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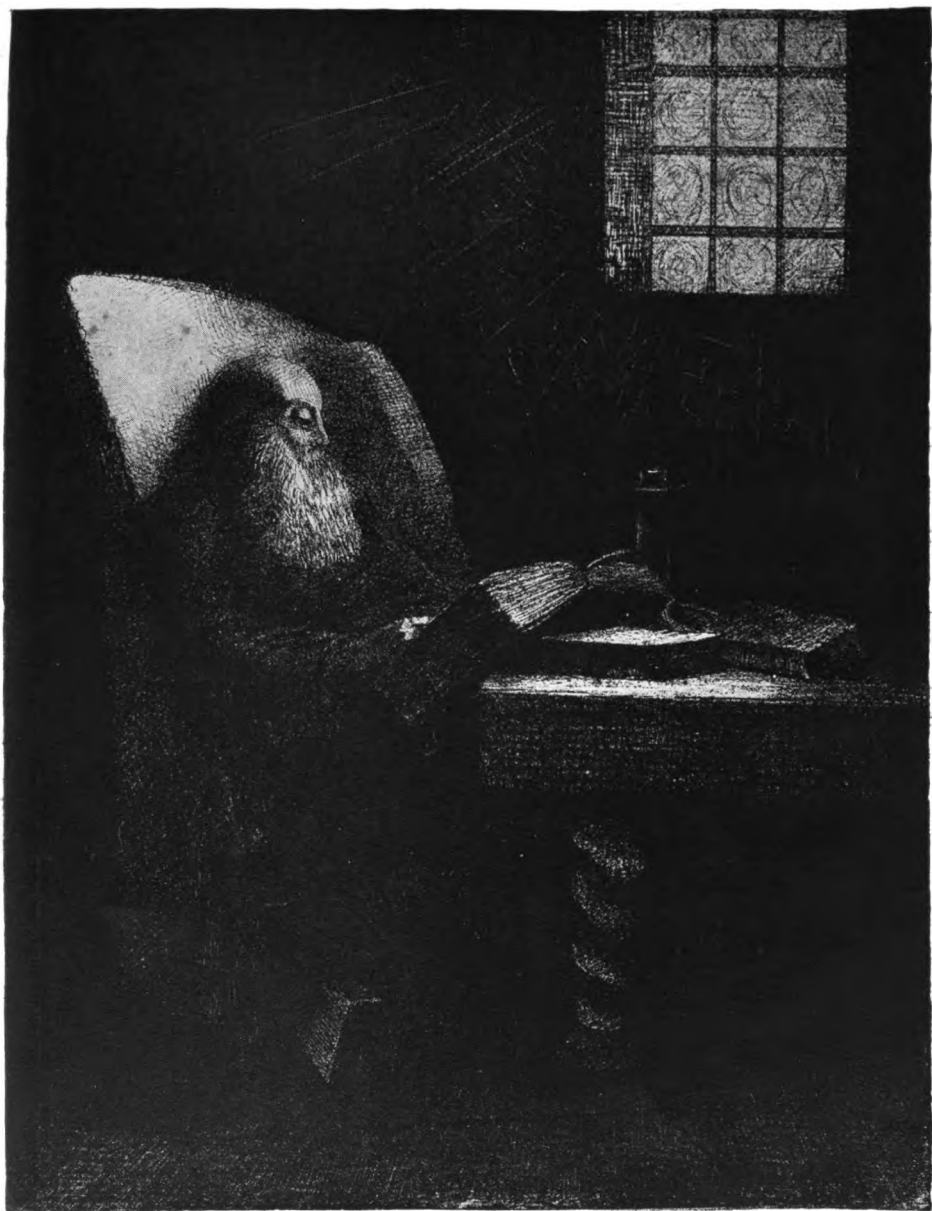
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LE LISEUR. BY ODILON REDON

And in that court
Wild grass for their pleasure
That they carry back to the crevice
Where loose stone hangs upon stone.
 I sailed never with Cadmus,
 Lifted never stone above stone.”

“Baked and eaten, tovarisch!
“Baked and eaten, tovarisch, my boy.
“That is your story. And up again,
“Up and at ’em. Laid never stone upon stone.”

“The air burst into leaf.”

“Hung there flowered acanthus,
“Can you tell the down from the up?”

ISOLATED SUPERIORITY

BY T. S. ELIOT

BY publishing his "collected poems"¹—a collection remarkable because it represents also a rigorous selection and omission—Mr Pound provokes us to another attempt to estimate his work. I am doubtful whether such a valuation is, or will ever be, quite possible for our generation; but even if not, it is worth while at least to enquire into the nature of our difficulty in criticizing his work.

Pound has had, and has an immense influence, but no disciples. For the absence of the latter, I think he is to be felicitated; or perhaps it does not matter an atom. He has been a great deal imitated, but that matters still less; and with his imitators neither I nor any one else can be concerned. But apart from imitation and plagiarism, there are these two things which are not the same: influence and discipleship. Sometimes they are united in the same persons; but I have suggested that Pound has great influence but no disciples. And I think that the reason is this: that influence can be exerted through form, whereas one makes disciples only among those who sympathize with the content. To illustrate by a very different case, Cardinal Newman has influenced a great number of people, but his disciples, if there are any, must be very few. But of Pound I believe that in form he foreran, excelled, and is still in advance of our own generation and even the literary generation after us; whereas his ideas are often those of the generation which preceded him.

It is an interesting anomaly, but perhaps not curious. What is curious is his complete and isolated superiority as a master of verse form. No one living has practised the art of verse with such austerity and devotion; and no one living has practised it with more success. I make no exception of age or of country, including France

¹ Personae: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound. 8vo. 231 pages. Boni & Liveright. \$3.50.

and Germany; what there may be in other languages I cannot judge. Nor do I limit the "art of verse" by the necessary but dangerous word *technique*. A man who devises new rhythms is a man who extends and refines our sensibility; and that is not merely a matter of "technique." I have, in recent years, cursed Mr Pound often enough; for I am never sure that I can call my verse my own; just when I am most pleased with myself, I find that I have only caught up some echo from a verse of Pound's.

The term *vers-libres*, never a happy one, is happily dying out. We can now see that there was no movement, no revolution, and there is no formula. The only revolution was that Ezra Pound was born with a fine ear for verse. He has enabled a few other persons, including myself, to improve their verse sense; so that he has improved poetry through other men as well as by himself. I cannot think of any one writing verse, of our generation and the next, whose verse (if any good) has not been improved by the study of Pound's. His poetry is an inexhaustible reference book of verse form. There is, in fact, no one else to study. One or two eminent writers have tried to take their lessons direct from Whitman. But (as their work shows) Whitman is not a safe model unless you have a better, or at least a more reliable ear than Whitman; it is wiser to absorb your Whitman through Pound.

From this point of view, I regret that the new volume should be a selection. Mr Pound has written some poems which I find rub me the wrong way; but I would not have any of them omitted, for there is something to be learned from every one. And besides, to tell the truth, the poems that annoy me are here: *Moeurs Contemporaines*. Mr Pound has an exquisite sense of humour, and his epistolary style is masterly; but the wit and humour in his verse. . . . But that question would lead us to another aspect of the matter. Meanwhile, where are *In Tempore Senectutis* and the *Lament for Glaucus*? Another collection must be made after Mr Pound is dead.

There is another thing to be said about Pound's *Art of Verse*. As many persons prefer his early poems, I must record my conviction that his verse has steadily improved, and that the *Cantos* are the most interesting of all. This gives me the opportunity to make

a gentle transition to the second part of my subject. Mr Wyndham Lewis, in *The Enemy*, has handled these Cantos rather roughly. (Where the Cantos are humorous or colloquial, I sympathize with him.) I think that the trouble is this: Mr Lewis, being a philosopher, is impatient with the content; not being a poet, he is not sufficiently interested in the form. Hence Mr Lewis is a little hasty, and might lead the inexperienced reader to believe that Pound's rhythms spring from the same source as those of Miss Stein. And this is wholly untrue: they have nothing in common. The only criticism which could be made of the Cantos is that Pound's auditory sense is perhaps superior to his visual sense. His eye is indeed remarkable, it is careful, comprehensive, and exact; but it is rare that he has an image of the maximum concentration, an image which combines the precise and concrete with a kind of almost infinite suggestion. His verse, on the other hand, does everything that he wants it to do; it has the uniform rhythm running through it, combined with unlimited variability of mood. As for the meaning of the Cantos, that never worries me, and I do not believe that I care. I know that Pound has a scheme and a kind of philosophy behind it; it is quite enough for me that he thinks he knows what he is doing; I am glad that the philosophy is there, but I am not interested in it.

This brings us to the second problem about Pound. I confess that I am seldom interested in what he is saying, but only in the way he says it. That does not mean that he is saying nothing; for ways of saying nothing are not interesting. Swinburne's form is uninteresting, because he is literally saying next to nothing, and unless you mean something with your words they will do nothing for you. But Pound's philosophy, I suspect, is just a little antiquated. He began as the last disciple of the Nineties, and was much influenced by Mr Yeats and Mr Ford Madox Ford. He added his own extensive erudition, and proceeded to a curious syncretism which I do not think he has ever set in order. He is, of course, extremely Romantic. His Romance has enabled him to revive much that needed to be revived; he has made people read Dante who might never have read him; he has fought successfully the English conventions of good poetry, and has made his point

that there are vital qualities of style which are found in Provençal and Italian verse and which are not always found in English verse. He has induced a more critical attitude towards Shakespeare; he has put Guido Cavalcanti and Arnaut Daniel back "on the map," even for those who cannot read them. For all these gifts, and others, we cannot be too grateful: Pound's critical influence is immense, and beneficial. (I wish he would let me edit his critical essays, instead of doing it himself.) My own critical debt to him is as great as my debt in versification. Yet I feel that there is a muddle somewhere. Pound has gone on, and will go on, with vast and restless curiosity in everything that is said and written; it is not that he does not keep up with the times. But I sometimes wonder how he reconciles all his interests: how does he reconcile even Provençal and Italian poetry? He retains some mediaeval mysticism, without belief; this is mixed up with Mr Yeats's spooks (excellent creatures in their native bogs); and involved with Dr Berman's hormones; and a steam-roller of Confucian rationalism (the Religion of a Gentleman, and therefore an Inferior Religion) has flattened over the whole. So we are left with the question (which the unfinished Cantos make more pointed) what does Mr Pound believe?

YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL*

BY CLAUD COCKBURN

HE left his luggage at the station and two hours later sat in a café and wrote:

“I have, as you see, arrived. I am delighted to have discovered Luxemburg. Such a contrast and so restful after Munich and Vienna, and, of course, London. I have spent the morning walking about the streets: the people all look so placid and prosperous. Evidently there is something to be said for being politically *entre les deux*, as the French say. Perhaps because it is a capital and yet such a very small one, everything has a miniature air, as though one could lift up a roof here and there, and peep, without disturbing them, at the lives inside of these people. Also it is extremely cheap because they use Belgian money. I think I shall be able to find a cheap room, and I’ve no doubt I shall be able to get someone or other to give me lessons in German conversation. I am enjoying so much the sense of detachment one has in a town where one knows nobody.”

After lunch he posted his letter and found a small café near the barracks. It seemed antique and quaint, and there would be a wide view from its upper windows. Mr Gregory thought that it would be nice to lodge in such a simple little house in this simple little capital and in rather hesitating German he asked for a room. A small pretty woman with a white face and large eyes told him that she and her husband scarcely ever took people in. Her husband who evidently had been handsome before he became so fat said that was so. You had to be careful these days.

“Yes indeed,” said Mr Gregory, “but I am a young Englishman, a student, and I want to live cheaply and learn the German language.”

“So,” said the man. “But if you want to learn German you ought to go to Berlin. Here, these people, they don’t speak proper

* Announced under the title Von Uhl.

German; in Luxemburg they speak Luxemburger Platt-deutsch. You ought to go to Berlin. That's a city that is. And they speak German faultlessly."

"Of course. But as a matter of fact I've just come from Vienna because even there life was too expensive. And I thought perhaps . . ."

"O yes, life's terribly expensive nowadays. Terribly expensive."

He stood with his hands behind his back as though to balance his paunch, and blew through the empty cigarette-holder that he held in his mouth. His voice gave a melancholy appearance to the small brown room with a half-dozen oblong tables, and pale-coloured bottles on a shelf, and a mechanical piano. His wife had been looking at Mr Gregory, and when he looked at her he saw that she thought him funny and interesting and quite harmless. Also he wore gold-rimmed spectacles which made such people think that he was "*solide*."

She began to talk coaxingly to her husband, like a child at the Zoo urging its uncle to come into the monkey-house.

The man said, "We're very simple people."

"Naturally," said Mr Gregory, "so am I."

"Well—" said he.

His wife said, "You could find a man at the station to carry your luggage. Ask for Herr Engel. He's a friend of ours. He'll know where to bring it. You have to be careful nowadays. It wouldn't be at all nice if a thief were to run off with it."

At the station Mr Gregory resisted the offers of three outside porters, not because he thought it at all likely that they were thieves, but in order not to offend the café people.

At last he found Herr Engel who was very young and looked very sad. He put the luggage on to the back seat of a little, old motor-car. Mr Gregory sat beside him on the front seat, and said, as they rode towards the café, "It's a beautiful town, Luxemburg." It wasn't precisely what he wanted to say, but he was so glad to have found a cheap room that he wanted to say something pleasant to everyone, and his German was limited.

"Oh yes," said Herr Engel, looking like some lugubrious mechanical doll shaken up and down by the vibration of his ramshackle motor. He sighed. "Still it isn't what you could call a city."

"Oh no," said Mr Gregory. "Naturally."

Herr Engel carried Mr Gregory's trunk to the bedroom over the café, where it stood looking too heavy for the uneven wooden floor. There was a short bed, a table covered with a thick red cloth, a washing-stand, and some pictures of Madame Fleck at her wedding and of Herr Fleck with the members of a shooting-club he had belonged to in Strassburg.

"Charming," thought Mr Gregory looking round and out into the quiet square. "So, how shall one say? *Bürgerlich*."

He unpacked, and Frau Fleck said, "Oh the books! The books! What a lot of books!" And when he came downstairs Herr Fleck brought him a glass of beer and said:

"You're a student, eh? You read books a great deal? Well, well, reading's nice. Our paper here in Luxemburg has three editions every day, and I read them all. I like to know what's happening in the world; sport, politics, everything. Also we get the *Illustrierte* from Berlin. There you have photographs of everything. Of the Prince of Wales you know, of New York, of Italy. Wonderful. I'll bring you this week's copy. There's a photograph of London in it. That'll make you feel a bit at home, won't it?" He padded across the room in his felt slippers. He searched, puffing, behind the bar, and brought out a copy of the *Illustrierte Zeitung*. Mr Gregory made glad comments on a photograph of the roundabout traffic system at the Marble Arch.

"Yes, it's nice to read," said Herr Fleck. "But don't you believe everything you read."

"Rather not," said Mr Gregory.

Herr Fleck stood swaying, with his back to the iron stove that was in the middle of the room, and blew through his cigarette-holder as he looked out at the low barrack buildings on the other side of the square and the lorries that went banging across the viaduct bridge towards Germany.

"No, that's what it is. You mustn't believe what the papers say, you know." He looked knowingly and patronizingly at Mr Gregory and nodded, his fleshy good-looking face suddenly cut by harsh, sly, angry lines.

And after supper he sat in his shirt-sleeves reading the evening edition of the *Luxemburger Zeitung* which lay flat on the table under the weak electric light, surrounded as it were, by his big face

and his big fleshy forearms, and he shook his head and said, "No, that's what it is. There's nothing true nowadays."

