of his imagery is

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58 Tendres Stocks, p. 41.
59 Ibid., pp. 119-120.
60 Stansbury, op. cit., p. 21. Stansbury cites this passage in translation.
61 Ibid.
the inclusion of the utmost dissimilar objects in groups described. One reads in Clarisse of a visit to an antique dealer whose studio was already filled with shadows, a last glimmer of the sun still lingering on the gold of the lacquer, on the steel of the weapons and on the false teeth of the dealer himself. Clarisse seems to take possession of a room, of a pavement, as if they had been refused her for a long time. She gives the impression of a popular festival where the crowds compressed in the vice of poor streets spread over the grass like washing in the sun.

The simile of a blue hill which bounds London like the hemmed brim of a chalice and the personification of Clarisse's two houses, in which their life,—that of Morand and Clarisse,—swings from one to the other like a pendulum, are striking but the author does not stop there. He continues his metaphor with the explanation that the town house shares the year unequally with the country one, the former for the swift and serried winter months and the other for the transparent months of summer. The first has an air of nobility, holding its rank, and, on the pavement as on the skyline, forces itself to maintain

62 Tendres Stocks, p. 42.

63 Ibid., p. 55.
alignment. The other is small, precious, like a piece of Empire furniture forgotten in a garden. Then, in a pixie-like spirit, Morand concludes by describing its enter, pierced by a round anteroom crowned by a balcony, from which the doors of all the rooms open; so that in the morning, from their bed, the guests can throw apples into the room opposite them.

At Murray's in London, couples dance, turning round an imaginary axis, twisting the waltz like a dish-cloth from which melody streams, and Pamela, one of the subterranean women, remains silently at the table eating bacon and eggs, lights a cigarette and "écolot soudain comme un camélia hors de son manteau qui glisse sur ses bras." Her narrow shoulders evoke the comment that she is "bâtie en bouteille à soda."

Rafael is described as extravagance coagulated. His nights of gambling, loving and dancing have left no trace on his babylike face, so inappropriate to one who

64 Ibid., pp. 66-67.
65 Ibid., p. 70: "s'enroulant autour d'un axe imaginaire, tordant la valse comme un torchon d'où ruisselle la mélodie."
66 Ibid., p. 72.
67 Ibid.
wears the decoration of the Transvaal. He is neither insolent nor obsequious, going through life, "indolent comme un animal de luxe, avec, comme tous les anciens d'Eton, ces façons un peu veules de coquette qui n'aime pas travailler."

The repeated university references betray Morand's preoccupation with social status and are indicative of his snob period. He frequently makes personal comments about Magdalen College, Eton, Oxford and Cambridge, sometimes in a light-hearted manner, but, more frequently, in but slightly subdued admiration.

In Delphine, he returns to his university rooms in a wind as agitated as that which takes possession of a station when an express train has gone through:

A la hauteur de Queen's, prenant son visage au ras des pierres, le courant d'air apportait l'onglée au fond des poches. Mon surplus de sous-gradué enflé comme un voile noir me tirait en arrière par les deux épaules. 69

As Morand, in London, reminisced about France, he stared into the fireplace whose copper plaque started to tremble and to flow in a fluid, potent slide in which he saw again Vouvray and a house with two wings knotted to a flight of stone steps, chintz curtains and a pianola. Delphine switched on the asthma of the pianola and

68 Ibid., p. 73.
69 Ibid., p. 85.
down the perforated roll went the notes in zig-zag, crystal drops of sound. As she played, Morand watched her hair, "crins durs tordus."

Even scenes of nature were depicted in most unusual patterns. As he traveled along the Loire he commented about the floods that stretched between the cantonal poplars. Night was falling over the chalk cliffs,—a night that the counterfeit sun of flowering mustard did not stop. The river was carrying along with it a leaden sky, while in the fields spotted cattle were wending their way homewards, following their tongues.

As he came in sight of Saint-Symphorien, the land was no longer a wasteland. There was room only for vegetables, bistros and love-affairs. Touraine was described as being sullen, with its blanket of generous and vain water, its poisonous sky and its limestone pierced with caves. Like Giraudoux's, Morand's sun never does

70 Ibid., pp. 91-92.
71 Ibid., p. 97.
72 Ibid., p. 98.
73 Compare Stansbury, op. cit., p. 21. Stansbury cited Giraudoux's sun as lingering a moment behind the hills "like an actor ready to return at applause."
anything so prosaic as to set. Amid a riot of clouds, it falls.

After a Cambridge-Oxford boat race, the two crews started a liquid and fraternal match, as a nocturnal sequence to the athletic activities. Traveling on the roofs of taxicabs in yelling groups, they descended the scale of the music halls. After a set battle, quelled by the police, the excitement ceased and London became an incandescent mass, plundered of pleasures, where motorbuses, clad in advertisements, passed with noises like drawers, where houses buckled like the students' unbreakable shirt-fronts. Portable harmonicas were washing souls with the water of the psalms and the electric sun of the Savoy had been put out in the Thames. Favored by darkness, the sly flowers of clandestine clubs grew.

Prior to the early period of Morand, it was in poetry that figurative language and imagery were most intense and compact. The brevity of the genre forced a writer to strive to frame abstractions in a concrete mold, in order to bring them closer to experience and feeling. Morand brought this technique to prose, even when dealing with abstract subjects, but particularly with inanimate objects.

Tendre Stocks, pp. 101-102.
When Morand visits Delphine at the convent he is confronted by a door pierced with a wicket which frames the bloodshot eye of the door-tending sister. The parlor of the convent was pictured as the drawing-room of a middle-class God, where, on a broad, wooden floor slept esparto water-lilies before green rep chairs. Delphine's face, polished like a porcelain bowl, receded at the sides in equal curves, drawing to the surface two liquid, flat, dark eyes. From her room, the guillotine window decapitated a segment of the square, streaked with telephone wires which supported the immediate weight of a blind sky. The Oriental cupolas of the Alhambra, the Cavour Restaurant with its abandon and its dark Chianti stains, brightened with their southern lament the image of Sunday.

Westminster Cathedral is located some distance from the impassioned traffic which joins Victoria Station to the Thames, and is described by Morand as the sanctuary of the new Catholic faith which spread over the Anglican lawns at the end of the last century. The walls of the basilica are bare and sincere. Before the chancel, a gigantic Byzantine cross is held in a sling composed of sheaves of pale and torn sunbeams. The domes are

75 Ibid., p. 102.

76 Ibid., pp. 103-104.
pierced by timorous windows and the lighting is likened to Oriental head-dresses. The organ constructs great architectures of sound. To cap the climax, the author describes the cathedral as a massive monument of public utility, like a Roman aqueduct or a station.

St. Patrick's chapel has a coating of Irish marble and reredos incrusted with mother-of-pearl shamrocks. With a mercantile luxury, all the stones of the world pave the church, whose black and white altar, like the bathroom of an actress, fruit of the gifts of great transatlantic banks, seem reserved for South American devotion.

The Cubist description of Delphine's face, the startling likening of an altar to the bathroom of a star of stage or screen, the irreverent reference to the nun, the apparently incongruous but definitely realistic description of the land around Saint-Symphorien and the barbs in the description of Westminster and St. Patrick's are all hallmarks of Morand's art.

The patroness of the convent where Delphine lived is pictured as an outlandish Cuban-English woman who, upon first acquaintance, discoursed on the Holy Virgin, the breeding of ouistitis and the advantages of the nocturnal life. On Morand she had the effect of a


78 Ibid., pp. 110-111.
hypocritical vegetable by which one might find oneself suddenly surrounded. Her piety assumed the air of culpable industry and when she chirped praise or invective, it reminded him of a worn-out nightingale.

Delphine's arrival in London is related by one of the Oxford men: she appeared hung with black crêpe like a comic catafalque, as though in the mourning of repentance, an Anactoria bearing the languor of each waltz like a new sin. Towards the end of the tale, she had so changed that she looked like an ecchymosis towards the fourth day.

Grammarians who like precision, clarity and formality will only be horrified by the variety of incongruities that are to be found in the works of Paul Morand. He not only mixed his metaphors but mangled them, in a fashion wondrous to behold. In the account of the end of a school term, he described the banks of roads decked with picnics, irises and wounded motorcycles. The holiday is portrayed as a liquid fair that would hold its assizes until the end of the summer term, accompanied, as at the winning-post of a race-track, by a noise of rattles, fireworks, rag-times and a flat odor of lemonade.

79 Ibid., p. 112.
80 Ibid., p. 116.
81 Ibid., p. 127.
The college barges formed luminous masses. Corks jumped into the river. Rockets knotted themselves in aqueducts. Bengal fires spread a creamy cloth which the water ripped into streaks. Searchlights gave out the tepid obscurity of angles of electricity, catching Islington Church from which dribbled dark ivy and singing barges.

Such a conglomeration of rapid snapshots and weird contrasts is dazzling to the reader, confusing to the critic and almost totally incomprehensible to the staid professors who advocate adherence to fixed traditional rules. The metaphors are certainly not dead, in the sense that frequent use allows the reader to cease to be aware that they are not literal. They are not really living metaphors, which are accepted with a consciousness of their nature as substitutes for their literal equivalents. They can apparently be classed only as Morandian metaphors.

It is in the connotative meanings of words and phrases that lie the power and the art of Morand, but they reside in his personal connotations rather than in those of the reader. This is perhaps the reason that Proust and others had such difficulty in comprehending his language. Usually the comparisons, similes or uses of metonymy that are employed by an author or speaker

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are beyond mere choice, for they depend upon the person he is, rather than on the person he wants to be. Obviously, this does not apply to Morand. One senses a more or less conscious effort to apply comparisons that are new and even unique. Were such a combinations natural and spontaneous, they would indicate that Morand had had a much wider and deeper experience than any of his readers. Therefore, the images that he uses must be considered as an index to his style and to his personality, rather than an indication or proof of superior education, culture or knowledge.

Keenly aware of and attuned to the brave, new world of the twentieth century, Morand has known how to apply its novelties, both permanent and ephemeral, to literature. He drew new comparisons, picturesque and bold. Who else would have spoken of a former President of the Council sitting modestly in a corner, like an old spittoon, of a Grand Duchess, although naturally extinguished, lighting up at the approach of a man and shining like a candle, of ladies whose powdered faces caused them to resemble bonbons, of eyes opening like

83 Lewis et Irène, p. 31.
84 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 254.
85 Tendres Stocks, p. 143; also found in Ouvert la nuit, p. 50.
fried eggs, or of a girl whose languid eyes suggested a childhood near a railroad track on which only slow trains passed? Not even Giraudoux made such down-to-earth, even plebeian, comparisons.

Curious, yet classical, contrasts also abound in the works of Morand. He recounts a visit to a studio which is approached through a disused cemetery,

où sous un gazon gras continuent de vivre, immobiles, de grands squelettes anglo-saxons que la mort ne déforme pas.

Delphine described the underworld into which she had been drawn as a place where "l'on vit dans l'intimité de gens qu'on ne connaissait pas et qu'on n'aurait jamais choisis."

The curious contrasts of corpses' cohabitation and people living intimately with strangers are excellent examples of his technique. Aurore is as lovely as another man's wife. Morand holds in his hands

sa tête ronde, dure comme un pavé et dont

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86 *Cuvert la nuit*, p. 124.
87 *Tendres Stocks*, p. 74.
les cheveux drus n'amortissent pas le contact. Incomparable caresse sur les cheveux coupés courts, touffus, et qui, d'abord étagés par les ciseaux, finissent brusquement sur la nuque rasée par la tondeuse. Je me ponce les doigts à son front de granit, puis à ses pommettes saillantes comme des galets.91

A girl's head as hard as a cobblestone, a granite forehead, cheekbones that project like rounded pebbles! Whatever the still non-existent term for the figure of speech which is the opposite of personification, this appears to be another hallmark of Morand. Living people are constantly compared with inanimate objects or facets of them.

Every page contains so many metaphors, new and startling, that an accurate compilation could be made only by copying verbatim all of his works. A critic could select at random, eyes closed, and unfailingly find a passage similar to that of Morand's impressions of Paris:

Je demeurai dans le Luxembourg comme un monolith, accablé par deux jours d'habitudes, confit dans une fidélité nouvelle. Je m'apprêtais à retrouver Remedios, à l'assiéger d'émotions puériles, comme contre le hoquet, à lui poser mille questions grammaticales, à créer pour elle de fantasques fantaisies sans découvrir mon dessein qui était

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Ibid., p. 167. This description is followed by several lines, apparently considered to daring and consequently deleted from many English translations: "Tandis qu'elle parle, je m'amuse à faire jouer ses bras, ses jambes. Les muscles se déplacent silencieusement."
Remedios described her mentor, Puig, as having a head like a rock and eyes of a basilisk, set in a face white as a tablecloth. Even philosophical commentaries are inserted in the imagery. During a discussion with Remedios, Morand observed that anarchy ought to be an exact science and therefore was unsuited to the Spaniards, who, since they had neglected theology, had lost all method. Remedios countered with a delightful comparison of France and Spain:

En France, vos ex-voto ce sont des bulletins de vote, des palmes académiques, des diplômes de chirurgien dentiste. En Espagne, autour de la Vierge pendent des coeurs, des grappes de coeurs...

To which Morand replied:

—Et aussi des yeux malades, des fibromes et, à Tolède notamment, des testicules en cire.  

Old sofas lose their stuffing through frightful
wounds, a camel is likened to a hairy bridge,
spectacles are placed like two snowflakes on a forehead,
and Igor of *La Nuit romaine* is endowed with a lustreless
skin punctuated by sparks and creamy pale hands.

Occasionally Morand employs standard metaphors,
such as in his comment concerning his battle-scarred
heart, carved with notches and nicks "comme le vieux
ouetteau d'un homme de la classe," and in his reference
to the wireless as hearing crackle the sparks of the
British Admiralty. A master writer is necessarily a
master of idioms, which, in turn, are merely crystallized
metaphors that have passed into the daily language of the
people. The two examples cited above were undoubtedly
familiar expressions long before Morand placed them in
his tale and thus are probably illustrations of just
such a procedure.

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Fermé la nuit continued the pattern of flashing metaphors and unusual similes established by the author in its predecessors. O'Patah, of La Nuit de Portofino Kulm, has dynamic eyes, "venant droit comme un jet de siphon;" Morand takes an express elevator, "en forme de carrosses" and arrives in O'Patah's room to be confronted by "trente mètres de malles noires, semblables à des caisses d'échantillons." He finds O'Patah in the hands of a hairdresser:

Avec les plus grandes difficultés, le coiffeur français de l'hôtel, Marius Calvaire, était en train de le friser si serré qu'on eût dit une calotte d'astrakan.

--Un peu de bandoline, Maître?
Le cosmétique grésillait et fumait pour ce sacrifice: la victime criait comme un veau qu'on marque.

A little farther, one finds more of this sensational imagery applied to descriptions of inanimate objects:

Malgré l'apparat de cet hôtel vertical, la chambre était devenue une mansarde de vieil étudiant. Il y a des êtres victorieux qui savent marquer fortement ce qui les entoure, leur chien, leur pantalon, leur femme; la chambre de O'Patah était, à son

101 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 114.
102 Ibid., p. 113.
103 Ibid.
104 Ibid., p. 114. It is quite possible that the name of the harassed and tormented hairdresser is a touch of irony intentionally inserted by Morand.
image, bousculée, sordide, spirituelle.

Quatre heures de l'après-midi; le jour avait déjà évacué les étages inférieurs, poursuivi par un puissant voltage. 105

An electric dryer is likened to a trick, over-sized revolver, telegraph messengers, "rapides comme un gifle," deliver their telegrams, and Mr. Oppenheim (sic) scratches his "barbe noire pareille à du poil de pubis."

Dublin and its approaches are personified in spectacular fashion:

Comme l'électricité laissée allumée par un homme ivre, les phares brillaient en plein jour; sur le pont, le vent frais emplissait la tête vide, et l'odeur du bacon tordait les entrailles. Le ciel était gris et prêt à tout absorber, papier à filtrer. Le bateau orachait de l'eau chaude par des trous. Je vis que nous étions déjà au centre de la baie, gueule largement ouverte, relevée aux coins sur des falaises en forme d'incisives. Du fond de cette gueule sortaient comme de celles de dragons des fumées noires: Dublin. 109

Morand's versatility in description may be observed by comparing the former extract with his portrait of the environs of Portofino Kulm:

105 Ibid.
106 Ibid., p. 145.
107 Ibid., p. 152.
108 Ibid.
Un paysage vaniteux utilisait toute la largeur de la véranda ouverte. Les nuages s’arrêttaient au flanc de la montagne, abandonnant au soleil la rivage et la mer. A mesure qu’elle s’avançait vers cette chaleur, la falaise s’affaisse comme une glace à une devanture, malgré ses cyprès, ses cactus désarticulés, les lacets de la route qui essayaient de la retenir. 110

Not only in the description of his protagonists does Morand display an uncanny knack of combining disparate objects to form his metaphors, but he places them in the very mouths of his characters. O’Patah, whose preferred readings are Lucretius and Vingt Ans après by Dumas, discourses about his former mistress, Ursula Cohen:

—Je l’ai chassée; l’Irlande est le seul pays du monde où il n’y ait pas de serpents. Mon repentir m’en a donné la force. On peut dire qu’elle m’a fait monter toute l’échelle de Jacob, celle-là. Capricieuse comme une roue pour tirages financiers. Je me sens aussi éloigné d’elle qu’Irlande de l’Angleterre...Capricieuse comme une roue pour tirages financiers. Je me sens aussi éloigné d’elle qu’Irlande de l’Angleterre...

O’Patah is a composite of Ireland and the Irish, but Morand based his portrait chiefly on Frank Harris, war reporter, hack writer, editor, and champion liar of all time, a sort of mad mystical Irish Baron Munchausen. Yet, at times, one finds in O’Patah’s speech comments

110 Ibid., p. 183.

111 Ibid., p. 179.

112 Ibid., p. 173.
that can well apply to Morand himself:

--Depuis trente ans, on peut dire que je règne sur les mots, comme un calife. J'ai exécuté les uns et confisqué leurs biens. D'autres, d'un trait de plume, je les ai fait riches. 113

Together with his love and penchant for imagery and his use of the unusual, Morand early displayed a taste for aphorisms, a peculiarity of his style which became more obvious in later works, particularly in New-York. However, it is apparent in *Fermé la nuit* where O'Patah cited the adage: "Le chagrin a de longues jambes," and also in a conversation with a young lady whose advances he was trying to discourage, (perhaps the only unbelievable touch in the author's caricature of Harris), when he advised:

--Les femmes, les plus jeunes surtout, ont de si curieuses façons de s'attacher toujours à ce qui a triomphé et jamais à ce qui triomphera. 115

The misanthropic Strachwitz of *La Nuit de Charlottenburg* is Morand's mouthpiece for similar comments. When asked if he had any children, he replied: "Les intellectuels n'ont pas d'enfants." 116 On another occasion Strachwitz quoted, (apparently from Goethe):

113 Ibid., p. 175.
114 Ibid., p. 172.
115 Ibid., p. 178.
116 Ibid., p. 206.
"Tout ce qui n'a pas été dit ni fait le jour erre la nuit dans notre poitrine." This curious, snake-collecting baron was fond of quoting the classics and managed to add many surprising similes and interpretations, as in his appraisal of a line from one of Shakespeare's works:

Et vous, avez-vous bien dormi, jeune monsieur? Dormi de ce doux sommeil qui dénoue l'écheveau compliqué des soucis comme dit Shakespeare, dans ces immortels sonnets qui sont l'Internationale du prolétariat amer des pédérastes.116

Morand apparently delights in taking a personal part in this game of concocting aphorisms. When the baron interrupts his sleep, Morand remarks that he is not subject to panic, for, like women, he fears only what he expects or is waiting for. Again, Germany, in Morand's opinion, is a country filled with amateurs decided to live their life and yours.

This addiction to aphorisms continues in La Nuit

117 Ibid., p. 209.

118 Ibid., pp. 197-198. Here Morand or his spokesman errs in identifying it as from a sonnet. This is from Macbeth, Act II.

119 Ibid., p. 198.

120 Ibid., p. 199.
de Babylone, a story of near-Lesbians, Laurence and Denyse, which was perhaps a prefiguration of the tales, Les Nouveaux Amis and Éloge de la marquise de Beau-semblant. The protagonist, evidently the author himself, (for all the stories are presented in the first person, singular), leads Denyse under the mistletoe, where she comments dryly:

C'est comme dans le mariage... d'abord sous le gui, ensuite sur le houx. 122

Again, the author engages himself in aphoristic acrobatics in his description of l'heure du berger:

L'heure d'été rajeunit artificiellement la journée. C'est une ruse de vieille coquette. Voici l'instant où, dans Paris, tant de femmes se déshabillent sans aimer et tant d'hommes aiment sans se déshabiller. 123

Nor can he refrain from commentaries on women in general, in the form of a direct interjection, as when he contemplates Denyse:

(La pudeur leur va si bien quand elles en ont, si bien quand elles n'en ont plus, que je ne conçois cuire de femmes qui ne désirent pas en avoir.) 124

121 These stories form part of the collection entitled L'Europe galante (Paris: Editions Bernard Grasset, 1925), pp. 91-106 and 215-230, respectively.

122 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 220.

123 Ibid., p. 225.

124 Ibid., p. 229.
The similes, metaphors, uses of synecdoche, hyperbole and oxymoron have been noticed, at times, by various critics of Morand. In addition, it has been demonstrated that his sensitivity to colors and odors plays a definite part in his imagery and forms a part of his style. He is a past master of the art of combining in a single expression two terms that are normally contradictory and whose exceptional coincidence becomes more striking as a result. In addition, he is ironic, frequently irreligious and given to levity, particularly in the choice of his adjectives, which might well qualify him as a practitioner of persiflage. A good example of this is found in the description of Habib's cabinet, in *La Nuit de Putney*:

> Sur les portraits de moindre format
> il y avait des dames en robes de bal et
diadèmes en bandeau, un grenadier-
garde, et, en pattes de mouche, cet témoignage
> autographe d'un ministre lettré... 126

The juxtaposition of handwriting like *pattes de mouche* written by *un ministre lettré* discloses a delight-

125
The term is used in the sense of flippant irony, with a touch of irony and irreligion, not merely the treatment of serious things as trifles and not at all in the sense of selfishness and sneer.

126 *Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit*, pp. 256-257.
ful sense of irony and incongruity, enhanced and enforced by the adjective.

Few, if any, of the critics have noticed the early entrance of mysticism and occultism in the works of Paul Morand, although this was quite obvious when he wrote *Magie noire*. Nevertheless, even a casual inspection of *La Nuit catalane* and subsequent early stories will reveal traces of occultism.

Remedios is endowed with the thumb of an assassin and the shape of the clouds and the coffee grounds is described as threatening. While waiting for Remedios at Tibidabo, Morand attempted to practice telepathy, not daring to envisage the case in which she would not arrive for fear of awakening contrary forces that would prevent her from coming.

The countess Strakof, of *La Nuit turque*, presents an excellent portrait of Morand’s idea of Russian mysticism and fatalistic philosophy. Isabelle, of *La Nuit romaine*, is analyzed by a graphologist, whose conclusions, however, are refuted by the author. Isabelle has a

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127 *Ouvert la nuit*, p. 48. The combination of clouds and coffee grounds presents an excellent example of syllepsis, which, although grammatically correct, requires the verb to be understood in a single sense with each of its pair.


bizarre imagination which causes her to attribute to Morand the appearance of a sycamore tree, to Igor that of a maple, and to the red-haired Wanda a holly-oak.

Léa, of La Nuit des six jours, part-time dope-peddler, lady of the evening, is superstitious, refusing to go to bed with Morand until after the end of the bicycle race in which her regular and preferred lover, Petitmathieu, is engaged. Zaël, the Jewish prostitute of La Nuit hongroise, is drawn back to the Hungarian jurisdiction of Buda-Pest by the mysticism of her religion and the call of the blood. Only Alno, the Nordic humanist, appears entirely free from bonds of occultism or mysticism, if one excepts the celebration of the Night of Saint John. She lives joyously, unfettered by superstition, occultism or repression.

O'Patah is a symbol of Irish mysticism as Egon von Strachwitz is of German romanticism, both being extremely sensitive to parapsychic impressions. The protagonist of La Nuit de Babylone believes in auto-suggestion, each night manipulating a string with twenty knots, in caricature of a rosary, as he repeats twenty times before retiring the phrase of Couë: "Tous les jours à tous les

Ibid., pp. 104, 109, 113.
les points de vue, je vais de mieux en mieux." 

He wears a lucky suit that is five years old. When he wears it, everything that he attempts is successful. Habib, the charlatan of La Nuit de Putney, traffics in the credulity and occult beliefs of a clientele of London society women, many of whom are devotees of theosophic cults or are gullible septuagenarians. Habib himself has favorite superstitions and practices, believing that Russian jewels bring bad luck and that he can cure maladies by making magic passes over his patients.

Morand's impressionistic style is most marked by ellipsis, particularly in the elimination of connectives and conjunctions, which certainly has much to do with the vividness and unexpectedness of his imagery. Examples of this are abundant throughout his early works and it should suffice to cite but a few from Fermé la nuit.

In La Nuit de Babylone, the central character is a French minister whose physical description might very well apply to that of Morand himself at that period:

Je mange beaucoup de viande. J'aime à être appelé au téléphone pendant les repas;

131 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 220.
132 Ibid., p. 225.
133 Ibid., p. 246.
mes poches sont toujours pleines de recommandations, sur des feuilles volantes.
Quatre-vingt-dix-huit kilos. Un mètre quatre-vingt-sept. De ces hommes que les femmes trompent en disant: "S'il le savait, il me tuerait." Moins bête que je n'en ai l'air. Moins intelligent que je ne le crois. Quand je vois passer un enterrement avec mes initiales, je souris. Je suis poussé en avant par des besoins matériels invincibles. En chemise, je suis gros comme les autres en pelisse.134

Similarly, the description of the apartment of Denyse contains a host of short, sharp and abrupt phrases, direct and to the point, as follows:

C'est si joli chez Denyse, si intime. Un papier rayé, de teinte pistache. Une moquette jonquille. Aux murs de fines gravures Louis XVI. Des abat-jour de dentelles. Des vases de Gallé. Partout, dans ces effilés, dans ces motifs au crochet, la main de la femme, comme chez ma tante Emma. Son héliotrope me bouleverse, et sa chemise cent fois croisée, jamais fermée. Je tiens par-dessus tout à son regard. Quand nous nous aimons, je lui fais ouvrir ses yeux tout grands. C'est un moment curieux. Jusque-là, on a devant soi des yeux qui voient; et puis, tout à coup, ils se dilatent, s'ouvrent sur un abîme intérieur et l'on n'a plus dans ses bras qu'un étranger qui goûte tout seul sa folie, tordu comme Laocoon.135

Again, the portrait of Madame Halabi of La Nuit de Putney is drawn in an impressionistic fashion:

Madame Halabi ressemblait, avec son visage large, alourdi de nattes, à une impératrice de jeu de tarots, l'œil amer et majestueux. La méchanceté se lisait sur elle comme sur une

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134 Ibid., p. 220.
135 Ibid., p. 230.
affiche. A la fois irritée de l'abandon où la laissait le docteur, et fière des succès de celui-ci. Victime et bénéficiaire de son audace. La seule personne qui n'eût pas à regretter qu'il fût loquace et familier. Craignant d'avoir à le prendre en flagrant délit et, pour la petite consolation de chez Laloche qui suivrait, le souhaitant. Elle exerçait sur lui une dictature à laquelle il se soumettait par intérêt, crainte (ne portait-il pas au front les cicatrices d'assiettes requises à la volée?) et superstition... 136

Not only is this technique used in personal portraits and in interior settings but in the description of external settings as well:

Ciels pavoisés de nuages soufflés, couturés de gros câbles téléphoniques; banques grillées où l'on distribue l'argent avec une pelle à charbon; maisons aux portes vertes; gants lavables; petits chats bleus; des chapeaux de Paris sur lesquels poussent des primeurs inconnus; un torrent de travailleurs qui viennent de se lever de bon matin: c'est midi à Hanover Square. 137

It is evident that most of the characteristics of Morand's style and imagery were present in his early works, as well as the majority of the techniques he used. He employed standard imagery, such as similes, metaphors, synecdoche, hyperbole and oxymoron, but in his elliptical, terse style he sought and achieved startling

136 Ibid., p. 251.
137 Ibid., p. 255.
incongruities and figures of speech that defy classification according to traditional terminology.

An ever-present sense of acuity tinged with sardonic humor is obvious. Periphrases occur rarely, and only in the mouths of characters, like O'Patah and Habib, to whom such speech would be more or less natural. Morand sought always the snapshot image, the essentials, which he tried to express concisely and strikingly.

Colors and odors, used sparingly but effectively, a touch of mysticism, exoticism, exodism and eroticism, plus a dash of the baroque are the main elements of his early works. There also appeared early in his writing a tendency towards home-spun philosophy, expressed in original and unusual aphorisms, and a prefiguration of contemporary events, as well as a judgment of them. Light, frothy, unsubstantial as they may appear at first sight, Tendres Stocks, Ouvert la nuit and Fermé la nuit are indelibly Morandian and authentic pictures of the world in the wake of World War I.
HIS CULT OF THE CONTEMPORARY

Paul Morand disclosed in his early works a passion for the present, for contemporary events, for a modernity of style. His impressionistic manner, featuring ellipsis, asyndeton and persiflage was typical of the post-war generation and one which has definitely taken its place in the current literary style. In subject matter, vocabulary and references, Morand hewed to the line of the contemporary. Never did he probe too deeply into the why and the wherefore, being content to assemble his impressions and present them in brief, dazzling fashion, with plays upon words and with the techniques of the Impressionists and Fantaisists.