In the café two postmen, two soldiers, each with a girl, and a solitary young man were dining. The Flecks had left it in charge of the servant-girl, and they had had supper in the tiny sitting-room that seemed full of cupboards and a sewing machine, and was squeezed somehow between the café and the kitchen.

They were delighted that Mr Gregory was willing to have his supper with them, instead of going out to a big hotel. Herr Fleck, looking triumphant, brought in two giant plates full of porridge. "Just look at it," he said. "I know what the English like. I worked for eight years at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin, and while I was there, I remember very well that the English Lord Kitchener stayed there, and every day, every day, every day he ate porridge. The English all eat porridge," he said turning from Mr Gregory to his wife, as though he were interpreting for a savage. "And it's a very healthy soup, in my opinion. My wife doesn't like it though." He looked at her gravely, a spoon full of porridge in his mouth.

"But then," said Mr Gregory, in alarm, "you have nothing to eat to-night."

She burst out, smiling and shaking her head and talking, and deprecating with her hands, all at once, like a firework prettily going off. "Oh, yes, yes. Presently I shall eat some meat. You just sit quiet and eat. Please. Sit quiet and eat. That's the thing. You must eat everything."

And "Just sit and eat everything" they kept saying, putting great quantities of food in front of him and looking at one another as pleased as Punch when he said, "This is very good, this is very good indeed"—which he said partly because it was good and partly because he liked, anyway, to be cheerful and friendly and "get on well with people."

Afterwards Frau Fleck ran in and out with the dishes and Herr Fleck sat reading the paper contemptuously. "Just look," he said, puffing, "how things are in the world. There's Mussolini; there's Poincaré, there's Trotsky. And life so terribly expensive everywhere."

And Frau Fleck would come in from the kitchen, and before pick-

ing up another pile of plates she would lean on the table and say, "It's a swindling world, you know, it's a swindling world. And the eggs and the boots cost, or a little bit of meat, costs . . ." She twitched her hand in front of her face like someone who smells something unpleasant, and skipped away to the kitchen. Mr Gregory began to feel melancholy about it all, too.

"It's the result, naturally, of the war," he said.

"That's what it is," said Herr Fleck. "Eight years ago it ended, exactly eight years ago as a matter of fact this month. And just look at how everything is."

Mr Gregory tried to think of the German for "Deplorable but inevitable" but judged it safer to say, "You fought in the war?"

"Yes. I saw it all," said Herr Fleck. "In Poland I was; in Russia, in the Carpathians, Roumania. You couldn't picture to yourself what sort of life those people live over in Russia. Bad little houses, and so cold all the time, and they can't even read, you know, most of them; you couldn't really call it a life, as you might say, at all."

"And afterwards, did you go back to Berlin?"

"No. It was all up with Berlin. I couldn't go home to Strassburg either, because of the damned French; and besides I hadn't any home. My two brothers were killed, and that killed my mother, and her dying killed my old father. Four years and four of them done for."

"Terrible. Terrible."

"Yes. That's how it is. So I came here. A potty little town." He scratched his head, puffing. "You and I," he said. "The war's done for our lives. We shan't really ever see the end of this war. Our children; grandchildren more likely. Not us." He seemed suddenly young and handsome, and pitiable like an ox, and Mr Gregory, looking at him across the narrow table, felt for a moment that he too was like that, and became sad and affectionate. He said, because he knew how and partly was interested, "And were you on the West front at all?"

"No, the damned Prussians were afraid to put us against the French because we were Alsations. And we couldn't even get leave to go home or anything like that because the damned Prussians you know, hated us so."

"That was dreadful for you."

Later in the evening the whole Engel family came to the café;

young Engel introduced Mr Gregory to his parents. "This is the English gentleman that Gustav brought from the station," said the elder Engel to his wife. Frau Engel was huge, and dressed in black. Her face too was huge and red and had a melted look, so that when she looked at you with her blue-grey eyes like gooseberries you didn't know if she was going to cry very much or laugh very much.

"We told him to look out for your son," said Herr Fleck.

"That's right," said Frau Engel. "One needs to have friends. When one's a stranger you know, in a foreign town and doesn't know any one, absolutely anything may happen."

They drank beer and asked questions. Mr Gregory again explained that he was an Englishman, a student, who had come to study the German language. Herr Engel was enthusiastic; but thought it would be silly to put an advertisement in the paper. The way to learn was just to talk to people; society was the thing. In fact—he patted Mr Gregory on the shoulder—they would go for walks together, he would show him all the sights and the antiquities of Luxemburg.

"Besides," he said, "you're a stranger. And if I could help you . . . And I like to talk to someone from outside. Of course in Munich, when I lived there, there were always people. Russians, Austrians, every sort of person. But here . . ." He waved his hands, and grimaced, moving his scalp about with its mass of dun-coloured bristles, and Mr Gregory had time to say, "O, thank you very much, thank you," and Herr Engel said, "Yes, that's the way to learn to talk. Society, society's the thing," and slid along the bench and began to play cards with his son and Herr Fleck and the two postmen.

Mr Gregory remained beside Frau Engel. He was delighted at getting to know so many people. He thought that the better you got to know and understand people the better you liked them.

Frau Engel talked in vague melancholy little sentences with long pauses between them, as though she were thinking mournfully of something else, and talked only from habit. But as the half-hours crawled past and she drank more and more beer her sorrows were released and blew out her sentences like balloons, so that they wobbled on and on, rising and falling in lament. She explained how they had lived in Munich and first there was the war, and then there was the inflation time, and the revolutions, and no money,

and they had come to Luxemburg, and she wanted to go back to Munich, and they couldn't. So cruel the world is, so cruel. And before that, long before, she lived in Vienna.

"Vienna is very, very beautiful," said Mr Gregory.

"Ach, Vienna, the lovely town. What a world."

Mr Gregory was kind. He smiled and smiled and nodded and patted her knee. "And my husband," she said. "He remains calm through it all. There he sits every night, losing money. And Gustav, such a splendid young fellow—just look at him—he hasn't any prospects. What is to become of him, of us all? So hard, the world is. He has to keep driving his motor-car, all day. All day. Yes, what is to become of us?" She became soothed by Mr. Gregory's attention and sympathy. She put her large arm round his neck and reposed. Frau Fleck, with her exhausted, bird-like cheerfulness put a coin into the electric piano and it played Toreador. Tum-tar-tatar. In the middle of it her brother came in, a boy of seventeen with greased hair and dressed in a tight-fitting blue suit with an imitation silk handkerchief blooming in the breast pocket. He shook hands negligently with Mr Gregory, and when Toreador was over tried to change the tune.

"Let's have a bit of the Jazz," he said. But there were three tunes on each roll, so the piano had to play Celeste Aida, and the Swan Song from Lohengrin. Then he changed the tune, put in a coin, and began to dance the Charleston by himself in the middle of the floor, showing off, though nobody was looking at him.

At one in the morning Mr Gregory went to bed; they all waved and smiled and shouted good-night.

Nevertheless he did put an advertisement in the paper. "Good pronunciation essential." There came letters, dozens of them, which Mr Gregory thought he ought to answer because he gathered that their writers were poor and expectant. And prospective teachers came and called in person. A confident young man who was rather drunk and said he would be an ideal teacher for Mr Gregory, being absolute master of four languages and unusually well-informed on all subjects. And a Professor with a brown beard who explained in broken German that he detested giving conversation lessons but was compelled to do so by lack of money. And a lady who said she came from Hanover where the best German was spoken, and said next to nothing else, but sat for a long

time and stared. Mr Gregory was appalled. He liked to be kind to everyone, especially when abroad. On the other hand he did want an efficient German teacher. He judged it best to tell them all that he would write to them, thinking that later, perhaps, he might.

In the afternoon there was a noise like a whip being cracked in the café. Herr Fleck rushed in to the sitting-room.

"There's a Prussian come to see you."

"Me? Did he make that noise?"

"His heels."

Mr Gregory hurried into the café. The noise happened again as the Prussian introduced himself:

"Von Uhl!"

Mr Gregory felt shabby and under-developed. They sat down.

"I have come with reference to your advertisement. So far as pronunciation is concerned:—I am a German." He slapped a German passport on to the table. "Further, I am a Prussian." He put a Prussian state passport beside the other. "Furthermore for the last three years I have been living in Berlin"—he put on the table a police card showing the dates of his arrival at, and departure from, Berlin. He was big and splendid looking, and Mr Gregory had a sense of being carried along by a magnificent locomotive.

It was arranged that Von Uhl should come and talk German with him for two hours every day. The price too was arranged.

"In order to live, one must have money," said Von Uhl.

"Could we start to-morrow?" said Mr Gregory.

"We could start now," said Von Uhl. "We could go for a walk together if you like."

So Von Uhl put a stiff green hat on his head, arranged concentratedly his tie, and they went for a walk. Previously Mr Gregory had thought that he walked in a normal way. Walking with Von Uhl he realized that he shuffled along anyhow. Von Uhl described the history of Luxemburg, the underground railway system of Berlin, and the character of the former German Crown Prince. "An indifferent general, and a very brave man." Mr Gregory reflected remorsefully that he could only think of the Crown Prince as a "little Willy" strutting about with an eye-glass and no chin.

"You fought under him?"

"Yes. It happened like this." His voice seemed to make a sustained irresistible noise. Mr Gregory listened, dazed, as though he were standing on a country station watching the night express go through, and heard how Von Uhl had joined the army at sixteen as a result of his extraordinary bodily development. Within two years he was in command of a body of storm troops. They loved him. They called him "Baby." He received countless medals. On account of his iron will his epaulets were removed for insubordination by the personal order of the King of Bavaria. On account of his courage, judgement, and military ability they were restored again two hours later in the presence of the Crown Prince, who wept for joy. So did the King of Bavaria. He was taken prisoner and escaped. He was wounded again and again. He fought like blazes at Ypres, Gallipoli, Salonika, Verdun, Riga, Bagdad.

Then there was the armistice and the revolution, so he went to his uncle's estate in Saxony and broke in horses that everyone thought were unridable. They rolled over and over, crushed him against brick walls, dashed snorting over the country for miles and miles, and finally collapsed.

When the inflation-time began he joined the staff of the Deutsche Bank, and on the second day of his service there organized a successful strike of all the bank employees in Berlin to compel the authorities to pay them in dollars.

He married a marvellous girl. She drove a motor-car at eighty miles an hour, and mended his socks, and sailed a five-ton yacht single-handed from Stettin to Kiel in a hurricane, and was beautiful, and the only girl of the age who knew how a felt hat ought to be brushed.

He acted on the films. He flew an aeroplane advertising a brand of chocolate. He played the drum in a night club band. And then money got tighter and tighter. There were no more jobs. He came to Luxemburg to look for one.

They seemed to have walked a long way out of the town. Rain water dripped off the autumn beech-trees on to the road all round them.

"What a remarkable career," said Mr Gregory.

Von Uhl stopped and turned to him, bowing slightly.

"Herr Gregory, I must really apologize for having bored you

with all that stuff about myself. Sometimes I experience a certain desire to tell it to somebody. But naturally nobody is interested in that sort of thing nowadays.”

“Oh but I am, enormously.”

Von Uhl bowed again. “Well but that’s very rare. Perhaps you are more sympathetic than most. And I have no friends here of my own kind. And the other people, the townsfolk et cetera—of course I am thoroughly democratic in my ideas. But the fact is you have to be on your guard nowadays with people of that kind. Otherwise they take advantage of you. But after all, why should one be interested in all that? What’s the good of it all now?”

Mr Gregory perceived that the locomotive had no lines to run along any more; he was sorry. He said:

“If I may ask, how old are you?”

“Twenty-eight.”

“I’m twenty-six. I was eighteen when the War ended. In a training camp. Of course I saw nothing.”

“Quite.”

“What a beautiful sunset. Perhaps it will be fine to-morrow.”

“Very beautiful. But it doesn’t mean fine weather. In Germany one studies meteorology at school, and I know. Apropos, if you will excuse me, I should like to be getting back. At half past five I have to be in the Café Namur. In case there should be a message from my wife.”

“Your wife is here?”

“Yes. She is ill, and anyhow I haven’t any money. Therefore she lives here with her father, who, I may mention, detests me on account of the fact that I am the only person he has ever met who is as strong-willed as himself. Therefore, I don’t usually go to the house. But since my wife is, as I say ill, and has, every now and then, crises, which may be dangerous or even fatal, I let them know where I am to be found at any particular time and they send a messenger.”

They reached the town and were going to part. Von Uhl’s smile was suddenly charming and seemed younger than the rest of him.

“Herr Gregory,” he said. “I don’t know if it strikes you in that way, but it seems to me that we are sympathetic and we are both alone, and I would be glad if we could be together for much more

than two hours a day. Naturally you would only pay for the two hours as arranged; in this way I should benefit by your company, and your German conversation would benefit by the extra practice."

"I should like that tremendously."

"We could even go to a theatre now and then."

"Or the cinema."

"Or a dance-hall."

"Good. Good. We shall amuse ourselves together all right."

"Splendid. Till to-morrow then. Good. Good. *Au revoir*."

"*Au revoir*," said Mr Gregory, and in the café when they asked him about his new teacher he told them with enthusiasm of Von Uhl. The Flecks were there and the Engels. They weren't enthusiastic. They listened and looked at him with dry doubtful expressions.

"He's a Prussian, is he?"

"Yes."

"Ah. Yes I saw that in a moment. The way he came in and clicked his heels—all that Kaiser stuff."

Herr Engel and Herr Fleck talked to one another sagely in dialect. Herr Engel ruminated. Then he pushed his tough little face towards Mr Gregory and said:

"Look here. You're a young man and you don't know just how things are in the world. But we've suffered a lot, and you can take it from me that people aren't to be trusted. For instance, who is this man? Why did all those people come to see you all at once like that?" He nodded lugubriously.

"But Herr Engel, they all saw the advertisement and just came. Surely it's natural, I mean to say, it's what happens when one puts an advertisement in the paper."

It was no use. "You're very young," said Herr Engel. "It's a swindling world," said Frau Fleck. Herr Fleck said, "That's what it is, especially Prussians." And Frau Engel just sat, an indefinite mass, seeming to exude the dismal experience of her past into the present and the future.

Mr Gregory looked miserable.

"It's because you're a stranger and we don't want you to come to any harm," said Frau Fleck, patting his arm.

"And you're young," said Herr Fleck. "You believe what

people say. We've had experience, the war, and all that. We don't believe anything. Even the newspapers."

"But for heaven's sake, what harm do you expect to happen?"

Anything might happen, they said. Robbery, murder, anything, especially with a Prussian. Anyhow there was a plot. They were confused and superstitious, like people after an earthquake, and the only thing they were sure of was that anything might happen.

Every evening it was like that. They would say, "Well, how's the Prussian?" And Mr Gregory would patiently and hopefully paint for them Von Uhl's good qualities. And they said, "Do you believe that? Do you think so?"

Mr Gregory thought it annoying and absurd. Every afternoon Von Uhl came to the café. Mr Gregory, while he put on his coat, remarked on the weather impartially to him and to Herr Fleck, bringing them, he hoped, together. And they stood on either side of him, mountainously silent, and nodded separately out of the window at the rain or the wind or the sunshine. Von Uhl never referred to Herr Fleck, maintaining a reserve which otherwise he had almost abandoned. In fact he began to treat Mr Gregory as an intimate friend, "because," he explained, "we are both so lonely here."