Pierre-Henri Simon appears to have caught this facet of Morand, for he wrote:

A Paul Morand, il était réservé de représenter le style impressionniste de l'après-guerre dans son excès insupportable avec les poèmes de Lampes à arc, et dans sa dangereuse perfection avec ses œuvres en prose. Morand fut, dans Ouvert la nuit et Fermé la nuit, le chroniqueur néo-précieux du Paris babélique de 1920, des cabarets nickelés et géométriques où venaient buter et se fondre toutes les races. Tendres Stocks, Lewis et Irène furent des tentatives moins heureuses—car le moraliste ne valait pas le peintre—pour décrire en profondeur la sarabande morale de ce temps-là...

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This tendency to be the chronicler of his time remained with Morand for many years, as may be seen in his series of *Chroniques du XXe siècle*, *Portraits de villes et de routes* and essays on contemporary subjects, ranging from the election of members of the Académie Française to descriptions of the Exposition of 1937. The weakness of Morand, according to Simon, is that his impressionism, despoiled of philosophy, is only a sparkling of intelligence, a practice of illusionism. Yet the essential trait of Morand, in his early works is perhaps, as Brasillach wrote, contrary to the approach of all the other writers who advocated departure and escape. It is that of being in perfect accord with his contemporaries. The latter were orienting themselves towards a new style, one without tradition. The standard and conventional metaphors, methods of comparison and even pure association of ideas were discarded as being worn out and trite. To such a school of thought Morand gave himself wholeheartedly.

The denial of traditional methods requires either total annihilation, peculiar to the Dadaists, or the

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substitution of something different and, it is to be hoped, better. Attracted by the play on words and by "de jolies pirouettes poétiques," Morand did not confine himself to these superficial and charming methods but presented the modern world in a bold fashion. Later, in the post World War II period, he drifted towards a classical and philosophical style, as can be seen in Hécate et ses chiens, Le Flagellant de Séville, his memoirs as an attaché in 1916-1917, and his souvenirs of Giraudoux. Yet, in his personal life today as well as in the first twenty years of his literary life, no one is more actuel than Paul Morand. A stormy petrel entangled in the hair of the Académie Française in 1958 and 1959, the center of various controversies on literary and social questions in the 1930's, and a central figure of the Pétain régime during the Occupation, Morand has ever been involved in the most controversial of current happenings.

From the beginning of his literary endeavors, he not only had the knack of being in the right place at the right time, whether it were a revival of the interest in the end of the century, jazz age, Negro blues or foreign travel, but was even in advance of

what was to become fashionable. In a rather humorous but quite accurate appraisal, Pierre Dominique deals with Morand's modernity:

Morand sought the bedrock foundation, the sub-stratum of the modern world, the essence of the contemporary soul, and found it at the very point where life

6
P. Dominique, Quatre Hommes entre vingt, pp. 70-71.
struggles against death. He avoided none of life's crucial or characteristic facets, even though they might be distasteful or shocking. As long as they represented actuality, they became part and parcel of his work.

As the chronicler of his time, Brasillach likened Morand to Stendhal, Beaumarchais, Le Sage, Dancourt, Balzac and even to Laclos, but terminated his judgment with the following statement:

S'il restera ou non, je n'en sais rien. Ce que je sais, c'est que le professeur de Sorbonne qui fera dans deux cents ans sa thèse sur la Pensée française au vingtième siècle devra lire Paul Morand. Ce n'est pas notre Balzac, c'est notre Dancourt. 6

From the standpoint of vocabulary and choice of words, Morand's modernity is quite different from that of Apollinaire who, in post World War I years, attempted to guide the language into entirely new ways. The expression of the written word by Morand follows more closely that of the speech of the man in the street, plus a profusion of exotic expressions and a disregard of stability of syntax, without exceeding the limits of

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7 Ibid., p. 71.

6 Robert Brasillach, Ibid., p. 210. This is high praise coming from a critic who was rather less than friendly to Morand and his work.
comprehension. As Marouzeau has commented:

Il appartient aux vrais créateurs de remplacer les liaisons de mots usées par des rapprochements nouveaux qui ne fassent pas violence au génie de la langue, sans franchir la limite au-delà de laquelle l’artifice serait choquant.

This is exactly what Morand has done. As bizarre, unexpected and initially puzzling as are some of his metaphors, few surpass the limits of credibility or comprehension. Insofar as being shocking is concerned, that depends upon the viewpoint of the individual reader. It is true that Morand skated very near the edge of propriety in his presentation of Europe in the Roaring Twenties, but certainly he would not be considered shocking to the public in general of that day.

By his choice of exotic words and expressions, Morand merely followed the trend of his time. During and after World War I, the French language was enriched infinitely by borrowings from other languages, particularly English. Many of the terms are now an integral part of the French language and their foreign source has been overlooked or completely forgotten. Words such as budget (1768) are English in origin, rosse (used by Ronsard), German, tulipe (1611), Turkish, chimie (1554), Arabic by means of the devious route of medieval Latin, avatar

(1800), Sanskrit, and so on ad infinitum. In the absence of something comparable to the N. E. D., one must rely on etymological dictionaries, which generally are quite incomplete, and, consequently, it is difficult to date exactly the entrance of many words into the French language. Some have been in use for but few years, others that are definitely of exotic origin have been employed for centuries. As Marouzeau has noted:

Ces mots-là ont perdu leur qualité étrangère, et la qualité qu'ils peuvent avoir aujourd'hui (avatar savant, rosée vulgaire) est indépendante de leur origine.

Au contraire, quand nous employons des mots comme football, führer, fiasco, nous avons conscience de l'emprunt, et notre énoncé en reçoit une certaine qualité.

L'effet produit par un mot d'emprunt est d'abord en quelque manière fonction de sa sonorité et de son aspect; le mot "étranger" est assez souvent un mot "étranger", qui détonne dans l'entourage qu'on lui donne, soit par sa graphie s'il est écrit: groom, interview, soit par sa prononciation souvent difficile ou peu connue: five o'clock, high life, knock out.

Marouzeau continues his elucidation of the use of foreign words, claiming that almost always there is an element of pedantry involved and that such a recourse is

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10 The dates of the entry of the words into the French language were obtained from Albert Dauzat's Dictionnaire étymologique de la langue française (Paris: Librairie Larousse, 1938).

11 Marouzeau, Ibid., pp. 121-122.
hardly a procedure of style. In his opinion, it is a violence to the language which in each case requires an excuse or justification. In Morand's writings, which, during the first four or five years, portray exaggerated national types, there is certainly a justification and, contrary to the opinion of Marouzeau, it appears that his use of foreign words and recent borrowings or innovations existing in the French vocabulary form important and almost necessary elements of his style.

_Tendres Stocks_, his first prose collection, is a tryptic of three girls adrift in London during the war. _Clarisse_, the first story, written in 1914, is the tale of an English girl caught in the maelstrom of university and cafe society circles. The story offers some curious examples of words that are non-French in derivation and still are comprehensible to the French, but others that were chosen apparently merely to add local color.

A vocabulary that included "taxi" (p. 76), borrowed from the Greek but in use as early as 1901, and "yachts" (p. 48), of Dutch derivation and employed by Colbert in 1672, or even "omnibus" (p. 74), used as a noun in its modern sense rather than the French

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12 The pagination for _Clarisse_, _Aurore_ and _Delphine_ is from _Tendres Stocks_.
adjectival connotation, would not be deemed especially exotic. Similarly the word "shrapnel" (p. 71), although new to everyday speech, was familiar to all in 1914.

Words like "celluloid" (p. 65) and "banjo" (p. 69), of English and American origin, respectively, had been present in the language since 1878 and 1859. But "rag-time" (p. 71) was assuredly a recent borrowing and was used chiefly by the smart set and younger generation, who also popularized the banjo as a musical instrument in this early or pre-jazz age. However, Morand made use of foreign words and orthography without employing italics, when there existed perfectly valid French equivalents, and it is in this manner that he disclosed a tendency towards neo-preciosity. Examples of such words follow: bacon (p. 72), bauta (p. 43), bookmakers (p. 50), jicky (p. 76), policeman (p. 49), and soda (p. 72). Other words such as "docks" (p. 60) and "guttapercha" (p. 66) were already in the language but the latter was written as a hyphenated word in French.

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13 Cf. Morand's description of Louisa whose languid eyes gave her the appearance of having been reared near a line "où il ne passait que des trains omnibus," (p. 74).

14 This was originally an Old French word, borrowed by the English, which came back to France at the beginning of the Twentieth Century.
The ultra-modernity of this cafe society was stressed in the description of Louisa's handbag and its contents:

"Elle referme la bouche, ouvre son sac, s'y mire comme au fond d'un puits; ensuite: porte-cigarettes, fume-cigarettes, cigarette, coton, briquet; ensuite houppette, rouge; elle refait son grain."  

Here no foreign words were necessary, the French being completely adequate and the procedure apparently as common and naturally feminine in France as in England. However, the word "briquet" appeared with this connotation only in 1908. Expressions and words like "refaire son grain" and "fume-cigarettes" were even more recent.

In Aurore, the portrait of the Canadian Amazon, written in 1916, the author repeated some of the more familiar words, e.g., "taxis" (p. 85), "taxi" (p. 146), "omnibus" (p. 140) and "autobus" (p. 185). He used the French plural "sandwichs" (p. 143) but on two occasions the English words were so unusual that he italicized them: attaché case (p. 158), a most curious combination, and special constables (p. 171).

It is interesting to note that Morand transcribed in mixed French English the signs which hung over the

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15 Tendres Stocks, p. 74.

16 Autobus is a French word, but dates only from 1907.
doors in the ancient court room used by Aurore as an
apartment:

ENTRÉE DU PUBLIC, LE PREVENU, L'AVOCAT DE LA
COURONNE, L'ATTORNEY GENERAL 17

and

VESTIARE DU LORD JUSTICE

Although the signs were reputed to date from the
reign of George IV, there appears to be either an anachron­
ism in the use of the French or error in transcription and
orthography.

Morand, in a similar vein, described one of Aurore's
guns as "une carabine Holland and Holland calibre 16" (p. 169) and related later that after dining "au Old Shep­
herd's dans Glasshouse St.," (p. 171), they had gone to
the Café Royal where among the customers were "d'après
demelles V M C A" (p. 174).

Admitting that Morand was intent upon being
factual, elegant and ultra-modern in his décor and
settings, the mixture of French and English strikes a
jarring note, for Morand's vocabulary includes many words
of foreign origin, such as: bolcheviks (p. 178), 19 le

17 Tendres Stocks, p. 150.
18 Ibid., p. 153.
19 The word bolchevik entered the French voca­
bulary in 1917, but this particular spelling must be
Morand's own. It predates by at least a year the date
assigned to the word by Albert Dauzat.
cab (p. 156), cheroots (p. 174), ginger ale (p. 171), gramophone (p. 149 et passim), l'hammerless (p. 170), porto (p. 172 et passim), and the more common and well known ones like revolver (p. 156) and sofas (p. 150).

The second story of the collection, Delphine, (which is the third when considered chronologically, having been written in 1919 or 1920), portrayed a French war widow who descended the scale to the utmost depths of degradation. Here again one finds words like "banjo" (p. 123), "coachs" (p. 120), which is obviously an unfamiliar English word which Morand forced into a French plural, "porto" (p. 115), "rag-times" (p. 121), and the well-established "music-halls" (p. 100). "Canoe" (p. 122) is written without the diaeresis, which lends an exotic touch.

Along with such words, which are by this time becoming part and parcel of the Morandian vocabulary, the reader meets many more, of varying degrees of exoticism: bungalows (p. 125), chianti (p. 104), chintz (p. 92), clans (p. 114), club (p. 113), "dons" (p. 87), "dons" (p. 87),

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20 With the meaning of a taxi, this word was not so familiar to the French of World War I era.

21 This is the only word which Morand clearly designated as foreign, being placed in quotation marks in the text. The others are presented in the body of the text with no distinguishing identification.
gong (p. 89), harmonicas portatifs (p. 100), jazz (p. 115), Keat's lodge (p. 88), Magdalenman (p. 88), nurses (p. 109), pianola (p. 92), pickles (p. 133), raglan (p. 111), schantung (p. 126), sixpence (p. 116), Wordsworth's house (p. 88), un Italien Yankee (p. 123), and Yankees (p. 114), used as a noun.

The terms referring to Oxford university life and alcoholic beverages are probably indicative of the snob period of Morand's life, as may well be the mention of materials like chintz, raglan, schantung, etc. Others are representative of the jazz age, modern youth and the rebellious generation, e.g., jazz, gramophone, pianola, sofas, soda, ginger ale. Still others appear to be an affectation in orthography, perhaps intended to astound his reading public, such as Wordsworth's

22 Although in the French language since 1691, it is hardly likely that it was in familiar use for the gong in English homes used to call the servants.

23 Rather than the standard harmonicas, here it is apparently used for a type of accordéon.

24 Of American origin, this entered the language in 1918.

25 Although accepted as early as 1872, as a term for one who takes care of children, it was relatively unfamiliar to most Frenchmen.

26 This is obviously of American derivation.
house, Keat's lodge, Magdalenman, Yankee, Old Shepherd's, (this last with the contraction au), and l'hammerless, (which has a strongly aspirated h, except in Cookney).

The immense success of *Ouvert la nuit* was, in a large measure, the result of Morand's increasing use of flash metaphors, but also because of the modernity of his vocabulary and the timeliness of his settings. In *La Nuit catalane*, Morand mingled many Spanish words and expressions, and, perhaps in an effort to give authenticity to his central character, Doña Remedios, he even offered French literal translations of Spanish phrases. Never was Remedios addressed as Mademoiselle. In addition, her communistic and anarchistic philosophy reflected some of the existentialist tenets, almost unheard of at that time, which she expressed with the aid of a few Hispanicisms, as follows:

> Il faudra bien que la société crève ou que j'y laisse mes os. Je ne veux pas mourir avant que se vident de leur néant les grandes fictions, religion, autorité, famille, qui, chez nous plus qu'ailleurs, gardent toute leur force néfaste, avant d'avoir aidé mes frères à s'affranchir de la "pobrécité" du joug capitaliste et padronal.  

Words such as "pobrécité," placed in quotation

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27 The paginations for the vocabulary cited from *La Nuit catalane*, *La Nuit turque*, etc. are from *Ouvert la nuit*.

28 *Ouvert la nuit*, p. 31.
marks but not italicized, and padronal for patronal are indicative of this Hispanic tendency.

On another occasion, Remedios replies to an invitation to dinner and movies: "Avec beaucoup de goût" (p. 37), which is literally a translation of the Spanish con mucho gusto. Again, talking of the weather she comments:

Je ne redoute pas l'orage, mais à ma chienne qui est dans la mallette, il ne goûte pas. 29

Neither the flavor nor the construction is French, but merely an adaptation of the Spanish no le gusta. Later, an odd, almost inexplicable use of por favor occurs when Remedios says "Par faveur?" (p. 42), in answer to a direct address. She describes Puig as the "fils du libre pensément" (p. 42) and, conversing with Norand, she responds, "oui, singe" (p. 50), which is a trifle forced in French but quite apt in Spanish, mono being a term of endearment similar to "cutie," "honey-bubble" or "sweetie-pie." Speaking to Pacifico, she interpolates the word "homme" (p. 28), used in the manner of the Spanish hombre, rather than the French monsieur, which would be alien to her nature and completely out of character. Remedios, who thinks in capital letters, is perhaps the most picturesque of

29 Ibid., p. 17.
Morand's heroines. Her Spanish character is never lost and even affects the thoughts and speech of her associates. Pacifico himself employs the phrase "Ici est votre maison, comme l'on dit chez vous" (p. 32), instead of Esta es su casa.

Just before the start of the bullfight, we read that the president "palabre" (p. 50) and that there are "huit taureaux Sottomayor" advertised, (p. 49). When Morand takes private Spanish lessons from Remedios, he practices patiently in order to achieve "une prononciation non défectueuse de la jota" (p. 45). Perhaps he should have paid more attention to proper orthography, for he describes the cathedral in Barcelona as "la cathédrale modern style de Soller, avec ses quatre tours de fibro-ciment et son orgue de manège" (p. 65).

Not all the exoticisms are Spanish. One finds terms and phrases like "plus directe que le magnésium des reporters" (p. 16), "un manteau en liberty noir" (p. 37) and a description of the comrades of the Second International singing hymns, in which the members are named: Rosario, Rakovsky, Vandervelde, Luxembourg, Jaurès.

30 This is an orthographical error. The word is Sotomayor.

31 Another orthographical error: the Barcelona architect was Alejandro Soler y March, born in 1873.

32 This is probably Rakowski.
Burns, Thomas and Lippovici (p. 19).

Some of the more obvious Anglicisms which appear are: l'express (p. 45), fox-terrier (p. 17), hall (p. 45 et passim), interviews (p. 66), lift (p. 21), meeting (p. 18 et passim), "snobisme" (p. 34 et passim), le square (p. 53), les tramways (p. 29 et passim), les trolleys (p. 46) and un tunnel (p. 14 et passim).

Colloquial terms, slang and even naval expressions enhance the modernity of the tale. The customs-house officer is a gabelou (p. 21), instead of a douanier. Remedios claims that people never have time to think of death, which is a Spanish form of amusement, but that it should be done for "cela sert à faire le point" (p. 31). Hispanicisms such as the names of the bull-fighters, toreros, etc. are perfectly admissible for local color, but Morand stretches the point when he describes the start of the bullfight, e. g., "le clairon déclenche la porte du toril" (p. 50). Toril is completely unfamiliar to the average reader of French or English. Perhaps, in the interests of character portrayal, it is permissible to place in the mouth of Remedios words such as "A medianoche, je me risquaí dehors" (p. 59), but the reader receives the impression that there is a lack of

33 Here Remedios employed a standard naval term: to get a fix.
consistency, inasmuch as the author has been translating textually other Spanish expressions in an apparent effort to give a foreign flavor to her speech. However, with these few exceptions, Remedios, "femme du Grand Soir et des grandes soirées" (p. 38), is Morand's most complete and most consistent lady of the Nuits.

Anna Valentinovna, of La Nuit turque, represents the refugee White Russian aristocrat in the international post-war atmosphere of Constantinople. The vocabulary and the descriptions stress the incongruity of the situation and the mingling and confusion of races, classes and cultures.

Morand artistically presents an overture to his story in his description of the Orient-express (sic) which carries him from Paris to Constantinople. The train is overcrowded, carrying English, French, Spanish Jews and Orientals. It passes at break-neck speed through the countryside, whose character is described succinctly and picturesquely:

Le Simplon, durant vingt-neuf minutes, donna l'audition d'une grande symphonie de fer, puis sur des chaussées, on passa les rizières du Piémont jusqu'à une station qui finissait sur rien, sur une grande citéerne d'ombre de silence, et ce fut Venise. Au réveil, une bise de zinc faucha le maïs de la plaine croate. La Servie s'annonça par ses porcs, rayés noir et blanc

34

The D-Day of the Third International, i.e., the day which will destroy the present social order.
comme des coureurs et qui dévoraient, renversée dans le fossé, une carcasse de wagon dont ne restaient que les roues et le signal d'alarme. On échangea contre les fleuves d'autres fleuves passés sur des barrages flexibles, comme un osier, tandis que voisines, les piles de l'ancien pont décapité dans les retraites, émeraient. À Vinkopie, les Roumains en velours furent détachés du train, dans la nuit glacée. Après Sofia, les maisons portèrent leurs piments qui séchaient, frères des vignes vierges. Éclairées par le soleil levant, labourées par des boeufs, les plaines bulgares affichaient une prospérité symbolique, comme sur les vignettes des timbres-poste ou au revers des monnaies. Enfin, après la traversée du désert de Thrace, sous un ciel d'étoiles mais où nos yeux, habitués aux constellations d'Occident, cherchaient en vain l'étoile polaire, ne reconnaissaient plus le Charriot, qui au ras du sol, prenait cette fois une route terrestre, dans une brêche de la muraille byzantine, la mer de Marmara s'élargit.35

The cosmopolitanism of Constantinople is reflected in his vocabulary and phrases:

L'orchestre partait comme un coup de feu, jouant des valses aux divans du fumoir couverts de faux Boukharas, aux lampes de mosquée faites de bouteilles à soda, à l'état-major grec, palikares anglomanes, tout en galons d'or et en poils noirs. Les portes-revolvers étaient gardés par des boys-scouts (sic) juifs...36

The owner of the night-club had formerly been director of the theater at Kiev:

35 Ouvert la nuit, pp. 74-75. This excerpt discloses traits later to become associated with Morand as the "Lauzun du rail" as well as the advocate of Rain, Steam and Speed. One senses even undertones of Rien que la terre. His sensitivity to the changing chart of the heavens betrays, perhaps, his interest in celestial navigation, for, it may be recalled, his first desire had been to become a naval officer.

36 Ibid,., pp. 75-76.
Il rappelait Chaliapine tel qu'on pouvait le voir dans sa loge à Covent Garden, chanter la Marseillaise, le verre à la main, lors de sa dernière apparition le 29 juillet 1914, et par sa stature évoquait la Russie comme on la représentait aux côtés du Monténégro, dans l'Almanach Hachette.37

The clientele of the night club was composed of several English, some Pérotes, but mainly of Russian expatriates. A Roumanian orchestra "jetait sur les têtes, comme un doux lasso, des czardas" (p. 77). The vocabulary included slang words such as "pschutt" (p. 91) and "vlan" (p. 91), and many words of exotic origin: boxer, as an infinitive (p. 80), un floch royal (p. 84), une robe de jersey noir (p. 93), un king-charles (p. 94), la Military Police (p. 89), Polack's oriental Stores (p. 95), samovar (p. 92), tokay (p. 92), une troïka (p. 86) and des tunnels (p. 81).

Morand's cult of the contemporary is striking enough in the vocabulary but still more in the descriptions, and, in retrospect, one cannot but marvel at the accuracy of his appraisals of contemporary movements and

37 Ibid., pp. 76-77. Here Morand included obviously some of his own experiences in the diplomatic corps.

38 Natives of Pera, a section of Constantinople.

39 These words were used in conversation which represented a slang which was out-of-date even at that time, e. g.: —Paris est-il toujours aussi "pschutt", aussi "vlan", monsieur?
of his predictions. For example, the teachings of Remedios' Communist leader, Esteban, were perhaps opinions of the author himself, particularly when he discussed the future of the World Revolution:

Esteban s'était rendu compte de l'inutilité des coups de force, après les attentats de 1905, et m'expliquait qu'il fallait reprendre les choses de plus loin. "Nous travaillons pour dans trente ans, pour dans cinquante ans", disait-il.40

Similarly, Morand, who detests Communism but is not blinded by wishful thinking, placed in the mouth of Anna of La Nuit turque:

La Russie ne peut pas mourir, fit Anna comme nous sortons. Peut-être le malheur lui forge-t-il en ce moment une âme nouvelle, plus grande et plus pure? Notre jeunesse est fauchée, mais les enfants grandissent. Voyez ces Russes de Constantinople, de Bakou, de Vladivostock, de Sakaline; chez eux l'amour de la patrie est intense. Il faut bien peu de temps aujourd'hui pour fonder un empire puissant, encore moins de temps pour l'abattre. Ce qui est au bas de la roue, demain atteindra peut-être le point le plus élevé. N'oubliez pas cela à Paris...41

The author himself inserted contemporary comments as he contemplated the White Russian refugees awaiting the arrival of more expatriates on steamships from the Crimea:

Tous ensemble venaient se pencher au bord de cet abîme sans fond qu'est la Russie rouge d'où ne parviennent que des cris, des coups de feu, des claquements de fouet et jamais

40 Ouvert la nuit, p. 28.
41 Ibid., p. 88. This was written no later than 1921.
Another touch of modernity was apparent when Morand attributed to Isabelle, of La Nuit romaine, the weakness of not being able to touch suede without fainting. Although but a minor point, it discloses the author's awareness of the modern and almost universal allergy or allergies before the actual term became common. Other than that, there are but few indications of ultra-modernity in the tale, either in references or vocabulary. One finds the inevitable "hall" of a hotel (p. 101), a "gramophone" (p. 110), and terms such as "contre-snobisme" (p. 103), "jerseys en soie" (p. 111), "la jungle" (p. 117), "le poker" for the card game (p. 108), "gigues" for jigs or dances (p. 114), "galoches" (p. 114) and "un magnolia" (p. 109), the latter perhaps French when pronounced à la française.

However, in La Nuit des six jours, the language, references and vocabulary that pertain to the contemporary period are almost ubiquitous. Some slang expressions are intentionally mentioned as being périmées, especially those in the speech of the Jewish tart, Léa, e.g., "Tu charries ou t'as l'êtguin" (p. 123); "il faut que je me débine" (p. 123); "c'est bath ça" (p. 141). Charrier,

Ibid., p. 94.
in the sense of to kid someone or to joke was old-fashioned even in 1922. Avoir le béguin for someone is of similar vintage. C'est bath, as a slang expression, held on well into the 1930's but apparently definitely dated the speaker, in the eyes of the younger generation.

The sporting and night-club vocabulary is starred with Anglicisms and other exotic words: un sixdayman (p. 124), les sprints (p. 126 et passim), un recordman (p. 140), les managers (p. 129), le Far West (p. 134), un boston (p. 138), referring to the dance, un book (p. 136) and les bantams (p. 134), to indicate boxers.

Léa's attributes include "une poitrine urf" (p. 138), which could well be translated as swell, terrific or even snazzy. The six-day bicycle race was staged at the Vélodrome d'Hiver and a crowning touch of modernity is described at the end of the story as the author sings to the accompaniment of a mechanical piano and the room is faintly lighted by the reflection of a sign advertising Éternol.

Isabelle, of La Nuit romaine, played the popular tune, Naples, on her gramophone, and Anna, of La Nuit turque, drove a 100 HP Fiat at break-neck speed during

\[43\] 
\[Ibid., p. 141.\]
\[44\] 
\[Ibid., p. 110.\]
the years prior to World War I.

In *La Nuit hongroise*, the shortest tale of the collection, the vocabulary featured Slavic and Germanic touches. Morand offered to Zaël some "ersatz-tokay" (p. 147); Zaël danced a "mazurka" in her chemise (p. 153), ordered "Drei cocktails" (p. 150) and commented tersely "Schlect Paris" (p. 147). However, in the descriptive prose the author generally wrote in current or café society French, e.g., "Indiscernibles comme un jazz et un orchestre symphonique, les femmes à robe longue asservissaient les femmes à robe courte," (p. 146). Morand paid in "couronnes" (p. 148), instead of kroner. Zaël made friends with "des métèques en rase-pet gris clair" (p. 149); the hotels of Buda appeared suspended from the sky by the raspberry light of the "roof-gardens" (p. 153).

*La Nuit nordique*, censored from several English translations, is presented, however, in a more conventional style, but is nevertheless studded with occasional neologisms and exotic terminology. One finds the names of popular mixed drinks of the day, such as "le réveilleur des cadavres" and "la caresse intérieure" whose recipes had been obtained from "le barman" (p. 179), but "le side-car" (p. 175) refers to that of a motorcycle.

Occasional interpolations of German words indicate

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Ibid., p. 86.
that the setting is Danish or on the Baltic coast rather than in Norway or Sweden. Morand refers to reading a German magazine, "la Nacktkultur" (p. 161), an organ for the propagation of the nudist cult. Aïno affectionately calls him "püppchen" (p. 182). However, they crossed town in a "troika" (p. 174), whose "klaxon" (p. 173), opened the way for them. Yet when a "tramway" (p. 174) blocked their path they scraped against old fiacres, rather than taxis or gabs. On their escapade of the Night of Saint John, they ride a "ferry-boat" (p. 183 et passim).

Morand's modernity is inseparable from his cosmopolitanism. Still in his snob period, he cannot refrain from inserting contemporary descriptions and snap judgments taken from the four corners of Europe, whether on the subject of architecture, current facilities, novel inventions or love. Riding at a rapid speed in the sidecar of Aïno's motorcycle, he still had time to notice the "mâts de T. S. F." (p. 175), rising above the industrial buildings, the birch logs hauled on "tenders" (p. 176) behind the locomotives, and the reckless driving of Aïno who, insensitive to the fetid odor of the oil and the rhapsody of misses in the engine, took the corners with brakes still applied and passed through the stoplights at the intersections, (p. 175).
Words such as tenders, "whisky" (p. 182), or "square" (p. 186), in the traditional sense of a public square with grass, (which goes back to 1778), are scarcely neologisms, even in 1922, but they infer an addiction to words of exotic origin.

As a chronicler of this jazz age, Morand has few if any peers. The tempo of the times was as different from the pre-war period as the speed of jet planes from that of the ox-cart. The lack of restraint, the casting off of mid-Victorian shackles, the erotic over-indulgence of youth, and the emphasis on speed and personal pleasures are hallmarks of that age and were faithfully recorded by Morand.

The amorality of the war years was depicted sketchily but unmistakably in Tendres Stocks and the synthesis of post-war Europe in Ouvert la nuit is perhaps superficial at times but is sufficiently accurate for the general public which is not interested in documentary writing. It left an indelible mark on the reading public which, delighted by the unconventional metaphors and the freshness of the imagery, increased astronomically during the following decade.

To be sure, there are many inequalities within the framework of this collection but when it is considered in conjunction with Fermé la nuit and as an integral part
of that second group, the picture is brought into focus. Then L'Europe galante, of 1925, so shocking to the critics of that day, appears in its true light, that of a distortion and exaggeration of its precursors, the Nuits.