He took Mr Gregory home with him into his tidy, cold little room and showed him a tie press, made at Magdeburg and unique in its efficiency, and his second suit of clothes all screwed into a wooden framework to keep it smart. And his eighteen medals and an album with five photographs in it, three of himself, one of his wife, and one of the funicular railway at Heidelberg in action. He told him that he weighed ninety-five point two five kilograms and measured one point nine eight metres in his socks.

"And you?"

"I'm afraid I really don't know."

"So," said Von Uhl, and was haughty for a time as though he had imparted a confidence that had not been returned.

They went together to the theatre, to the cinema, to dance-halls. They sat for hours together in the Café Namur, always arranging in advance where they would go next day so that Von Uhl might leave word of his whereabouts at his father-in-law's house.

Once at a night club, they saw an old man with a forked beard and polished bald head gesticulating over the bare shoulders of the women who hung round the doorway.

"From my wife," said Von Uhl, paid for his champagne, gave the change to his partner, and disappeared.

His wife had had a crisis, he said next morning. Just now, however, she seemed better. But in the cinema that afternoon, a head like an egg and a jutting beard were silhouetted suddenly against the picture on the screen, peering this way and that.

"From my wife," said Von Uhl, and dashed out, treading on everyone's toes.

Once Mr Gregory went for a walk in the country with Herr Engel. It was a melancholy excursion, but Herr Engel seemed to enjoy it. Rain fell continuously, and his voice pattered on through the overpowering smell of rotting leaves and the noise of the river that rushed brimming beside the road. He was talking about Munich and the revolution, and how the soldiers suppressed the Bolsheviks. There were two Russians, he said, prisoners of war. They had a machine-gun in the middle of the street. They kept firing and firing he said, straight ahead of them, although there was no one in the street and the Government soldiers came round the corner behind them and shot them dead.

"Did you see that? How very extraordinary."

"Yes. I took a photograph of their bodies, which I have kept ever since. My wife and I would like to give it to you."

"To me? But really Herr Engel, why give it to me if you've kept it all this time?"

"We should like to give it to you to remind you of us when you go home. It's nice to be remembered."

"That's true." He thought, "How pathetic. And how wet we're getting."

As a result of the walk Herr Engel had an attack of lumbago and for nearly a week did not come to the café. The weather became worse and worse. One evening, as Mr Gregory and Von Uhl came out of the cinema, it was snowing.

"Let's go to my café and get warm, and have a drink," said Mr Gregory.

"Very well."

The two postmen were there as usual, and Frau Fleck's young brother and a sallow man who was manager of a motor shop, and two commercial travellers who had arrived on motor-bicycles and sat steaming with their leather coats thrown open and drank Schnapps incessantly. Mr Gregory and Von Uhl sat down, Von Uhl looking altogether too big for the café as though if he were to stand up he would carry the whole concern away on his shoulders. It was the first time he had been there in the evening when there was company, and Mr Gregory could see Herr Fleck muttering in dialect to the others, jerking his head sideways with his hard, knowing look. Von Uhl noticed it too, and began to talk very loud. Mr Gregory thought, "This is dreadful," and when the three Engels came in it was worse. Everyone began to shout, asking after Herr Engel's complaint. Mr Gregory too, enquired heartily how he was, and Herr Engel looked at the wall between Mr Gregory and Von Uhl and said he was all right.

Mr Gregory turned in his chair and tried to talk to Frau Engel.

"We've brought you our little present," she said mournfully nodding at a green envelope tied with pink ribbon which her husband carried in his hand.

"The photograph?"

"Yes—of the corpses of the Russians."

"Oh but—how kind, how nice."

"But there is a time for everything," she said, and looked at Von Uhl out of the corner of her eye, and nodded heavily to herself.

Young Engel sat down near her and almost instantly fell asleep.

Mr Gregory was in a frenzy of embarrassment and irritation. The Engels were good sorts, he liked them. Von Uhl was a very good sort, he liked him very much. And the Flecks; Frau Fleck hopping round her husband like a sparrow round a sheep-dog. Awfully good sorts. He began to talk to Herr Fleck and Von Uhl simultaneously about Berlin, and Herr Fleck actually began to question Von Uhl about how Berlin looked nowadays, and when he heard of the enormous size to which the buildings of the Deutsche Bank had now increased, his face lit up with frank pleasure.

“D’you hear that, d’you hear what a size it is?” he said, turning to everyone and waving his hand towards Von Uhl, as though they two had built the Deutsche Bank together. “Lord! Lord! That’s gigantic. And Kempinski’s restaurant? That’s still going I suppose?”

“What, the one in the Krausen Strasse?”

“No, in the Leipziger Strasse.”

“But it’s in the Krausen Strasse.”

“I beg your pardon my dear sir, but it’s in the Leipziger Strasse.”

“My good man, I know for a fact it’s in the Krausen Strasse.”

“Then can you explain why every time I had occasion to go there on business from the Adlon I always went into it from the Leipziger Strasse?”

Von Uhl shrugged his shoulders and lifted his eyebrows, smiling coldly.

“Perhaps,” suggested Mr Gregory, “there may be two entrances.”

“Herr Fleck lived for ten years in Berlin,” said Herr Engel.

“One may assume that he knows.”

They all looked unpleasantly at Von Uhl as though he had been found out in an attempt to trick them into thinking that he had been to Berlin when he hadn’t.

Mr Gregory put a coin in the piano and it banged out *Du Liebe Augustine* so loudly that there was nothing else to be heard. You could see people swaying to the music and their glasses going to and fro from the table to their mouths. Von Uhl drank faster and faster. The piano played a student song.

“Oh,” he said, “if only I was in Germany,” and began to look at the titles of the music rolls stacked on top of the piano. He chose one and when the tunes on the other roll were finished he put on the one he had chosen. Boom. Boom. A Prussian regimental march.

“Don’t think much of that for a tune,” said the man from the motor works.

“It’s a damn bad tune,” said one of the commercial travellers.

Herr Fleck growled, glaring at Von Uhl.

“Don’t know how we came to have the thing.”

Herr Engel sat looking as if he were going to frizzle up with disgust. Frau Fleck’s brother whined, “Why can’t we have a bit of jazz?” And Frau Fleck sat dainty and forlorn, waving her

hands and tapping with her feet as though she were trying to make the heavy tune dance.

Von Uhl remained standing by the piano looking aloof and happy. The march ended. The machinery whirred. The notes cluttered and caracoled and charged into *Die Wacht am Rhein*.

Herr Engel banged his hands down on the table. People shouted, "Damn all that stuff"—"Here, stop that." Herr Fleck puffed furiously up to Von Uhl. "What d'you want to play that for? This isn't the Prussian army."

The tune swelled and swept on like a wave. "That's right," shouted the commercial travellers one after another, "this isn't the Prussian army."

"Stop it I say," yelled one of the postmen, and gave the piano a kick.

And they all gathered round and kicked the piano and tugged at it and bumped at it and the piano went on playing regardless and, in the middle of their attack on it, finished *Die Wacht am Rhein* and began *Deutschland über Alles*. "What d'you mean by it?" shouted Herr Fleck. "They're breaking my piano. Stop this. You've made them break my piano."

"All right, I'll stop this if you like," said Von Uhl, and roared with laughter and began dragging them violently away from the piano. The postman fell on his back and lay there swearing. With a tinkle, tinkle and a little bang the music unexpectedly ended, leaving them high and dry, gesturing undecidedly. Then they all began to shout at once.

"He ought to apologize," screamed Herr Engel, the skin of whose head had turned quite pink under its bristles.

"That's it. Just you apologize."

"You don't leave here till you do."

Six of them jostled menacingly in front of Von Uhl, who looked as if he were going to say something. The café door swung open suddenly as though it had been blown in by the wind, and a man in a big hat ran in, his coat blown round him. He took off his hat and displayed a shining yellow head above a beard covered with snow-flakes, and began speaking to Von Uhl at once, shouting over the heads of the others. "You weren't in the cinema, and it came into my head I might find you here."

Von Uhl said, "I'm coming. I'm sorry, gentlemen—I'm called away urgently. My wife is ill."

They looked dazedly at the man with the beard. Von Uhl was across the room and out of the door. The door shut. They gasped. They exclaimed. They said it was a dirty trick. A damned trick. A filthy Prussian sort of trick. Wife ill indeed.

"But it's true," said Mr Gregory. "Twice before he's been called away like that. His wife is ill and has crises."

"D'you believe that?" said Herr Fleck. "How d'you know he's got a wife? He just got that man to come whenever he wanted to clear out for some reason or other."

"You could see he'd arranged it all," said Frau Engel. "He was just waiting for that man to come, otherwise he wouldn't have dared."

"No, look, he can't have arranged it all," said Mr Gregory. "He's left his hat behind. He wouldn't have done that if he'd known that man was coming. He was so keen on his clothes."

They all looked at the green felt hat hanging on the wall.

"That's true," said the postman. "There's something in that."

"Yes," said Herr Fleck nodding judicially. "There's something in that."

"There *is* something in that."

"That's so."

"Well, I daresay perhaps . . ." Herr Engel stared and stared at the hat. He said, "It's the sort of damned hat a Prussian would wear." He took the green envelope tied with the pink ribbon from his pocket, looked at it, and put it back. "Well," he said, "let's have a game of cards."

The postman dealt. Frau Fleck's brother sat doing Charleston steps with his feet. Young Engel had fallen asleep again, his head on his arms.

"The poor boy," said Frau Engel. "So tired he gets, driving his motor-car all the time. What is to become of him? I ask myself, I ask everyone, I ask God, what, I say, is to become of him? Such a fine young man."



WASHINGTON SQUARE. BY HANNS SKOLLE

VSEVOLOD MEYERHOLD AND THE SOVIET THEATRE

BY ALEXANDER BAKSHY

THE history of the theatre during the Russian revolution presents the extraordinary spectacle of an art renouncing itself as art, plunging into the thick of actuality and taking its place side by side with war, politics, and industry—to emerge finally as a thing metamorphosed and completely re-born, which has climbed again to the aesthetic plane of ideal existence and contemplative realization.

The phenomenon is best exemplified by Vsevolod Meyerhold, a theatre director who was famous for his originality and daring even before the revolution, and who has become since the revolution, the acknowledged leader of the Soviet theatre and the force behind most of its achievements.

One of the first among the Russian artists to ally himself with the revolution, Meyerhold did not hesitate to renounce his artistic past as a “pandering to the tastes of the degenerate *bourgeoisie*,” and with the indomitable, militant spirit of the reformer, threw himself into the work of making the theatre “a servant of the revolution.”

He began by inaugurating a mass-theatre in which the masses themselves were to take an active part. This he tried in open-air performances, in a production of Verhaeren’s *Dawn* and of Mayakovsky’s *Mysteria-Bouffe*. The grotesque element in the latter supplied his inherent romanticism with the bridge to a more whole-hearted exploration of the methods of the old platform theatre—methods which he had earlier formulated in “the theatre theatrical” and had embodied in a number of productions that made “theatricality” the watch-word of the advancing theatre in Russia. At the same time, demands for a proletarian theatre and the glorification of industrial processes amongst advanced groups of artists made it imperative that the revived methods should appear in a modernist dress. It was thus that “constructivism” made its first public bow on the stage of Meyerhold’s theatre. Originated by the poet

Gasteff, and further developed by a group of painters and sculptors, among whom Tatlin was most prominent, constructivism at the time of its somewhat hesitant adoption by Meyerhold (year 1922) was still groping for practical methods of realizing its theories. Its general principles implied a complete rejection of art as the independent, singular plane of a reality which reveals itself in aesthetic experiences. Art was proclaimed identical with the true functioning of every form of material in its application to the needs of everyday life. Applied to the theatre, this theory demanded a performance which would be merely a dramatically organized event of real life. This could be properly done only outside the theatre. Consequently, the theatre building was promptly condemned as superfluous, as essentially too "aesthetic."

The acceptance of Meyerhold's proposal for a constructivist production in his theatre necessitated the first compromise in the theory: as the theatre could not be done away with, it was decided that the stage should be given a constructivist treatment. In *The Theatrical October*—a volume of essays on Meyerhold's theatre—we find the story of this experiment. Its starting point was that the stage and all things on the stage should be considered elements of a labour process in no way intended to please the eye or the ear of the audience. Out therefore went decorative scenery and all adornments of canvas or other material which served to disguise the actual construction of the object. Instead, there was set up a box-like scaffolding, the construction of which was determined by principles of engineering efficiency and the requirements of the actors' movements. Revolving discs of various colours were introduced to provide a visual time measure corresponding to musical accompaniment. Reducing the actor to the position of workman also required the abolition of the dress that characterizes the part played, while Communism demanded a submerging of the individual actor in the collective body of performers. Accordingly, all actors were dressed in overalls of a uniform design. Such were the ideas embodied in the first constructivist production, an adaptation of a play by Cromelink entitled *The Magnanimous Cuckold*.

Other productions necessitated further modifications in the original constructivist system. The conception of a unified labour process was becoming more and more subordinated to the requirements of stage acting. Thus, the single scaffolding gave place to

a number of smaller gratings, boxes, stools, and tables, intended to assist the actor in emphasizing his often acrobatic movements. In the same way it began to dawn on the constructivists that after all the position of an actor in a play was somewhat dissimilar from the position of a workman in a factory and that the actor's dress could not be reduced to a single pattern. But while conceding to the actor the right to wear costumes corresponding to his part, the theorists had to pretend that by this compromise they were actually making the performance appear less theatrical and more like an event in "real life." It was also to achieve this illusion of "real life" that motor-cycles and motor-cars dashed through the auditorium on to the stage, and that real objects were substituted for conventional stage properties.

In going over this period of constructivist experimentation, one wonders how Meyerhold managed to reconcile it with his professed faith in "theatricality." Apparently, being the true histrion that he is, he thought it was "great fun." At all events, after three years of constructivism we find it in his later productions whittled down to some few eccentricities super-imposed on the purely theatrical methods of the popular platform stage. The "bio-mechanical" training which he demands from his actors still savours of the constructivist phraseology, but is in reality simply that physical efficiency which enables the actor to display his virtuosity, not in the way required in real life but as determined by the nature of acting. His moving screens and revolving floor, though it is claimed for them that they are mere elaborations of the constructivist scaffolding, are actually pure stage devices serving to provide a dynamic setting and as such, it may be pointed out, extremely ingenious and effective.

Any characterizing of Meyerhold as director is not complete without reference to his methods of interpreting plays. In this respect his practice is as revolutionary as can possibly be imagined. For reasons of expediency—in view of the dearth of suitable plays by modern Russian authors, and for aesthetic reasons—because of a need for realization of the play on the stage as more important than the play's literary form, Meyerhold has elaborated a theory which endows the director with almost autocratic authority over the play's form and content.

That the theory should arouse protest in Russia might be ex-

pected. Opposition and protest have been a constant accompaniment of Meyerhold's work and neither they nor the traditional worship of classical authors was enough to deter him from putting his theory into practice. One of his first experiments was the adaptation of Verhaeren's *Dawn*, in which its principal character—a humanitarian socialist leading the rebellious populace against entrenched forces of a ruthless oligarchy of capital—was made to change both his views and his actions so as to appear an uncompromising Communist who neither knows nor understands weakness of character such as vacillation or squeamishness in the treatment of enemies.

Adding new scenes and characters has become so common a practice with Meyerhold, that it is usual for the printed programmes of his productions to contain, after the list of characters supplied by the author, also a list of characters supplied by the director. No wonder, when a classic by Gogol or Ostrovsky appears in Meyerhold garb, the popular idea of what Gogol or Ostrovsky should look like on the stage receives a shock. Immediately and invariably a cry goes up: "This is sacrilege"; "This is an insult to the public!" Unperturbed by protests, Meyerhold goes on heaping "insults" and "sacrileges," while, strange as it may appear, through some inexplicable magic of his art, the public soon forgets the affront it was supposed to suffer at his hands and proceeds to acclaim as the creations of one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the Russian stage, the "mad imaginings" it has just denounced.

The ten years of Russian theatre since the revolution carry an unmistakable impress of the personality and genius of Vsevolod Meyerhold, just as the first decade of this century bore the impress of Constantin Stanislavsky and his Moscow Art Theatre. This is not to say, however, that Stanislavsky's theatre and work have ceased to count, nor that other directors have failed to make significant and important contributions to the Russian theatre of to-day.

Among those to be classed with Meyerhold as sharing his opposition to the realistic school of the Moscow Art Theatre, though sometimes differing from him in their form of opposition, we may name as particularly prominent Evreinoff, Tairoff, and the late Vakhtangoff (who died in 1923).

It is as a talented director of the pre-war days and author of a

number of original books on the art of the theatre, rather than as an active force in the post-revolutionary theatre that the name of Evreinoff is still remembered in Russia. In the new edition of *The Theatre As Such*, first published in 1913, Evreinoff reminds the readers of his claim to be regarded as originator and first advocate of "theatricality." The claim may readily be granted, though in this book Evreinoff already abandons theatricality as a conception of the art of the theatre in favour of theatricality as a governing principle of life. This latter theory presents a curious analogy to the theory of constructivism. Both theories are opposed to "aestheticism," with the difference that constructivism dismisses "aesthetic" art as "*bourgeois* rubbish," while Evreinoff is satisfied with claiming for theatricality an independent "pre-aesthetic" status. Again, both Evreinoff and the constructivists are anxious to effect a union between life and the theatre. But whereas Evreinoff holds that life must rise to the condition of the theatre—that men should always act parts and be something they are not—the constructivists want to bring the theatre down to conditions of ordinary life, so that work or play may acquire the effortless organized aspect of art. To the present writer, both theories seem insufficiently thought out.

A defence of out-and-out "aesthetic theatricality" is the burden of A. Tairoff's *The Note-Book of a Producer*. The director of the Kamerny Theatre relates the story of his experiments and attempts to construct his own theory of theatre art. Though largely derivative, Tairoff's general theory is based on the fact that the theatre is a medium conditioned by four elements: the spectator, the actor, the stage, and the play. He has been less happy, however, in his practice as a producer. His partiality for the intellectual and aesthetic subtleties of the past generation and the lack of vigour and virility in his methods have made of him, in this rough and stormy post-revolutionary Russia, a typical representative of the outlived theatre of the aesthetic "*gourmets*."

It must be said, however, that some of the latest productions at the Kamerny Theatre have been marked by a robustness of sentiment and treatment which struck quite a new note in the work of Tairoff's company. The change came with the production of *The Hairy Ape* by Eugene O'Neill and has assumed a particularly

promising outlook with the production of *Desire Under the Elms*. The throbbing reality of this latter play, so removed from the intellectual and emotional attitudinizations which had dominated the stage of the Kamerny Theatre, has enabled Tairoff to create a spectacle universally conceded as a work of extraordinary power and beauty. Perhaps it is this monumental though essentially theatrical realism of O'Neill and authors like him that will prove the salvation of the Kamerny Theatre and will bridge the gap that divides the latter from the life and sentiment of the most virile section of the Russian audience—the working classes.

The story of another and exceptionally gifted follower of theatricality, the late E. Vakhtangoff, is told in detail and with a spirit of great reverence for the master by one of his pupils, B. Zakhava in *Vakhtangoff and His Studio*. 'A disciple of Stanislavsky and a member of the Moscow Art Theatre company, Vakhtangoff succeeded in effecting a most remarkable union between the principles of psychological truth as advocated by Stanislavsky and the utter conventionality of the presentational stage. His *Princess Turandot*, produced at the Studio Theatre, and the *Dybbuk*, at the Habima Theatre, were two extraordinary achievements which marked him as a producer of rare genius. His work is being carried on in a theatre bearing his name and associated with the Moscow Art Theatre, though none of the productions given by the company after his death can compare in importance and significance with the work accomplished under Vakhtangoff's own direction.

From Vakhtangoff one naturally comes to the Moscow Art Theatre and its numerous offspring—"studio" theatres. Startling as the work of Stanislavsky appeared when presented before American audiences and important as it still remains in Russia, the principles upon which he and his companies are working were formulated long before the revolution began.

If post-revolutionary Russia, with its new audiences and its new demands of theatre art, has in any sense found expression in the Soviet Theatre, it has done so mainly through the efforts of such directors as Meyerhold, Tairoff, Vakhtangoff, and other exponents of the formal theatre.



Collection John Quinn

THE FLUTE PLAYER. BY WYNDHAM LEWIS



PORTRAIT. BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

THE STONE BRIDGE OF THE ROSSITSA

BY ANGEL KARALIICHEFF

Translated From the Bulgarian by Victor Sharenkoff

“**H**OW am I to know, Mother, if I have sinned?”

“Tell me, my son.”

“What shall I tell you?”

“You have lain sick for three years. Three summers have passed like a long caravan. They passed in front of your little window and looked through it. Those black cherries have ripened three times. You did not raise your hand to pick them. High ricks of the sheaves have been three times built on the threshing-floor. Was not God’s world dear to you? Were you not anxious to be out in the sunshine, to look at the trees and wheat fields and the magnificent bridge—to see how the young girls had bloomed? Three summers—and still you have not got up!”

“I don’t know, Mother; somehow I don’t miss the world any more.”

“Why do you say things like that?”

The candle shed its beneficent radiance upon the face of the sick man. Saint Mary in the icon clasped tight the little Jesus as if she had never seen him before. Sitting on a little bench, the old woman laid her hand gently on the hand of her son. She did not know just how to ask things. A big tear ran quickly down her face. Outside in the white night, it was freezing. Somewhere in the little street above the black hedges, the twisted trees began to whisper as though praying. They besought the heavens softly. The white chimneys pierced the thick branches as if to find out whether the whole world were asleep.

The grey kitten looked up at them and wondered.

“Do you remember, Mother?”

“What?”

NOTE: The Stone Bridge of the Rossitsa first appeared in The Crescent—Bulgaria’s most important literary magazine—and as translated by Doctor Sharenkoff is the one English version authorized and approved by Mr Karaliicheff.

"The summer they began to build the bridge over the Rossitsa. Milka had sewed for me a white shirt with red embroidery."

"Yes, I remember it indeed, as if it were to-day. In that summer you finished your twenty-second year—a young man of marriageable age."

"They all laughed at me, saying I could not join the Cherkovo plain to the village, that I could not oppose the river, overcome it, and put a stone girdle on it, subduing it like a young bride. I knew I could. My father and I had wandered seven years in the neighbouring countries building houses for people. I had learned how to build and was very skilful, which pleased my father. Once we went to the river to cut the old poplar-tree—you remember it—we sat by the bank. The swift, violent Rossitsa flowed past, singing. The willows bowed their dark heads, trailing in the water to cool themselves. Father said to me, 'Listen, Mánol, I could not do it; you must. Here is the place. It should rest on two banks and connect two worlds. Over there grows the people's bread. Give them a bridge to cross, so they can harvest it.'

A little bird was singing in the old poplar. I listened to it, listened also to Father, and said, 'Am I the man who could give it to them?'

'You are indeed. Remember; this is the best spot. Let it be a large stone bridge with four arches. Summon stone-cutters from Thrace to cut stones. Gather the peasants together and fear nothing. So long as the world lasts they will remember you. There could be no greater deed than this.'

The little bird that sang had silver wings. Heavenly dews dropped from them. I stood and thought. Even if he had not told me so, I would have built it. There it was, spanning the river—a gigantic bridge—I pictured it, Mother, just as later I built it. It was like a hoop imprisoning within it a cunning yellow viper—the river that twisted and extended its swelling body—darting, untamed and free, to the blue hills. Then I could hear big wagons rumble across, while the hay riggings rattled and the buffaloes from Deli-Orman waved their curved horns.

'When you begin to build it,' I heard my father's voice say, 'wall up your dearest one in it.'

'Who is my dearest one?'

'You know.'"

The sick one was now silent. Christ's Mother nodded her head and her lips formed the words, "Never will I give up my son!"

The moon shone yellow through the little window. The shadows of the cherry-trees along the little white street, ran after each other, laughing. The night was a silver blanket. Saint Elias roamed through the dark plain, asking the fields if they were thirsty, that he might water them the next day, and they answered him.

"My father passed into the other world and left me alone to build the bridge. I knew how to do that but did not know if I must sacrifice a human being. Who could tell me? Spring sent the storks to announce its coming. The shaggy stone-cutters arrived. They hammered and hewed and I went on with the work. I was afraid; yet I was glad. It was not easy, Mother, to do away with a human being. How dared I? Whom should I bury? The day approached. We surveyed the two banks. I walked dizzily, thinking I might go mad. . . . One evening I went to his grave, threw myself on it, and tore at the ground.

"Tell me whom. You know!"

The grave was silent. Could a grave speak?

I went home and at dawn, fell asleep and dreamed. My father was coming toward me just as when alive, with his red belt, his coarse woolen cloak on his shoulder, and a white eagle in his hands. He stopped at the high bank of the Rossitsa and said to me:

"Watch carefully where the eagle perches when I let him go. It will show whom you must bury. Have courage, my son." The white eagle clapped its wings and flew toward the sky. It made three big circles above the village and dropped. It sank like a falling stone. I did not see where it perched. My father looked at me, shook his head, and started to the river. Instantly my bridge was spread out before him and he passed over it. He stopped on the bank, looked over the bridge from one end to the other, waved his hand, and said, "Forward!"

I jumped, startled. You were standing at my bedside, Mother, saying, "Get up, Manol, it is dawn already. The wagons have been moving for a long time. Wake up! The stone-cutters have already begun to hammer!"

As I went out I did not go toward the bridge, but took the road to Grandfather Noa's yards. I hoped to see Milka to tell her all and be comforted. When I reached their house, a terrible shock awaited my eyes. Perched on their walnut-tree was a white eagle! The same my father had released!

Everything became dark to me. My ears were deafened. I rushed to my father's grave, to dig up his bones, to ask him how

he could deprive me of her—my own father! Had he no pity for me? Madness—the dead cannot be questioned.

Down at the bridge the masons were singing. The Rossitsa carried away their words. It murmured. Nothing worried them. They went on with their singing and building. They laid the stones with their large, cracked, trowel-like hands. They would wall up their own beautiful mason's song. Blessed were they! Whom should I bury?

I sat on the grave and looked toward Milka's walnut-tree. A little white cloud moved in the sky. A white angel's soul bathed in the flame of the morning. I would be unable in the evening when I met Milka, to utter a single word.

I bent over the grave's head. Tears were in my eyes. . . .

Down the Cherkovo road I saw a big yellow cloud. I heard bells and loud cries. Numberless wagons loaded with sheaves began to string themselves out. The bird which had sung on the poplar-tree was now perched on the first wagon, pecking at the grain. When they reached the river they did not unyoke, but waited. Whom were they waiting for? I got up rubbing my eyes and put my hand to my forehead. There was no one. Down below, the masons were crying, 'Hey-ha.'

I made my decision. Let it be!

In the evening my own Milka came to the well to draw water. When she leaned over I saw her yellow brass ear-rings and measured her long black shadow. Only the moon saw that."

In the branches the little bird began to flutter and warble. The kitten pricked up its ears and in one bound was at the window. The sick man fell into a trance. It was the same little bird, the same sweet bell-like voice which had vibrated from the old poplar-tree before it had been cut down. It had come several nights to sing, and now it came again. It huddled among the kindly leaves of the cherry-tree. The kitten motioned with its little paws, on the window. His mother standing by the bedside listening, could not believe her son's words. How could his heart endure her death?

"Cursed be the bridge. Would that the storm might carry it away."

"Why do you curse it, Mother? It was my decision. I built the bridge. I gave her."

"You have committed a great sin, my son!"

The eyes of the master builder became bright.

“Do you remember when we completed it? What a wild and joyous festival it was that Sunday? People from nine villages assembled to celebrate the opening of the bridge over the Rossitsa. A crowd of young men came with them. Two shepherds of the mountains, who spent the summer with us, played bagpipes. Do you remember them? The dark one used to come to our place and proposed to sister Kuna, but you did not give your consent because you thought it wrong to give her to strangers. The old people went around the bridge, knocked with their sticks, touched the cold stone, and said, ‘God has given great skill to Manol!’ How he gave it to me I alone knew. All rejoiced. They drank healths from bright coloured wine-flasks. I was silent and could not drink, as I watched the gay crowd. And when the bagpipes began to shriek—everyone, old and young, jumped to his feet. They seized each other’s hands and began a wild dance. Someone shouted, ‘Yea, you have forgotten him. Where is the master builder—to dance a little?’ He said no more, but the bagpipes ceased. The people were confused and suddenly quiet. They made way; I turned, Mother, and—Oh! God!—I saw a dead body! You know whom they carried.

I went to the cemetery to throw a handful of soil upon the grave. May God give peace to her soul!

When I came back I still found dancing and merriment. I took a wine-flask, drank and drank till I was drunk. We danced till midnight. Down on the little plain, cauldrons boiled. Nine sheep were killed. Down below, the Cherkovo plain seemed wider. It rejoiced. The swallows played above the corn fields. The soil longed for the men who would come and shout and drive in old Adam’s ploughs.

Bonfires were built to light us. The eyes of the girls gleamed like black fires. My heart was breaking with grief and madness; I thought I would give her up and forget her. I was drunk. God forgive me!

After midnight when the first cocks crew, all retired dizzily to their homes. I did not go to rest, but sat on a stone meditating. What I thought I don’t remember now. As I sat there I heard somebody call me.

‘Mano-o-ol.’

I stood up and walked straight toward the voice. The moon was flooding the fields with liquid yellow. How long I walked I don’t

remember; I was lost in thought. At last I saw, up on the little hill in the middle of the wheat field, a naked woman, her loosened black hair reaching down to the ground.

She had walked from the left; it was evident from the broken wheat. Who knows where she had come from? The wide field was drunk with the song of the crickets and the gleam of the stars. Who knows, perhaps I was still dizzy. I did not take my eyes from her who was waiting for me.

‘Mano-o-ol.’

Somewhere dogs began to howl. They stretched their heads to the moon and howled, as it seemed to me sadly, not knowing why. I stood and watched her. I quivered. The wheat fields also quivered and began to shrivel. Who was the woman? Where had I seen her? What dark eyes! Oh! Mother, I had never gazed on them, and yet they were familiar to me. They embraced me and she started toward me, white and beautiful. I had never seen a naked woman. Her dark hair rustled, her eyes burned me. Suddenly the wheat fields became dark and she stretched her bare arms toward me.

‘For a long time I have awaited you.’

As soon as she uttered these words I knew her. It was Milka. I cried out. No, I did not cry. I was frightened. I ran through the fields, and she, after me.

‘Why do you run, Manol? We were betrothed to-day. Did you not see how many people from all the villages came to congratulate us?’

I felt her soft hair suffocating me. . . .”

The little candle before the icon glimmered and went out. The moon was hidden behind the cherry-tree. The old woman laid her hand upon the forehead of the sick man and wept. The kitten chased shadows in the white little street. Farther off in the wheat fields, Saint Elias walked and picked herbs in the moonlight. He asked if he should beg the Lord for water. The wheat stalks answered him.

“Please, Mother, on Saturday when you go to the cemetery, stop at her grave—late, when everyone will have gone. Tell her that the Rossitsa has flowed by for three years washing the big stones of my bridge. Has it washed away my sin yet? Ask her, Mother—she will tell you if my sins are forgiven.”