Characterizations that are practically caricatures follow one another swiftly across the pages and are frequently placed in apposition with generalizations that are so facile that they appear aphoristic. A single comparison should suffice. In a discussion of the international mores of courtship, Morand is almost reportorial:

This is a play-by-play account. Morand gives to the reader the impression of actuality, that he has been

46
Ibid., p. 186.
there, and, indeed, as far as London and Madrid are concerned, he had been there. It is possible that his account of New York was obtained from others but it is astonishingly true to life, as is the scene laid in Tahiti. Certainly no one can question the veracity of the Parisian scene. Morand leaves everything by inference to the imagination or knowledge of the reader.

But when he summarizes the reactions of the various European females under the influence of alcohol, he broaches the realm of aphorism, fiction and fantasy:

C'était bien cela: le moment souhaité où les Polonaises racontent leurs vols de bijoux, où les Allemandes copient des vers, où les Américaines demandent qu'on amène les nègres, où les nègresses cèdent aux ingénieurs, où les Espagnoles objectent à tel baiser: "Les lèvres sont faites pour recevoir la Sainte Communion"; où les Angläises exigent de l'argent.47

Here the juxtaposition of old wives' tales with the former description, of repertorial accuracy, lends an aura of credence and verity to the aphorisms. Fact and fiction are so expertly blended that all is accepted as truth.

Morand's penchant for local color, expressed in contemporary terms and expressions, is a feature of 

Fermé la nuit, and particularly in La Nuit de Portofino

47 Ibid., p. 182.

48 The pagination of vocabularies of the four tales in Fermé la nuit are taken from Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit (Paris: Gallimard, 1957).
Kulm, the recreation of the character of Frank Harris.

In this, one must admit, there is a taste for the bizarre and perhaps an attempt to astound his readers, but it also embodies a recognition of the contemporary and an endeavor to recreate it and preserve it, in somewhat similar fashion to that prescribed by John Erskine, who wrote:

> The cult of the contemporary follows logically from the cult of the natural. If we are to write of a life untouched with art, we can write only of a life about us, as our fathers left it to us—our best of nature, the talent buried in a napkin; and if we are to use the ordinary language of men, we must use today's language, the only speech that to us is ordinary.

Morand was apparently not intent upon the recreation of exact speech, but he did try to bring to the French reading public an awareness of contemporary customs and ordinary speech in what was, for them, unusual and exotic settings. This he achieved by striking language and similes, with artful furbishings, and an acute sense of what was novel.

In *La Nuit de Portofino* Kulm, one finds frequent exotic words and expressions: "il avait été de meeting en interview" (p. 162), the well-known American abbreviation "F. O. B." (p. 146), "monsignori" (p. 147), "le front" (p. 150), to designate the front lines of the war, "boys" (p. 152), referring to telegraph messenger boys,

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"base-ball (p. 152), "maids" (p. 155), who are assigned to hotel room service, "norfolk" (p. 166), as an adjective, e.g., "sa veste norfolk" along with the more usual "le casino" (p. 187 et passim), "détectives" (p. 155 et passim), "kimono" (p. 146 et passim), "revolver" (p. 145), and "le smoking" (p. 190), for a tuxedo.

References are made to the Dail Eirean and Home Rule (p. 163) and to Lloyd George (p. 168). O'Patah addresses the crowd from the Waldorf Astoria Hotel (p. 155) and claims to be more narrowly bound to them than the Cunarders (p. 155). He addresses his ecclesiastical secretary as "Father Crumb" (p. 114:7). Curiously enough, "Breakfast room" is placed in quotation marks in the text (p. 169), but a sign in Portofino Kulm is rendered in capital letters, without quotation marks: 50 VILLA DA VENDERE (CON TERRENI).

Words and expressions such as "bulletins" (p. 169), which goes back as far as Marguerite de Navarre and "terriers irlandais" (p. 168) are authentically French, but poteen, italicized in the text, (p. 165), and "honey" (p. 164) are a trifle incongruous, the latter especially for an American reader, but totally in character with the Irish radical, even when addressing a male. The croupier cries "Banoo" (p. 190), and O'Patah mentions

50 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 180.
the payment of "une grosse royalty pour le film" (p. 184).

When the author inserts the word "Mick" to designate O'Patah, it is in reference to his national extraction. He is careful to italicize it and then to explain it for the benefit of his French reading audience, e.g.:

"Ecoutez Pat! Ecoutez le vieux Mick! (Irlandais).

Not content with the use of Americanisms, Morand interpolates Celtic words, to wit:

"...laissez-moi vous réciter, en gälélique, mon poème, tiré des Chants céltiques, en l'honneur d'Oilean Mr, c'est-à-dire des Amériques, de l'Ile heureuse, mirage des pauvres Irlandais..."

Morand thus mingleS the exotic and unusual with the current and modern, the former in an effort to appeal perhaps to the snob element and the latter in an apparently

51 The word royalty is purely foreign. Film had entered the French vocabulary, in 1889, as a photographic film and later became used in its present sense in motion pictures. This was undoubtedly in the 20th Century, for the word film was first used in 1919.

52 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 157. The italicization of the nickname Pat is a bit unusual. Even more curious is the translation of a supposed cheer, which follows immediately in the text: "Vive le vieux grand Boss!" which, even if a noble attempt to transcribe or translate the equivalent of "grand old leader," would hardly be employed as an Irish-American cheer.

53 Ibid., p. 155.
genuine attempt to immortalize a given moment in time by taking it out of the contemporary, à la John Erskine, and finding a language for it so striking in its appeal that it will preserve the trivial circumstances from which it first arose.

Just as there were Celtic words and references in the story about O'Patah, so are there Germanicisms in La Nuit de Charlottenburg: "le balkon" (p. 204), with German orthography but French capitalization, "du Jugend" with the French particle but German orthography and capitalization, "die Bonbonniere" (p. 203), with German orthography and capitalization, for the name of a bar which Egon explains is today called "Kabarett" (p. 204). The incorrect "kanapés" which is neither German nor French is also used.

Other borrowings include "boyards" (p. 204), borrowed from the Russian by the French as far back as 1637, but hardly a word to be used in current conversational French, and "hospodars" (p. 204), which is much less familiar, more foreign and puzzling than "bandits" (p. 195), the latter being standard French for the past three hundred years. "'in boomerang" (p. 205) also gives an exotic tang.

John Erskine, op. cit., p. 250.
An interesting exercise in linguistics occurs in the letter written by Egon von Strachqitz, purportedly on the eve of his contemplated suicide. In the text the letter is reproduced in English, in which it was supposedly written, but is translated immediately into French by the author. One suspects, from the style and the stiffness of the English phraseology, that it was conceived in French by the author and then translated into English:

Paris, October (sic) 10th, 1919.

My dear Jack,

This is the last letter I shall ever write. At 8 p.m. I jump from the Eiffel Tower. I have had a bloody career. Please keep all I have told you about Mrs. W. as a strict secret. I tried to crush my madness but I could not. Never let fate away you nor a woman. I am a bloody broken-hearted beggar. I am longing to be dead. I tried to enlist in the Légion étrangère but as I am ill, they would not have me before I was well. My Wassermann is positive. Since then, I have stolen three bicycles and a postal order and gone in for sodomy. I am feeling very unbalanced. I shall jump like hell, nothing shall stop me. I hope you will avenge my death on Christianity and Society that have caused it. I am in a hell of an agony and cannot sleep. I would like to murder someone before I die. I wish my remains to be buried in the Pantheon besides those of Rousseau le douanier. I wish I had something to leave you. Take my signet ring.

Best love from your late friend. Egon

Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, pp. 211-212. An alternative, difficult to accept, is that this letter is intended to show Egon's inadequacy in English, which the author corrected in his ensuing translation. Morand's English is good but not without error, even today. In his letter of August 28, 1958 he misspelled assassinated
The punctuation and single abbreviation are typically French and, in part, could be attributed to the lineotype operators, e.g., "Mrs W." which omits the period following the abbreviation of the title. The colloquial English, "gone in for sodomy," is sound but "I am in a hell of an agony" is a bit strained and the confusion of the simple present and the present progressive tenses is quite un-English.

Ultra-modern and entirely accurate is the comment concerning the Wassermann reaction, and the following references to the stolen bicycles and postal order disclose an awareness of modern psychiatry. Nevertheless, the general effect, linguistically, is ludicrous. The incorrect uses of "bloody" and the phraseology of "I tried to crush my madness" demonstrate an effort to be colloquial in English, at least in the former case, and a literal translation of the French écraser, in the latter. Had the author translated literally vaincre as "to overcome"

(Cf. Appendix, p. 354) and in that of November 8, 1957 erred in the orthography of Babbitt (Cf. Appendix, p. 353) which conceivably were the result of carelessness. However, he thinks in French, rather than in English. This may be seen in his letter of October 29, 1956 in which he repeatedly states that certain works are the "same than" another edition. (Cf. Letter in Appendix, p. 350).

56 This is the actual word used by Morand in his French translation which followed in the story. Ibid., p. 212.
or even "to conquer" he would have given a much more accurate flavor to the letter.

The subject matter of *La Nuit de Babylone*, that tale of the over-worked minister, Cornet, is a forerunner of *Lewis et Irène* and *L'Homme pressé*. Its contemporary flavor is heightened by the post-war setting, spiced with sardonic psychological and moralizing seasoning. The mad amorality of the jazz age is mingled with the Machiavellian modernity of Parisian politics by deft, light and even saucy touches, as in the description of the minister's début:

Précipité aux élections sur la liste d'un parti nouveau, j'entrai au Parlement et dans les Commissions, pour rebondir (à cause de ma canne caoutchoutée) à la tête d'une fraction de groupe, jusqu'à un sous-secrétariat. Pas le temps de connaître Paris. Juste celui de le mépriser, d'entrevoir qu'il n'y a plus rien, ni une cave inédite, ni un salon fermé, ni un litre de lait non écrémé, ni un plaisir subtil à goûter, ni un appartement à louer, ni un Parisien à souhaiter de connaître. J'avais assisté à quelques soirées. Des réunions entre quatre murs de papier d'or; sur des matelas, recouverts de gros soussins sourds, rutilants et ridicules, les hommes et les femmes, inopnables de plus supporter la contrainte des chaises, s'étendaient côte à côte, un verre entre les pieds; des jeunes filles montraient leurs aisselles où la sueur des danses collait des brillants; elles ne cessaient de rire ou de s'entretenir dans un langage chiffré, incompréhensible, que pour s'écrier, parmi le crachement des siphons: "Ce qu'on s'emm..."
Politicians are united by the most extreme bonds, hatred or love. Lesbian lovers swap saliva, in a long embrace. Chauffeurs wait for their employers at the station of the Invalides, while reading the third edition of *L'Intran*.

In such manner, Morand moves from a universal generality, expressed aphoristically, to vignettes, from which he draws a generalization about Parisian love-life or uses it only to raise it from the contemporary and preserve its flavor for posterity. In this tale the emphasis is on manners, customs and behavior, rather than on vocabulary. The popular word "cagna" (p. 221), which became very familiar to the French, in 1915-1918, and the exotic words and expressions "stocks" (p. 221), "interviews" (p. 225), and "no man's land" (p. 226) are practically the only variations. "J'ai une faim bleue" as an example of the vernacular (p. 226) is perhaps not common to the language and is a peculiarity of Cornet's own vocabulary.

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59 *Ibid.*, p. 226. The relationship between Denyse and Laurence is a precursor of later tales in *L'Europe galante*. In the above story, it is followed by the reflection that sapphism is so prevalent that Paris of that time is designated jokingly as *no man's land*.

The story is the least substantial of the collection, with but occasional flashes of unusual imagery, such as the closing of the fruit store on Malesherbes boulevard in which Fotin is described as putting the pineapples to bed, tucking them in their little cradles (p. 229), and the shops being likened to flowers which open in the morning and close at night. Morand manages to describe Cornet’s speech rather picturesquely:

Il ramassait de vieux mots parisiens qui traînaient depuis trente ans sur l’asphalte, les habillait d’un accent paysan, disant qu’il les avait entendus dans des fermes.61

While dining in a restaurant opposite the Madeleine, Cornet and the author are accompanied by Ravissant Grigri, whose smile turned up at the corners like a pagoda, (p. 227). Country towns, visited in the company of Denyse, have sidewalks adorned with hop-scotch designs, lame cats and broken eggs, (p. 231).

Morand attains the extremes of exoticism in La Nuit de Putney, of which the orthography and capitalization must have been a nightmare for French type-setters. He employs a profusion of Levantine and English proper nouns: Chislehurst (sic) & Twickenham (p. 254), Habib Halabi, the protagonist (p. 251), Habib’s Saloon de Beauté (p. 261), Hanover Square (p. 249 et passim),

61 Ibid., p. 228.
Leicester square (sic), (p. 244), Pullmann (sic), (p. 249), and Eski-Baba, where Habib met his wife (p. 251).

His sophisticated public would have been familiar with words like "cocktails" (p. 248), "harem" (p. 271), "poker" (p. 280), and "vaseline" (p. 259). Nevertheless, the picture of Miss Moyss "dribblant les bouteilles à travers sa maison" and words such as "homéophate" (p. 267) instead of homéopathé, "kebeba au yaourt" (p. 251), "paddock" (p. 258), "le polo" (p. 248), and "un lord Justice" (p. 273) must have raised the eyebrows, if not the blood pressure, of many a French type-setter and proof-reader of the day.

Some of Morand's own difficulties with the English language are probably disclosed as he describes Habib taking lessons in English in order to pronounce without accent "Claridge's et romance, les deux mots les plus difficiles de la langue." Here the difficulty is obviously Gallic, stemming from the stress as well as from the unfamiliar consonant combination. Morand, moreover, cannot refrain from derogatory remarks in his characterization of the Armenian Jew, attributing to him, as he had already done to Léa and other Jewish characters, a slang

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62 Ibid., p. 264. "Dribblant" as a present participle of dribbler, borrowed from the English in 1895, was known in sporting circles.

63 Ibid., p. 241.
which Morand considered out of date, even in 1922: "aller à pattes" (p. 245), "bath" (p. 264), "en pincer pour" (p. 245), "en tube gris" (p. 258), "un type" (p. 245), and various forms of the verb piger (p. 245 et passim).

With *Lewis et Irène*, his first attempt to write a novel, Morand veered from the old style exoticism to what might be termed a literary cosmopolitanism. In utilizing the former, he exploited the foreign elements, not, as some writers had done, in order to disparage the French but apparently from a desire to dazzle the reading public, and his more serious purpose may well have been that of reflecting an international rather than a purely French point of view.

In this first novel, which is really nothing more than an elongated short story, Morand is much more subdued in style and serious in intent. The fact that the book was considerably less than a success is perhaps the result of the tales which preceded it. The appetite of the public may have been so whetted by the scandalous

64

Although piger was still common in the mid-1930's it was falling into disuse among the smart set as early as 1922. Habib employed it incessantly: "tu piges" (p. 242), "pigeait" (p. 264) and "Pige un peu..." (p. 245). The author commented immediately after the latter remark: "[(Il se servait de cet argot de boulevard aujourd'hui englouti: piger, un type, aller à pattes, en pincer pour, qui survit dans tout le Levant. C'est ainsi qu'il abusait du mot "sympathique" appliqué aux objets: une chambre à coucheur, un fume-cigarette sympathique.)]"
characters and the highly erotic tendencies of his short stories that it was now jaded and failed to appreciate the longer work.

Here for one of the first times in French prose, one finds the modern businessman, and, what is even more contemporary, the businesswoman. Lewis et Irène may be considered at some future time the progenitor of modern commerce in the French novel, in a sense comparable to the position of Les Affaires sont les affaires by Mirbeau in the history of the theater.

In this work the emphasis is placed on the financial world. The expressions as well as the descriptions are so laden with the aura of the Stock Exchange, documented in the best Morand tradition, that they approach preciosity. Nevertheless, the novel is in the vein of its predecessors. Irene Apostolatos combines the composite of her country with the attributes of the post-war generation, and thus is a proper companion to her sisters, Clarisse, Léa, Delphine, Ainò, Zaël and company. A similar parallel has been drawn by at least one critic, Jacques de Lacretelle, in the following review:

Il l'a créée (Irène) de la même manière qu'il avait créé les premières, mais sur une base plus solide et plus étendue. Il lui a palpé le crâne, mesuré l'angle facial et il l'a rattachée à sa
Lacretelle is not carried away completely by the Morand technique of simultaneous contrasts and abrupt metaphors. He sees the weakness of the dialogues wherein the tone is forced, apparently in an effort to make the reader aware of the ultra-modernity of the work, for he continues:

C'est, je crois, que Morand s'est laissé aller trop fréquemment à faire une charge de ses personnages. Surtout dans le dialogue. Lorsque Irène nomme la Méditerranée "cette mer sans hausse ni basse", lorsque Lewis dit à Irène: "Pourquoi êtes-vous triste? vous avez l'air d'un chèque sans provision" ou "Tu partirais ainsi...sans préavis?" certes, nous rions de ces mots. Toutefois, ces mots, nous savons que seul Morand a pu les faire; placés comme ils le sont, ils donnent à Lewis et à Irène une articulation burlesque forcée. On pense à des amants de farce et cela rompt le charme de scènes qui ont de la grandeur.  

There are many foreign influences apparent in Morand's writings. Much of his slang and many of his neologisms have an exotic source, as has been noted by Irene Cornwell and André Gide, but occasionally he


66  Ibid., pp. 363-364.

67  Irene Cornwell, ed. Contemporary French Fiction (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1940), p. 245. The editor finds strong traces of Stevenson and
concocts French words, such as "cosmopolisson" which he indicates clearly as a neologism by placing it in quotation marks within the text. In Lewis et Irène, one also finds expressions like "lui avait fait mordre la poussière" which is a literal translation of the English phrase. His reference to "the beaver" is to an English society game of that period, in which contestants count the bearded men whom they meet on a walk or excursion and score points as in tennis.

The vocabulary of the novel contains a potpourri of Anglicisms, Hellenisms and even an occasional Spanish

remarks about Morand's acquaintances with Amos 'n' Andy and contemporary American slang, giving as an example his designation of Elizabeth I of England as la reine des abeilles. Other influences that she lists are those of Somerset Maugham, Schwob, Michelet, Mérimée, Flaubert, Huysmans, Jean Lorrain, Valéry Larbaud and Jean Giraudoux. Miss Cornwell also cites the Pages de journal of André Gide in which Morand's phrase: "un pendule passe au centre deux fois plus souvent qu'aux extrémités" impressed him as an adaptation of an English political slogan, and in which he also commented on the phrase "Cette proposition et ses effets m'ont si frappé" as being positively "indéfensible and very shocking." A literal translation of the latter phrase rings a sympathetic note in the ears of an English-speaking reader but to a purist of French it is obviously a barbarism.

68 Lewis et Irène, p. 39
69 Ibid., p. 162.
70 Ibid., p. 7
or Italian phrase. Attendants at a funeral have cheeks "tannées" by the sun (p. 6); foreigners ask if Irene can come to the "téléfon" (p. 150); the Greek girls of Trieste are described as "charmantes petites parties avec leurs grands yeux langoreux à la conquête du gambros" (pp. 83-84); Hendaye and the International Bridge are identified by the fact that there the "guarda civil passe à la gendarmerie les extradés" (p. 41); Elise Magnac who is with Lewis and Irene on Place Pigalle asks them to come "prendre un 'drink!'" at her house (pp. 175-176); in London Irene and Lewis cross the one-thirty "trafic" (p. 95). The latter word is neither French nor English.

Morand errs also in his use of the expression "Quel punch, caro mio!" (p. 17), for it refers to a financial coup or stroke.

Other words of obviously foreign origin, including some which have already been cited from previous works, like "jersey de soie" (p. 31), "un hall" (p. 25), "snob" (p. 81), "snobisme" (p. 56 et passim), "poker" (p. 32 et passim) and "raglan" (p. 17), the latter used here as a noun, are: "une garden-party" (p. 7), "trolleys" (p. 16 et passim), "un vieux jersey de golf" (p. 21), "maçadami-sée" (p. 23), "cow-boy" (p. 32), "klaxons" (p. 41),

71 The use of the word "parties" to designate girls of marriageable age is not unfamiliar in French but smacks of an Anglicism.
"standard" (p. 66 et passim), used for a telephone operator and also a switchboard operator, "le box en Bourse" (p. 66), "stocks" (p. 76), "consortium" (p. 79 et passim), with the meaning of a syndicate, "managers" (p. 92), and finally "trustee" (p. 82), which even Morand places in quotation marks.

Morand refers to "un tunnel du South Eastern Railway" (p. 88), Fleet Street (p. 90), Old Jewry (p. 90 et passim), but also translates the latter as "la Vieille Juiverie" (p. 90), which partially destroys the original flavor of the expression. Lancaster Gate (p. 99), Saint Paul (p. 90) and Bayswater (p. 95) are employed for authenticity of settings in the London area as are Kum-Kalé, Sédul-Bahr and Mytilène (pp. 130-131) for the area around the Dardanelles.

Words such as "sweater" (p. 99), incorporated in the language since 1910, "bars" (p. 95), borrowed from the English in 1661, and even "biscottes antidiabétiques" (p. 104) were undoubtedly familiar to most French although in 1922 the usual word for sweater was still chandail, the former being relegated to sports. "Offices" (p. 95) actually refers to business offices, which is certainly a neologism. Typewriters are called "des Underwood" (p. 66).

Sir Solon Apostolatos, the parsimonious uncle of
Irene, figures in a contemporary setting, living at Bayswater and coming down to the drawing room "en smoking de velours" (p. 102). Later the family and guests are served by an old "butler" (p. 103). The character of the uncle is finely drawn in one of the thumb-nail sketches so peculiar to Morand:

Lewis remarqua la qualités des perles. Irène expliqua que l'oncle Solon avait été pris d'une folie de dépenses à la vue de l'effondrement de la drachme; autant il avait été économme toute sa vie ("évitrez les frottements, disait-il; en huit mille ans une pièce d'or finit par disparaître"), autant, sentant venir sur ses vieux jours la fin de l'épargne, des héritages, du capitalisme, il faisait bon marché de cette valeur fictive qu'est l'argent d'après guerre, et il ne cessaît de répéter, tantôt avec rage, tantôt joyeusement: "Spend the money, my children!" Dépensez l'argent, dépensez!

Although published in 1924, the setting of the book is laid in 1920, and it is obvious that Morand is an expert in the art of placing contemporary events and modern vocabulary in the ensemble of a character portrayal: the collapse of the drachma, the complete change of attitude of individuals concerning savings, and the new trend of buying on margin and on credit, which is one of the cardinal principles of a capitalistic system. It is curious to note that the only complete English sentence in the story is spoken by the Greek banker.

72
Lewis et Irène, pp. 104-105.
Other English touches are inserted with the mention of "minstrels" (p. 107), "capitaine de hockey" (p. 107) and "batte de cricket" (p. 106). Watermelons are translated textually as "melons d'eau" (p. 137), instead of the more familiar word, pastèques, but perhaps the most fascinating touch, and one which illustrates Morand's careful documentation, is the description of the only Ford for rent on the island of the Sporades group. Morand names it as a Ford in the text, but immediately afterwards places, in parentheses, Phi Omicron Rho Delta in Greek letters, (p. 136).

Whimsical comments abound, interspersed with aphorisms and occasional truisms. When Lewis and Irene plan marriage, they agree to give up their respective business activities. Lewis claims that he can very well live without doing anything, for he has received an English education. He states that he is over thirty years of age and, therefore, past the age of having friends. He has never done anything, never really worked. "Les affaires modernes, ce n'est pas du travail, c'est du pillage."

The imagery, color and scents in Morand's style are present in his novel, but appear only occasionally.

73 Ibid., p. 124.

74 Ibid., p. 125.
They are not interwoven smoothly into the fabric of the tale. His conscious intent was, from the very first, to present the contemporary, and the contemporary was for him that of cosmopolitanism. After World War I, the idea of small countries sufficient unto themselves was patently ridiculous. Morand early realized the interdependence of the European nations and acquainted his compatriots with the characteristics of these nations by means of quick visual effects.

The dazzling impact of his imagery on the reader was the result of a planned procedure. Irene Cornwell appears to have captured this phase of Morand’s art in her comments:

Morand is almost never compared to a painter, but variously to a sensitive plate, a taker of snapshots, of flashlights, or to a cutter of cinema films. Even more cruel than his camera, he throws out his pictures with malice aforethought, in such a way that they collide. It amuses him to shock with their sequence and to dazzle with their number... Before Morand the typical novelist, romanticist or realist, was a historian, wont to concentrate on the preceding generation and endeavoring to create for his heroes a certain immortality. Not so Morand. He disregards the historical approach to his subject, with its minimum of thirty years of perspective, and shifts attention away from the past to a rapidly vanishing present, the transitoriness of which is further emphasized by a style of motor-like rapidity.75

His use of foreign words and expressions, which

75 Irene Cornwell, op. cit., p. 242.
become bizarre barbarisms at times, is a facet of this technique. Occasionally, particularly in his early works, this includes a bit of snobbishness or affectation, as well as the specific intent to shock his readers. On the other hand, his cult of the contemporary, which was so representative of writers of the period whether in France, England or the United States, captured the interest of his audience. They demanded more and more, which resulted in Morand's becoming a prisoner of his own invention.

In a vicious and vitriolic attack on Morand, during the German occupation of France, this enslavement to the will of the reading public was pointed out markedly by one of the contributors to the Cahiers de la Libération, as follows:

Le problème de Morand, dès ses débuts, était un problème de carrière. Nulle autre interrogation que celle-ci: "Comment réussir?" Point de vocation, point d'ambition: de l'appétit. Et un extrême souci, pour le satisfaire au plus tôt de la manière la plus sûre, de saisir le goût le plus avancé du moment, d'y répondre par tous les moyens.76

There appears to be much truth in the above summary, particularly in retrospect of the years 1930 to 1945, and perhaps some at the very beginning of his prose works. It is more probable that, as a former contributor

76 Antoine Guyon, "De l'Europe galante à l'Europe nazie," Cahiers de la Libération, 2 (octobre 1944), 31.
to the Dadaist journal and having been associated with 
the advance guard in the early post-war years, Morand 
was infected by a genuine taste for the bizarre and that, 
intoxicated by the early successes and the adulation 
given him, he continued to write in a vein which had 
proved successful and remunerative. Disregarding the 
possibility of any artistic motive, this would still be 
only human and is hardly something for which recrimina-
tions should be cast. He was frequently in advance of 
the popular taste, and it might be considered a moot 
question whether he foresaw the coming trends or whether 
he actually created them.

The venomous Guyon continues in a less objective 
and more irrational manner.

Morand avait du talent; un talent court, un 
petit stock d'images encore neuves, un certain 
art décoratif qui permettait à leur arrange-
ment de jouer la pensée; et le modèle de 
Giraudoux. L'Europe était galante alors; il 
fut européen et galant. Elle était folle, 
débridée, corrompue, elle aimait l'exotisme, 
les bars, l'angostura, les gares, outre, les 
formes singulières de l'impureté. Morand, 
docile, fit le fol, l'exotique, le voyageur, 
l'impur. Il eut beaucoup de succès.

Cela dura trois ou quatre livres. Au bout 
de quoi sa verve fut tarie. C'est un accident 
dont un public snob met longtemps à s'aperce-
voir. Morand continua d'écrire et d'être lu.77 
Mais il se méfiait de la suite. Il avait 
vieilli, il s'était établi; il avait trouvé, 
chemin faisant, pignon sur rue; il devenait 
gras. Sans qu'il eût trop changé de mine, son

77 This is something to which Guyon himself, 
assuming that this is his real name, can hardly lay 
claim.
What is true in the above citation is the portrait of Europe after World War I, of which Morand was the faithful witness and reporter via vivid vignettes and comic caricatures. His subsequent descent to a sort of journeyman journalist and moralizing prophet during the 1930's, with certain exceptions, is what is reprehensible. His prophecies, unfortunately, were only too true. The rabid remarks of Guyon are typical of a rebellious generation and of an individual whose pen was in the service of the clandestine Resistance. No gradations of guilt or complicity are taken into consideration. No possible motives are mentioned, other than personal pride and social security. To Guyon all that is not black is white. All who are not one hundred per cent on the side of the Free French are traitors. Unfortunately, there were hundreds

78

Antoine Guyon, op. cit., pp. 31-32. It is equally true that most of Morand's generation acted in similar fashion. Many years later, Morand replied to an inquiring reporter who asked about his savoir-vivre: "A mon âge on a plus besoin de savoir survivre que de savoir-vivre," (Paris-Match, 14 juillet 1956).

79

Morand, however, was never guilty of extremes such as those expressed by Robert Brasillach and Thierry Maulnier when they called France "la capitale de l'abjection, la cloaque de l'Europe." For Morand's own account and explanation, compare his letters dated April 10, 1957, August 28, 1958 and October 25, 1958, which are included in the Appendix, pp. 352 and 354.
of thousands of the French who were confronted by the tragedy that occurred in each person when it was a question of conciliating the love of peace with the love of freedom.

The subjects and the flashing images, formed by words employed to illustrate, illuminate and embellish his thought, were selected intentionally by Morand to depict the delirious decade of the 1920's. He stressed the unusual, the unexpected, the unique. As he himself has confessed:

Pour moi, l'exceptionnel est une manière d'atteindre le permanent.\textsuperscript{80}

Another important feature of his technique was the thoroughness and carefulness of his documentation. However, once a story is written, it is relegated definitely and conclusively to the past. Morand sets his eyes on a new and different goal.

At times he has been given credit for even more documentation than actually occurred. For the documentation of Lewis et Irène, he was supposed to have worked several months in a Parisian bank. Morand denies this categorically, attributing it to a columnist's chatter.\textsuperscript{61}

\textsuperscript{80} Papiers d'identité, p. 27.