JONATHAN EDWARDS

BY GILBERT SELDES

THE New England mind was preoccupied with God, enquiring how man could prepare for conversion when God was its sole author, asking whether the threatened punishments for sin were out of proportion to its guilt. They were not academic problems, since the conduct of life depended upon the answers, but Jonathan Edwards stepped beyond them and in his *Notes on the Mind* he asks boldly, "Why is Proportion more excellent than Disproportion?" The voice in which he answers does not tremble with the fear of God; it carries across the misunderstandings of two centuries in complete sincerity: "Life itself is the highest good." That note of vehement affirmation comes again and again into his speech and writing. On the twelfth of January, 1723, he dedicated himself to God, with the whole-heartedness and intensity which marks every movement of his spirit:

"I made a solemn dedication of myself to God and wrote it down; giving up myself and all that I had to God, to be for the future in no respect my own; to act as one that had no right to himself in any respect; and solemnly vowed to take God for my whole portion and felicity, looking on nothing else as any part of my happiness, nor acting as if it were; and his law for the constant rule of my obedience, engaging to fight with all my might against the world, the flesh and the devil, to the end of my life."

And in the *Seventy Resolutions* upon which he based his conduct we find the same intrusion of his adoration of Life. They are the resolves of a Puritan: "Never to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can." They are the thoughts of a Calvinist: "Resolved, to act, in all respects, both speaking and doing, as if nobody had been so vile as I, and

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This essay is not intended as a complete survey of the work of Jonathan Edwards, but only of such elements as are connected with the revival system and certain cults of the nineteenth century.

as if I had committed the same sins, or had the same infirmities or failings as others; and that I will let the knowledge of their failings promote nothing but shame in myself, and prove only an occasion of my confessing my own sins and misery to God." And of an ascetic: "Resolved, if I take delight in it as a gratification of pride, or vanity, or on any such account, immediately to throw it by." But the very first of the vows which he made is that he will do whatsoever he thinks most to the glory of God and "my own good, profit, and pleasure . . . and most for the Good and advantage of mankind in general," and he has barely set down his duty to God when he breaks out: "Resolved, to live with all my might, while I do live."

His grandfather had preceded him at Northampton and had been five times blessed with harvests of souls; but when Edwards took up the work "licentiousness greatly prevailed among the youth of the town; there were many of them greatly addicted to night-walking, and frequenting the tavern, and lewd practises. . . . It was their manner very frequently to get together, in conventions of both sexes, for mirth and jollity which they called frolics." In the autumn of 1734 Edwards began the series of sermons which developed into a revival—began, in fact, the Great Awakening which eventually included Wesley and Whitefield, the Tennents, and the saintly David Brainerd who seems to have loved Jerusha Edwards, and over whose early death-bed Jonathan watched with an almost morbid tenderness and curiosity.

It is easy to miss the point of Edwards' revivalism by saying that he hated gaiety in others—perhaps because he had none himself—and was determined, by envy, to put down what he could not enjoy. This may be true of the "sour Puritan," of those who lacked vitality or heartiness, whose lives were meagre, whose blood cold. But in Edwards we have a man of a higher type. He lived intensely and to him the Will, determined to evil though it was, remained the essential quality of mankind and the chief glory of God; he was an energetic man, violent in godliness. It is not what he hated, but what he loved, that determined his character. He loved the power of God and the ecstasy of communion with

God; he refused to make light of God's grace by assuming that it was a free gift to all men. What time could there be for night-walking and frolics when the tremendous business of salvation was not yet done?

He descended upon his congregation like a visitation of Nature, "as if he spoke in the Divine name." They must know that they are damned; they must recognize themselves as "inferior worms" (which he called himself, seeking an abasement which made "humbled to the dust" seem prideful, and desiring to "lie infinitely low before God"). They must know the reality of damnation. People speak of their willingness to be damned, either for the glory of God or in atonement for the pleasures of their sins; but Edwards warns them they cannot know the actuality of the unimaginable tortures of hell-fire. His imagination was in their service with the most appalling power. When he spoke of coming to God, of pressing into the Kingdom, he made of it a great tragedy: the feeling of unworthiness spiralling higher and higher in a sort of ecstasy of fear and abasement until the great fact of infinite sinfulness touches the great fact of forgiveness—or fails and brings eternal damnation. He dealt always with infinities—and it is this capacity to deal nobly with infinity that raises him to such gigantic proportions. The worm, the viper that was man held intercourse with the Holy Spirit; the event could not be without magnificence, and its grandeur lay in its tragedy. Damned or blessed hereafter, man is associated with the eternal. If the choice is easy, if all men are or may be blessed, the tragedy sinks to melodrama; if they are damned, it remains noble and full of dignity, and the saving grace of God becomes also infinitely precious, since it is rare, and His Power and Justice are not mechanisms of a tawdry play, but high elements in an immortal tragedy.

His delivery was not moving. The empty phrases of a Whitefield had to be filled by the voice of a great orator; but authority and conviction carried the bitter logic of Edwards' argument. His audience trembled as under the impact of a blow; it bent under the merciless wind from Heaven. Men and women shrank from the ghastly picture presented to them, shrieked in agony, saw visions, and came to God. "This thing was not done in a corner," wrote the good Dr Isaac Watts in his preface to Edwards' Faith-

ful Narrative of the Surprising Work of God, "wherein it pleased God . . . to display his free and sovereign mercy in the conversion of a great multitude of souls—turning them from a formal, cold, and careless profession of Christianity to the lively exercise of every Christian grace and the powerful practice of our holy religion."

"God was then served in our psalmody," Edwards exults; "religion was with all sorts the great concern, and the world was a thing only by the bye." It is this account which John Wesley read one day while walking alone along the high road from London to Oxford. "Surely," he exclaimed, "surely this is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes."

"Some compared what we called conversions, to certain distempers. And, (so far as the judgment and word of a person of discretion may be taken, speaking upon the most deliberate consideration) what was enjoyed in each single minute of the whole space, which was many hours, was worth more than all the outward comfort and pleasure of the whole life put together; and this without being in any trance, or at all deprived of the exercise of the bodily senses. And this heavenly delight has been enjoyed for years together; though not frequently so long together, to such a height. Extraordinary views of divine things, and the religious affections, were frequently attended with very great effects on the body. . . ."

A little jealous of the purity of these signs, the young preacher adds that they were no new thing, and certainly "arose from no distemper caught from Mr Whitefield," whose labours they preceded. . . .

For all of that, these "effects" were the "physical jerks" which were to become the common phenomena of the camp meeting and the revival. Even then they did not pass without rebuke. The Pentecostalism which in 1927 stirred the congregation of Dr John Roach Straton, was denounced by the General Convention of Congregational Ministers in Massachusetts Bay as early as 1743, with testimony against "errors in doctrine and disorders in practise." The staid Episcopalian, Dr Chauncy who disagreed with Edwards on essentials of religion, disapproved of these methods. He led the Old Lights, the serene Fundamentalists of his time, believing

that man cannot press into the Kingdom, but can only take care to observe the appointed means of salvation: prayer, reading and hearing the word of God. Anticipating the psychology of modern times he held that emotion, impulses, impressions were all due to a debased and abnormal condition of the spirit, and that bodily effects were not the proof of divine power, but of human weakness. Edwards himself admitted that "enthusiasm, superstition, and intemperate zeal" marked the course of revivals, but he did not condemn the outcries and fainting fits; they were interruptions not unwelcome, since they testified to the efficacy of the work, as though a company should meet in the field to pray for rain and should be broken off from their exercise by a plentiful shower. "Would to God that all the public assemblies in the land were broken off from their public exercises with such confusion as this the next Sabbath day! We need not be sorry for breaking the order of means by obtaining the end to which that order is directed. He who is going to fetch a treasure need not be sorry that he is stopped by meeting the treasure in the midst of his journey."

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Edwards had perhaps the most acute mind of his time; his work on the Will is a masterpiece of logic directed to the resolution of a paradox; he is never off guard. Yet he failed to foresee that this doctrine of direct communication between man and God was certain to break down the whole authority of the church, and eventually would make each man the judge of his own salvation. It was a necessary part of his doctrine, but as he let himself be carried away by violent manifestations of divine grace, he opened the way for others less austere than himself. If conversion was so important, the means did not matter; so presently the ignorant saw visions, the unscrupulous made miracles to happen, all to the great end of causing conversions and so hastening the Millennium. Men spoke to God without the intervention of His appointed ministers, and said that God answered; they stormed Heaven or Heaven descended upon them. Edwards had made conversion difficult: he was accused of giving or withholding certificates of regeneration; he insisted upon intelligence as a factor in knowing God. But the weakness of his method overcame its strength.

Wesley was to come and preach a softer doctrine, calling for repentance, conviction of sin, and conversion to Christ's holiness; but he made conversion easy by weakening the Calvinist's distinction between elect and non-elect, and by letting men believe that it was in the competence of their will, as much as of God's, to be saved.

By setting a high price on salvation, Edwards had deterred thousands from attempting to achieve it; the unregenerate refused to make the effort, and when an easier way was shown them, they took it. The most precious thing in the world was cheapened, and as a result, the great influence of the Congregationalist church was weakened. Sects, promising anarchy, sprang up; the colleges were denounced as heretical; famous chapels went over to the doctrine, abominable in Edwards' eyes, of universal salvation. The doctrine that Christ's death had actually saved mankind, not merely given the chance of salvation, was accepted. Saved men, taking an easy way to glory, encouraged Messiahs everywhere. There were those who believed that man, accepting Christ, was incapable of sin, and others who, thinking that all labour for glory showed a lack of trust in the Lord, remained utterly passive, awaiting His pleasure. By making salvation the single end of man, by insisting that it was wholly God's work, and at the same time accepting the physical signs of personal communication with the Holy Spirit, Edwards broke down the wall surrounding the ministry, and cleared the way for cults, which he utterly abominated. He had over-reached himself.

But he had himself the immediate contact with Divine Grace which he held out as possible for every man. This hard man who condemned humanity to Hell was a poet; the merciless logician was a mystic and experienced the mystic's ecstasy. Thinking of him in the dim dreary churches of colonial New England, engaged in disputation, driving grim men and starved women into frenzies of fear and hysteria, we find it hard to say the word, but in justice it must be said: he knew the essence of rapture. He had what he brought once to a young woman, one of the greatest company-keepers of his town: "a new heart, truly broken and *sanctified*." He rejected the phrase "Godded with God† and Christed with

Christ," but he could not help believing that the saints came close to union with God. . . .

He did not ask special gifts, feared them rather, preferring one quarter hour of enjoying "the sweet influences of the Spirit" to a whole year of visions and revelations. But when, as a youth, he attained conversion, nothing of vision, or of the ecstasy of saints, was denied him:

"After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost everything. . . . I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunderstorm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightning's play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder which often times was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my sweet and glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural to me to sing, or chant forth my meditations; or, to speak my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice. Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene calm nature; which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul. . . . There was no part of creature-holiness, that I had so great a sense of its loveliness as humility, brokenness of heart, and poverty of spirit; and there was nothing that I so earnestly longed for. My heart panted after this,—to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be All."

Psychologists have yet to discover from the meagre biographical details, what it was that turned Edwards away from his critical philosophy to the dark theology he adopted; but whatever the explanation, they cannot deny the authentic tone of rapture in these words. It is rapture without hysteria, without sham, and it never left him. Whenever he saw Nature he recovered the emotion, because he knew that it was the work of God, created to communicate "an Image of His own excellence." The golden edges

of an evening cloud, the sun in his strength, the apparition of comets, the jagged rocks, all exalted him. His heart was lifted up.

How high it was lifted is not hard to guess. There is no trace of common hallucination in any word he uttered, but there is a tone of authority which we meet often in the voice of those who begin by believing themselves divinely appointed and end, this side of lunacy, in believing themselves divinely inspired. The confidence with which Edwards spoke of the will of God was not uncommon in his time; it was when he began to speak of the *Will* that his spirit soared. . . . He lowered himself infinitely, and the infinity of his lowness met, in the infinite, the Infinity of God. Met, and became one with it. The two poles of man's life, as Edwards knew them, were to be lower than the dust before God, and to know God; the ecstasy of abasement and the ecstasy of union. As he accomplished both it is possible that somewhere, in the obscure places of his heart, he felt himself God.

For when we ask what it is that Edwards chiefly worshipped in God we find that it was neither Power nor Goodness. It was Will, and not strength of will, but freedom. God alone is infinitely free. The whole mystery of Edwards' denial of free will to man is in this: that he would not diminish, by the slightest degree, the glorious freedom of God. Even in the all-important matter of moving toward Heaven man was not free; for if man were free, if he could move in this direction or another, what became of God's foreknowledge, what became of His freedom? The action of the Divine Will would become subject to mortal power, or mortal whim, and God, too feeble to govern the world He created, would be at the mercy of man. To the jealous lover of God's omnipotence and freedom, this was an unthinkable blasphemy; it is the essence of God's freedom that man should have none. In lesser disciples of Calvin we feel that the natural corruption of man and his tied will are whips to lash the unworthy; in Edwards they become banners to honour the incorruptible, illimitable essence of God.

The element of nobility is thus not omitted from Edwards' determinism; the fact of our damnation contributes to the glory

of God. The terminology seems archaic, the problem irrelevant. But we may remember that since his time science has again and again been interpreted in similar terms. Every fresh discovery of law binds us further; from Evolution to Psychoanalysis each decade has cut in on our freedom, and we are persuaded that our heredity, our environment, and the dreams of our immemorial ancestors condition every move we make. We are all a party in a parlour—if not all silent, at least all damned. Damned to Hell, said Edwards, and to the glory of God; damned anyway, say the moderns, to no Hell but life, and to no glory.

The fires of hell pale in Edwards' discussion of the Will. He is interested more in the fact that our Will is not ours; and to enlarge and ennoble the power of God, he endows the human will with every attribute, except freedom. He gave it a prime place in religion, and what he denied in man he worshipped in God. The contemplation of God's free will brought him to a state of exaltation; it was one source of God's satisfaction. Only let God be supremely happy, he cried, as a lover might, or a father. It was to this end that God created the world, not to love it since God cannot love any other thing but Himself.¹ The movements of the Divine Will conform to Divine Wisdom, are identical with Divine Necessity; God alone is free to do only what is right, while man, not free, is bound to evil and wrong. In God Edwards found the harmonious operation of the spirit, the essential unity. In man, he was aware, there was division between what we want and what we ought, what we intend and what we accomplish. In God there was no break between necessity, will, and action. Edwards, says Allen, his biographer, was "penetrated with the mystic's conviction of some far-reaching, deep-seated alienation which separated man from God" and saw a counterpart of this separation in the divided nature of man himself, impotent, at the end, to do the thing he desires.

Like most philosophies which glorify the Will, Edwards' doctrine is pessimistic. But in comparison with his, modern pessimism is tawdry and modern worship of the will is hysterical and feeble. The will to Edwards, is the essence of life; lack of it is annihilation,

¹ "God loves himself with an infinite intellectual love," says Spinoza.

nothing, "that which the sleeping rocks do dream of." He worshipped the will and gave it to God, and then in a maze of logic he set out jealously to defend it. He met his own paradoxes fairly. He reconciled predestination with man's moral responsibility; he said that consciousness was a delusion implanted in man to give him a sense of responsibility; his definition of the will is a little ambiguous, he seems to say that freedom consists not in making a choice, but in pursuing an inclination, and that the acts of the human will are caused otherwise than by mere power of willing. He somehow makes it appear plausible that men who cannot be converted except by God's will, should attempt to force that will. Despairing perhaps of making clear what was so necessary to his thought, he exclaims that language contradicts itself.

It is left for philosophers and theologians to confute and assay the Freedom of the Will. What the layman knows is that it never falters in exalting the will; he knows that Edwards' worship can be translated, in a moment, from God to Man. He attributed all things to God, but New England Puritanism more and more accepted his ideas of the Will and applied them to Man. Here, again in Edwards' own despite, he stands at the beginning of a long series of movements and cults. Remove from his work the idea of God and there remains a powerful impulse to self-development, to exercise of the Will. The cult of the Will moved exactly away from Edwards, but he is the starting-point none the less. It runs through Emerson, and gradually losing power and dignity it reappears in our own time in anarchism on one side, and on the other the combination of a feeble variety of New Thought with commercialized will-culture.

Just as the Will he exalted had little in common with the Will-power of our current advertisements, the Infinite before which he sank was far removed from the Infinite of New Thought, an Infinite with which the worm man can be "in tune," a friendly, consoling Infinite. For Edwards the word had not lost its meaning; the Infinite was magnificent and terrible, and since that alone gave dignity to life, he was content that it should remain so.



IN A STREET-CAR I. BY BERTRAM HARTMAN



IN A STREET-CAR II. BY BERTRAM HARTMAN

JUSTICE

BY HOWARD T. DIMICK

I HAD not seen Daniel for several months; then as I was strolling along the platform beside the waiting train, I heard his voice.

"Howdy, Mistuh Hollin'swuth." I saw his downcast expression, the collapsed old-fashioned grip on the pavement beside the tracks, and the familiar black clothes—rusty alpaca coat and shabby satin vest.

"Where are you going, Daniel?" I asked with no real curiosity.

"To Sheecawgo, Mistuh Hollin'swuth. Goin' up thah to live, if 'n I can be a pahson agin, an' I thinks I can. Sendin' aftuh mah wife an' boys aftuh I gits settled."

"But the South's your home. Weren't you doing well here?"

"Yassuh; 'bout good as mos' cullud fo'ks, 'till I got in the hospital—you knows 'bout that. But mah home is whah I can do bettuh, an' not jus' whah I does as good as."

Known to his negro admirers as Parson Shuford, and to a few others as Big Nigger or Dan, he had been born on a plantation within thirty miles of Delta City. The name Daniel had been chosen as a tribute to Daniel the prophet.

As a boy he had led the usual plantation life until he was ten years of age. His father, a harmless "country nigger," was addicted to cheap whisky and gin, and when he had been drinking was of a quarrelsome turn, though peaceable and industrious when sober. On Saturday afternoons the country stores sold liquor along with groceries, clothing, and gew-gaws; and it was the approved system to sell the negro tenants all the liquor they could pay for on Saturdays, leaving Sundays for the sobering-up period. Saturday was known as "killing day," because most of the boisterous patrons were armed with forty-fives, the butts protruding from the waist-bands of their trousers or the bosoms of their dresses. Libidinous acts were indulged in on the floors behind the counters, and shootings were common. Now and again a white man was shot.

In one of his alcoholic lapses, Daniel's father passed words with a white man over the price of a can of peaches and made the error

of reaching toward his belt. When they brought him home, Daniel was at the tenant house with his mother.

"Mah mammy," he said, "wuz a-cryin' an' a-prayin', an' thah wuz mah pappy laid hout stiff unduh a quilt, his muddy boots stickin' out."

They moved to town—it was the only thing to do—to a three-room shack in the Mud Flats subdivision given over to coloured residents. The house was one of a row of twenty little dwellings all alike—each with a scant piazza big enough to shelter the door and the one small window. By the time Daniel was fifteen, his mother was endeavouring to buy her little home; she was now cook for a white family.

"Mah mammy done wuk huh fingers to the bone a-tryin' to git me schoolin' and pay off the mo'gage. She no mo'n got the mo'gage paid off'n the house," said Daniel in telling the story, "'till a no 'count cullud boy name Sim Williams done cut a window pane an' clum into a white woman's room, an' when she hollud, he hit huh on the haid with a hatchet. He headed white men a-comin', an' he run fo' his life, but they seed him, an' a mob done fo'med. He hid unduh a house in the Flats, an' the mob went crazy a-lookin' fo' him. They set fiah to all the houses. Mah mammy's wuz bu'nt down, an' we los' eve'ythin'. The blow jus' natchully kilt mah mammy. I ain't nevuh felt 'zactly the same since she crost the rivuh Johdan; that's one reason how come I wuz a preachuh.

"Yassuh. They got Sim Williams. Drug him out, an' shot him full o' holes. Then they bu'nt his body on a pile o' lumbuh to'n off'n some o' the houses nehby. But that didn' do mah mammy no good. Aftuh huh fun'al the cullud pastuh o' mah mammy's chuch tol' me he'd teach me to be a preachuh, an' I let him teach me, 'cause I felt lak bein' a good cullud boy."

In time Daniel gathered a congregation and became a dispenser of the good old-fashioned gospel. I did not see him for some time after his pastorate was established, although he came to my office now and then with various small legal matters. But suddenly, of a bleak day in January, he was standing before me, obsessed with excitement. His dark skin and black clerical garb contrasted with the roll of his white eye-balls, and his cheeks alternately puffed out and collapsed, while he mopped his face with a damp silk handkerchief and strove to control his voice.

"Mistuh Hollin'swuth," he quavered in a deep tremulous bass,

“ain’t—ain’t even a preachuh an’ his flock go-got no pruhtection from a low down nigguh?”

There had been a rift in his congregation over the question of baptism and he suspected the underground or “grapevine” manoeuvres of Zeke Williams—“a little sawed-off ginjuh-cake nigguh,” as Daniel called him, “with sleepy eyes lak a hog an’ appeahin’ lak he didn’t have no mo’ sense than a road snake.” He was a brother of the Sim who has already played a part in these pages. Having laboured incessantly to raise money to erect the frame fifteen-by-thirty church building, the Light Bread Baptist Temple—so named because bread played a part in their ritual—Daniel regarded himself as the head of his little following. The congregation had stood with him so far. But many now sided with Zeke. Daniel believed in full immersion for baptism, but Zeke’s faction held out for immersion up to the neck. A vote had been taken and Daniel’s side had won by a narrow margin.

Then late of a Wednesday afternoon, when he was entering the church in preparation for prayer meeting, Daniel saw a coloured man run out of a rear door and he thought, as he pushed the front door inward, that it was Zeke who had escaped so quickly into the dusk of the pine-trees. But he could not be certain. Behind the rostrum he found a can of kerosene and a box of matches.

“Mistuh Hollin’swuth,” he plead, “cain’t I git a puhmit?”

“What kind of permit, Daniel?”

“A puhmit to kill a sinnuh!”

“What?”

“Yassuh; to kill that low down Zeke Williams.”

“What would you do with the permit?”

“Jus’ keep hit to show mah flock!”

Of course I put him right on the point, and he left with profuse thanks, but somewhat hang-dog.

Later Daniel married a strapping, round-faced woman named Minerva who much plumed herself, my wife said, on having angled a preacher into matrimony.

Then the City Fathers made plans to extend Stonewall Jackson Avenue through the Mud Flats area to the newer residential district beyond and appointed a committee of real-estate men to appraise Daniel’s church property. The city council took over the building and lot in due course, gave the appraised amount to the deacons, and Daniel ceased to be a preacher.

He proposed moving to the country where he could probably find

opportunities to preach, but Minerva refused; she wanted to live in town—even if every negro went to perdition. “Don’t seem lak I gits nowhah,” he complained to me. “Fust hit’s one thing an’ then hit’s anothuh, an’ wussuh!”

He drifted from one job to another—anything to get bread and meat for the mouths he had to feed. Minerva took in washing again; and once I saw Daniel in the street driving a small wagon with a bony deliberate mare in a patch-work harness. I remember the outfit and the mis-spelled word “transfer” painted on the side boards of the wagon.

Then trouble broke. Minerva appeared at my office, her face puffed and stained with weeping, and said Daniel had been arrested and was in jail at the county-seat. I knew nothing of the details, but made immediate enquiry. He had been charged with transporting a tenant from one plantation to another between sunset and sunrise—against which a statute has been enacted. The law is not directed at negroes more than at white malcontents who persuade tenants to leave one plantation for another. At any rate, Daniel was in jail. I telephoned the county judge and assured him I would guarantee the bond, so Daniel need not be in jail while the papers were being drawn up. The judge was politely firm however and refused surety over the ’phone, saying that such procedure was contrary to policy. I then arranged to have the papers drawn up. This was Tuesday.

The next day the papers were ready to be signed. On Thursday there was a story in *The Caucasian* about the abduction and flogging by masked whites of Daniel Shooford, alias Big Nigger, and the account stated that he had been released from jail on Tuesday night. I knew that his bond had not yet been arranged. Business called me to Memphis then, but in my mind was a picture of night riders—an ugly thought, with hints in it of the dark morasses of our civilization.

These night riders are successors of parties that used to go about on horseback by moonlight destroying crops on which the owners had in their opinion set too low a selling price. Nowadays the automobile serves the purpose of the horse—with greater mobility; despite change of conveyance and costume, however, the motive of night riding remains unchanged.

When I returned from Memphis I went to the hospital to which Daniel had been taken for treatment. I had gathered a few facts.

The charge against him had been made by a certain overseer. As I passed along the corridor of the charity hospital toward the negro ward, the irony of the situation was borne in on me. One stratum of taxpayers bears the brunt of providing such refuges, another exerts itself to keep them filled. The hospital itself has the combined odours of a boarding-house, a pharmacy, and a lavatory. As I walked down the corridor I saw that the white-finished walls were not white. I gulped sickly as my eye fell on the streaks and splatters.

Daniel was so bandaged I knew him only by his voice.

"Howdy, Mistuh Hollin'swuth," he said, "I suah is glad to see you, boss."

Minerva had gone home, and when the nurse moved away I asked Daniel some questions. A negro from the country had approached him at the curb-stand where his auto truck was parked. For two or three years he had been using a truck for his transfer business. The country negro told him that a coloured farmer named Possum wanted his household goods moved to another plantation. Daniel drove out to the place arriving about noon, and after some delay in locating Possum's tenant house, found himself face to face with Zeke Williams whom he had not seen nor heard of for years. Zeke seemed glad to see him, explained that he had moved from town, and that he was known as Possum to the country negroes; explanations and questions on both sides took up the time until about sundown, when at last the goods were loaded. It was hot and Zeke advised that they wait for the coolness of the evening. Since they had nine miles to go, Daniel was willing. They reached their destination about nine o'clock, Daniel got his money, and came back to town.

"Two weeks aftuh that," he said, "the laws done come to mah house to take me to jail. They wouldn' even wait fo' mah wife to come home, so's I could tell huh whah I wuz a-goin'. I laid in jail a week and then they tol' me a white lawyuh done made mah bond, an' I could go home."

"Who made the charges against you?"

"The ovuhseeah from whah Zeke moved."

"How do you think he found out who moved Zeke's stuff, or where you live?"

"Gawd knows, boss—you know how white fo'ks finds out."

"When did they tell you that your bond had been signed?"

"Deputy shehiff come to me late Toosday night, when I wuz sweatin' an' tryin' not to git down-hahted."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said a white lawyuh'd made mah bond, an' I could go home."

"Did he seem to want you to go home?"

"I tol' 'im I might as well stay the res' o' the night, an' he said I maybe 'ud git a cah to take me home."

"How were you going to get home without your truck?"

"I didn' know. I had a dolluh I done saved. But I wuz so glad to git out, I jus' went."

"Didn't they search you when they put you in jail?"

"Yassuh, but the deputy gimme bac' mah dolluh when he tol' me to go on home."

"Have you a telephone at your house?"

"Nossuh. We uses the 'phone at Dago Joe's stoah; hit closes at seven o'clock."

"Well, what happened when you got outside the jail?"

"The shehiff slammed the doah behin' me, an' thah I wuz in the dahk. The jail sets way bac' in a big yahd with trees. I stood thah tryin' to see, an' then a voice say, 'Boy, ah you callt Big Nigguh?' "

"I say I is.

" 'We got 'im,' a voice say. Then 'bout five men, dim lak, come 'round me. I felt a pistol bah'll poked in mah ribs, an' one o' them say, 'If you holluh, you ah a daid nigguh.' "

"Were they masked?"

"Yassuh. I could see eyes a gleamin' thru holes in some kinda white stuff lak sheets is made outa."

"What did they do?"

"They put me in a cah an' rid me a long ways. I almos' dozed off bein' kinda tiahed."

"Did they talk?"

"Nossuh. Not while we wuz ridin'."

"Well then, when they whipped you?"

"They got way off'n the woods. All the time they ain't said nothin' but jus' wukked at tyin' me to a tree. Then one o' 'em flashed a light in mah eyes an' say, 'We ah goin' to teach you not to intuhfeah with no labuh in this county.' I say, 'I ain't meant to intuhfeah with no labuh.' An' he say, 'Shut up, nigguh, didn' you use to preach an' go on to the niggus?' 'Yassuh,' I say, 'I

done suvved the Lawd.' 'You a dam danjous nigguh an' a ajitatuht,' he say."

"Then they beat you?"

"Yassuh, boss. They done beat me an' kep' on beatin' me. It huht so bad I musta passed out, 'cause when I come to I wuz all by mahsef. I wuz scart an' awful sick. Mah back wuz on fiah, an' mah mouf wuz dry as a bone. I prayed to Gawd to show me a way out of the dahk, an' Gawd aftuh a wile done heahed mah prayuh, an' the rope whut helt me come loose an' lemme fall to the groun'. Aftuh wile it got lightuh, an' I crawl't out o' the bushes, an' then I tried to walk, but bimeby I fell down an' had to crawl some mo'. I come to a road aftuh hit wuz good light, an' I jus' lay down thah. A white man woke me up an' brought me heah."

"Could you recognize any of the men who flogged you?"

"Could which, boss?"

"Do you know any of the men who whipped you?"

"Nossuh. The voices wuz all strange lak, an' hit wuz dahk."

I asked Daniel if he would go back to the jail and point out the sheriff who let him out, but he was so frightened at the thought of further trouble I knew I could do nothing for him. Without his testimony I had no case.

"If'n I went bac' thah," he said, the bloodshot whites of his eyes showing, "they'd put me in jail agin, an' mah wife an' boys nevuh would see me no mo'."

A boy brought his lunch at that moment, and Daniel sniffed the food eagerly, though he groaned at being raised in bed. He looked at the unappetizing warmed-over food and said, "Mistuh Hollin'swuth, I'm gittin' bettuh 'cause mah appetite is comin' bac' to me." He began to eat with relish, and I left him.

Next day I drove to the county-seat to see the Attorney. He said that since no official complaint had been made by the victim he could do nothing; but he agreed, in view of the flogging, to withdraw the bill of information (preparatory to indictment) which he had lodged against Daniel on complaint of the overseer. He assured me rather emphatically that he suspected no collusion between the deputy at the jail and the masked outlaws who had waited in the jail yard. It was most regrettable he said, but he could not explain the presence of the masked men, and promised to look into the matter. The sheriff also assured me that the deputy was an efficient officer, having been in service several years;

he suggested that I see the judge and obtain a warrant if I felt justified.

I wanted to get to the bottom of the matter for my own satisfaction, so I wrote a letter requesting that the overseer come to see me. His story did not surprise me.

Zeke Williams (Possum), he said, had been in debt to the plantation ever since coming to it—a matter of three years. He had been informed that he must get even with the commissary or move off the place without his chattels or the value of his crop. The overseer had come to the conclusion that Zeke had planned a moonlight departure with the aid of any one he could get to help him.