\textsuperscript{61} Consult the letter from Morand, dated March 8, 1960, in which he replies to a query concerning the name of the bank in which he worked for documentation of his first novel. Appendix, p. 360.
Nevertheless, his accuracy in documentation has been observed by numerous critics. André Thérive, in a review of the collection of short stories, Rococo, singled out the exquisite story, La Mort du cygne, as an example of Morand's thoroughness in the compilation of facts:

Il y a quarante ans une pareille 'documentation' eût fourni un roman de quatre cents pages.82

In La Nuit de Portofino Kulm, it may be recalled that Morand placed in O'Patah's speech to his admirers a reference to 'Cilean Ur, c'est-à-dire des Amériques, de l'Ile heureuse," which is a phrase authentically Gaelic and well translated by the author. As a rule, Morand's foreign vocabulary is accurate but at times his English smacks of the language of European hotel managers or, perhaps more justly, that of the French tourist who occasionally fails to seize nuances in the meanings of colloquial expressions. The letter which he included in

82
Le Temps, (8 février 1934).

83
Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 155.

The only possible discrepancy lies in the fact that the form oilean is early Irish or Old Irish. The Modern Irish form, with 1922 orthography, would have been eilean, meaning island or isle. The word suspiciously resembles the Old English Ægland, or its alternate Æglan, Morand's acquaintance with the word may have been obtained from a mediaeval text or perhaps from a modern Breton form, the origin of the word has long been a matter of dispute, at least one critic having timidly suggested that it was Old Norse.
La Nuit de Charlottenburg gives an English or American reader the impression that it is couched in language similar to that used by P. G. Wodehouse when he recounted the conversation of a French hotel manager with English guests.

Morand's use and occasional abuse of foreign expressions appears frequently throughout his works, and persists to the present day. It is probable that he has been taken to task for this and is aware of this tendency, for, more recently in an article on fox-hunting in England, he appended an explanatory and apologetic note, to wit:

Il faut bien oublier de traduire, puisque les mots, dans chaque langue ont une autre couleur. Spring n'est pas le printemps; love n'est pas l'amour; chasse au renard, c'est la France, le terrier enfumé, les bassets, la gibecière, les poules vengées, le garde-chasse en velours bouteille; fox-hunting, c'est un escadron d'habits rouges (ne pas translater scarlet ou pink coat, comme dans une certaine traduction récente d'un roman anglais par: pardessus rose!) lancés sur haies et fossés. Qu'on ne voit dans pas dans l'abus, dans ce texte, de mots étrangers, une affectation, mais une commodité.

84
Ibid., pp. 212-213.

85
A specific instance is the story of the theft of Aunt Agatha's jewels: "You gif my hotel bad names, by damn!" said the manager angrily to Aunt Agatha.

86
Paul Morand, "Fox-Hunting," La Revue des Voyages, No. 32 (Printemps 1959), 26. Morand falls into the same trap that he is trying to avoid, i.e., the use of neologisms and barbarisms. Cf. translator.
In this same article he cautions his readers concerning the translations into French of the English sporting terms, e. g., "ne pas dire head pour la tête, mais mask; pad et non foot: la queue, surtout n'est pas tail, mais brush," together with a host of hunting terms: "chien courant (Hound, surtout pas dog)... pour le cheval (hunter, pas horse, ni hack!)."

Such technical terms are permissible in a specialized article but less desirable in fiction, unless used discreetly and correctly. It is true that Anglicisms were a distinguishing feature of the speech of the European snob set and club society in the jazz age, where errors in use and context might be frequent because of lack of knowledge of the true color of the word. This would be even more true in regard to the slang expressions and the argot of special classes.

Morand has ever aspired to picture the present. As he himself wrote, "each generation has a task of its own." His own task appears to have been to reflect the passing moment as best he could. Rarely, if ever, does

87 Ibid., It should be noted that Morand used nothing to set off the foreign words in the text.

88 Ibid., p. 27.

89 "Paris Letter" The Dial, LXXXII, 237.
he look backward. Even today, queried about details in certain stories, dates of publications, titles of works, or settings of plots, he never bothers to go back to the sources or to dig up the past. Apparently it is a case of sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

An explicit example of this tendency occurred when he was queried concerning possible symbolism appearing in the story Excelsior. The setting was the town of Excelsior, Georgia, which he located correctly and which actually exists, but is much smaller than indicated. The plot involves the attempts of a Negro family named Bloom to pass the color line and achieve respectability and social acceptance in the North. Morand replied that there was no special intention in the selection of the

90 The exceptions are 1900, Isabéau de Bavière, Journal d’un attaché d’ambassade, his biography of Maupassant, souvenirs of Giraudoux and of Proust, portions of his theater, and occasional articles written as memorials to Cambon, Bourdet and friends of previous decades.

91 Compare his letter of April 10, 1957, in which he acknowledges receipt of a check and indicates the transmission of several books, which were never sent. Compare also his letter of January 4, 1957, the promised results never having been forthcoming. He thinks that his article Mes débuts were collected in Papiers d’identité, which is not the case. Cf. his letter of November 30, 1959. Appendix, p. 358.

92 This was included later in the collection entitled Magie noire, pp. 139-162.
Such incidents are ample proof of Morand's addiction to the cult of the contemporary, in life as well as in literature. Apostle of speed and of the present time, he occasionally discloses a remarkable penchant for sensing the future. Thirty years before existentialism, Morand discovered the absurdity of the world in his *Rien que la terre*, in fact in the phrase itself. Unconsciously, perhaps, he foresaw in speed the development of the H-bomb or the C-bomb, for in his essay, *De la vitesse*, he wrote:

> elle est aussi un déprimant, un acide corrosif, un explosif dangereux à manier, capable de faire sauter non seulement nous-mêmes, mais l'univers entier avec nous, si nous n'apprenons à le connaître et à nous défendre.  

However, during the period between the two wars, he limited his prophecies and judgments to simple commentary and off-hand prognostications. Not until much later did he develop any real depth in his philosophy. *Le Dernier Jour de l'Inquisition*, in particular, presented

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94 This was included later in *Papiers d'identité*, pp. 271-272.
a Kierkegaardian, if not a Sartrian, view of the universe.

His biographer, Madame Guitard-Auviste, sensed this, which is evident from her comments about the story:

L'air étouffant qu'on respire, dès les premières pages de ce livre terrible, ne cesse de s'épaissir. La détresse de la condition humaine, l'insondable abîme que nous sommes pour nous-mêmes, apparaissent de façon d'autant plus saisissante qu'ils se heurtent, ici, à une force aussi organisée et toute puissante que les polices modernes. Notre destinée pitoyable se déroule entre des mystères qui nous sont à jamais indéchiffrables, un monde où tout nous blesse et un Dieu qui ne parle qu'à quelques-uns. 95

Almost with clairvoyance he described coming events. Lorenzaccio is a prefiguration, four years in advance, of Salazar in Portugal and perhaps ten years ahead of time of the appearance of Adolf Hitler in Germany. Les Plaisirs rhénans, which appeared in the same collection, written at Essen in November, 1923, is remarkable when seen in retrospect and compared with events that took place in 1934. The scenes of German resistance, the black market (bourse noire), and the economic pact suggested by Poincaré (in the story) are startlingly true to later events. Morand himself, in triumphant fashion, calls attention to his perspicacity and takes revenge on

95 G. Guitard-Auviste, Paul Morand, p. 86.

96 This appeared later in the collection L'Europe galante, pp. 133-160.
his critics, as he writes in 1935:

...je ne tirerai pas en passant, avantage de ce que de tels spectacles barbares de 1934 pris dans la vie quotidienne d'un grand pays voisin peuvent offrir de ressemblance avec certains contes de L'Europe Galante, comme Lorenzaccio, ou les Plaisirs rhénans, écrits vers 1921-27 et dont divers critiques de droite ou de gauche, toujours en retard sur la réalité des faits et des psychologies étrangères, continuent à me reprocher l'inexactitude ou l'audace; je voudrais dire simplement combien ils nous incitent à réfléchir sur l'état actuel de l'homme européen. 98

He gave further evidence of his perspicacity at this time in various articles in which he proclaimed as an admitted fact that the era of superiority of the Navy was past and that the bombers of the Air Force had rendered obsolete the battleship. He foresaw the emergence of the great African republics which would, in the future, surpass the Caucasians.

All these qualities, so well developed later in his series entitled Chroniques du xx e siècle (L'Europe galante, Bouddha vivant, Magie noire, Champions du monde)

97 Here Morand gives the date as around 1921, but in the collection itself the date of writing is given as November, 1923.

98 Paul Morand, Rond-Point des Champs-Elysées, p. 39.

99 Ibid., p. 84.

100 Ibid., p. 107.
and *Portraits de villes et de routes* (*New-York, Londres, Bucarest, Air indien, La Route des Indes*) were present in his early prose works. The germ of cosmopolitanism and his nascent interest in the races and nations of the world were evident in his first three collections of short stories and in *Lewis et Irène*.

Contemplating the world rushing towards apparent destruction, noting carefully and spectacularly the separate and widely scattered phases of the contemporary world, Morand succeeded in capturing the very spirit of the modern age and in preserving it for the future.
The style of Paul Morand, like that of his contemporaries, Cendrars, Cocteau, Giraudoux and others, was a definite break with the flowing and Ciceronian style that emanated from the Jesuit schools of the nineteenth century. Classical clarity was changed to a completely new rhetoric, filled with futurism, dynamism, brutality and surprising effects. Syntax, or lack of it, was expressed by short, harsh vocables, bold ellipses and images that appealed to the senses rather than to the intellect.

The style was merely conforming to the new way of life. New words, new means of expression and new techniques had to be developed to portray the brave, new world. As Robert Poulet has written:

Pour décrire l'univers transformé par la vitesse, il fallait d'autres mots que pour décrire l'univers stable et limité de Balzac. Le lecteur de 1925 ne voulait pas seulement savoir ce qui se passait à ce moment dans le monde, mais encore s'accorder avec le rythme des événements, se pénétrer de l'idée qui les animait. Les nouvelles d'Ouvert la nuit, de Fermé la nuit, n'étaient pas seulement des coups de projecteur lancés à la volée dans les recoins de l'actualité; elles marquaient une cadence, elles faisaient entendre une note. La plume d'oise d'Anatole France était remplacée à l'improvisée par une baguette magique. Le public était arraché aux placidès séances d'explications que prolongeaient quelques psychologues attardés, quelques esthètes.
The French became interested in the outside world, in other peoples, other customs. From the war-scarred world, the privations and terrors of the preceding years, they wanted to escape. Morand gave them what they wanted and in so doing opened up new roads for himself and for literature. Addicted as he was to the surprise image, it is not strange that he should apply this technique to his characters, each of whom represents, either wholly or in part, some facet of the national characteristic.

At the beginning of his prose writing, his characters were less vividly drawn than later, but each represented something exotic. Clarisse was English, Delphine, French, and Aurore, Canadian. The sketches of these three girls, which were the features of *Tendres Stock*, bear the indelible imprint, in embryo, of Morand's technique. With *Ouvert la nuit* and its sequel Morand began to perfect his method and to plumb the depths of his characters.

Madame Guitard-Auviste noted this in the following manner:

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Morand aborde consciemment un univers neuf, plein d'excès et d'extravagances. Nous sommes projetés dans l'actualité la plus vive, chez
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des personnages schématiques aux contours précis, presque caricaturaux. L'extraordinaire est que chacun de ces caricatures, chacun de ces êtres singuliers porte vraiment en soi les caractéristiques profondes du pays qu'il représente. En s'amusant et en nous amusant, Morand a sondé les consciences, amené au jour les sentiments secrets, s'est introduit par effraction dans les êtres, a su recomposer l'âme d'un peuple à partir d'un individu. Quelquefois cette image peu conventionnelle déconcerte. Elle s'impose ensuite avec un tel relief, qu'on garde l'impression d'avoir vécu de longues années dans le pays dont il parle.

From exoticism he evolved to exodism and eventually to cosmopolitanism. Remedios of *La Nuit catalane* is Spanish, Anna of *La Nuit turque* is Russian, Isabelle of *La Nuit romaine* is French. Léa, of *La Nuit des six-jours*, is a French Jewess and Zaïl of *La Nuit hongroise*, a Hungarian Jew. Aïno, of *La Nuit nordique*, of course is Scandinavian.

Their male counterparts of *Fermé la nuit* are also national types: the overworked cabinet minister of *La Nuit de Babylone* is indubitably French; O'Patah of *La Nuit de Portofino-Kulm*, irrevocably Irish; Egon of *La Nuit de Charlottenburg*, German, and Habib of *La Nuit de Putney*, an Armenian Jew. Lewis and Irene approach the international types, Lewis being French by his mother, Belgian by his natural father, with a touch of Jewish blood. Irene, although Greek, has a touch of English

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in her heredity.

From these important characters and a few subordinate ones that appeared in his various stories, Morand fashioned a portrait not only of individuals but of post-war Europe, a kaleidoscopic synthesis of that era. Later he moved to the black and yellow races, devoted himself to the world at large and then to individual cities, developing into a true cosmopolite, but the seed from which the later visions sprang were present in his first prose works.

It was apparent from the very beginning that he was best acquainted with the English character. This is not surprising for one may remember that as a fifteen-year old boy he had had to sacrifice many French habits. The first night that he spent in an English school, as previously stated, he had to defend the French national nightshirt against outraged Anglo-Saxon pyjamas.

It seems that Morand has always been acutely aware of and sensitive to the social differences and variations in etiquette of the two nations. He depicted Habib, the Armenian, as wearing a black tie with pale blue stripes, the colors of Eton, and explained that this constituted

3 Morand claims that he was fourteen years old at the time, See Tendres Stocks, p. 85.

4 Tendres Stocks, pp. 85-86.
for the English a much more serious error than that of a Frenchman harboring an illegal decoration. He made a similar contrast when he described the English fashion of fox-hunting:

le fouet ne sert pas à fouetter, mais à ouvrir les barrières (les ouvrir à la meute, au maître d'équipage, aux dames, avant de passer soi-même); faire claquer (to crack) son fouet, toucher un chien de la mèche équivaudrait à entrer à l'Opéra en pyjama; c'est une faute impardonnable.

Very early in his prose works he began to portray the typical Englishman. As Delphine strolled with Morand, she remarked that the English were funny children, with freckled hands, who cried over squirrels and sweet-peas. They talked like the French from the Midi without lips, were victims of their nerves and had no control over their emotions, if and when they happened to feel them. Morand again attributed freckled hands to the English in *La Nuit catalane*. Anna, of *La Nuit turque*, contrasted the English with the Russians, who did not close "les poings et la mâchoire pour boxer les dieux, comme les

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5 *Ouvert la nuit suivi de Fermé la nuit*, p. 257.
7 *Tendres Stocks*, p. 104.
8 *Ouvert la nuit*, pp. 13-14.
O'Patah, a confirmed Anglophobe, apostrophized the English as ultra-nationalists who carried England with them everywhere. In every corner of the globe there was never anything for them but Albion. That is why, in his opinion, they were condemned forever to be only national celebrities and local glories. Habib refused to speak to Englishmen on the phone, for he claimed that when they spoke they had their mouths full of porridge.

It is interesting to note that most of the exaggerated and derogatory remarks made concerning England and Englishmen were placed in the speech of characters who were not English. With the exception of the quality of having freckled hands, all the judgments passed were by Irish, Russian, French and Armenian. Lewis agreed with Morand's own opinion of an English education, when he commented that he could live very well without doing anything because he had received an English education.

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9 Ibid., p. 80.
10 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 147.
11 Ibid., p. 276.
12 Lewis et Irène, p. 124.
This was in accord with Morand's description of Oxford, in *Delphine*. Here he described Oxford during the war years, contrasting it with its previous tempo. No longer was it a deserted close, crossed at certain hours by lecture-less professors, Hindus addicted to spiritualism or Canadian soldier-tourists. It was not, as formerly, a distinguished cloister, poisoned with elegance and lost time. Gone were the days of balls at the Clarendon, of Latin dissertations bought ready-made and of life on credit, when it was sufficient to toss to a tradesman the name of an honorable college to avoid the presentation of a bill before the end of the summer term.

A slightly similar reference to English education occurred in his portrait of Rafael, one of the happy band of Clarisse, who, with the babyish face of an eighteen-year old, nevertheless wore the decoration of the Transvaal. He was neither insolent nor obsequious and traveled through life "indolent comme un animal de luxe, avec, comme tous les anciens d'Eton, ces façons un peu veules de coquette qui n'aime pas travailler."

The pure and ethereal Clarisse was English. She

13 *Tendres Stocks*, pp. 86-87.

was to women what London is to other cities: something which does not satisfy you entirely but which spoils all the others for you. The subordinate characters of Clarisse, although but superficially sketched and extremely frivolous, were all young and attractive. Pamela was slender, narrow-shouldered, built like a soda bottle, addicted to bacon and eggs at any hour and a smoker of amber-scented cigarettes. Languid-eyed Louisa, who was quite beautiful but of a beauty not edible, Tom, the veteran whose tympanum was punctured at La Bassée, and the other English members of the band were portrayed in truly sympathetic fashion.

Conversely, characters of hybrid nationality or extraction were almost invariably presented in an unfavorable or ridiculous light. Mrs. Pepita Warford, English of Cuban ancestry, who was the patroness of the convent in which Delphine lived, was endowed with the heavily made-up face of a little girl framed in curly gray hair. She wore a big tallow-drop emerald ring on her index finger, and her non-conformity of attire and pharisaical piety aroused the antipathies of Morand, who readily admitted as much:

15 Ibid., p. 80.
16 Ibid., pp. 71-72.
Elle me fit l'effet d'un végétal hypocrite pour qui l'on se trouvait soudain cerné. Sa dévotion prenait l'aspect d'une coupable industrie et quand elle gazouillait en aucune langue des invectives ou des éloges, l'on pensait aussi à un rossignol usé.

Daniel, private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a lecherous sycophant, who claimed to be of an old Norman family but who had really changed his name from Aronson to Montjoye. Aurore, the object of his lascivious drooling, was Canadian, and, perhaps because of the close relationship with the English, was presented as a wholesome, athletic symbol of candor and virginity.

The descriptions of Covent Garden, Oxford, Old Shepherd's in Glasshouse Street, Islington, Epping Forest, Upper Tooting, etc. were a prelude to Morand's iconographic Londres. The English countryside was painted picturesquely and with warmth, but Morand could not avoid comparing the differences between French and English landscapes. This was related graphically when Lewis flew from Le Bourget to London:

Bientôt Lewis fut au-dessus des coteaux anglais bien nourris (non, l'Angleterre n'est pas plate, mais elle a la poitrine un peu basse), modèle du paysage d'agrément.

17 Ibid., p. 112.

18 Ibid.
La France à vol d'oiseau est faite de pièces cousues; elle se consume en échantillons: champs parquetés, débités en bandes, étirés à chaque bout par les successions. Routes droites comme gravées au couteau, s'échappant des villages autour desquels elles dessinent des motifs linéaires, des fleurs maigres. Le paysage anglais a des chemins moins raisonnables, moins intelligents, mais plus ombragés et affectueux. 19

The picture of the respective countrysides is as true today as then. The rigid, rectangular French highways, irrespective of the rights of the private individual, cutting across fields of heterogeneous culture, are still at the opposite pole of the spectrum of landscape engineering and design when compared with the leisurely winding and meandering English country lanes.

The portraits of London, its suburbs, haunts and specific inns and taverns are no longer true to life, one must readily admit, but they were never intended to be consulted like Baedeker guides. Many of the customs and some of the places mentioned in Tendres Stooks (1921) and in Londres (1933) were anachronisms or had disappeared by the time the books were in print. There can be no permanence to topographical or demographical descriptions, except that which exists in the minds and hearts of

19 Lewis et Irène, p. 87. It is interesting to note and compare the above description with that of Morand's avid partisan and devoted disciple, Michel Déon, who wrote about the rural districts of England thirty-five years later. Vide: "La campagne anglaise," La Revue des Voyages, No. 32 (Printemps 1959), 33-35.
nostalgic Englishmen, or Americans in the case of his portrait, New-York, or Roumanians who read Bucarest. To such individuals Morand gave an opportunity to re-capture a bit of their past. The flight of time was stopped, à la Proust, and that particular moment was made immortal, preserved by his art.

Evidence of disagreement by critics with the facets of London presented by Morand was seen as early as the appearance of Tendres.Stocks. Writing for the London Times, Arthur Bingham Walkley (1855-1926) was quite nonplussed by some of Morand's descriptions, although he admitted that "a Frenchman in England sees his own England, not ours, and gets his own peculiar pleasure (if it isn't displeasure) out of it." The ephemeral quality of his descriptions of New York, based on a visit made only the year prior to the publication of the book, was the target for critics of New-York, which appeared in 1930. Much of the New York that Morand depicted had already vanished, in one short year.

The individual portraits and national idiosyncrasies related in impressionistic style and eye-catching fashion are, paradoxically, farther from the truth, for they represent over-generalization, and yet more accurate

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and enduring, for they represent a national attitude towards different foreign nations. Such national attitudes persist, whether or not they are in strict accordance with the facts.

Next to England, Morand was best acquainted with Germany and her people, having been there with Giraudoux when he was a very young man. His treatment of the Germans discloses much antipathy, steeped in standard Gallic prejudices, an attitude which is understandable.

When discussing the probable duration of World War I, Morand inserted a Puckish touch, stating that the Germans made war on France in order to be able to come to the Café of Paris in uniform. They made war on England because they were convinced that the English tailors dressed them purposely in badly out clothes. However, in *La Nuit de Charlottenburg*, his banter and petty persiflage became deadly serious, so much the more so because he placed in the mouth of the central character, the baron Egon, the following appraisal of the Germans:

Les Allemands ont pour l'étrange et le féroce un goût que l'on retrouve dans leur littérature, leurs moeurs et leur religion. Il ne faut pas oublier que notre fond est païen. Ici, il a fallu massacrer pour convertir. L'on brûlait encore abondamment des sorcières au temps de vos Encyclopédistes. Et aujourd'hui que, par hygiène morale, on

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21 *Tendres Stocks*, p. 47.
ouvre l'arrière-boutique de la conscience, vous nous voyez, Monsieur, plus qu'aucun autre peuple exhiber des agus-produits qui confondent l'imagination.  

Egon Von Strachqitz continued with an analysis of the war of 1914-1918:

Quatre années de névrose collective y ont aidé, reprit-il. Et la conclusion du spectacle, surtout. Depuis la défaite (c'est le mot qu'il faut employer), je me suis révélé un artiste en raisonnements séditieux. Il y en a plus qu'on ne croit en Prusse. Les Bavarois sont déformés par l'italianisme, mais chez nous le cher sang slave prédomine.

The baron is painted in a most forbidding fashion and selfish light. He reveals close marital secrets to near-strangers, yet melts into tears because his wife is stricken with an incurable disease. She herself is scarcely better, marrying without love but indulging passionately in excesses of a sexual nature that are interrupted by fits and starts of despondency and reciprocal distaste. The only attractive graces possessed by Egon are attributed by Morand to the fact

22 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 200.

23 Ibid., pp. 200-201.

24 Ibid., pp. 209-210. This is in keeping with the portrait of the typical Nazi who tortured human beings, attempted systematically to wipe out entire civilizations, yet bursts into tears of compassion over an injured dog or pet cat.
that his mother was Austrian.

The German Grand Duchess of La Nuit de Putney also possessed traits that Morand apparently considered especially Teutonic:

Pâle comme ces viandes anémiques par la presse à just, la Grande-Duchesse avait de grosses joues marbrées que soutenait une jugulaire de perles fines. Des yeux en eau, des attaches lourdes, un nez en pierre à aiguiser et cette timidité à quoi se reconnaissent les souverains...elle trainait à travers la vie une pesante envie de s'amuser, boire, dépenser, vouloir être de tout "mitmachen", disait-elle en allemand...Avec cela ses goûts germaniques qu'elles ont toutes pour la broderie sous la lampe, le tutoiement et les photographies avec trois générations étagées.

No French writer who comments upon German characteristics appears able to refrain from ridiculing the concern with minute detail of German scholars and their mania for documentation of facts. Morand is no exception to the rule. When Irene told Lewis about her background, she stated that she was from L..., one of the Northern Sporades. She added immediately that he could not find such a small island except on a German map.

But little reference is made to Americans in the early works of Paul Morand, as he apparently saved most of his irony and satire for New-York and Champions du

25
Ibid., p. 200.

26
Ibid., pp. 253-254.

27
Lewis et Irène, p. 127.
His attention, in his first works, was limited to them amid European settings. When he was at Murry's in London with Clarisse, he mentioned them as dealing in war profiteering, seated at the tables with the Scandinavians and Dutch, offering to representatives of the belligerent nations two hundred thousand Mauser rifles, deliverable immediately in the open sea off Barcelona. These munitions salesmen were portrayed in deprecatory and derogatory fashion, allegedly carrying samples of cloth for the uniforms of all belligerants. If the orders were refused upon delivery because the material was defective, they would take them back gladly and sell them to the Russians.

American women were the butt of an occasional snide remark or commentary also. The Grand Duchess was endowed with that sterile youthfulness of the "quinqua-génaires américains" and the group of American women who formed the greater part of the entourage of Aloysius Marsham Moon, the septuagenarian of *La Nuit de Putney*, were delineated as follows:

Il (Moon) était méchant, savant, avec beaucoup d'influence sur les jeunes Américaines de la société, mariées en Angleterre. Elles n'osaient rien sans lui. Il les formait, les faisait rire, pleurer ou su moins dégorger dans le vinaigre de sa compagnie.

28 *Tendres Stocks*, pp. 70-71.

Il m'a appris, comme 'elles, à connaître les vases Han et Picasso. Il donnait d'exquis dîners avec des bougies noires, opérait des mariages, menait paître ses pensionnaires à Convent Garden, les faisait goûter avec Berenson qui leur expliquait que Titien n'a jamais existé, les abouchait avec leurs aînées arrivées à l'âge d'être duchesses, contribuant à édifier ce bloc compact, intérieurement fait de haines mortelles mais au dehors inaltérable que forment en chaque pays les dames de la colonie américaine.30

This picture is most unflattering and is a precursor of his pungent remarks in Champions du monde concerning the matriarchial character of America and the lack of culture of Americans in general. By placing them in the same category, culturally speaking, as Habib, he added insult to injury.

Despite his belated love for Florence, he is almost contemptuous of Italians, to the point of ignoring them. His xenophobia is discernible in his description of Clarisse's room and her love for paste jewelry and "ces innombrables bijoux surprises que nous devons au mauvais goût des Italiens ou des Japonais." 31  Again, as he sat in the canoe on the English river, he saw Delphine and Mrs. Warford in another boat, while in the bow, his feet dangling over the water, playing a banjo, was an individual of doubtful aspect who looked to Morand like an

30 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, pp. 245-246.

31 Tendres Stocks, p. 64.
Italian Yankee. He held in his gorilla jaws a Chinese lantern which lit from below a Charlie Chaplin moustache and two black nostrils. Here Morand brings down two birds with one stone: the Americans and the Italians.

The Russians fare but a trifle better. They are the stupid ones who blindly buy damaged goods from war profiteers. Even in the portrait of Anna, the expatriate of *La Nuit turque*, the Russians are considered inexplicable, e. g.:

"On n'explique pas, dit Tutcheff: "On ne comprend pas la Russie avec la raison, on ne peut que croire à la Russie.""

Anna continued, giving a self-portrait and appraisal which was obviously intended to be a portrait of all Russians:

"Je suis une biche russe. Peuple de fous, nous nous habituons à tout et déconcerons à la longue les mauvais magiciens. Nous ne fermons pas les poings et la mâchoire pour boxer les dieux, comme les Anglais; nous n'acceptons pas, comme vous, la destinée avec intelligence et mauvaise humeur. Amis du luxe, nous préférons aller dans les grands restaurants comme domestiques que de n'y point aller du tout. Servir est ennuyeux, mais pas plus qu'être servi et que tous les soirs danser à l'hôtel du Palais."

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32 *Tendres Stocks*, pp. 122-123.

33 *Ouvert la nuit*, p. 79.

34 *Ibid.*, p. 80. Here one can find undertones reminiscent of the invasion of Paris by the White Russian refugees after World War I. Morand was not the only one to seize this side of their character. Tovaritch is an outstanding example of it.
Michel Strogoff's double, the Russian husband of Delphine, was presented as an extravagant individual, handsome as a tenor of Harnani. Catching sight of Delphine and her teacher, Miss Mabel, he followed them for two months. He wrote letters to Delphine on paper that was alternately red and violet. After a whirlwind courtship, he proposed and they were married two weeks later. Such, according to Morand, are the facets of Russian character: extravagance, radical romanticism, irrationalism, irresponsibility and instability.

Morand's concept of the Russian temperament was further developed in Je brûle Moscou and other stories included in L'Europe galante (1925), in which he stressed even more their impetuosity, amorality, distressing extravagance and deplorable manners, by inference if not always by direct reference. He foresaw the Communist purges and banishment of intellectuals on trumped-up charges in Le Musée Rogatkin, and his anti-communist Le Croisade des enfants was a trenchant satire of Russian refugees in Constantinople awaiting news from beyond the sea, from the bottomless abyss that is Red Russia, and from which come only cries, gunshots, cracks of the whip but never any news of those enclosed there. But little

35 Tendres Stooks, pp. 104-105.

36 Ouvert la nuit, p. 94.
was lacking for him to have described the dividing line as an iron curtain, and thus to have antedated Winston Churchill by two decades.

Next to the English and the German, it is probable that Paul Morand knew the Russians better than any other national group. His father was born in Russia and Paul had had numerous opportunities to associate with Russians on the diplomatic and social level on tours of duty or visits to Moscow.

Doña Remedios is the personification not only of Spanish women but of Spain itself, for *La Nuit catalane* contains a myriad of allusions to the Spanish character. Morand remarked, through the medium of Remedios, that in Paris people worked but that forgetfulness came too quickly. One never had the time to think of death, which was a Spanish diversion. Remedios was depicted as a body swollen with sugar and glutted with siestas, typical of a Spanish woman, but even the details of her appearance gave the impression that Morand was describing a type rather than an individual, for he wrote:

> Elle était exquise ainsi, ardente, forte; au repos elle apparaissait désunie, précieuse, mal à propos et assez risible. Penser par majuscules,

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se porter aux extrêmes lui réussissait, bien
qu'après s'être attendri on sût, pour se punir,
volontiers tendance à la considérer comme un
personnage des tragi-comédies espagnoles...Le
malheur n'avait inscrit nulle amertume sur son
nez gonflé d'enfant, sur sa bouche charmue; nulle
ride au front court, aux paupières tendues sur
des yeux ronds, pleins d'un feu permanent et
inoffensif..........Elle était affranchie de
toute croyance, libérée des charges humaines et
des hypothèses célestes;....Mais ce que l'on
 goûtait en fin de compte chez cette révoltée,
c'était la bienséance, l'honnêteté de senti-
ments, une hérédité catholique, mêlées à cette
reconnaissance respectueuse de la bourgeoise
espagnole enguère l'homme qui est un souvenir
des Maures.39

To Morand, she appeared like a siren in the seas
of Marxism. She rolled her aquarium-like eyes at him,
puckering up her mouth in that pointless kiss that is
a pout, and then rubbing his shoulder and his back,

maniféstant à l'espagnole son plaisir de
me (Morand) retrouver, en un de ces embrasse-
ments qu'on voit encore aux Français dans les
comédies classiques.40

The juxtaposition of indolence and passion, the
composition of apparent extraversion with the subjecti-
vity of Remedios' nature, to the point that she responded
sexually only to a partner whose sorrow excited her,
and her constant variations from one extreme to the other

39
Ibid., pp. 32-33.

40
Ibid., pp. 55-56.

41
Ibid., pp. 62-63.
are proof of Morand's concept of the Spanish temperament.

Not satisfied with simply painting a portrait of Remedios and leaving to the reader the privilege of drawing the obvious national comparison, Morand made certain that his readers knew that he was depicting Spain, as he wrote:

En celle-ci (Remedios), tout était sincèrement moyen et rond; les joues trouées de fossettes qui étaient des rondeurs encore; la bouche épaisse, le front, les pommettes haut placées qui, vues de trois quarts, arrêtaient les regards avant qu'ils eussent atteint la paupière, les taillant en biais de façon très irrésistible, et leur préparant une de ces sorties théâtrales dites "en coulisse", qui ne trompent personne mais charmant. La poitrine montait en pente douce vers un cou épais, formellement orné de fausse perles et qui s'ombrait d'un menton jeune et lourd. Sur l'index éclatait un saphir encolos de brillants; entre les cuisses courtes, la robe de foulard dessinait un creux. À ses mains en mitaines, posées à plat sur les genoux, à ses pieds, cambrés jusqu'à paraître gonflés et qui n'arrivaient pas au tapis, à ses cheveux qui, quand elle eut ôté son chapeau, apparurent absolument tendus jusqu'aux oreilles où on les laissait s'échapper en frisons mousseux, si huilés qu'ils cessent d'être noirs et reussillaient tous les reflets, au chignon tordu comme un linge, ruisselant de strass, on retrouvait l'Espagne.

It is obvious that Morand perceived the incongruity of the Spanish character, with its effusive democratic outbursts superimposed on a natural foundation of anarchy and individualism, the mysticism of the

Ibid., pp. 15-16.
Church mingled with pagan superstition, and an ambivalent
and ardent temperament coexistent with a natural apathy
and aversion towards systematic labor.

His Turkish portraits are frequently confused with
the Asiatic features of the Greek characters, although
when Irene began to add some weight she complained to
Lewis that he was making a Turkish woman out of her.
When Morand was forced to remain overnight at a hotel in
Constantinople, in *La Nuit turque*, he drew the following
thumb-nail portrait of the guests:

L'hôtel était intolérable, orné de faces
veules, bouches molles, nez gras, mentons
fuyants, paupières de crêpe charbonnées,
yeux coupants de Péra. L'orchestre partait
comme un coup de feu, jouant des valseaux
divans du fumoir couverts de faux Boukharas,
aux lampes de mosquée faites de bouteilles à
soda, à l'état-major grec, palijares anglo-
manes, tout en galons d'or et en poils noirs.

He was hardly more sympathetic in his description
of the Greek friends of Irene:

Quand Lewis rentrait il entendait dans le
salon une conversation épaisse, coupée de
gazouillements; réunion d'un Comité de bien-
faissance philhellène. Il ne comprenait rien,
les souvenirs des racines grecques lui étaient
inutiles. L'Olympe faisait un bruit de canards.
Il s'enfuyait après avoir entrevu quatre ou
cinq personnes, dont la tante Clytemnestre, très
noires, très riches, avec de bleus sourcils, des
yeux en caramel et sur les doigts des dalles
d'éméraude et des solitaires, comme un amas de

43
*Lewis et Irène*, p. 146.

44
*Ouvert la nuit*, pp. 75-76.
A trace of racism can be detected in his treatment of the Greek bankers who, although managers of the Apostolatos bank in London, were extremely British in dress and bearing and yet unmistakably Oriental, being jealous, wild, impassioned and specialists in loans. Their business dealings were handled with patience and asperity. Quite the opposite of their subordinate employees, who were English, their skin was yellow. Savage, Oriental, engaged in the loan business, yellow-skinned, employing only native English help: all these traits and features compounded by Morand present an uncomplimentary, if not a derogatory, picture of the Asiatic and Semite and betray the antipathies of the author.

Another national characteristic portrayed graphically by Morand was that of the Irish. O’Patah, of La Nuit de Portofino Kulm, was presented as a personification of Ireland, being a composite of the traits and temperament generally attributed to the Irish plus all the qualities and defects of the editor-journalist Frank E. Harris, whom Morand admittedly used, in part as

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45 Lewis et Irène, pp. 171-172.

46 Ibid., p. 93.
an inspiration for the character.

The prototype was faithfully portrayed, and in a manner which suggests much more than a partial inspiration, as may be seen by a comparison of the actual life of Harris and the fictional biography which Morand assigned to O’Patah, the biographical notice of whom read as follows:

"O’Patah (Jeremiah Patrick), homme de lettres, né à Inishkea, le 13 mai 1862; études primaires à Duncormuck School. Premier voyage aux États-Unis, New-York, à l’âge de seize ans; forgeron (1878); fondeur de côches pour locomotives (1882); séjour à Paris, hôtel de l’Odéon (1890). Voyages à pied dans les Balkans et en Asie Mineure. Pèlerinage en Terre Sainte (1893); membre du Courradh na Gaedhilge (1894); collaboration au Yellow book, (sic), au Harper’s Magazine, à la Vogue, à la Revue blanche; fait la campagne des Philippines comme correspondant de l’Irishman (1896); Études sur le forage des puits en Australie (1897); négociant en bananes à la Barbade; Légendes celtiques (1898); violente opposition à la guerre des Boers. Dirige le Irish Hooligan (1899); Les Indulgences et les Rêves (1902); achat d’un domaine à Buxton (1903)... Procès en diffamation intenté par les diamantaires sud-africains (1904); Travaux forcés à temps pour outrages aux magistrats (1904-1906); Membre de la Société Fabienne; Plaidoyers socialistes (1907); Poèmes à la Sphère (1908); Le Chant de Kilmainham (1909). Essais de Commumisme agraire; L’Avenir druidique (1912); Les Pierres levées (épopée) (1913); L’Irlande fait son devoir (1916). Membre du Reform Club, Royal Automobile, Membre de la Ligue de défense canine; régime végétarien. Exercices: bicyclette, échecs, pêche au saumon, boxe, maisons hantées. Adresse: Stephen’s Green No 18, Dublin. Antigone House, Drogheda.
Médaille d'Honneur (vermeil), à l'exposition de Buffalo. Officier de l'Ordre d'Arcadie."48

The real Frank E. Harris was probably a Welsh-Jew but hid his extraction behind his burning desire to pass as a pure Celt. He was born on February 15, 1855, probably at Galway, Ireland, and died August 26, 1931 at Nice, France. He is reputed to have come to the United States at the age of fourteen and also to have studied law at the University of Kansas. He may also have been a reporter in Philadelphia. If one is to believe his memoirs and autobiography, he even worked as a cowboy in the West. Returning to Europe he settled for a while in Paris and, while taking a course under Taine, it is here that he must have become acquainted with Paul Morand's father. Later he is reported to have taken a

48 Ouvet la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, pp. 148-149.


50 Ibid., pp. 7, 77 and 90.

51 Frank Harris, My Reminiscences as a Cowboy (New York: Charles Boni, 1930), p. 217. At the age of seventeen he claims to have managed a hotel in Chicago, after which he entered into partnership with two cowboys. He and his partners brought back from the Southwest a herd of cattle which he said netted him six thousand dollars as his share of the sale. Later he raised the figure to twelve thousand from an original investment of three.
position as professor in an English college. At the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war, he became a war reporter, presumably for an American newspaper. He also claimed to have studied at Strasbourg, Berlin, Munich, Goettingen, Vienna and Athens.

Back in London at the age of twenty-three, he became editor of the Evening News, then the Fortnightly Saturday Review, and finally of Vanity Fair. Endowed with a fantastic imagination, bolstered by an equally enlarged ego, he was one of the most colorful characters of his era. He boasted of having worked as a ditch-digger and groundhog during the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Married twice but having no children, he believed himself the great lover of all time and wrote an extremely pornographic four volume autobiography, My Life and Loves, which was printed privately in Paris, (1922-1927). Paul Morand himself refers to the period of his life between 1913 and 1919 as follows:

En 1913, lorsque j'arrivai à Londres, j'allais voir Harris et lui témoigner mon admiration pour sa nouvelle Profits et Pertes.... Je trouvai un pamphlétaire ardent, un redresseur de torts, un irrégulier irlandais batailleur, étincelant de feux cruels, mais déjà son journal, Vanity Fair, n'existait plus et sa vogue à Londres, était passée. Il avait failli être un Shaw, son compatriot et contemporain, un Maupassant, son ami, un Tourgenieff, un Wilde et il n'était qu'un homme de plume dangereux.... un journaliste redouté et méprisé par l'Angleterre bien pensante,
Morand was forced to visit Harris secretly because his superior in the Foreign Office, the ambassador to England, Paul Cambon, looked upon this association with extreme distaste.

In 1926 Harris was summoned before the court at Nice and charged with an offense against public morals, as specified in the second volume of his autobiographical series. Harris, who had been imprisoned for his pro-german sentiments during World War I, was defended by Paul Morand, Henri Barbusse and Romain Rolland. Harris claimed later that the prosecution at Nice had been instigated by the British Foreign Office and that the passages objected to were those which dealt with King Edward, Randolph Churchill and an ex-Lord Mayor of London whose table manners Harris had insisted, with much too much detail, were English of the worst kind.

Morand's own account of the period 1920-1926 is

52 Rond-Point des Champs-Elysées, pp. 167-168.

53 Hugh Kingsmill, op. cit., p. 166.
as follows:

It is obvious that the entire character of O'Patah was based on Frank E. Harris, not merely in part but in toto. The slight changes in background, e.g., from Nice to the Italian Riviera, birthplace, which could be just as accurate in Morand's fictional biography as the alleged correct one, the omission of any reference to O'Patah serving as a war reporter in the Russo-Turkish war, which may well have been a figment of Harris' imagination, and other sundry details are unimportant. Morand pared the character to his essential traits, developing a portrait that was astonishingly true to life. He placed in the mouth of O'Patah political sentiments which were corroborated later by

54 Rond-Point des Champs-Elysées, pp. 168-169.
Kingsmill, the biographer of Harris, e. g.:

--La guerre? J'en viens; de l'Angleterre à la fine taille, et même du front. J'ai été prêcher à Amiens, à Boulogne. Les Allemands doivent être vaincus, quoique je croie, entre nous, qu'il conviendrait que la victoire totale fût épargnée aux Alliés. Pour le bien d'Irlande, il faudrait une paix... difficile. Mais ne répétez pas cela, car les temps ne sont pas mûrs et je ne serais pas compris.  

The same ideas were cited by Kingsmill in reference to Harris, and they could very well have been expressed to Morand by Harris in one of his clandestine interviews with his prototype.

Even the emotional make-up of O'Patah was typically that of Harris, which, in turn, was that of the Irish:

Autour de lui tout était nervosité, génie-bouffe, impétuosité et négligence; noyé d'une évidente grâce méridionale qui enchantaît, battante la lourde atmosphère humide de la côte atlantique en une crème légère, un peu acide: l'humeur irlandaise.

O'Patah gloried in the fact that his life had been illustrated with gestures that were not those of a gentleman and that his poetry was embellished by images which were not those of a university graduate. In this he found the difference between himself and the world,

55 Hugh Kingsmill, op. cit., p. 147.
56 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, pp. 150-151.
57 Ibid., p. 148.
particularly the English world. The same criticism could well be applied to Harris' life and prose writing.

As described O'Patah's speech to the crowd on Broadway, Morand could not avoid drawing general conclusions:

Les Irlandais passent sans transition de la paresse au pathétique; la poésie est, avec le whisky clandestin et la contrebande des armes, leur plaisir le plus cher; sans oublier la liberté, ce plat national si coûteux. 59

Some of these sentiments may have been reflections of comments made to him at the French Embassy in London, but as he quoted O'Patah's self-appraisals, Morand appears to have passed personal judgment on the Irish in general:

il parlait de "franchise des sens", disant "Moi je suis un tempérament fruste, élémentaire" ou: "Je suis remarquable par la violence de mes réflexes, comme tous mes compatriotes", exigeant de son auditeur cette crédulité qui n'est pas le moindre des défauts dont l'Irlande, à tort, s'enorgueillit. 60

The Irish character was elucidated further by O'Patah, but it is a moot question whether the impressions were those of Frank Harris or of Morand himself, when he stated:

--Les Irlandais sont des mendians, disait O'Patah, qui haïssent la charité, par dégoût

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Morand, shortly afterwards, took the word directly when he commented about O'Patah:

Irlandais victime de son imagination, prêt à signer un bon mot de son sang, tantôt indifférent comme un chemineau, tantôt aigri comme un fonctionnaire révoqué. Et toujours cette éloquence humoristique de la race qu'il emploie à se rabattre lui-même, ce qui l'oblige à une extrême confusion d'idées auxquelles il ne croit pas, mais dont, sentimentalement, il est la première victime.  

Thus Morand treated, lightly and deftly but also in half-serious vein, the national peculiarities of the Western World. As an analyst of the English he was not as thorough as André Maurois nor as broad in his humor as Pierre Daninos, but he presented them in as true a light as could any Frenchman, prisoner of his own prejudices and culture. The childishness and materialism of the Americans were the facets of their character.

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61 Ibid., p. 165.
62 Ibid., p. 166.
which most impressed him, although here his judgment may have been affected by the opinions of his friend, Paul Claudel, who was generally antipathetic towards the Americans. In later years, particularly between 1927 and 1930, Morand became better acquainted with the Americans, or at least with the higher social class in New York, but his general estimate changed only slightly. For Morand, the Americans who appeared in the most sympathetic light were those generally classified as the people or the man on the street, but it is doubtful that Morand ever really had an opportunity to know them.

Germans are barbarous and crude, their only good qualities, when they have them, being attributed to Austrian influence or heredity. The Russians are placed in the most inhuman category, with the exception of certain White Russian refugees of the aristocratic circles. The Spanish, as has been indicated, are treated in an indulgent but amused fashion and portrayed as irresponsible dabblers.

The national characteristics of his protagonists are exaggerations of a particular aspect of the modern post-war world. Obviously they are drawn from everyday life but Morand selected the unusual ones rather than

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63 Claudel was attached to the consulates in New York and Boston in 1893 and 1894. He was also ambassador to the United States, 1927-1933.
the typical run-of-the-mill man on the street. Proust was readily able to recognize the baroness Emile d'Er-"langer as the source of Clarisse and one might even find some similarity between Proust's sensitivity and that of Aronsohn in *Aurore*. O'Patah is easily identifiable as Frank Harris. Nevertheless, Morand's imagination endows these characters with enough variations from the originals to avoid any charges of true-to-life portraits.

Frequently Morand interpolated his own opinions in his portraits, either as asides in the text or by placing his views in the speech of his characters. Whether this is intentional or not, his own opinions and moods are frequently disclosed.

He criticized his own nationality but with good-natured humor. While strolling with Clarisse, he called her attention to a Frenchman, with a decorated lapel and unbuttoned trousers, who rubbed his hands with an imaginary soap. Clarisse commented that Frenchmen's faces were like drawing-rooms that contained too many objects: moustaches, a beard, spectacles, warts, and beauty spots bedecked with down. Feeling perhaps that he had gone too far to suit his French reading public, Morand immediately remarked that the individual in question was not French.

[64] *Tendres Stocks*, pp. 177-178.
but Belgian.

Delphine's letters brought him a curious savor of indolence, that punctual and premeditated something which, in Morand's opinion, was peculiar to the French and constituted the good manners of intemperance. He admitted that he had difficulty, at that time, in judging French women, particularly those of his own age. He claimed that he had made only brief stays in France for examinations and consequently must have lost touch with the women of his own country. In a retrospective mood, he remarked that the elder ones had always appeared to him like abysses of devotion, some being attached to their duties, those who preferred pleasure imposing on themselves charges no less heavy, but all in full care of their obligations, loving life and without revolt against the resistance that life offered them. French men have so many decorations that one cannot see their heart, (which sounds familiarly like a precursor of the estimate of Pierre Daninos in *Les Carnets du Major Thompson*), whereas the English sleep late and, whistling, occupy the washroom until the supply of water and towels

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is exhausted.

Anna, of *La Nuit turque*, rebuffed Morand's amorous advances by a succinct commentary in which she classified him as typically French, as follows:

---Empressé, sensuel et sérieux, comme tous les Français. Passion et sécurité; mais tendrement taquins tous, et tant d'esprit! On n'a pas donné de cette nourriture-là depuis cinq ans à ma carcasse.69

O'Patah, apparently acting as Morand's spokesman in the discussion at Dublin concerning the Irish revolution, partially disclosed Morand's concern about racism, which was more fully developed in his later works:

Ces haines de races sont terribles; je sais qu'il ne resterait rien à une race de poètes et d'artistes si elle cessait d'être maudite, mais tout de même... Vous les Français, qui mourrez pour des formes de gouvernement sans jamais vous inquiéter du fond, vous êtes aussi bêtes que nous...70

Morand's pessimism and his fear of an Afro-Asiatic invasion of Europe became apparent only after the publication of *Magie noire* and *Rien que la Terre*. Irene Cornwell also notes this concern of Morand, concluding however that he is hopeful that "following the cataclysm, ultimately, perhaps after another hundred years, French intelligence will resume the position of leadership which,

68 Ouvert la nuit, pp. 73-74.
69 Ibid., p. 79.
70 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 167.
he feels, it has never failed to deserve in the past."

O'Patah was again Morand's mouthpiece for the glorification of France, as is evident in the following comment:

"J'aime les Français...parce que, comme nous, ils ont laissé leurs petites os partout. Notamment dans les cavernes de Cork, en 1798, pour sauver l'Irlande. Et puis ils ont eu de grands hommes, des hommes par qui, quand ils pêtaient, la terre est ébranlée. Il n'y a que la Grèce, Rome et la France qui aient ça dans leur histoire; demain ce sera le tour d'Amérique à cause de ses Irlandais."

Egon, of La Nuit de Charlottenburg, was irrational to the point of madness. He prided himself on being the same age as Christ whom he charged with being a Roman spy who lived two years disguised as a woman and who was condemned for swindling. However, Egon appeared completely rational when he delivered a valuable prognostication concerning Communism and the position of France, as he explained to Morand the reasons for his own addiction to Communism:

"Naturellement, le métier militaire c'est du communisme intégral, on l'a dit cent fois. Me voici comme hors cadre, temporairement, mais avant peu de temps, c'est-à-dire dès que l'Europe aura courbé, faute d'organisation économique, je reprendrai du service, car l'antimilitarisme est aujourd'hui aussi périmé que le socialisme humanitaire. Ce


72 Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, pp. 146-147.
qu'il nous faut faire en attendant, c'est
dissocier, par des moyens artistiques et
immoraux, un monde qui se hâte vers sa fin.
Facilitons-lui sa perte, à cette saleté d'astre
éteint. Je vous expliquerai d'ailleurs comment
il faut s'y prendre. Cela pourra vous être
utile. Les Français doivent travailler avec
nous. Il y a dans toute leur histoire des
eléments précieux d'anarchie, qui, sans avoir
la valeur spéculative du nihilisme slave ni
la force explosive des mystères sémites,
peuvent néanmoins être un apport peu négligeable.

Morand's reply was that of the dispassionate
critic and judge:

Tous les écrivains français...et les plus
réactionnaires, ont commencé par des postulats
audacieux pour finir dans quelle légalité!
Nous aimons, en France, les idées hardies pour
elles-mêmes, sans vouloir y conformer les faits;
ce sont des bibelots. Un être fort ne craint
jamais de vivre en contradiction avec ses
principes.74

It is perhaps significant that the harsher
criticisms of France and of the French are almost in-
variably placed in the mouths of characters who are not
French. Morand's own judgments are generally softer and
explanatory. Nevertheless, he is pleased to tell the
French their truths, even though it must be done through
the speech of an alien, as in his discussion with Egon
about the secrecy of the French concerning their conjugal
life. Egon responded with a diatribe against the in-
sistence of the French for hiding the tares of the family.


In avant-garde fashion, for 1921, that is, he proposed psychiatric treatment, when he said:

"En France vous dévorez vos hontes en silence: les fraîches des soeurs, la faillite du père, les fibromes de la grand-mère. C'est très mauvais pour la santé. Il faut parler. Aussi vais-je toujours me confesser, bien qu'athée. Si la crise est grave et que le prêtre ne suffise pas, il y a des établissements dernier cri, comme l'École de Sagesse de Dresde, où l'on peut exposer son cas à des philosophes rétribués pour vous entendre..."

Adept at aphorisms, Morand combined metaphorical descriptions of cities with national characteristics. This became more obvious later, when he devoted entire books to New York, London and Bucharest, but was discernible even in 1922, in *La Nuit de Babylone*. When he described the lover's hour in Paris, where so many women undress without loving and so many men love without undressing, he described the city as follows:

La place de la Concorde apparaît: Babylone, avec l'Euphrate, les jardins, les obélisques, les palais de Nabuchodonosor. Le monde est une vallée de pleurs, mais, somme toute, bien irriguée.

Perhaps one of the more graphic examples of his ability to seize a characteristic detail of a portrait occurs in *La Nuit catalane*, where Morand epitomizes five national characteristics in less than six lines.

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The scene is laid in the station at Lausanne where Remedios is taking leave of her fellow-travelers:

La dame serrait des mains par-dessus la vitre baissée: main britannique, tachée de son; charnue main germanique; main en velin d'un Russe; doigts effilés d'un Japonais. Enfin un jeune Espagnol, dont la cravate de chasse cachait une furonculose, offrit une main sale, baguée de cuivre ....

Thus, the art of Paul Morand in painting portraits is at the other end of the spectrum when compared with that of Proust, although both have in common an indirect fashion of attacking the object. Their variations were analyzed quite clearly by Madame Guitard-Auviste when she wrote:

Mais quand Proust s'en rapproche insensiblement par des analyses concentriques, lent travail de patience, Morand, par un unique détail, qu'il choisit parce qu'il lui semble le plus caractéristique, en fait la synthèse. C'est que l'œil est impressionné tout de suite; sensation qu'il restitue sous la forme d'images qui sont la particularité essentielle de son style. "Mitrailleuse d'images", le définissait Cocteau. Et en effet, c'est au crêpitement d'une mitrailleuse que s'apparente un langage qui remplace les longs développements par des délicats d'appareil photographique. 78

The capsule caricatures of other nationalities that Morand sprinkled so liberally throughout his writings reflect his own ideas and appraisals of foreigners,

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Ouvert la nuit, pp. 13-14.

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and, perhaps, those of the French in general. Ultra-sensitive, with a personal tendency towards francophilia and anglophilia, he, nevertheless, has disclosed an overall xenophobia. Fortunately, his judgments are not fixed or unvarying. Russians, Americans, (of whom his opinion wavered from favorable to non-committal to antagonistic, depending upon the date of his writings), Spaniards, Hungarians, Irish and even Scandinavians are treated with slight or scant consideration, at least as far as sympathetic treatment is concerned.

His choice of epithets, portraiture of national defects and glaring imagery attest this fact. It is true that in later years he recognized the artificiality of his style and discarded the too blatant forms of it. At present, in the full maturity of his career, without denying completely the promises of his beginnings, he has pared and chiseled his style to an almost classical degree and yet retained its brilliance and increased the depth of his thought.

At least two critics have noticed this change and evolution, which has taken place soberly and gradually. Madame Guitard-Auviste shows that she had reached such a conclusion when she made the following estimate of the current Morand:

L'acrobate des débuts, qui reflétait une époque aux plaisirs faciles dans ses jeux brillants, constellés de couleurs et d'audaces
n'est plus; il y a du remords au fond de chaque rire, quand les temps sont lourds...Paul Morand n'a pas attendu la vieillesse pour faire sur soi un retour salutaire. À l'heure où d'autres se solérosent dans leurs tics, prenant pour de l'art ce qui n'était qu'une mode, il a examiné ses dons d'un œil critique, dépouillé les vernis trop luisants qui se craquèlent avec l'âge. 79

Similarly Pierre de Boisdeffre appraised him, as follows:

Le témoin de l'entre-deux-guerres, l'étonnant mémorialiste de 1900, le peintre de Londres et de New York, a joué dans notre littérature le rôle d'un ferment. Mais l'exil a amorcé chez lui une métamorphose, non seulement en délivrant l'homme du snobisme des dîners en ville, des habits brodés, des poisons et des délices d'une vie publique, mais en amenant l'écrivain à simplifier son style et à fouiller sa psychologie. Délaissant les trouvailles verbales, le clinquant, les bruits de cymbales, les ondes Martenot, les tics et les cabrioles de ses premiers livres, Morand n'a rien perdu de son goût pour le mot propre et l'image exacte, dussent-ils faire sursauter, mais un style "maigre" a succédé aux dorures et aux chatoiements; et le sentiment de l'absurde s'est glissé dans cette œuvre faussement légère. 80

So, with the addition of Morand's individual and national portraits, which were further developed in his Portraits de villes et de routes, every major characteristic of his style has been shown apparent and present in his earliest works. The unexpected imagery, clashing

79 Ibid., pp. 107-108.
80 Pierre de Boisdeffre, Une Histoire vivante de la littérature d'aujourd'hui, 1938-1956, p. 229.
metaphors, unusual use of colors and odors, exoticism—which became more glaring in *Magie noire*, exodism—which was thoroughly plumbed in his *Chroniques du XXe siècle*, and the clipped futuristic fashion of writing were all very much in evidence from the very beginning.

Even his tendency towards understatement and aphorisms, spiced with personal opinions and autobiographical references, could be observed in *Tendres Stocks*, his first work, and became much more frequent in the three ensuing prose efforts. Exoticism runs rampant throughout his stories and novels, as does eroticism, the latter reaching full flower in *L'Europe galante*, whose English title is *Europe at Love*. Borrowed words, freshly-minted words and phrases and even literally translated foreign expressions stud his works. But whatever the name given, exoticism, exodism, cosmopolitanism or planetary chronicles, the distinctive character of his early work evolves from his national and international portraits, which are an integral part of his style.
ATTITUDES AND ANTIPATHIES

Paul Morand has always been considered as a chronicler of his times, reporter of the contemporary and interpreter of the modern world. He admitted that he admired the present and that his only purpose was to extract from it the elements which were most interesting. This he did by means of kaleidoscopic sketches, successive snapshots, flashing impressions, clashing images and abrupt sequences. Such a style was in perfect accord with a world whose styles and fashions were quickly nothing but remembrances, a world which Morand knew best how to follow, to guide, and even to foresee.

Such an impressionistic style is, perforce, different from that of realism or naturalism, both of which express the relationships between the object and the ego by images and descriptions that are standard and easily understandable. Naturalism wanted to eliminate the subjective factor in the novel, just as metaphysical novels seek to destroy the objective qualities. Impressionism, particularly that of Morand's novels, expresses the individuality of ideas and perceptions, and, therefore, the unity of the object by making perceptive the parts of

objects which, heretofore, the reader did not perceive.

Ramon Fernandez seized the differences between the more classical methods of writing and impressionism when he wrote:

That there is no correspondence between our impression of the object and the image of it offered by common sense is obvious; but our impression does not in the least transport us 'into the heart' of that object; merely a more complete picture of our reactions in the face of the object is drawn up. It is only by an illusion... that it has been possible to endow the subject with a sensible enrichment which concerns only the subject. That intuition which transports us 'into the interior of things' transports us in fact into the interior of ourselves.

How therefore arises that sense of reality which is incontestably impressionism's most precious gift? Though the fact that the object is perceived only through the spectacles of common sense is no longer felt by us, we are under the anaesthetic of habit. Only let a circumstance awakening lively and naïve impressions in us occur and we become aware of ourselves in front of the object. Impressionism is unrivalled for making us apprehend life at the instant that it is being made, before the artificial control of perception and concept...