“How did you find out who moved him?” I asked.

“When we found that he had skipped, I talked among the burr-heads, but they wouldn’t tell me anything—you know how they are. A week afterwards I ran across him at a store about ten miles from the place. He was scared chilly, but he’s a good actor. He told me right off who moved him, but said he was ignorant of the law; said that if the hauler had told him the law, he never would have moved by dark—he would have waited for daylight. He laid the blame on this Big Nigger or Parson for being in a hurry to haul him and collect the money. We had to stand a loss on the burr-head, so I decided to get a warrant for this Parson or Big Nigger and teach him a lesson. We’ve got to act, you know; we’d all be busted flat, if the niggers could run things to suit themselves.”

“Do you know how the masked floggers got hold of the matter,” I asked, “or who told them Daniel used to preach to negroes?”

“No, sir,” he said. “I do know that the planters hereabouts are forced to keep the whip hand of the niggers. It’s my guess those men were farmers from some place else in the state. News like that gets around among the farmers—kind of grapevine, you know.”

My next meeting with Daniel was at the depot as I was strolling along the platform.

“Mistuh Hollin’swuth,” he said with an odd gladness in his bass voice, “I gotta lettuh from Sheecawgo—from a frien’—an’ hit suah do make me feel good.” He reached into an inner pocket and brought out a much worn envelope. “My frien’ done wrote me to come up thah; he used to be one o’ mah deacons, an’ he says as how come I can be *Mistuh* Shufo’d. Fo’ a fac’, he ’spects I can be

Pahson Shufo'd with a flock o' city cullud fo'ks. An' I can make a white man's wages, an' sen' mah boys to school. Minerva done decided one o' them goin' be a preachuh—a educated preachuh lak whut I ain't. T'other one she wants to be a doctuh, an' that takes a lota schoolin'. Can't say I ain't kinda sawry to leave mah both place an' mah good white frien's, but mah home is whah I can do bettuh, an' not be 'fraid o' no man."

NEW YEAR DAY

BY KWEI CHEN

The day is yet weak,
 My father lights the Tung oil-lamp,
 A lamp with a flame like a bean.
 He lights also the incense in the brass burner,
 He opens the ink-grinder and takes up a new brush.
 Upon the sheet of red paper he writes, meditating:
 "In the dawn of the New Year Day I try my pen on the red;
 May all things go as willed."

Outside dogs bark;
 Hither guests come—a large group—
 Men in long dark blue gowns and black satin coats,
 By their fathers' side, the children wearing red hats embroi-
 dered in gold.
 "Congratulations, congratulations for the Happy New Year!"
 Shout all guests, young and old alike.

"Stay!" cries out my father, stretching his arms across the
 doorway.
 All sit round the large table—
 There the wine is warm and fragrant; the candies are piled
 in a pagoda.
 The elders drink and talk; the children eat and listen.
 In the court-yard are large petals of snow-blossoms, flying.

BOOK REVIEWS

VAN WYCK BROOKS IN TRANSITION?

EMERSON AND OTHERS. *By Van Wyck Brooks. 10mo.*
250 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

MR BROOKS'S recent volume comprises eight essays, six monographs on Emerson, John Butler Yeats, Randolph Bourne, Bierce, Melville, and Upton Sinclair, and two general essays on the "soil" of art. All of them bear more or less directly on a matter which has always been a primary concern with this author: the causal relationship between artist and environment. The issue, when one attempts to schematize Mr Brooks's exhortations and conclusions, appears to have been variously met. At times he would seem to be asking that artists be accorded greater categorical respect than they now receive; but again, as in his *Amor Fati*, he suggests that too much opportunity to improve one's standard of living may be disastrous to art, that the artist should in his devotion to art become somewhat of a pariah, "that the ancient tag about 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot' really states the first principle of the conservation of energy in the literary life." Or again, he seems on some occasions to be employing the psychoanalytic technique to account for failure and at others to disclose failure where we had assumed success.

On the whole, I doubt whether Mr Brooks ever found for his key problem any consistent solution, though in the course of his preoccupation with it he has put forth many very suggestive alternatives. The core of this attitude seems to have centred in the concept of the artist's "muse." If the inspirational aspect of art is stressed in an irreligious era—as it was in the "Seven Arts tradition"—the *afflatus* which was once infused into the artist from on high must now be derived from a secular source, in this case the environment. Whereupon, a good line redounds to the credit of the nation and a bad line is the fault of one's neighbours—and since the lines are preponderantly bad, the critic has much cause to accuse his countrymen. But strangely enough, in stressing the intimate connexion between the artist and the race, the tendency

to brand the race as unworthy coexists with the *vox populi vox dei* attitude, so that the artist seems at times to be judged a victim through expressing his environment, and at others through failing to do so. The whole antinomy being investigated along psychoanalytic lines.

In the Emerson: Six Episodes which opens the present work, and which was obviously the last written of all the essays published here, Mr Brooks has advanced into a less doctrinaire territory. Indeed, the author has, to my knowledge, here given us the first "stream-of-consciousness" biography. By skilfully culling and arranging the entries in Emerson's journals, he has produced a subjective record corresponding to those workings of the busy tentative brain which we find exemplified in such writers as Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, and Gertrude Stein, where the intelligence is brought to bear upon the processes of perception rather than upon those of ratiocination. Here we see not the transcendentalist (an aspect of Emerson which concerns us little at the present time) but the experimental mind, reasoning on a basis of bodily sensation, and respectful of its excursions. Emerson certainly does not gain in dignity by such treatment, but he is made familiar, and thus contemporary. To the "sensitive plant," which is at once the symbol and reduction to absurdity of nineteenth-century romanticism, there is here added a prompt matching of sensation with ideation. With each veering of mood, another code struggles to develop. It is a mode of thinking implicit in the change from the Cartesian *cogito, ergo sum* to the post-Kantian *volò, ergo sum* as a proof of existence.

In the Notes on Herman Melville, though they deal with a case which Mr Brooks defines as "the suffocation of a mighty genius in a social vacuum," we frequently and gratifyingly lose track of this theme through the obtrusion of another: the spirited admiration which the author feels for Moby Dick. In this essay Mr Brooks is at his best in depicting the "trials" of the artist. And we feel for once, though perhaps the author may not have expressly wished it, that the artist's work can claim a certain priority over his environmental difficulties, that his art is the reflection of the temper by which his practical problems will be determined and met. One feels, that is, not that Moby Dick was written by Melville's contemporaries, but that the man who could (a) write Moby Dick would (b) conduct his life as he did. Such an attitude would be "non-psychoanalytic." At least, it would cancel psychoanalytic

causality by stressing the consistency between character, art, and practical activities, so that both art and "life" are seen as parallel modes (each within its own terms) of the same mentality. In any case, *Moby Dick* is certainly not explained here as a "social result," but seems rather to be admired as the adequate and uncompromising expression of Melville's faculties.

In a brief prefatory note, Mr Brooks says of *The Literary Life in America* that it contains "many statements that are certainly less true now than they were when they were written." But on the whole, the contention of the chapter (that American society is more bent upon the development of practical utility than of aesthetic receptivity) seems to be as "true" now as it ever was. At least, we fervently hope so.

The only reason I could imagine for failing to choose utility at the expense of aesthetic receptivity would be the belief that they need not be opposed to each other. When even our most responsible and capable artists chose to consider aesthetic refinement in terms of sickliness, one could hardly resent the rather Spartan distrust of art which the *bourgeois* adopted as a consequence. The aesthetic attitude, it seems to me, is defensible only if it can be advocated as a more complex form of utility. (Religion, for instance, in so far as it assists in the forming of a set of moral imperatives, is useful. "Religiosity," an attitude without biological dogma, is "aesthetic." It would be as useful a social force as religion, but religion in the past has proved simpler and more practical as a method of procuring the required minimum of order. But the value of the practical religion is limited, and the whole conditioning is so unpliant that, when established on this plane, it can like patriotism be easily converted to anti-social ends. The aesthetic "religiosity" at such times proves more practical, because more complex and thus more pliant. The "aesthetic" might thus be defined as an attempt—in terms of play, as in the "preparations" of childhood—to extend the biological adequacy of both the individual and the group.)

We suspect that the almost mechanical antinomy between "business" and "art," so pronounced a few years ago, was at bottom an economic matter, involving a political opposition which has been allowed temporarily to languish under the comparative quiescence of labour disturbances and jingoism. The "intellectual," perhaps as a Tolstoyan importation, had assumed a fraternity with the American "worker and peasant" which existed only in so far

as they might have certain enmities in common. Once this negative bond had weakened, the many divergencies between the two groups were quick to assert themselves. Meanwhile the *bourgeois*, being rich, and generally virtuous, finds it impossible to occupy his time between the hours of five and twelve with anything but art, so that "expression" becomes a major industry. (Which it always was; but now, in the general prosperity, there are crumbs even for the most "select" artists—the whole scale being raised—and the *élite* are content to let Harold Bell Wright banquet if only the same conditions permit them to lunch. And thus, in Europe, we find art distrusted on the grounds that art and *bourgeoisie* are synonymous!) Further, the class which voiced such strong objections against the *bourgeoisie* were pledged by the very framing of these objections to avoid all standardized motions, and would thus have to deny themselves the right of repeating over a protracted period any slogan, even if it embodied their profoundest convictions, so that the attitude of "protest" could subside without necessarily indicating that the situation had altered correspondingly. And "less true" may only mean "less in demand."

Nor does the other aspect of his "indictment" ("the blighted career, the arrested career, the diverted career are, with us, the rule") seem any less "true." Did not the editors of this very magazine, but a few months back, editorially look in vain not for the important writers which Mr Brooks had hoped for, but merely for "interesting" writers? Yet somehow the morale behind it all has changed—and hope and hopelessness as to the future seem to have vanished together. Artists are now well documented in their predicaments which, like prolonged plagues, though they may continue to destroy, finally cease to dismay. Whereas an editor, through a sense of justice, may deplore the circumambient mediocrity, a writer, through a sense of embarrassment, must refrain from doing so. In such complaints, for him, there is no longer catharsis. The problem has been reduced to doggedly simple terms: to write as best he may, not as the result of an ancestral hunger after izzat, nor as the expression of any driving need for vicarious existences, but because, under a continued failure to be coherent, he becomes uneasy.

KENNETH BURKE

CIVIL DISILLUSIONMENT

TWILIGHT. By Count Edouard von Keyserling. Translated from the German by James Ashton. (Harmony. Translated by Amy Wesselhoeft von Erdberg. Kersta. Translated by Amy Wesselhoeft von Erdberg and E. Drew Arundel.) 12mo. 311 pages. The Macaulay Company. \$2.50.

IT seems singular as one reads these stories that Count Edouard von Keyserling, although he has been dead for almost ten years, should be so much less well known than is his cousin, Hermann, the philosopher. Like certain other cultured Europeans, like Turgenev, like Bunin, the Bunin of Mitya's Love, Count von Keyserling combines a polished wisdom with a restrained and unwarped disillusionment. His writing, of its kind, is faultless, without egotism, unobtrusive yet quick in every part, perfectly simple with the simplicity of super-sophistication. The characters live against their backgrounds and the backgrounds penetrate and interpret the characters. One may breathe with confidence in this pure, regulated air of high art. One is with an aristocrat, a gentleman, a man of the world, an artist, but not, be it said, with a man of genius. Count von Keyserling is either too weary or too philosophic, too emancipated or too indifferent, to be forced beyond just that point of civil surrender, which, though rewarding because of the subtleties of his understanding, leaves us in the end oddly, but without restlessness, where we were. His pen lacks the sharpness and energy of Voltaire's, the high spirits and inventiveness of Sterne's, the lofty intellectual grasp of Goethe's, the bewildered tribulation of Dostoevsky's. And yet Kersta¹ is, in its way, a faultless story, as faultless, indeed, as is any story of which one can think; all is jointed, put together, and set going with consummate skill, consummate self-effacement. Turn it which way you like, no part obtrudes, no part is flimsy.

Twilight, the story which gives the book its name, though longer and more ambitious, is, one feels, less impressive. In the unyield-

¹ Published in THE DIAL, November 1925.

ing, sombre atmosphere of the older generation, in their baronial castles with their great drawing-rooms, the high ceilings and heavy chandeliers, youth seeks to carry forward its outlawed, irrepressible impulses, to keep alight ardour which leaps up like a flame in confinement burning itself with its own heat or becoming slowly extinguished in the inert air. The unhappy ending is inevitable. Egloff, the weak, intelligent, impressionable hero, involved in debt, weary of his mistress, abandoned by his betrothed, and having killed in a duel a man he likes and respects, rides off in the night on his cherished stallion to his hunting lodge.

“ ‘Well run, old fellow,’ he said affectionately and then loosened the saddle girths and the head strap, covered the horse’s eye with his left hand and with his right drew out his revolver. Then he pressed it against Ali’s ear and fired. A tremor ran through its body and then it suddenly collapsed, gave a slight quiver and then lay still. Egloff bent over him and passing his hand gently over his mane murmured: ‘So, old fellow, there’s nothing in it, one just stretches oneself out and then it’s all over, nothing more.’ Then he stood up and went slowly across to the hut.”

I quote this passage for two reasons: first, to show that Count von Keyserling, even at his most dramatic moments, for Egloff has gone into the hut to shoot himself, is always subdued, always shuns the spectacular, and carries with him the limitations of this choice; and secondly, to indicate the carelessness of Mr Ashton, the translator, who repeats the word “then” six times and the word “over” three times, in these few sentences. Also one wonders if the author himself really referred to the stallion sometimes as “he” and sometimes as “it.” The proof-reading too is careless, for while it may be a minor point it is nevertheless extremely irritating to a fastidious eye to see the word “to-day” alternate continually with “today.”

Though the centres in this story shift very adroitly from character to character there is not one among them whose consciousness, mirroring the situation, is able to give it a releasing depth and breadth. This does not mean that such a centre is at all necessary. Some of the very greatest, perhaps the greatest, fiction has been entirely concerned with simple and limited people involved without insight or articulacy in their gathering entanglements, but in

that case there is both a greater detachment and a greater verve on the part of the author. Kersta is, to a certain degree, an example of this. Here Count von Keyserling has achieved in its way a masterpiece. Everyone in the story is as graphically drawn as if on a rustic frieze, yet one can enter into the scenes and discover the people living, the emotions of Kersta as actual, and yet as immortal, as is the soft air which tempts her to linger in the forest among the firs and birches on those tender and torturing spring evenings. And this, to a lesser degree, is true of Harmony,¹ which is, indeed, though lighter in quality, more touched with fantasy and poetry than is either of the other two.

It is to be hoped that the present volume will be enough appreciated by the public to encourage the publishers to bring out further translations of Count von Keyserling's work, which, though it may lose much of its melody and perfection thus blurred and transmuted, must always give evidence of a subtle, ironic, discriminating, and magnanimous imagination.

ALYSE GREGORY

¹ Published in *THE DIAL*, October 1925.

THE POETRY OF CONCENTRATION

HIPPOLYTUS TEMPORIZES. *By H. D. 8vo. 139 pages. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.*

HOWEVER variously imagist performance may be esteemed, one should not under-rate the service that imagists have rendered poetry in their insistence that more than decorative, more perhaps than beautiful, it must be unique and absolute. To demand that poetry be "hard and clear"—"exact," to insist that "concentration is of the very essence of poetry" is surely a not negligible step toward the inhibition of poetic deliquescence. If not all moods bear concentration, and if to set one's feelings forth "exactly" is only to show how trifling too many of them really are, then perhaps there is nothing so efficacious as the freedom of free verse as a winnowing principle, showing who are not poets as well as who are.