Morand was a master illusionist, employing myriad cinematographic images of color and odor, in somewhat similar fashion to the use of sound in the early novels

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of Malraux. Inspired by modern industrial methods and designs and his own love for speed, Morand imitated and improved upon the technique of the Surrealists and Futurists and even paved the way for the mid-century writers of the Nouvelle Vague with his grammatical and syntactical mutations. He created a new style by the establishment of subtle correspondences between ideas and sensations. Sensations were what he sought, not in the sense of love, for this he repudiated in the heart as in business, which he expressed directly and unequivocally in *Lewis et Irène*, *e.g.*:

> Je ne crois pas qu'il y ait des hommes indifférents. Il n'y a que des femmes maladroites.  

> Les femmes sont ce que les hommes les font.

> Le sentiment a été inventé par les gens qui n'ont pas de cœur...

> J'ai passé l'âge d'avoir des amis.

> N'y a-t-il donc pas de moyen terme entre

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5 *Lewis et Irène*, p. 30


les femmes à vocatif et les femmes à impératif?

Senses play the leading role in all his early works, to the detriment and at the expense of intelligence and rationalization. This emphasis on physical sensations, sensitivity and the spontaneous expansion of the individual personality was evidenced by his piquant shortcuts and his avoidance of redundancy, effusion and oratorical phrases, but it resulted in a decline of the disciplines of the mind.

Weaknesses developed, to be sure. By dint of continually seeking new images of vastly different nature, his writing became purposeful, something directed by him, and, consequently, no longer spontaneous. His short stories, chronicles and documentaries became a game or sport, almost an obstacle race, which eventually gave the reader the impression of attending an entertainment staged by a clever and subtle master. This excessive cleverness weakened and tended to destroy the esthetic impression as the reader became conscious of being too constantly in the presence of a prestidigitator.

Morand was fully aware of this, but, at first, despaired of finding a remedy. The Nuits had brought him sudden fame. Léon Daudet had launched them as a bomb, as he had launched Les Jeunes Filles en Fleurs of

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Ibid., p. 177.
Proust and as he was to launch Céline and Bernanos, in the *Action Française* of March 27, 1927. After *Fermé la nuit*, Morand honestly believed that he had become stereotyped and that all future books that he would write would contain the same thing under different forms. Nevertheless, he continued the Morand process, which could almost be patented, in his first novel, *Lewis et Irène*, interpolating aphorisms, modernistic images and personal remarks throughout the thread of the story:

> Un ancien Président du Conseil...qui se tenait modestement dans le coin, comme un crapaud.\(^{11}\)

> ...les murs, chauffés tout le jour, à la tombée de la nuit, refroidissant, gravaient comme un poêle qui s'éteint.\(^{12}\)

> Les bibelots s'étaient emparés de son appartement comme la ferraille des régions libérées.\(^{13}\)

> Les jours se suiviaient monotones comme des coureurs de fond avec leur feuille de calendrier épinglée au dos.\(^{14}\)

\(^{10}\) *Papiers d'identité*, p. 26.


\(^{14}\) *Ibid.*
...une mer toute rose de coucher, ridée à l'infini, liquide cellulaire pareil à du tapioca.  

Sabbat, petite mort hebdomadaire...  

Elle tremblait comme de l'eau bouillante.  

Il allait être minuit, les deux aiguilles bientôt au port d'armes.  

Les affaires modernes, ce n'est pas du travail, c'est du pillage.  

Lewis tourna la vis du radiateur d'eau chaude—geste qui correspond à l'ancienne poésie du feu tisonné.  

Lewis prit dans ses mains les cheveux d'Irène, fins comme des fils de magnéto.  

From the preceding excerpts, one can readily see that Morand employed in the novel the same technique that  

15 Ibid., p. 86.  
16 Ibid., p. 88.  
17 Ibid., p. 111.  
18 Ibid., p. 114.  
19 Ibid., p. 125.  
20 Ibid., p. 154.  
21 Ibid., p. 168. Additional examples of Morand's imagery are placed in the Appendix, pp. 386-387.
he had already used in the short story. The longer work, by the very virtue of its length, concealed much of the imagery. However, in *L'Europe galante*, the following collection of short stories, Morand achieved the mastery of form broached in his previous works. Shortly afterwards, in 1927, he realized the necessity for discarding the excessive ornamentality and artificiality which his disciples were imitating. Henceforth, slowly but surely, he set himself to ridding his works of what was perishable, superficial and ephemeral, a task which was to require a period of almost twenty years.

From the very first, his knack of foretelling the future was uncanny. The bread riots in Germany, the accord of Munich and the Communist surge in Europe were foreseen in the *Nuits*. Salazar and Hitler, the Russian purges and the race problem appeared unmistakably in *L'Europe galante* and *Magie noire*. As early as 1927, in a preface to the French translation of W.-B. Seabrook's *The Magic Island*, Morand marveled at the increase in scientific knowledge during the previous decade and suggested that, henceforth, everything was possible: inter-planetary voyages and the fourth dimension. His

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22 *Papiers d'identité*, p. 156.

facile and almost astonishing analyses of the contempor­
ary and his ability to predict coming events became ac­
cepted hallmarks of Morand. Later on, in 1938, his
perspicacity appeared a bit dimmed. Albert Guérard could
not comprehend his lack of foresight of the coming Hit­
tlerian occupation and concluded that if Morand, the in­
telligent globe-trotter and professional diplomat, could
not have understood the tragic plight of Europe, the
blindness of Mr. Chamberlain was less astonishing.

Morand's position and stand during the German
occupation of France was a matter of surprise to many
critics. They had seen no tendencies in his writings
which could have predicted his course of action. In
fact, his cosmopolitanism seemed to infer lack of pre­
judice. Certainly, there had been indications of anti­
clericalism and definite signs of antagonism towards the
Russians. This could have led to the conclusion that his
cooperation with the Vichy government was a result of anti­
Communistic sentiment which was sufficiently strong to
overcome his frequently expressed antipathy towards the
Germans. Morand himself employed the excuse that he was
an admirer of Pétain and had followed him to the end.
He bolstered his statement with the remark that the Vichy

24 Albert Guérard, Review of Réflexes et Ré­
flexions Books Abroad, XII, (1940), 292.
government was the only legal French government, recognized by the United States and voted as such overwhelmingly by the National Assembly in June, 1940.

There is undoubtedly some truth in all these points but they are apparently subordinate to the really basic and fundamental one. Contrary to the fact that Morand may have believed that he was always objective in his reporting and that he was presenting the world as it was at the moment, one can readily see, even in his first prose works, indications of strong prejudices, which caused or affected his psychological attitude and subconsciously influenced his activities, if not his decision to participate in the Pétain government. To have foreseen Morand's reaction would have been a simple matter, if one were aware of what is contained in a writer's style and, with this in mind, had scrutinized his works, studied his syntax and style and learned his actual thoughts.

In general, syntax is the most stable element of any language. Even Victor Hugo who, in his Réponse à un acte d'accusation, had declared war on rhetoric, hastened to proclaim at the same time: "Paix à la syntaxe!"


26 J. Marouzeau, Précis de stylistique française, p. 166.
Morand, his contemporaries, the Vorticists, Futurists, Dadaists, Surrealists and Neo-Romanticists, together with their disciples, made war on syntax as well. The phonetics, morphology and syntax of a language cause it to become codified, submissive to a format of rules and laws. This was what Morand and his fellow-sympathizers were seeking to break. It is apparent that even the most hide-bound of classical authors, if they treat the same material and the same general idea, will produce completely different portraits. To express his thought a writer uses and chooses, as the rules of his language allow, the means of expression that conform to his character, to the present situation, (which was undoubtedly a conscious effort of Paul Morand), and to the impression that he produces or desires to produce.

The writer chooses words, phrases and expressions which, in time, express his thought much more accurately than he himself is aware, and which frequently betray his innermost feelings. The approach and attack of the author in relation to his subject matter is often a telltale factor in the analysis of his true thought. This is stressed by Nelly Cormeau, in her consideration of the composition of a novel, in which she writes:

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Ainsi la composition possède-t-elle une véritable valeur explicative; elle est un infaillible moyen de suggestion, nous proposant une image formelle de la loi interne du sujet et—bien mieux encore—de la pensée profonde de l'auteur.28

A close analysis of Morand's style, beginning with *Tendres Stocks* in 1921, stories which go back as far as 1914, discloses consistent anti-Semitic tendencies. These personal antipathies of Morand were apparently overlooked, even missed entirely, until the publication of his *Vie de Guy de Maupassant* in 1942, which contained virulent anti-Semitic sentiments.29

In *Clarisse*, Morand described the beginning of World War I and its effect upon England, which awoke but slowly to the fact that there was a war being waged. The certainty came from seeing the German Jews of Commercial Road close their shutters and their fellow tribesmen of the West End hide their pictures.

Clarisse's activities are described in detail by Morand, who cannot refrain from inserting a few anti-Semitic observations. She was a girl who attended assiduously all the auction sales in London, from the pretentious ones with monumental staircases and gold-braided


porters to the ones which were suspect, even to the ones which specialized in jewelry, where the gold baubles circulated in the dirty hands of wooly black-bearded Armenians and where "des Juifs reniflent les perles."

After the Oxford-Cambridge boat race, Morand stayed out all night, touring the clandestine night clubs, which were described in part as follows:

...Boum-Boum. le Lotus, Hawaf où le portier mutilé découvrait en nous voyant un rideau rose derrière lequel la figure perdue de poudre ocre d'un juif galicien en habit aux boutons de corail, détachait d'un carnet à souche les bons d'admission à la cave.\(^{31}\)

In the third vignette, (which chronologically was the first to be written), Morand accompanied Aurore to the Café Royal which was frequented by almost every shade of humanity, including crabbed Y. M. C. A. female canteen workers, musicians and Jewish constables, the latter with


\(^{31}\) *Ibid.*, "Delphine," p. 101. In this same tale might be seen a touch of occultism and a foretaste of existentialism, particularly when Morand described his meeting Delphine in the last throes of drug addiction. She explained her downfall and her participation in the milieu in existentialist terms: "On ne sait comment cela commence, bien qu'après, on ait l'impression que cela fut, par des forces mystérieuses, combiné d'avance. Emmenée quelque part, on y retourne le lendemain et c'est un cercle magique qui se referme...Tout cela encore ne serait rien si un jour, sous l'influence d'éléments dangereux ou plus endurcis, qu'on devine venir d'autres groupes aujourd'hui dispersés, on n'arrivait à une révision totale des données de la conscience, à une remise en question de tout, jusqu'au bord du néant,"(pp. 127-129).
their brassard and a pince-nez chained to their flapping ears, waiting for the time to go to the searchlights.

While at the Café Royal, Morand and Aurore were invited to a private supper-party in Mountjoy's quarters. Mountjoy's real name was Aronsohn. For some time Aurore had been pestered by him and had conceived a violent dislike for him, claiming that "C'est un homme malsain. Il exhale une odeur de corruption." Nevertheless, they went to the party and were received in the following fashion:

Mountjoy nous ouvre lui-même. Sa masse se détache sur une tenture d'anti-chambre jaune. Il ouvre avec un mélange de curiosité et d'effroi, comme dans la peur de voir punir d'une gifle l'intérêt qu'il vous porte. (Quand il lui arrive d'entrer chez moi, sa phrase de bienvenue est: "Je m'en vais". Puis, il demeure sur le seuil jusqu'à ce que je lui dise: "Fermez donc la porte". "Devant moi ou derrière?" a-t-il alors timidement.) Il ne regarde qu'Aurore, nous néglige, Fred et moi, et accueille notre amie avec familiarité: "Aurore! enfin chez moi.

Il lui prend les deux poignets, les lui caresse, l'entraîne sous la lanterne à glandes noirs, lui découvre les épaules avec ce toupet qui n'est qu'à lui.

Mountjoy concentrated his attention upon Aurore, poured her a special drink of his own concoction and finally persuaded her to dance for his guests. Another

32 Ibid., p. 174.
33 Ibid., p. 175.
34 Ibid., pp. 177-178.
guest, Grünfeld, found a copy of Pushkin on the bookshelf and began to recite, but Mountjoy disclosed the fact that he was faking, for he did not know Russian. Aurore came out, stripped, and performed her dance as though possessed, bounding from one end of the room to the other, twirling with the speed of a machine, until exhausted, she fell to the floor:

Mountjoye s'agenouille près d'elle, lui essuie le front avec son mouchoir. Il se penche sur elle pour la respirer, ferme les yeux. Je vois la veine médiane de son front saillir, son cou se gonfler au-dessus du col. Sa tête s’approche de plus en plus, puis recule; puis, sans plus aucun contrôle de soi, Montjoye met ses lèvres sur Aurore. Aurore tressaille, ouvre les yeux, se redresse et, avec la vitesse d'un pugiliste, envoie Montjoye rouler jusqu'aux chenets d'un coup de poing à la mâchoire. Montjoye pousse des cris déchirants. Une bouteille de crème de menthe répand ses émeraudes sur le parquet.

---Aurore a fait un pogrom, dit Fred très calme, au piano.35

In each and every case where a Jew is mentioned, in the three stories, a derogatory or disparaging adjective or verb is used. As to occupations, the Jews are money-lenders, commercial dealers who have no national pride, who flee at the first sign of damage to their pocketbooks, or who, if they remain in England, become special constables or civilian air wardens, rather than

go to the front. They repulsive pearls. They are pictured with flapping ears and their Armenian and Galician counterparts have black wooly beards and are engaged in suspicious enterprises, dealers in imitation jewels or receivers of stolen goods. Grünfeld is depicted as a four-flusher. Aronsohn (or Montjoye) is endowed with all the disgusting qualities imaginable, qualities which Morand apparently attributed to Jews in general.

Although private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Aronsohn has to force himself on people to obtain social equality or forbearance. When visiting Morand he displays the cringing and fawning characteristics of a whipped dog. Contrary to protocol or etiquette, he behaves like a beast with Aurore, intentionally getting her drunk, kissing her in the presence of strangers on the first visit she makes to his quarters, and, to top it off, acts like a lascivious, degraded animal, inhaling the sweat from her naked body and, unable to restrain his lust, kissing her while he believes her still unconscious. Even his physical appearance contrasts with the youthful beauty and vigor of Aurore, for as he is manipulating a bottle with four compartments of liqueurs, he goes to the fireside which illuminates "son étrange figure, sa grosse tête, ses cheveux gris." Struck by

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36 Ibid., p. 174.
Aurore he utters piercing cries.

La Nuit catalane, the gem of Ouvert la nuit, contained no anti-Semitic notations or portraits. No Jewish character was depicted in the story. However, Morand did manage to insert passages indicating his anti-clericalism. The Jesuits, (apparently his favorite target), contre leur gré led their interns to the lectures of Samuel Pacifico, radical history teacher at the lycée Louis-le-Grand, who was an active member of the Third International.

The ironic anti-clerical attitude of Morand is clearly evident as Remedios describes Spain, obviously through the eyes of the author, as follows:

C'est l'Islam, plus la Sainte Vierge. Barcelone est un cliché sud-américain et les wagons-lits s'y épanouissent au terminus de leur tige en des hôtels qui sont des fleurs d'acajou et de velours turquin. On y passe les rues sur des fils métalliques, on y peint

37 It is possible that Samuel Pacifico is a Jew.

38 Ouvert la nuit, p. 23.

39 Pacifico is portrayed as of Oriental origin, author of l'Histoire des ouvriers, and described as "un nain timide, velu, jaspé de veines vertes, fleurant le quartier Saint-Paul, qui faisait ses souliers lui-même et se coupait les cheveux avec une machine dont il était l'inventeur," (pp. 22-23). He occasionally went to the Rue de la Paix to buy rings for a collection. This, Morand observed, was the only Oriental appetite for which he was known, (p. 24).
como a Schwabing, on n'applaudit les toreros qu'à leur retour de Buenos Aires et on y construit des immeubles en pâte de verre où les autos peuvent monter jusqu'au cinquième. Puis soudain, au détour d'une rue, le Saint-Saïrent, cette vieille monnaie qui a encore cours chez nous, passe, le peuple s'agenouille (sous peine d'amende) et l'on voit des fonctionnaires à ceinture de soie bleue tenir des cierges, suivis d'officiers en soutane, avec des bottes. Les tramways gonflés de voyageurs s'arrêtent, entourés d'attelages de boeufs et d'Hispano-Suiza, pour faire place à ces têtes d'Inquisition, à ces vautours mitrés, à ces vieilles figures de paysans sordides issues de précieuses dentelles, valets d'un Dieu qui a abandonné les humbles pour servir les riches...

The delightfully satirical account of the officers in cassocks and boots, soldiers carrying candles, the Saint-Saïrent as antiquated small change still current. In Spain, people who kneel as the Sacrement passes, (kneeling under penalty of a fine, of course), and the detailed account of the mitred vultures is typical of Morand, as he pulls no punches and constructs, if one dare say, a most congruous picture from incongruities.

Even when he described the details of the bull-fight, Morand could not refrain from adding an anti-clerical touch to his description of the picador's fright after the bull had disemboweled the horse:

Des harnais et des tripes émerge la tête du piqueur. Le chapeau à pompons

Ouvert la nuit, pp. 29-30.
est tombé et voici sa grosse face apeurée de capucin qui luit.

Again, one can observe anti clericalism when reading the account of the disorders at Barcelona:

Maristes, Saint-Antoine, Saint-Paul, les couvents et les églises congréganistes brûlaient les uns après les autres. On en rôtit ainsi quarante-neuf. Du haut de la statue de Colomb, les mitraillesuses nettoyait. L'infanterie refusa de tirer. Les Jésuites de Sarría, cette caserne-oi, près du gazomètre, se défendaient à coups de fusil...

After order had been restored, Barcelona became what it had been before:

une cité d'argent et de vice, la ville des maisons de mineures, des photographies obscènes, des instruments de plaisir orthopédiques, cachant sa vieille âme d'inquisition derrière la publicité lumineuse, avec ses couvents et ses banques fortifiés, des maisons de rapport aux portes de coffre, ses caves blindées et ses confessionaux défendus des pauvres par les mêmes grilles dorées. Querelles des caissiers.

Along the sidewalk pass women with eyelashes which are too thick, with heavy rumps, followed by skinny Jesuits who walk in threes, holding one another by the

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41 Ibid. p. 51.

42 Ibid. p. 59. The irony of calling the Jesuits retreat cette caserne-oi is exquisite.

43 Ibid. The juxtaposition of orthopedic instruments of sexual excitement, brothels, banks, the Inquisition and confessionals to which the poor have no access can only be intentional.
little finger.

La Nuit turque opened with a detailed description of the Orient Express, en route from Paris to Constantinople, crowded with a confused and sweltering mass of humanity that included French couturières and models, English civil servants with their families and Spanish Jews. The latter were depicted succinctly, in typical Morand fashion:

Enfin, des familles israélites espagnoles de Salonique, retour de Vichy où leur teint s'est éclairci, restaient couchées tout le jour, campant en tailleur sur les lits défaits, tandis que les flasques de chianti se balançaient, suspendues à la lampe électrique.

Anna had pawned her fur "chez le juif" and when Prince Samarine inquired about Paris he could not help making contemptuous remarks about its social deterioration which he attributed to the Jewish influence, as he commented:


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44 Ibid., p. 65.
46 Ibid., p. 87.
47 Ibid., pp. 91-92.
Again, when Morand and Anna went to Polack's Oriental Stores, a second-hand clothing store and pawn-shop, to retrieve her fur, the proprietor and his sons were described as wooly-haired and with blood-shot eyes.

Not a single complimentary or favorable adjective or descriptive phrase was employed when describing characters of Semitic race or strain. They were ever beyond the pale, in behavior, courtesy, costumes or customs.

His tendency towards xenophobia is easily discernible. Granted that he was depicting post-war Europe, particularly that beyond the French frontiers, it is hardly likely that all his male characters and most of the female ones, save perhaps Clarisse and Aurore, should be thoroughly despicable and possess severe moral tares. Isabelle of La Nuit romaine is apparently French and a marked exception to the rule whereby the non-French characters were the degenerates. Her lover, Igor, is Greek-Irish and her Lesbian room-mate, Wanda, bears a name that is anything but French. Isabelle finally ran off to her death with Jack, a mulatto, whose flashy dress parallels that of the jeunease enragée of the 1920's.

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Ibid., p. 95.
Delphine was French but had married a Russian and later became corrupted by the exotic set of the London half-world.

Léa, the tart of La Nuit des six jours, is Jewish, erotic and amoral. Petitmathieu, in describing her, appears to have delineated her true personality:

---Ce qu'elle est marrante! Avec ça, bonne fille. Et quand il faut, les petits plats, les compresses, tout le reste. Et un cocher au mois qui sonne de la trompe et qui connaît les champignons. Pleine d'instruction et de conversation, faisant rire en société. Pour le particulier, une peau avec des veines comme les fleuves sur les géographies, une tignasse jusqu'aux talons (pas ces trois tifs qu'ont les femmes au jour aujourd'hui, et qui ne fatiguent pas le peigne fin), une poitrine urf, du vrai frigorifique, et puis se mettant au plumard avec application et n'y allant pas d'une fesse; se lavant les dents après les repas, prenant les asperges avec une pince exprès pour, et pas de corset.

Her amorality and extra-curricular accomplishments were even more pointedly stressed when Petitmathieu, in all sincerity, added that Morand would agree with him when he knew her better. In fact, at Morand's first meeting with Léa, he asked her where she lived and told her that he loved her. She did not know whether he was joking or if he really desired her carnally. In the latter event, she was ready to oblige.

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50 Ibid., p. 123. "Tu charries ou t'as l'béguiust"
Zaël, the Hungarian Jewess of *La Nuit hongroise*, was a dance-hall girl of easy virtue. Contrary to Léa, she was endowed with "un corps de sylphe israélite, sans poitrine, avec une peau précieuse, le dos rond et des mains nerveuses et pratiques, trop formées pour leurs dix-sept ans."

As Jean and Morand watched the two dancers at the Jardin de Paris in Vienna, they immediately recognized them as being Jewish, and, in fact, they were billed as the Hajyz Nanas Sisters. Jean's choice turned out to be a man in transvestiture.

Zaël accompanied Jean and Morand to the Moulin-Rouge, where in characteristic fashion, she immediately became friendly with métèques dressed in Eton jackets, soft collars, pumps and white socks. During the course of the evening, Morand agreed to take her with them to Budapest, where her father was caretaker of a synagogue. In appreciation or from gratitude, Zaël playfully bit Morand's arm. Even in his witty retort, "L'Eternel a dit: 'Tu ne mangeras pas ce qui est impur','" Morand

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51 Ibid., p. 148.

52 Ibid., p. 146. "...celle que préférerait Jean, sa crinière à la main offrant au rire un crâne vouté de marchand tangérois."

53 Ibid., p. 150.
dislosed his awareness of the Semitic strain of his companion. However, upon their arrival in Pesth, his remarks concerning the ghetto and its inhabitants were much more pungent and critical:

Nous accompagnâmes Zaël à la synagogue.
Le quartier vit notre visite avec inquiétude.
Dès que nous nous arrêtons trop longtemps, nous surprenions des yeux craintifs derrière les comptoirs. On fermait les boutiques.
Des Juifs galiciens, en toulouse, avec des rouflaquettes grasses aux oreilles, les épaules poudrées de pellucides, vendaient des brochures sur le sionisme, des cierges, des pelisses de mouton teint. Au fond des cours, communiquant entre elles comme des terriers, et sur lesquelles donnaient à chaque étage un balcon intérieur, un arbre, un cheval dételé, des enfants vides.
—La synagogue, s'écria Zaël, aspirant à narines ouvertes l'odeur juive de l'escalier...

Expressions and adjectival phrases such as rouflaquettes grasses, poudrées de pellucides, cours communicuant entre elles comme des terriers, enfants vides and l'odeur juive de l'escalier follow one another in rapid succession, giving the impression of repeated blows of a hammer and leaving no doubt about the antipathy of the author.

Even in La Nuit nordique the influence of Gobineau may be seen, mingled with a few snide remarks concerning the origin of nudism as a cult. According to Morand, the

54 Ibid., pp. 154-155.
nudist sects were founded in Bohemia after the Hussite schism. The various groups favored nudity as a return to the state of Adam and as a sure means of gaining eternal life, all of which ended, as Morand added in Puckish fashion, in massacre. The nudist cult, in modern times, was propagated and advocated by the Germans as a method of hygiene and eugenics. Anti-Semitism as expressed through Aryan supremacy is spelled out literally in the advertisement purported to have been placed in a Swedish magazine, which read:

"Personnes des deux sexes, de race aryenne, désirant faire partie de société sérieuse, dont les buts sont ceux de la revue "Beauté", sont priées d'écrire boîte 78, poste restante à ......... Succursales en pays nordique." 56

Also, when Morand presented himself for admission to the society, he was questioned concerning his respectability and means of support. No candidates were accepted who were addicted to alcoholic drinks, proponents of theosophy, readers of naughty books or who frequented Russians or Jews.

55  Ibid., p. 161.

56  Ibid., p. 162. Although the advertisement was placed in a Swedish journal, there is no positive indication that the setting of the story was Sweden. On the contrary, although indefinite on the subject, the inference is that it is laid in some country on the Baltic Sea.

A tinge of anticlericalism was slyly interposed as Morand recounted his exercise on the trampoline, on which he bounded "comme un prêtre fanatique" only to catch his foot and measure his length on the floor. Here-tofore, self-conscious and uncomfortably aware of the presence of nude women, he had kept his eyes "baissés comme ceux des nonnes."

O'Patah, of La Nuit de Portofino Kulm, is a caricature of the chauvinistic Irishman, endowed with all the superstition and mysticism of the Irish. In the story, one finds frequent anticlerical and anti-Semitic comments. At the very beginning of the tale, when Morand called upon O'Patah in New York, one will recall that the hotel room was transformed into a miniature chapel, because of the month of Mary, replete with blue candles and an image of the Virgin. O'Patah's private confessor and constant companion was Father Crumb, who acted as a secretary and whose duties included that of screening would-be visitors. Morand described him rather equivocally:

"Un jeune prêtre dont les cheveux imitaient l'or à s'y méprendre, avec une tonsure toute rose, le cou romantiquement serré de plastron noir, et qui était assis sur le lit, lisait les Evangiles à O'Patah... sans doute pouvait-il mettre les péchés..."

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58 
Ibid., p. 169.

59 
Ibid., p. 168.
The intermittent mistress and evil angel of O'Patah was a French Jewess, Ursule Cohen, who is characterized as over-sexed, libidinous and almost lascivious. Upon Morand's first acquaintance with her, indeed without any introduction and merely upon his inquiry whether or not she was Ursule, her reply was to cling to him and pass her tongue over his lips. Her father was a rag merchant and she had spent her youth like a wild animal, going from one hole to another. For an appreciation of her background, treacherous nature and insincerity, one need but read Morand's account:

Une charmante "nature", qui attendait pour prendre à son tour tout son plaisir que le vôtre fût devenu de la souffrance. ...

Elle était venue on ne sait d'où, n'allait nulle part, quoiqu'elle eût l'air de connaître son destin. D'abord à Londres, puis en Amérique, elle avait fui la guerre comme un spectacle écoeurant, contrariant (aucun drapeau ne pourrait faire une robe, même en grande largeur). Elle se laissait exporter, réexporter, d'un pays, d'une nationalité à l'autre,
avec indifférence. Sûre d'avoir toujours un marché, comme les denrées précieuses. Acceptant toutes les hospitalités, mais en franchise de tous droits. 61

Giving herself almost immediately to Morand, she bestowed upon him the pleasures of her body, at intervals for a period of three months. Her entire character, or lack of same, was amoral. Later, when O'Patah was dying he invoked her so strongly that she came from France to the Italian Riviera to minister to him. Here the occultism of Morand is again apparent, as is his interest in palmistry and phrenology in the passage quoted.

61 Ibid., p. 158.

62 Ibid., p. 186. One might add that Morand, at O'Patah's direction, had placed an advertisement in the agony column of the London Times stating "Ursule, unique légataire" and after three days read in the same column "Ultimatum accepté."

63 Morand's interest in occultism and similar cabalistic and cryptical sciences, exemplified by reliance upon graphology, was disclosed repeatedly in his works. In La Nuit romaine, he had Isabelle's handwriting analyzed by a Professor Ovide (Ouvert la nuit, pp. 103-105), a procedure reminiscent of the party games of character analyses between Morand and Remedios in La Nuit catalane (Ouvert la nuit, pp. 35-36).

The French politician of La Nuit de Babylone was inclined towards mysticism, believing in auto-suggestion and in the Coué system. In mockery of a rosary, he had a string with twenty knots. Before going to sleep at night, he would repeat twenty times: "Tous les jours, à tous les points de vue, je vais de mieux en mieux," (Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 220).
La Nuit de Charlottenburg was a dark diatribe against the Germans as personified by Egon, the degenerate nihilist, who was educated at Feldkirch, the Jesuit school in the Tyrol. His abnormalities were admitted, discussed and vaunted:

A votre âge j'avais ce goût pour les apothéoses du corps. Jusqu'au moment où je m'aperçus que j'avais plus de sensualité que de tempérament et plus de dégoût que de la sensualité. En amour, je suis pour le baroque, le style jésuite.

Habib Halabi, the chiropractor, faith healer and quack of La Nuit de Putney, was one of Morand's most despicable characters. His sole saving grace was that he was a pure, unadulterated bluff and admitted it. His crudity, forwardness, callousness and greed for money and prestige appear on almost every page of the story. He boasted that his time was worth twenty guineas an hour and that he was in Who's Who. From 1917, penniless in Paris and living by his wits, to tender of stoves in a bath house in Leicester Square in 1919, (where he received heavy tips from demobilized soldiers, which enabled him to open his own beauty salon in Bloomsbury), his career was that of a social pariah. Yet Morand considered that period of his life preferable to that of his

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Ouvert la nuit, suivi de Fermé la nuit, p. 205. Not content with giving Egon a Jesuit education, Morand brought coals to Newcastle by identifying his pederastic play as le style jésuite.
childhood, for he made the following comments:

Au fait, ces années-là n'étaient peut-être pas pires que son enfance (dormir dans l'herbe avec les ânes, tandis que son père prêtait sur la récolte des cocons, exportait des noyaux d'abricots et vendait dans un parapluie ouvert des cartes-pochette aux snobs de Palestine venus se rafraîchir sur les pentes de Sanine); ou plus tard, quand sa mère, couturière, l'emmenait en journée chez la femme du consul d'Italie (il était devenu ainsi protégé italien) et qu'ils s'étaient fixés à Beyrouth, ville des confiseurs et des Jésuites, des changeurs et des bars grecs où, pendant les tableaux vivants, des missionnaires américaines projetaient des versets sacrés sur la chair en coton des figurantes.

It is evident that the background of this Morand hero was not painted sympathetically. His sudden affluence and high social position was attributed to chi­canery and quackery. A seventy-year old actor, Aloysius Marsham Moon, began to secrete milk from his mammary glands and came to Habib for an operation. Habib refused to operate but practiced some magnetic passes over his patient. At the end of three weeks the phenomenon disappeared and Habib received credit for the cure.

Not satisfied with piling up anti-Semitic references, one after another, in his depiction of Habib, Morand interpolated similar insinuations in his background scenes of London, which, in his opinion, had

65

Ibid., p. 243. Here again Morand inserts a reference to the Jesuits in a distinctly unfavorable context.
capitulated to the Jewish influence, referred to euphemistically, at first, as Oriental:

Paris est trop net et le génie français une gelée immangeable à force d'avoir été clarifié; mais Londres ne tarit pas de ces hasards romanesques. Des boues fumantes monte une vapeur dans laquelle se construit cette cité orientale apparu aussi du promenoir de l'Alhambra, derrière des rideaux de velours noir, vers laquelle, chaque soir, le long des quais, se dirige la file des dromadaires porteurs de publicité lumineuse. Justement à la sortie des artistes, derrière Charing Cross, commencent les inscriptions hébraïques, les ventes de documents koptes, de pierres précieuses "sur papier", les dêpeçages de diadèmes, les lavages de reconnaissances, les livraisons de drogues dans les petits paquets rouges de thé chinois, tout un trafic messianique, honteux et puissant.

Surtout Habib était arrivé à temps, au moment précis et délicieux où les biens de ce monde sont en train de passer des mains des seigneurs anglais à celles des Juifs russes.

Russians and Jews, Germans and Jesuits, Jews and Jesuits, the same refrain is repeated over and over again.

Not only is Habib depicted as possessor of many undesirable Jewish traits, but Morand occasionally makes a frontal attack, attributing his disgusting behavior and manners to Semites in general. An example of this occurred when he described Habib's gestures:

"...Elle sait ce que ça lui a coûté."

Ce disant, il éleva la main droite et la lança en avant après avoir froissé ses

66 Ibid., pp. 244-245.
Again, when Morand described the formal dinner at Mrs. Harpye's, he compared Habib's amugness with that of gross Levantines:

A table, il est à la droite de Mrs. Harpye, étranger de marque. Un lord Justice lui fait pendant. A ce tribunal alimentaire Habib siège, ceint d'argenterie, de bougies, flanqué, comme un prévenu sûr de ses avocates, de deux dames dont le titre précieux plaide en sa faveur. Gala donné à son bénéfice. Le ventre d'aplomb, les jambes bien calées, il a cet air riche des Levantins qui savourent un parfait à la framboise, en se faisant crier les bottes. 68

Physically repulsive, Habib was endowed with a hairy body, furry like a bear, which released a strong animal odor when he engaged in manual exercise. His attributes and those of his co-religionists, by inference, were arrogance, egotism and bestial sensuality. He had those formal gestures "des grands vagabonds, captivant comme un de ces conteurs d'histoires qu'on voit encore dans les cafés d'Orient et qui rapportent une nouvelle braise quand celle du marnghilé s'est éteinte." 69

The accumulation of epithets, derogatory phrases

67  Ibid., p. 259.
68  Ibid., p. 273.
69  Ibid., pp. 262-263.
and deprecatory adjectives builds a pyramid of damning character. Were there a single personage of Jewish or Semitic extraction endowed with a favorable character or attributes, the conclusion would be open to criticism. Only the Jewesses are given beautiful bodies, which most of them keep in fine fettle for fornication and use with abandon. Lea, Zaël and Ursule are little better than common prostitutes, playing their trade with little or no discrimination.

Other than a few female physical descriptions, the single complimentary phrase attributed to male Jews was that they have exquisite hands, and occurred in the description of Mrs. Magnac's salon, which was likened to a very fashionable antique dealer's establishment:

Loin de jeter des feux brutaux et géométriques comme les magasins, son salon ressemblait à ces palais des grands antiquaires, austères, anonymes, au travers desquels un seigneur aux mains exquises de lévite vous mène jusqu'à un hall tendu de moire grise, dans lequel repose, victime d'un choix accablant et parfait, un trono de bouddha du IVe siécle. 70

Aronsohn, Grünfeld, Oppenheim and Lewis are composites of the worst of human traits and ethics. Lewis, the consummate "cosmopolisson" of all of Morand's male

70

Lewis et Irène, pp. 24-25.

71

Lewis was the natural son of a Belgian banker and a French mother. His father left him little money, habits of great luxury and, for a remedy, only a trace of Israelite blood, ibid., pp. 27-28.
characters, kept a play-by-play account of all his seductions, four hundred and fourteen from the Armistice to October 22, 1920, no mean accomplishment, and yet maintaining a liaison with the older Madame Magnac, to whom he clung "comme un pochard à son réverbère," although she had the air "d'un 'retour de librairie' jauni aux vitrines." Although claiming to love Irène and wishing to marry her, rather than have her as a mistress, he could not prevent himself from returning to type. Using the trite tricks of a confirmed roué, he asked to see her girlhood bedroom and, once inside, began to force himself upon her, physically, with intent to ravish. Irène, mentally and morally pure as a virgin, notwithstanding an early marriage to a cousin old enough to be her father, had to fight him off.

The thought of the author, whether conscious or not, can thus be divined by his selection of words, his treatment of subjects and his style. As we have seen, Nelly Cormeau claims that it is infallible, but Morand himself was aware of it when he wrote:

C'est au lecteur à chercher, à découvrir

72 Ibid., p. 30.
73 Ibid., p. 71.
74 Ibid., pp. 109-111.
Whether or not he realized it, there were ideas and prejudices inherent in the stories that disclosed his own benign xenophobia, general anticlericalism and malignant anti-Semitism.

In summary, then, it has been shown that Russians, Germans and Italians rarely received anything but short shrift from Morand. The Spaniards were treated lightly and with persiflage. Americans received varying degrees of attention and consideration, depending upon the period of his life when the stories were written. For a while he seemed to be faced with a dilemma, the choice of Communist Russia, something to be abhorred, and that of the materialism of America, which, although not completely acceptable to the French or perhaps to the European intellectual, was preferable as the lesser of two evils. With New-York and Champions du monde, he tried to understand the Americans but failed to reconcile their crass financial preoccupations with the romantic idealism and professed puritanical morality of the people. Nor, as Stansbury has stated, could he, or any other European, for that matter, understand the state's intervention in matters of private life. Much less could he comprehend

75 Written September 1, 1923. Reproduced in Papiers d'identité, p. 2b.
the bewildering and complex contradictions of America, for he wrote:

America, full of selfishness outside, and of generosity within, Puritan at heart, Slavic in its senses, Greek in its muscles—a land that I admire for its ostrich-like stomach, absorbing everything and restoring nothing—an America that remains uncreative in spite of her vast output; she at least is perfectly happy. But for how long?76

Anti clerical remarks, metaphors or juxtapositions that were definitely derogatory were sprinkled liberally throughout his early prose works, but were introduced almost parenthetically or incidentally. As has been indicated, his favorite target seems to have been the Jesuits, a term apparently synonymous with the undesirable qualities of dogmatic religion, but he did not limit his remarks to this order. Habib Halabi, it may be recalled, attended the Marist school of Jounieh. Only in his first novel, Lewis et Irène, did he abandon, temporarily, this tendency, for there is but a single reference that might be considered or construed as anti clerical:

Un petit nuage se trouvait suspendu au-dessus de la montagne comme un dais jésuite sur la tête d'un métropolite.77

For the critics, reviewers and scholars who could not understand Morand's position at the time of the German

76 Quoted, in translation, by Milton H. Stansbury, French Novelists of Today, p. 93.

77 Lewis et Irène, pp. 47-48.
occupation of France, it would suffice merely to have
read closely any of his collections of short stories.
Anti-Semitism is rampant, notwithstanding the fact that
some of his most frequent companions at the time of World
War I were Jews.

As often pointed out, his style was markedly flam­
boyant, extravagant and striking, particularly during his
first ten years of productive literary work. It has been
noted that critics have likened him to Giraudoux, Mer-
imée, Maupassant, Flaubert, Larbaud, Voltaire,

78 Pierre Liévre, Esquisses critiques, 3e Série,
(Paris: Le Divan, 1929), p. 12; also Georges Duhamel,

79 Gérard d'Houville, "Lectures romanesques," La
Revue des Deux Mondes, Séries XIII, (XXXVII), 10 (15 mai
1927), 323.

80 Ibid., also G. Guitard-Auviste, Paul Morand,
p. 70.

81 In his review of Bouddha vivant in Les Nou-
elles Littéraires, (No. 247), Edmond Jaloux likened the
book to Flaubert's Education sentimentale.

82 Pierre Liévre, op. cit., p. 56; also Léon
Pierre-Quint, "Lectures" La Revue de France, (VII), 1
(15 janvier 1927), 335-350.

83 Germaine A. Donogh, Review of Montociel in
Books Abroad, XXIV, (1948), 390-391; also Jules C.
Alciatore, Review of Montociel in the French Review,
XXIV, (1950), 63-64.
Voiture, Chardonne, Gogol, Daudet, Le Sage, Beaumarchais, Laclos and Danoourt, among others. Statements of influences are a critic's easiest point de repère, as Morand himself has remarked, but it would be patently impossible for a writer to have imitated all of the writers cited as having influenced him. He has denied any influence whatsoever of Cendrars and Giraudoux, while admitting that his first stories, as in Tendres Stocks, were nearer to Larbaud and Nerval and calling attention to the fact that Cendrars' practical form was shared from 1917 to 1920 by a dozen poets. Far from being an imitator, the very fact that he has been compared

84 Robert Poulet, La Lanterne magique, p. 74.
85 G. Guitard-Auviste, op. cit., p. 80.
86 Ibid., p. 70.
88 The last four were mentioned by Robert Brasillach, Portraits, p. 210.
90 Ibid.
with so many and such dissimilar authors is ample proof of the fact that Morand's style is his own.

Of course, the finished product of every good writer has characteristics which can be compared with those of predecessors and even of contemporary writers. It is possible and even probable that there are unconscious imitations here and there, influences of which the author himself is unaware, and, occasional, willful similarities. Georges Duhamel, who confined his remarks to the novel, appears to have drawn a tenable line between good and bad writers, when he wrote the following:

le bon écrivain compare sans cesse son ouvrage à celui des maîtres de tous les temps et de tous les pays. Et s'il s'efforce d'enrichir son ouvrage, c'est d'abord en enrichissant son esprit, qu'il rend ainsi plus apte à comprendre certains phénomènes et à les traduire convenablement.

Le mauvais écrivain, en revanche, est celui qui, de cette exploration passionnée à travers le temps et l'espace, rapporte seulement un goût superficiel de l'exotisme ou de l'archaïsme. Le romancier médiocre est celui qui, après avoir lu Kipling, compose des récits sur une Asie qu'il ignore, ou celui qui, après avoir consulté les petits maîtres et les mémorialistes du XVIIe siècle, écrit des romans dans le goût et le style de ces écrivains imitant leurs tournures et copiant leurs vocabulaires.91

Morand, in his nouvelles and documentaires, was writing of persons and places with which he was completely familiar. His penchant for cosmopolitanism was

91 Georges Duhamel, op. cit., pp. 104-105.
apparently deep and sincere, not superficial, for he bitterly resented the facile classification of a writer of exotic tales, to which so many critics relegated his works. This he denied as early as 1923, in an interview given to Frédéric Lefèvre, when he said:

---"S'il y a un cosmopolitisme nouveau, ce n'est pas à nous de le dire, mais aux lecteurs ou aux critiques de le découvrir. Le nouveau n'est que ce que nous n'avons pas encore vu, ou pu faire. Pour me part, je serais très heureux si j'avais pu contribuer à démoder l'exotisme, cette photographie en couleurs. Étymologiquement, exotique veut dire: ce qui est en dehors. L'exotisme, c'est l'utilisation littéraire de ce qui se trouve au loin, hors de nos frontières, par exclusion et aux dépens de ce qui est au dedans. Or, ce que nous voulons faire, c'est justement le contraire: établir pour nous-mêmes et pour autrui des rapports nouveaux, exacts et constants entre notre pays et le reste de l'univers."

Morand was and has always been keenly aware of the problems, peculiarities and potentialities of his time and age, as well as of its ephemeral qualities. By this, he is in complete accord with Duhamel's conclusion, to wit:

Laissons-là les imitateurs et concluons. Le romancier doit être de son temps et de son pays. Mais il doit communier par l'esprit avec les hommes de tous les temps et de tous les pays."

Critics have a tendency to classify style,

---92 Papiers d'identité, pp. 19-20.

---93 Georges Duhamel, op. cit., p. 105.
techniques and genres, usually in a hard and fast fashion. Novels and short stories are placed in various categories: historical, satirical, fantastic or fantasista, cinematographic, or lyrical. They designate novels as those of adventure, cape and dagger, manners or customs. Classifications abound. Again, an author is assigned to a school or group, such as the naturalists, symbolists, paroxists, neo-classicists, futurists, dadaists, cubists, naturalists, surrealists, imagists, unanimitists, letrists, etc. The truth is that there are almost as many classifications as there are writers.

In the case of Morand, critics have placed him in many categories, namely those of exoticism, exodism, imagism, cosmopolitanism, realism and even neo-romanticism, the latter when they attempt to pair him with Giraudoux. Morand's modernity and extreme imagery certainly contain tendencies of realism, futurism and imagism, although the latter term is so broad as to be almost unintelligible.

Nevertheless, from the present study of the imagery and style in his early prose works, it is evident that, by purposely and consciously breaking away from the standard and accepted code, by approaching brusquely and without transition disparate images so that their paradoxical alliance forced the reader to perceive relationships which might otherwise have escaped him, by
surpassing in audacity his alleged models and his contemporaries, Morand created an imagery and style peculiarly his own.

Concomitant to this esthetics of discontinuity and rapid juxtaposition of unforeseen and brutal associations, he disclosed his philosophy, attitudes and prejudices to the world. Beneath his imagery and through his style one finds the thoughts, ideas and ideals of the man. By probing them, the reader becomes cognizant, not only of his originality of expression or his contribution to the literature of the present century, but of the infinitely complex nature of the man himself.
Letter from Paul Morand: October 29, 1956

Vevey 29-10-56

Dear Sir,

Many apologies for not having answered at once your letter of July 16th. I have been 3 months in Tangiers, unable to get in touch with any library. Your list is more complete than Mrs. G. Auviste's.

Excelsior idem.
Le Peuple des Étoiles Filantes id. Appeared a year later in Magie Noire

Bâton rouge idem.
Fascin--a presentation of drawings
Je brûle Moscou (appeared after in Europe galante)
L'Art de Mourir édition de luxe
Bug O'Shea privately printed
Apprendre à se reposer from a special collection

Adieu à Giraudoux in 1944 at Neuchâtel (Switzerland)
Same than (sic) Giraudoux notre jeunesse--Plon later

Le Lion écarlate unpublished
La Folle Amoureuse Stock 1956
Comment voyager sans argent is the same than (sic) Conseils etc... A la belle frégate is A la Frégate
Histoire de Caid Œuvres libres nov. 1955

With renewed apologies, and entirely at your disposal for new enquiry.

Yours faithfully

P. Morand
Letter from Paul Morand: January 4, 1957

Dear Mr. Beck

Many thanks for your letter of March 14th. Let me have a list of the books you need; if not out of print, I will send them.

The items struck by me off the list were appearing somewhere else in your list, if I remember well; that is why I did suppress them. Or perhaps I didn't understand?

The last book *Fin-de-siècle, 4 short stories*, 2 of them appeared already elsewhere (*Feu M. le duc* and *Le Bazar de la Charité*.) is out this week. (Stock)

Yours sincerely

P Morand
Vevey 10.IV.57

Dear Mr Beck,

Many thanks for your letter of April 5th and for the check; in Switzerland it can be cashed easily. I am sending soon a first lot of books.

I can have the Heudebert portrait reproduced; but the Jacques Émile Blanche's (Musée de Rouen) is better. And also a portrait by Romaine Brooks. Being an American artist, it might interest you?

Thanks for Clamor. Kindly note that I am not a "collaborateur". I was a diplomate (sic) since 1913 and came to Vichy, following M. Pétain to the end, only legal French Government, recognized by U S A and voted as such overwhelmingly by the French Assemblée Nationale of June 40.

Yours faithfully

P Morand
Vevey. 8.11.57

Dear Mr. Beck,

I am sending you back your bibliography.

There are a few questions I couldn't answer, having no references at hand. Namely the name of the French editor of Babitt (sig); as for Pepys I think it was the N. R. F. Were I in Paris, I could easily find out; anyhow, at the Bibliothèque Nationale, under the names of S. Lewis & Pepys it would be easy to get the answer.

With admiration for your work, and always at your disposal

Yours truly

P Morand
Letter from Paul Morand: August 28, 1958

1 Grand Place Vevey
Aug. 27.58

Dear Sir,

Jacques de Laoretelle sends me your letter of 10.7.58. Many thanks for your interest. I am entirely at your disposal for any information required.

During the war, I was Head of the French Mission (in London) of Economic Warfare, after 28 years as a diplomat of the 3rd Republic. In 40 I was on leave, at the armistice, as I was called back to Vichy. In 42, I was again at the F. O. in Vichy. In 43, Minister at Bucharest, in 44, Ambassadeur (sic) at Berne. I was fired in August 44, like all Vichyssois, at the demand of the Communists, who were then in full power with Gaulle (sic). I stayed in Switzerland and came back to France without permission nor passport, in 47, to see my mother on her deathbed. From then, I lived in Paris, Tangiers and here. In 47, I asked the highest French administrative Tribunal, the Conseil d’Etat, to give me back my rank, post, and "retraite" (pension) as I was old enough to be entitled to it. The F. O. was my adversary; it lost its case; I won, and was put back on the list in 53.

There was no "imprudence" nor "awkwardness" in asking questions, neither to me, to Laoretelle or to anyone. I am one of the million victims of the 4th Republic, glad not to be among the 100,000 French persons assassinated (sic) in 44-45.

Entirely at your disposal for more information

Yours very truly

P. Morand
Letter from Paul Morand: October 25, 1958

Vevey 25-10-58

Dear Mr. Beck,

Many thanks for your letter of Sept. 58.

My step-grandson is Jean Albert de Broglie, future Duke, the actual one and his brother, the scientist, having no children, and J. A.'s father (who married my wife's daughter, Mlle Soutzo, daughter of Prince Soutzo, my wife's first husband) and grand'father (sic) being dead.

I was on leave from 1927 to 1935 (en "disponibilité" is the administrative word) I came to ...Bâton-rougel! Seven times in U S A, Guinea, Sudan, Egypt, Tel-Aviv, Greece, Ireland, Timbuctoo, South America (except Ecuador) etc.

I am asking Grasset to send you the books mentioned by you.

I do not yet know what will happen with the Coupole, leaving the decision with my friends.

Yours faithfully

P Morand

P. S. Kindly read la Fin de Byzance in January's N N R P. Have you Fayard's Le Prisonnier de Cinfra?
Letter from Paul Morand: December 19, 1958

Vevey. Dec. 19th 58

Dear Mr. Beck,

I have duly received your letter of Dec. 14th.

Statements of influences are critic's easiest point-de-repère. Between Cendrars and Giraudoux, nothing in common.

There is, there was, no real futurist movement in French literature (1912-1916). The Italian Marinetti movement (slo), the English Vorticism, the Swiss Dadas in 1917...were different tendencies, the different shades of a general aspiration, that of utilization of the modern world, requiring new forms of art. Larbaud and Giraudoux have nothing to do with that, when not the contrary. Dos Passos, Whitman, Rimbaud, the German romantics, were the ancestors, as you well know.

Cendrars--I knew him in 1919-20, through Cocteau and the Six; but my first stories (Clarisse 1917 etc) are nearer Larbaud and Nerval; Cendrars practical form is shared in 1917-20, by a dozen of poets (Cocteau's Potence, R. Denaigues, etc..)

E. B. is Emmanuel Bibesco, one of Proust's old friends.

Clarisse was Baroness Emilie d'Erlanger, who is now well over 80, who lives in California.

At Oxford, I was a one-year student, therefore immatri- culated, but not a college man. My teacher was a Magdalen man. (You could be in a good college for less that (slo) 3 years).

I was not with the NRF. I only gave my name to a collection of short stories (you can have the list in which appeared Poe's little known (in French) tales, Yourcenar's first books, etc.)

The Cadavres propres appeared in 1933 a Plon magazine, edited by Henri Massis. It had nothing to do with Vichy. I do not think that this only article I gave to that magazine, was ever re-printed. Entirely at your disposal for more information.

A Merry Xmas to you

P Morand
Letter from Paul Morand: September 15, 1959

Château de l'Aile Vevey
15.9.59

Dear Mr. Beck,

Many thanks for yr letter and that sent to Grasset.

De l'air... is another title for Il nous faut des cadavres propres. Same article. Published in 1933, Plon, publisher. Massis, editor. (This weekly lasted a year). Right, but not fascist (sic) periodical.

Do you have my Théâtre, just published by Gallimard--one play republished, Isabeau, with new preface. And two new plays--Byzance and Le lion écarlate.

Last articles, unpublished in book form:

Les Açores -- Revue des Voyages 1958
Fox hunting Id.
L'itinéraire de don Quichotte Id.
Florence NR 7 Oct. 59
Le dernier dîner de Cazotte--Revue de Paris Sept. 59
Indiens Écrits de Paris. Oct. 59

Yours sincerely,

P Morand
Letter from Paul Morand: November 30, 1959

Paris - 5 avenue Charles Floquet 7 30.XI. 59
France

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter Nov. 17th.

Kindly note that Isabeau in the new (NRF) Théâtre, is somewhat different from the 1st edition. (New Preface, a scene, unpublished before, between Isabeau and Joan of Arc.

Route des Indes. There must still be a few copies left at Plon's, 5 rue Garancière. Paris 6.

Mes Débuts. You'll find this conference in another book (Papiers d'identité?)

Excelsior. A separate edition of a short story appearing later in Marie noire. There was no special intention of mine in choosing the title. -- Excelsior, unknown to me, appeared as a family name, that's all.

My letter of Aug. 27, 58 I'd rather not be quoted by you, as it will appear in the local press, then in the French press, and start a controversy. But the facts are facts. Therefore I shall be obliged for not quoting me. The times are not ripe yet. Very grateful for your delicate attention.

At your disposal for more,

Yours sincerely

P Morand

Editor's note: Monsieur Morand's request not to be quoted refers to permission which the writer asked to cite him at the Kentucky Foreign Language Conference in April, 1960.
Letter from Paul Morand: February 2, 1960

Dear Mr. Beck,

Many thanks for your letter of Jan. 29th.

1) Yes.
   His resignation was not accepted.

2) It has been said. Ask J. L. Vaudoyer, 95 Boul'd St. Hermain, Paris VII

   1 rue de Franqueville. Paris XVI.

4) I heard of Berger's candidacy, but unimportant, if so; nobody cared.

5) Cotnareanu (after a vineyard's name, in Rumania.)
   His wife was Madame Coty; Coty's first wife. He and his brother are now Curtney (of Coty Ltd) and live in U S A.

   Many thanks for your part as a literary propagandist!

Yours sincerely

P Morand
Letter from Paul Morand: March 8, 1960

Vevey. March 8th 1960

Dear Mr. Beck,

Many thanks for your letter of March 5th. M. J. L. Vaudoyer is very ill; no wonder he finds it difficult to answer.

What you say of Romains is quite right.

Besides that, he had to leave France in '40--very rightly too--his wife being a Mlle Dreyfus, and he had no knowledge therefore of the situation in occupied France therefore also "il a tendance à parler de ce qu'il ne connaît pas".

I never worked in a bank; just a columnist's chatter.

The 1920-22 French 50 frs bank-notes were of a lovely pinkish-mauve colour. The epithet remains, but the franc has gone.

Never read Tom Cringle's Log, nor heard of it.

Yes, from 1927 to now, most of my journeys (except Egypt, once) have been made with my wife.

Yours faithfully,

P Morand
Letter from Paul Morand: April 12, 1960

Vevey. 12.IV. 60

Dear Mr. Beck,

Many thanks for yr letter April 9th.

The 18 votes were those of the first round (1958). There were no votes in the 1959 one. Owing to Gaulle's (sic) interference, no poll was necessary in 1959. Otherwise, the result would have been doubtful, owing to Vaudoyer's and Gaxotte's being ill, and the Duke de Broglie at Cannes.

Grente changed his vote on d'Ormesson pressure; 0. promised his voice for Grente's cousin in another election, at least, I suppose so. Grente was not left but right. But he thought of his own interests, before those of his party. Since that, he died. God will explain him (sic) his wrongs.

Gaxotte--extreme right.

Bérard (though the vote is secret) for me, I suppose?

Others naturalized? I don't know.

Giraudoux? There would have been no objection; on the contrary, He (sic) was living at Vichy, in good terms with Pétain and Laval, but he had no official position. Had retired in 1941 from active service.

"On", my captain at the barracks, used to answer his men (explaining that the mistake was nobody's: "on a trouvé ça comme ça; on ne sait pas comment"), in such an imperatoria brevitas:

On est un con.

Sincerely

P Morand

1 The phrase is blocked in red ink in Morand's letter.
Cher Monsieur Beck,

Vous avez bien fait de m'écrire. D'abord parce que j'ai gardé le meilleur souvenir de mon passage à Atlanta. Ensuite parce que cela me permet de vous féliciter de vous intéresser à l'œuvre de Paul Morand. J'espère que vous lui consacrerez une thèse.

La question que vous me posez peut se résumer très simplement. Paul Morand a été nommé ambassadeur à Bucarest par le gouvernement de Vichy. Ensuite il a été nommé à Berne. À la Libération il a été révoqué comme tous les ambassadeurs en poste, mais aucune action n'a été intentée contre lui. Et par décision du Conseil d'Etat (notre plus haute jurisdiction) cette mesure a été annulée pour vice de forme. Le Ministre des Affaires Étrangères n'a pas fait appel.

Voilà pour le diplomate.

Pour l'écrivain, je puis vous assurer qu'il n'a pas écrit une ligne qui fût favorable aux Allemands. À la Libération, un Comité National des Écrivains a été formé et a prononcé des sanctions. Rien n'a pu être relevé contre Morand. Peut-être avez-vous lu dans "le Monde" un article où on lui reproche une certaine phrase contre le dangereux relâchement des Français tandis que l'Allemagne de Hitler préparait la guerre. Mais chacun de nous pensait cela, l'a écrit, et ce n'était pas trahir son pays. Vous pouvez lire dans le Journal de Gide à la date du 21 mai 1940: "O incurablement léger peuple de France! Tu vas payer bien cher aujourd'hui ton inapplication, ton insouciance, ton repos complaisant dans tant de qualités charmantes." Et quelques jours plus tard Gide ajoute que le relâchement qui a suivi la victoire de 1918 nous a perdus. (Soulaitons que cette prophétie ne puisse jamais s'appliquer aux États-Unis à l'égard de la Russie)
En ce qui concerne l'Académie, Morand, malgré la campagne acharnée de ses adversaires a failli être élu. Une voix lui a manqué seulement. De même qu'à Jean Rostand, écrivain dit de gauche, qui se présentait le même jour à un autre siège. J'avais voté pour l'un et pour l'autre, et je puis affirmer que si, ce jour-là, la politique l'a emporté, la littérature, elle, a perdu précisions vous contenteront.

J'espère que ces mes souvenirs sincères et vous envoie mes meilleurs souhaits pour votre carrière.

Jacques de Laoretelle
4 août 58
Cher Monsieur,

Je vous donne très volontiers l'autorisation que vous me demandez. Je vous remercie du scrupule qui vous a fait m'écrire et vous prie de me croire

Sincèrement à vous,

Jacques de Lacretelle

3 décembre 59
Cher Monsieur,

Encore une fois je viens demander quelques renseignements au sujet de l'affaire Morand, ou plutôt de ce qui est arrivé dans les coulisses de l'Académie Française.

J'ai lu quelque part que Vladimir d'Ormesson a promis à l'académicien Grente de voter pour son cousin, dans une autre élection. Je me rends compte que vous ne pouvez confirmer cette nouvelle, mais je voudrais vous demander le nom de ce cousin et s'il a été élu.

Veuillez agréer, Cher Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments respectueusement dévoués.

Theodore Toulon Beck
116 Sisson Ave., N. E.
Atlanta 17, Georgia
Lettre from Jacques de Lacroix: April 26, 1960

49 rue Vineuse
Paris 26 avril 60

Cher Monsieur,

Je crois qu'il est inutile de faire allusion à la petite histoire que votre lettre me rapporte. Elle est tout à fait incertaine et, d'ailleurs, inexacte sous cette forme, le Cardinal Grente n'ayant jamais eu un cousin qui se soit présenté à l'Académie. Il se peut--je n'en sais rien--que Wladimir d'Ormesson, sachant que Grente souhaitait l'élection de M. Charpentier plutôt que celui de Jean Rostand, lui ait dit (comme les deux élections avaient lieu le même jour); "Si vous ne votez pas pour Morand, je donnerai ma voix à Charpentier." Et c'est ainsi que Rostand et Morand auraient échoué, l'un et l'autre, d'une voix. Mais la chose est douteuse et je vous conseille, si vous en faites mention de ne pas l'affirmer.

Croyez à mon sympathique souvenir,

Jacques de Lacroix
Letter from Jules Romains: August 20, 1958

Jules Romains
de l'Académie française
Grandeur
Saint Avertin (Indre-et-Loire)

Le 20 Août 1958

Mr. Theodore Toulon Beck
116 Sisson Avenue
Atlanta 6, Georgia

Cher Monsieur,

Puisque vous me faites l'honneur d'être pour moi un lecteur presque aussi fidèle que pour Paul Morand, je m'empresse de répondre à votre lettre pour vous donner les renseignements que vous souhaitez. Je tiens d'ailleurs à vous assurer que les considérations qui nous ont poussés, dix de mes confrères et moi-même, à prendre l'attitude que vous savez (attitude absolument exceptionnelle dans l'histoire de l'Académie) ne concernaient en rien l'œuvre purement littéraire de Paul Morand.

Les onze membres de l'Académie qui s'étaient publiquement opposés à la candidature de Paul Morand étaient:

François Mauriac
Georges Duhamel
Fernand Gregh
André Siegfried
Pasteur Vallery-Radot
Maurice Garçon
André François-Poncet
Wladimir d'Ormesson
André Chamson
Robert Kemp
et moi-même

Quant à mon article dans l'Aurore, il a paru dans le numéro du 13 mai dernier. Vous pourrez vous le procurer en écrivant à l'Aurore, 100 rue de Richelieu, Paris, IIe.
Enfin, il m'est impossible--le vote étant secret--de vous donner la liste des membres de l'Académie ayant voté pour ou contre Morand. Il ne vous est pas interdit de supposer que, parmi ceux qui ont voté contre, figurent les signataires de la protestation en question. Le nombre de voix obtenu par Paul Morand a été de 18. (Je puis vous donner ce renseignement, qui n'a rien de confidentiel, et qui a été publié par tous les journaux.

Veuillez croire, cher Monsieur, à mes sentiments les plus cordiaux.

J Romains
6, Rue de Solférino, VIIe
Invalides 57-66

Paris, le 1er Décembre 1959

Cher Monsieur,

Je suis tout à fait d'accord pour que vous utilisiez publiquement le passage de ma lettre du 20 Août 1958 que vous me citez; et je vous remercie d'avoir la courtoisie de me le demander.

Croyez-moi, je vous prie, votre bien cordial

J Romain

de l'Académie française
Letter from Jacques Weygand: February 16, 1960

Jacques W E Y G A N D
1, rue de Franqueville
PARIS (16°)

PARIS, le 16 Février 1960

Mr Theodore Toulon Beck
116 Sisson Ave, N. E.
ATLANTA, 17
Georgia (U. S. A.)

Cher Monsieur,

J'ai reçu il y a quelques jours votre lettre du 9 Février qui m'a vivement intéressé.

Je n'ai eu qu'un regret en la lisant c'est de n'avoir pas eu l'occasion de vous rencontrer lors du séjour que j'ai fait l'an dernier à Birmingham (Alabama).

Vous me demandez les difficultés que mon père a eues avec le Général de Gaulle en 1945. Elles ont été sérieuses. En voici le résumé.

Déporté en Allemagne en 1942, mon père a été libéré le 3 mai 1945 par les troupes américaines et, le 4 Mai, il était arrêté par ordre du Général de Gaulle sous l'inculpation de complot contre la sûreté de l'Etat.

Ramené à Paris entre deux gendarmes, sans égard à son âge ni aux épreuves qu'il venait de subir, il a passé une première nuit en prison; puis, sur son insistance, il a obtenu d'être interné—non pas à Fresnes—mais à l'hôpital militaire du Val de Grace.

Il y est resté un an sous la plus étroite surveillance et soumis à tous les interrogatoires d'un prévenu de complot. Ces interrogatoires n'ayant rien donné et ayant démontré au contraire l'action anti-allemande menée par mon père (qui, je vous le rappelle,
avait été déporté par les Allemands en 1942), il a été mis en liberté provisoire en été 1946, soit après un an de détention au Val de Grâce. L'instruction a cependant continué et ce n'est qu'au printemps de 1946 que le Tribunal a rendu un arrêté de non-lieu.

A ce moment, mon père est rentré dans ses prérogatives de citoyen français, de général d'armée et d'académicien, et il a retrouvé la jouissance de ses biens mis sous séquestre depuis 1945.

Vous voyez, Cher Monsieur, que la vindicte du Général de Gaulle a été tenace et que son intention était, non pas de soumettre mon père à un interrogatoire de quelques jours, mais d'essayer d'obtenir sa condamnation.

Je vous rappelle enfin que le Général de Gaulle a quitté le gouvernement en Janvier 1946 et que c'est quelques mois après son départ que la première mesure favorable à mon père, c'est-à-dire sa mise en liberté provisoire, a pu être prise.

Ce que vous dites sur la préparation de l'armée d'Afrique par mon père est très exact. Il en a eu le commandement de septembre 1940 à novembre 1941 et le Maréchal Juin, qui lui a succédé à ce moment, lui a souvent rendu hommage en public quant à la qualité de l'outil qu'il avait forgé.

Je m'excuse d'avoir été un peu long mais vous m'avez questionné sur un sujet qui me tient à cœur.

Veuillez agréer, Cher Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments très sympathiques.

Weygand
Letter from F. S. R. Boase: December 2, 1959

Magdalen College
Oxford
2nd December, 1959

Dear Professor Beck,

We have no trace here of Paul Morand at Magdalen College. He may of course have been staying here as a visitor to one of the Fellows for some period in 1908-09 without there being any official record of him (sic) being here.

Yours sincerely,

F. S. R. Boase
President
St. Catherine's Society
Oxford
2 Dec 1959

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter which has been passed on to me by the Registrar.

Monsieur Paul Morand was a member of this Society. He matriculated on the 4th. May, 1909, and was in residence for one term only, the mid-summer term of 1909. He did not read for a degree, but from our records (sic) it appears that he intended to read for a Diploma; he did not, however, complete the Diploma course. He did not study at Magdalen College either; I have ascertained this fact from the Head Clerk of the University Registry.

Sorry I cannot be more helpful.

Yours faithfully,

G. Brookes
Clerk to Delegates
Letter from Charles Orengo: October 29, 1959

Librairie Plon
8 rue Garancière - Paris 6e

Paris, le 29 octobre 1959

Monsieur Theodore Toulon Beck
116 Sisson Ave., N. E.
ATLANTA 17, Georgia

Monsieur,

Nous vous accusons réception et vous remercions de votre lettre du 29 septembre.

En réponse, nous vous informons que la revue hebdomadaire dont M. H. Massis était le directeur et qui avait pour titre l'année de parution, ne paraît plus depuis septembre 1935. Il ne nous reste plus un seul exemplaire disponible dans nos stocks.

Avec nos regrets, veuillez agréer,
Monsieur, l'assurance de nos sentiments les meilleurs.

Charles Orengo
Directeur Littéraire
A l'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

M. Jacques de Lacretelle

prend la défense de M. Paul Morand

Forts discrets à l'issue de la séance du 8 mai sur les propos qui s'y étaient tenus, les académiciens sortent peu à peu de leur réserve. Nous avons ainsi appris, depuis que l'"affaire Paul Morand" n'avait pas été seulement évoquée jeudi dernier par la protestation de deux académiciens contre la publicité donnée à la lettre des onze membres de l'Académie opposés à cette candidature. Il y a eu une autre prise de position. M. Jacques de Lacretelle, ne pouvant assister à la séance, a adressé au directeur du bureau, M. André François-Poncet, la lettre suivante, qui a été portée à la connaissance des assistants au cours de la lecture de la correspondance.

"Monsieur le directeur,

"Délégué par l'Académie à Amsterdam pour les cérémonies qui commémorent la fondation de l'Académie royale néerlandaise, je ne pourrai assister à la séance du 8 mai.

"Aussi vous serais-je reconnaissant de bien vouloir donner lecture de la communication suivante que je me proposais de faire.

"Lors de notre dernière séance, un membre de l'Académie a prononcé de vives attaques contre un candidat qui se présente à nos suffrages le 22 mai.

"Il ne m'a pas paru que ces attaques fussent fondées sur des faits précis et des témoignages directs.

"Comme il s'agissait d'éclairer nos confrères, je tiens à mettre sous leurs yeux différentes attestations concernant M. Paul Morand."
M. de Lacretelle cite alors plusieurs témoignages dont le premier est la lettre de M. Yonnel, que nous avons donnée ici même et dont M. Yonnel avait dû faire tenir copie à M. de Lacretelle. Parmi les autres une lettre de la cantatrice Mori Freund, datée du lundi de Pâques 1943, qui fait état des démarches entreprises par M. Paul Morand pour lui faire rendre la liberté, un témoignage de Mme Edouard Bourdet et une lettre de Jean Paulhan datée du 1er mai 1958 qui rappelle les interventions de M. Paul Morand auprès du gouvernement de Vichy en faveur de Benjamin Crémieux (5 août 1942) et d'Anne Hirsch (2 et 16 février 1943), "interventions rapides et, dans le cas d'Anne Hirsch, parfaitement efficace" dit M. Jean Paulhan.

M. de Lacretelle, reprenant la plume à son compte, termine ainsi sa lettre :

"Pour résumer la question, il apparaît que sur le plan professionnel la situation de M. Paul Morand, en tant que fonctionnaire est très nette. Révoqué par le ministre des affaires étrangères en septembre 1944, il a aussitôt fait appel de cette mesure devant le Conseil d'État qui, le 24 juillet 1953, a annulé la décision en la d'éclairant "entachée d'exces de pouvoir". Le ministre des affaires étrangères, qui avait le droit de faire appel et de rouvrir le dossier quant au fond, n'en a pas usé. Et le 6 juillet 1955, par décret paru au Journal officiel, le ministre des affaires étrangères a entériné le jugement du Conseil d'État."
C'est cet après-midi qu'ont lieu à l'Académie française les deux élections qui doivent pourvoir au remplacement d'Edouard Herriot et de Claude Farrère. À moins d'un changement de dernière heure, les jeux se présentent ainsi: au fauteuil d'Edouard Herriot sont candidats: MM. Jean Rostand, René Huyghe et le bâtonnier Jacques Charpentier. Au fauteuil de Claude Farrère il ne reste que deux postulants: M. Paul Morand et M. Jacques Bardoux, puisque M. Paul Bastid a retiré récemment sa candidature.

L'Académie désignera d'abord le successeur d'Edouard Herriot, dont le fauteuil a été le premier vacant. M. Jean Rostand apparaît comme le candidat favori.

La seconde élection paraît plus difficile. La candidature de M. Paul Morand a soiné l'Académie en deux fractions qui se sont déjà affrontées ouvertement dans la presse. On se rappelle la lettre du 24 avril dans laquelle onze académiciens ont fait savoir au bureau de l'Académie qu'ils s'opposaient à l'entrée de M. Paul Morand dans la Compagnie, la défense du candidat par M. Jacques de Laoretelle, l'article de M. Jules Romains dans l'Aurore qui le priait notamment de se retirer. Ce sont des procédés de campagne électorale peu habituels à l'Académie.
Au printemps de 1941, alors que les Allemands fusillaient les savants du Musée de l'homme, M. et Mme Paul Morand donnaient une réception. C'était sans doute une façon de célébrer cette faste journée où l'esprit français avait vu quelques-uns de ses serviteurs élevés au martyre.

Les salons de ce couple "europeen" grouillaient comme une viande avariée. Le diable n'y eût pas retrouvé ses petits, il aurait emporté le lot. Tout ce qui, à Paris, était vendu ou aspirait à l'être, ce rebut de la société française qui composait la fine fleur de la Révolution Nationale et donnait son fumet à la Collaboration, pendait aux basques de M. le Fidèle Serviteur de M. le Fidèle Maître d'Hôtel Pierre Laval. Ce n'était pas une fête, c'était une louée.

On attendant le Loueur. Quand le champ de foire fut plein, Mme Paul Morand se leva avec un petit cri, traversa le salon d'entrée, s'élança, les bras accueillants, vers le dernier arrivant:

--Ah! Voici notre gracieux vainqueur!

Et le général von Stülpnagel, tout rutilant encore du beau sang français répandu, se sentit fort encouragé d'être si bien reçu dans un salon qu'il croyait littéraire.

A vrai dire, l'erreur du militaire allemand, devenu bourreau sans avoir à muer, était bien excusable. Ni
lui ni ses compères n'avaient jamais vu un écrivain français. Tous ceux qui sont l'honneur des lettres opposaient le refus aux sourires, le silence à la contrainte, l'action souterraine à la persécution ouverte. Ils ignoraient l'occupant, mais connaissaient l'ennemi.

Les tristes bêtes à plume que Brinon avait rassemblées dans sa basse-cour et présentait comme des spécimens choisis dans la gent littéraire n'étaient que des résidus tarés, un stock de laissés-pour-compte, réservés pour l'exportation. Du gros dindon Bordeaux au loulou frisé Bonnard, il y avait tromperie sur la marchandise. Le flageolant Drieu avait apporté une couverture vide; la N. R. F. n'était plus qu'un titre de revue, c'était une épitaphe. Drieu lui-même, croque-mort chagrin, n'était qu'un parapluie si souvent retourné qu'il avait perdu sa soie et ses balaines et qui, se prenant pour une canne-épée, chérissait la main qui brandissait sa tige dérisoire. En perdant sa personnalité mouvante et fluctuante, molle et quêteuse, il avait trouvé dans l'abandon de l'intelligence le repos du renoncement et dans la soumission à la force cette joie de la facilité qui remplaçait la certitude pour les esprits au bout du compte plus lâches que vraiment inquiets. La fin de Chéri.

Le respect terrifié de la force était d'ailleurs le trait commun de ces êtres. Tous avaient dérallé à un tournant de leur carrière parce que le train qu'ils menaient passait leurs ressources. C'étaient des faibles égarés dont la corruption et la fragilité avaient fait des proies. Corruption de l'esprit, de l'ambition ou du jugement; fragilité de la construction intérieure où la prétention remplacait la conscience et l'avidité l'énergie. De faux prophètes qui se prenaient pour des penseurs, comme Châteaubriant, Giono ou Juhandeau, goûteurs qui d'abord se gobaient; de faux lucides comme Chardonne, chez qui la terreur et les larmes jouaient l'effusion du cœur et l'accord de la raison, tout content, émerveillé, reconnaissant que les vainqueurs lui aient laissé ses biens et sa vie et fort peu soucieux que ces braves gens aient pris ceux des autres et la liberté de son pays; de faux énergiques comme Fernandez qui recherchait un bras ferme où appuyer sa "personnalité" titubante; de faux indépendants comme Montherlant, qui bravait l'opinion bourgeoise parce que la bourgeoisie aime à être scandalisée et admire
la main qui la fouette, mais fort prudent et conformiste quand la bravade eut entraîné non plus l'applaudissement, mais le risque.

Au milieu de ces faiblesses, Morand jouait l'habile. Chez les autres la trahison n'était pas spontanée; elle était infiltrée par une tare de caractère, elle était l'effet d'une corruption intérieure. Chez Morand, elle était le produit, le terme naturel d'une carrière commerciale. De l'Europe galante à l'Europe nazie on pouvait suivre le développement logique d'une firme.

Le problème de Morand, dès ses débuts, était un problème de carrière. Nulle autre interrogation que celle-ci: "Comment réussir?" Point de vocation, point d'ambition: de l'appétit. Et un extrême souci, pour le satisfaire au plus tôt de la manière la plus sûre, de saisir le goût le plus avancé du moment, d'y répondre par tous les moyens.

Morand avait du talent; un talent court, un petit stock d'images encore neuves, un certain art décoratif qui permettait à leur arrangement de jouer la pensée; et le modèle de Giraudoux. L'Europe était galante alors; il fut européen et galant. Elle était folle, débridée, corrompue, elle aimait l'exotisme, les bars, l'angoissure, les gares, outre, toutes les formes singulières de l'impureté. Morand, docile, fit le fol, l'exotique, le voyageur, l'impur. Il eut beaucoup de succès.

Cela dura trois ou quatre livres. Au bout de quoi sa verve fut tarie. C'est un accident dont un public snob met longtemps à s'apercevoir. Morand continua d'écrire et d'être lu. Mais il se méfiait de la suite. Il avait vieilli, il s'était établi; il avait trouvé, chemin faisant, pignon sur rue; il devenait gras. Sans qu'il eût trop changé de mine, son air impassible était devenu un air insignifiant. L'âge était venu de se ranger. Morand se fit bourgeois, vertueux et nationaliste.

Il avait fait métier du désordre, mais il n'aimait pas la révolution, ayant peu de goût pour l'audace, une grande horreur du risque et de l'attachement pour les biens où il s'installait. C'était un bourgeois accompli, sur le modèle des dames de charité où nulle
ne réussit mieux que les anciennes filles de joie.

Morand ne se moquait pas mal de la France, comme du peuple; il n'avait souci que d'assurer son propre établissement. Or, la France était en train de redevenir révolutionnaire, et le peuple patriote. C'étaient là de terribles dangers. Le nationalisme paraissant un assez bon recours cette forme sournoise de l'anti-patriotisme et de l'antirévolution comptait sur l'étranger pour rétablir l'ordre bourgeois et museler les libertés. Au bout de Maurras, il y avait Mussolini; au bout de Mussolini, Hitler. Va pour Hitler!

La guerre le gêna un peu. Il avait une clientèle anglaise, il était reçu à la Cour, un des hommes à la mode de Londres. La défaite, l'heureuse défaite vint tout arranger. La France était minée, l'Angleterre allait l'être. L'anglomane quitta Londres en perdition, et accourut à Vichy, attendit le "gracieux vainqueur" qui lui assurait le salut de sa fortune, le maintien de sa réputation et le progrès de sa carrière.

Le cabinet de Laval pétait un bon fromage: le centre de l'office où ne pénétraient que les grands valets. La carrière était rectiligne. Morand passait de la corruption à la trahison sans nulle métamorphose; il suivait la route en flairant le vent. Et la fausse vertu qui ruisselait de partout ajoutait à son euphonie. Comme l'autre il fit à la France le don de sa personne dans les honneurs et les dignités.

Ce sont là les dons que, malheureusement, la France n'accepte pas. Morand, si bon calculateur, est en retard d'une défaite. Il part pour Bucarest, afin de s'y faire oublier; c'est déjà une amorce de fuite. Mais la France a retrouvé la mémoire, avec le goût. Elle oubliera l'auteur, mais se rappellera le traître.

Morand a conduit sa carrière à toute allure. Oui, vraiment, à tombeau ouvert.

Antoine Guyon

Cahiers de la Libération, No. 2 (octobre 1944), 29-33.
Collaborationist Writers

In the previous article about Morand, there appears to be considerable truth, particularly as applied to Morand's writings from 1930 to 1945 and some probably at the very beginning of his career. It is more probable that, as a former contributor to the Dadaist journal and through his association with the avant-garde in the early World War I years, Morand was infected by a taste for the bizarre and that, intoxicated by his early successes and the adulation given him, he continued to write in the vein which had proved successful and remunerative. It may be recalled that Morand was perhaps the first of the N. R. F. writers à grandes tirages.

Guyon's venomous attack is but partially justifiable. What is true in his judgment is the portrait of post-war Europe of which Morand was the faithful witness and reporter.

Guyon, however, overlooked many writers who were much more reprehensible in their conduct than Morand. His condemnation of Montherlant, who wrote for La Gerbe is weak and places Montherlant in an almost sympathetic light. Drieu la Rochelle, who committed suicide rather than go to trial on charges preferred by the C. N. E., was properly scourged, as was Ramon Fernandez, member of the P. P. F. He mentioned Jacques Chardonne, who printed Le Ciel de Nieflhem, as almost an arch-criminal. Yet he made no mention of the équipe of Je Suis Partout: Robert Brasillach, Pierre Lesca, Georges Blond, P. A. Cousteau, Alain Laubreux, Claude Jeantet (or perhaps it was Jeantet), the virulent Jew-baiter Lucien Rebayette or Dorsay (Pierre Villette) of the ex-Journée Industrielle and Journal du Rouen. No mention is made of the bitter anti-Semitism of Montherlant, who has reached the apogee of literary reputation in the field of the theater during the last fifteen years and who, oddly enough, was impressed into the Académie Française without making any effort to submit his candidacy.

Alphonse de Chateaubriant was mentioned, but only in passing. It may be remembered that he was editor of the N. R. F. during the occupation (prior to Drieu) and also of La Gerbe. He omitted Petitjean. If he had wished to charge writers with treason and collaborationist activities, he might have better selected Horace de
Carbuotta, editor of Gringoire, Georges Suarez, editor of Aujourd'hui, Marcel Aymé, who was praised by the Nazis for his truly New Order play, Vogue la Galère, along with the infamous Sacha Guitry, the fawning Maurice Chevalier and even Jean-Louis Vaudoyer, director of the Comédie-Française during the German occupation.

Bordeaux and Bonnard appear to have been presented in their true lights. Bonnard was excluded from the Academy because of his collaborationist activities, Jules Romains being elected to his seat. Rebatet was sentenced to death, a sentence which was commuted, and finally pardoned. He is still pouring out venomous pro-German sentiment in the Ecrits de Paris. Pierre Benoît and Jérôme Carcopino were arrested and accused of collaboration, at the period of the Liberation, but subsequently were freed by a non-lieu. This may have been one of the factors influencing Benoît's devoted and almost fanatical support of Morand in 1959, which led to Benoît's resignation from the Academy. Incidentally, even this resignation had a precedent, MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP having quit the Academy before the admission of Littre.1

It is possible that Guyon's dastardly article was partially responsible for the opinions of the eleven dissidents in the "affaire Morand." However, Mauriac was not playing an unaccustomed role, for, in 1938, he had violently opposed, as a self-appointed Defender of the Faith, the second and successful candidacy of Charles Maurras. This was done by waving the Catholic flag, rhetorically speaking, and declaring that the Pope had stated to Henry Bordeaux that he would construe an election of Maurras as a slur on the papacy.2


2 Ibid., p. 115. Bordeaux refuted this, in part, when he made the following comments (p. 116): Je ne crois pas qu'on soit en droit de faire état d'une conversation que j'ai pu avoir avec S. S. Pie XI au cours d'une audience qui visait un tout autre fait, beaucoup plus important. Ce n'est qu'accessoirement que Pie XI a pu me dire
President de Gaulle, whatever his underlying reasons for rejecting Morand, was in complete accord by his action with the statutes given by Richelieu to the Academy, which begin by this article:

"1° Personne ne sera reçu dans l'Académie qui ne soit agréable à Monseigneur le Protecteur et qui ne soit de bonne moeurs, de bonne réputation, de bon esprit et propre aux fonctions académiques." 3

Whether or not he was just in his attitude is a moot question. He had the authority by statute to refuse to receive any candidate whom he deemed unfit for the post.

Events of January 1945 appeared to have justified Mauriac's opposition to Charles Maurras, who, on January 28, 1945, was condemned by a Tribunal d'exception at Lyons to perpetual reclusion and national degradation. On February 1, 1945, the French Academy met to strike him from the list of members, the decree of national degradation entailing ipso facto that one condemned as such be stricken from all orders, stripped of all distinctions and deprived of every official position or membership in a constituted body.

Maurras and Rebatet were not the only ones to suffer for their activities during the Occupation. Guyon and his fellow writers mentioned many others, particularly members of the Academy, and it is common knowledge that various members of the Goncourt Academy were open collaborators, to say nothing of men like Drieu la Rochelle and Robert Brasillach.

The French Academy was inordinately silent during the Occupation, with the exception of a few like Duhamel and Mauriac. Its subsequent surge of patriotic righteousness, ten to thirteen years late, appears ridiculous. Like the heathen "Chinee" of Bret Harte, for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the Academy is peculiar.

T. T. B.

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Letter from Dr. Lawrence Huff: November 16, 1959

GEORGIA TEACHERS COLLEGE

COLLEGEBORO, GEORGIA

Suburb of Statesboro

November 16, 1959

Mr. Ted Beck
Department of Foreign Languages
Georgia State College
Atlanta 3, Georgia

Dear Mr. Beck:

Thank you for your interesting letter in regard to Excelsior, Georgia. Miss Hattie Powell, Clerk of Court, Statesboro, Georgia, has provided me with the following bits of information on this town:

Excelsior is located in Candler county about seven miles west of Register on the Canoochee River. Metter is the county seat of Candler county.

Before the formation of Candler county, Excelsior was in Bulloch county and was a center of culture and education. An academy was located there, and the first Bulloch county newspaper was published there.

Today the town is practically dead, with only a few of the old houses standing.

I understand that in 1928 Excelsior was about as it is today. Its decline seems to have come earlier. I have not been able to find any information on Victor Bloom or a family named Bloom. Miss Powell says that if you would write Mr. Ben Franklin, Jr., Metter, Georgia, he might be able to give you some additional information.

Best wishes to you in your study.

Sincerely yours,

Lawrence Huff
Examples of Morand's Imagery

Les suisses dominaient toutes les calvities, de leurs hallebardes luisantes et trouées comme la cuiller à absinthe. (Lewis et Irène, p. 6).

Le signor Pastafina s'exprimait en autant de gestes qu'un chef de gare italien pour faire partir un train (du moins quand les trains italiens ne partaient pas). (Lewis et Irène, p. 14).

Pas une de vos routes françaises, bien nourries, mais un de ces chemins du Sud, blessé de plaies à vif comme le dos d'un vieil âne et qui lentement s'élève. (Lewis et Irène, p. 15).

Le prince de Waldeck était ce que Pierre de Coulevain appelle Vieille France: figure ridée comme la plante des pieds...Avec une grâce amère, il pouvait parler de tout agréablement, car il avait l'esprit faux. (Lewis et Irène, p. 25).

...capitaine de vaisseau Montgiscard...qui promenait ses doigts bagués de pierres, dans une barbiche tactile, comme celles des poisons des grandes profondeurs. (Lewis et Irène, pp. 26-27).

Des veines bleues lui montaient le long des suisses pareilles à des serpents tatoués. (Lewis et Irène, p. 49).

...une persienne s'écrasa contre le mur avec un bruit d'osselets; les vieilles horloges battaient l'une après l'autre des heures de fer, dangereuses armes. (Lewis et Irène, p. 56).

Après avoir traversé une de ces rues du Champ de Mars, qui semblent coupées dans du beurre... (Lewis et Irène, p. 80).

...étant sa casque, inclinant bas sa tête sur laquelle trois cheveux se tordaient comme des fils de sonnette électrique. (Lewis et Irène, p. 82).

...ces familles grecques qui se déplacent toutes entières comme des sardines migratrices en Méditerranée. (Lewis et Irène, p. 84).
...sous une Tour Eiffel endormie sur les nuages, les
pieds fonçés dans un trottoir pluvieux... (Lewis et
Irène, p. 84).

Ils prirent un biais à travers les herbagés de
Kensington, coupés de grands arbres aux branches
régulières comme des branches généalogiques.
(Lewis et Irène, p. 96).

Les bateaux-mouches orchaient ce charbon d'Héra-
clée qui craque sous la dent. (Lewis et Irène, p. 127).

Irène poussa "un de ces soupirs gros qui, dit
Byron, font trembler le Bosphore". (Lewis et Irène,
p. 128).

On voyait déjà Mytilène, affaissée en son milieu,
come une femme couchée. (Lewis et Irène, p. 131).

--Patientez. Ne vivez pas sur le capital précieux
de vos nerfs... (Lewis et Irène, p. 170).

Au-dessus d'eux des barques de sauvetage suspendues
comme des dirigeables noirs, dans le vide du ciel, un
instant étoilé; la mer faisait autour du navire son
bruit de noix roulées. (Lewis et Irène, p. 182).

Son petit pas rendait le son d'une graine de pavot
tremblant dans sa capsule sèche. (Feu M. le Duc,
p. 195).

La tour Eiffel...accueillit les deux cousins dans
son ombre quadrillée comme un plaid écossais bleu.
(Feu M. le Duc, p. 229).

Au-dessus de moi, la tête usagée du ciel, boulonnée
d'étoiles, avec des taches d'acide, déjà, à l'orient.
(Tendres Stooks, p. 139).

New-York, c'est un homme qui court, qui tombe et se
relève; pour le peindre, il faut avoir bon oeil, bonne
main et utiliser la pompe à images. (Le Réveil-Matin,
p. 46).
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Served as instructor, United States Navy Pre-Flight School, Athens, Georgia, 1942-1943; assistant professor, mathematics, United States Army Specialized Training Program, Athens, Georgia, 1943-1944; chief mate and acting master, United States Army Transportation Corps, inter-island command, European and Mediterranean Theater of Operations 1944-1945; discharge rank of executive officer.

Member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Sigma Iota, Sigma Delta Pi, American Association of University Professors, American Association of Teachers of French, and American Association of Spanish and Portuguese.
EXAMINATION AND THESIS REPORT

Candidate: Theodore Toulon Beck

Major Field: Romance Literature and Philology

Title of Thesis: A Study of Style and Imagery in the Early Prose Works of Paul Morand

Approved:

[Signatures of faculty members]

EXAMINING COMMITTEE:

[Signatures of committee members]

Date of Examination: January 1, 1941