At any rate the poetry of H. D. seems easily enough to support the extremity of imagist tests. Infinitely wrought, "petal in the rift of carven petal," it is still free of preciosity and glitter, a poetry of concentration in good fact, of durable individuality. The imagists seem not more different from other poets than H. D. from her fellow imagists. Again, her achievement, or her endowment of originality is such that great as appears her debt to the Greeks, she seems upon strict comparison more unlike than like them. Freedom here is another name for complex disciplines, and achievements in technique none the less elaborate because their methods are but slightly apparent, for a singleness which in mood is perhaps natural, but in expression is certainly sought—with much patience, skill, and good fortune. Singleness of mood is evident enough through all of her work, and not least in the present play which, one would suppose, might deal with many moods. It is the passion for beauty as the quest of the private heart, beauty the inaccessible, beauty "set about with wrecks of ships." And it is expressed with manifest lyric singleness, an economy in which the goal of expression is achieved, apparently, by the mere disclosure of the symbols of feeling, symbols specific, consummate, but nearly bare of context, or even of connexion.

The disadvantage of this way to poetry would seem to be its bias toward obscurity and discontinuity, its tendency to make the lyric a thing of chords and flashes: the ideal of "each perfect separate yet joined again beautiful" is not always achieved in its latter measure. Perhaps this is not a difficulty except to readers who are accustomed to read poetry in the same somewhat confined ways in which they read prose. But are not readers of this sort numerous, perhaps even most of us? Certainly it has been often enough noted of H. D. that though her poetic statement is nothing if not specific, it is at the same time vague in what it symbolizes. Who are the mysterious soliloquists of her poems and what are the episodes out of which they speak? It is not always clear, even with the minimum of clarity which one is ready to accept in the lyric. And if one is troubled by such questions he may be much troubled, though perhaps not rightly so, for if the property of the symbol is that it combines various orders of emotion for various readers, then the less specific symbol might well be powerful in proportion to its vagueness—within certain limits, and granting, what one cannot fail to grant here, eminence of feeling in the poet who uses it. Yet the difficulty is not slight when it occurs, as it does in this case, in the service of a tract of poetic significance which is more than slightly removed from anything we can to-day call customary. Nor is the trouble mitigated by the focalism, the isolate intensity of phrase which is so clear a part of this manner of "pearl and fire."

One may not be wrong, then, in taking it as a mark of the growth of H. D.'s art that these difficulties seem somewhat lessened in successive works, and in the present case are considerably reduced. It is not merely that choice of the dramatic form affords a valuable device of added poetic presence. The very conditions of the medium are in the interests of readers. The lyric interlocutors are here named and placed, and the intense images are intense to clearer ends. Further, the natural discontinuity of the dialogue itself seems an admirable spacing and setting off of H. D.'s selective sharpness. The play seems more dramatic lyric than lyric drama, and as lyric especially appropriate to her genius. At least an action in which Artemis so much figures—Hippolytus' passion for Artemis is presented, and Phaedra's passion for Hippolytus, with the trick and its consequences, by which she gained her end—such an action ought to be well suited to H. D.'s turns of feeling. For Artemis,

the shy austere spirit of woodland loveliness, "essence of wood-things," "queen only of the soul," may in fact be taken as well representing that emotional vista which H. D. so perfectly indicates—the passion of the heart to be alone with beauty. The present play, like the *Heliadora* and *Hymen* lyrics—in the latter of which one may indeed observe the first suggestions of certain of the present personae—like nearly every poem of H. D., whatever the subject or the circumstance, is in final purpose, a song of the inviolateness of beauty, beauty approachable only in singleness of heart.

Possibly it is not a large or various sum of things which is thus reiterated to us here. H. D. may be a sophisticate of poetry who has found certain rare modes to beauty among her responses to the beauties of archaic Greece. But if it is merely a sophisticate who writes

"What is song for
 what use is song at all
 if it cannot imprison the sea,
 if it cannot beat down
 in avalanche of fervour even the wind,
 if it cannot drown out
 our human terror?"

then it is a sophisticate wise in passion as well as in precision. The orbit of this experience may not be large; but one can have no doubt that it passes through fundamental regions. Perhaps the love of beauty is too frail to be other than defeated and despoiled in any conflict with its more earthy congeners, as is here so lyrically figured. In the clash of passions it may chance that the worship of Artemis vanishes in the grosser fires of "fair infinite Aphrodite." But though it vanish is it consumed? Can one think it an ephemeral or untypical human fineness that is embodied in Hippolytus' passion for "the mistress and the innermost power of the pure glade"? Artemis escapes men but not men Artemis.

CHARLES K. TRUEBLOOD

THE ENGLISH NOVEL

OXFORD READING COURSES: THE ENGLISH NOVEL.

By Alan C. Valentine. 8vo. 59 pages. Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$1.

IT would be unfair to judge too exactingly a little text-book which only professes to offer a few hints to young students for a course of reading. An amateur, however, who stands by while a professional is making questionable statements refrains with difficulty from comment, and some of Mr Valentine's statements to his pupils are so questionable that one is tempted to a little discourse of one's own on the subject of his little treatise. He says very well: "In its manifold origins, the English novel is as typically British as the English Constitution. It possesses an equally varied and uncertain ancestry." But it soon appears that he has no clear notion in his mind of what he means by the English Novel. There is a form of art, distinct from that practised by Bunyan, Swift, and Defoe, which the modern spirit has chosen for its chief literary vehicle of expression, and though it is hardly possible to take an objective view of the novel as a whole without pretending to an equally objective view—at present beyond the capacity of any philosophic historian less confident than Herr Spengler—of the modern spirit itself, there are yet certain clear facts about its origins and early history which are well within the scope of a text-book.

In the Middle Ages, and still in the age of Shakespeare, people loved stories as much as they do now, but the curious difference is that they liked stories which they knew more or less already, just as children call again and again for the same story and would feel that there was something wrong in any unexpected development. A new story, if it was even thought of, was inadmissible on the Greek stage, and the disinclination of audiences for new stories was matched, we may surmise, by the infertility of the dramatist's mind in devising entirely new situations. The great stories of the older world were ideal happenings, tragic or otherwise, perhaps shaping themselves originally out of hearsay about real events; the human mind had not yet had the thought of inter-

vening playfully or seriously between Destiny and its puppets, and of assuming an imaginative direction of the course of events: or when it did so, it had recourse to the crude method of the *deus ex machina*, which was probably never felt to be artistically sound. All through the Middle Ages, the folk-mind called for substantially the same stories over and over again, and it was the folk-mind which continued to be exercised in and by the story until about the end of the seventeenth century, when, especially in England, a curious change began to operate both in the minds of readers and authors. I think it was Mr Bernard Shaw who first talked in a breezy way of "Bunyan's novels." The Pilgrim's Progress and The Holy War were, however, no novels: The Pilgrim's Progress was perhaps the last great folk-story, every incident in which was part of the intimate experience of a Bible-loving people, and it was the folk which received it and understood it long before, in the early nineteenth century, literary critics began to recognize in the author the possessor of a secret now lost for ever. Mr Valentine therefore certainly goes wrong in making Bunyan one of "the first group of novelists": the founder, in fact, of the English novel. Nor can this title be given to Defoe, the second name on his list. Defoe, by virtue of his astonishing faculty for circumstantial make-believe, is the great fore-runner of the novel, but he claimed himself (though his serious assertions, especially about himself, have not the ringing veracity of his fabrications) that it was an allegorical illumination which guided him in Robinson Crusoe. And the same claim might be made out for Swift, the third author in Mr Valentine's course.

The actual historical origin of the English novel is significant of its function in the national life. It was at first an extension of the art of polite letter-writing, and the "unidea'd girl"—to use Dr Johnson's general description of the young lady of a slightly later period—who asked Mr Samuel Richardson to write a love-letter for her, telling him that "she could not tell him what to write, but he could not write too kindly," expressed on behalf not merely of her pining sisterhood but of the entire leisured population, the desire to find some outlet for their obstructed sentiments. This was the opportunity of literature, which now became as never before an institution in the national life. In the Puritan age life had been conceived differently, and the full employment of man's faculties, and consequently perhaps the absence of *ennui* from his

life, was implied in aiming at "man's chief end," which was defined comprehensively as "to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever." In the early eighteenth century, a period of widely diffused well-being, the population, at ease from wars and persecutions and the competing claims of armed causes, found its spiritual occupation gone, and the business of striving toward the ideal being withdrawn, what a yawning abyss disclosed itself in the private life of the British citizen! Men indeed had money-making, wenching, drinking, preaching, soldiering to fill it up, but the women—? The inordinate length of Richardson's romances, and the avidity with which every sentence of them was read (the villagers of Slough were put up to ringing the church-bell in celebration of the marriage of Pamela) bespeak a blank in the lives of his readers, of which the sly old author was perfectly well aware. "Story, story, story," he makes Lady Grandison write, "is what the English hunt after, whether sense or nonsense, probable or improbable."

There is no mention of Richardson in Mr Valentine's text-book, so that I think, while thanking him for his wish to help us, we are justified in expressing our dissatisfaction with him as a guide. In considering the subsequent progress of the novel in the eighteenth century some questions may occur to the student: how was it, for example, once the general formula of the novel had been discovered—the transition from the epistolary form to direct narrative was made at once—so few, comparatively speaking, took advantage of it. We should remember perhaps that to write a novel on the scale demanded in those days was an arduous and not certainly remunerative undertaking. It was a key to unlock all experience, yet those whose circumstances made its employment natural or profitable were not very numerous. The chief of them were a genial London magistrate with a turn for the stage; an eccentric country parson; and a surly ship-surgeon. Another remark to be made about these novelists is that their imitation of real life never brought them within sight of what we call realism: the happenings, speechifyings, et cetera, are all according to a convention determined by the author's mind; the story is never altogether a natural story; never therefore, from the point of view gained later, a real story.

When we come to the nineteenth century, academic guidance becomes almost an impertinence. A due appreciation of the quali-

ties of Miss Austen is undoubtedly a mark of culture; and we must understand the great part played by Scott in that revolutionary extension of the historic imagination which we call the Romantic Movement, if we would secure his place in our affections from the recent rather damaging criticism of Signor Croce. But after Scott, we are dealing with something about which everyone is entitled to an opinion; something that is in the air we breathe, as poetry was in the air breathed by the Shakespearians. It is possible that we do not give ourselves enough credit for this gift of story-telling which has become so general amongst us, and is possessed by all kinds of unexpected people, by young girls and by otherwise not remarkable youths, or, as in the case of William De Morgan, awakens in old men when their lives have become sedentary. It is not that we are more inventive than our ancestors, and perhaps it is true that in the period during which the novel has run riot, no great new story, to compare, for instance, with the mediaeval love-stories, has been shaped amongst us. The gift which has come to us, in compensation for some creative faculties which we appear to have lost, is a gift of vision which enables us to see "a tale in anything"; it has behind it "stores of silent thought," and for us a story is a story not for its dramatic contrasts or its "characterization"; its unity is merely the field of the author's vision as that dwells with sympathetic understanding or ironic observation on some little chain of happenings, mean, noble, comic, criminal—anything! Nor, though perhaps we attach less importance to it, can it be said that our novelists are deficient in that fundamental structure of a story which used to be called "plot": complete problematic situations unfold themselves to our contemplative satisfaction. Every new generation brings its own special vision, and it must be said that as each new generation comes forward the colours of the old vision fade very rapidly. The gift will pass from us, as every gift is finally exhausted, and let us make the most of it while we have it! It is a "gay science" that we practise, because it is quite spontaneous and satisfactory to ourselves, and in the process of our social evolution, fulfils a function on which we can ponder with a certain assurance that whatever that function is we are discharging it adequately and willingly.

JOHN EGLINTON

BRIEFER MENTION

AVARICE HOUSE, by Julian Green, translated from the French by Marshall A. Best (12mo, 358 pages; Harpers: \$2.50). Recommended by most distinguished critics as being like *Wuthering Heights* and *Balzac*. The resemblances are indeed noticeable. A distinctive style is always a difficult thing for new American writers. This novelist has no pity for his characters. He gives them the fate they earn. There he is *Balzac*. His people revel in hatreds. There he is *Emily Brontë*. But are his types the sort that sink definitely into the reader's consciousness? It is to be feared not! But the writing is clear-cut and apparently effortless. It is not wonderful that distinguished critics succumbed to the workmanship.

POORHOUSE SWEENEY, *Life in a County Poorhouse*, by Ed Sweeney, with an introduction by Theodore Dreiser (10mo, 178 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$2.50). Mr Theodore Dreiser is perfectly right when he asserts that the pages of this book offer us a new angle for observing life. The real value of this description of the Poorhouse is dependent on the power it has of arousing that agreeable titillating humour which comes with a sense of superior understanding. The author supplies the crude material, and the reader the irony that plays about it.

THE COUNTERFEITERS, by André Gide, translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy (10mo, 365 pages; Knopf: \$3). The much-heralded *Faux Monnayeurs* (*Nouvelle Revue Française*) is upon us in a neat but often *naïf* translation by Mrs Bussy. Not content with suggesting that this was his first real "novel" and illustrated a revolution in that form, M Gide inserts a journal containing an exposition of his ideas on the novel's art and has just published a companion volume dealing with the same subject. There is a certain quietly pontifical N. R. F. pretentiousness which defies description. *The Counterfeiters* is not revolutionary in its form, though very interesting in part as substance. Its originality consists in the author's peculiar attitude toward certain of his characters; one would say that he were amorous of them individually and in succession. M Gide has been called a great moralist, though he has been effectively attacked on that score, and it is easy to see why. Many people employ the word "moral" when they mean precisely the opposite.

FLOWERS AND ELEPHANTS, by Constance Sitwell (12mo, 157 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$1.75). Mrs Sitwell has the gift of place, and the enthusiasm of E. M. Forster, who writes the preface for her little book, may be understood. As he says, it is more than a travel book; and more than a little of the troubling eastern disbelief in realities comes to and infects the reader. Also, she is no mean colourist, and her combinations "of lilac, and amber, and faded vermilion" are not fine writing but the exact appraisements of a sensitive eye.

BALLADS OF THE SINGING BOWL, by Marjorie Allen Seiffert (12mo, 126 pages; Scribner: \$2). The terse objective suddenness of the ballad would not appear adapted to the expression of involute modern secrets of the heart, at least to the less happy of them, which Mrs Seiffert here undertakes. Yet as a matter of fact the ballad in her hands—see such examples as *The Ballad of the Black Kitchen*, or *The Ballad of the Two That Feasted*, or *The Ballad of Riding*—proves a poetically impressive mode of summoning covered and darksome things out into the light of day. The simple and iterant ballad rhythms appear by no means incompatible with the ably subtle feeling that goes into these poems.

A STRANGER IN HEAVEN, by Harold Vinal (10mo, 65 pages; Harold Vinal: \$2). Grace, competence, music, brevity, grace . . . are the qualities of these sonnets and not unadmirable lyrics. Their charm, which is of the past, atones partly for their lack of vision; and a persuasive eloquence takes the place of the strangeness which can come only from a new sensibility.

RUSSIAN POETRY, An Anthology, chosen and translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky (12mo, 255 pages; International Publishers: \$2.25) is a revised and enlarged edition of a work which first appeared six years ago. Except in the final section, which consists of Communist poems with a purely documentary interest, the translations are graceful and vigorous; and, from the reputation of the authors, we judge that they are faithful.

THE THEATRE IN LIFE, by Nicolas Evreinoff, edited and translated by Alexander I. Nazaroff (illus., 12mo, 296 pages; Brentano: \$3.50) is, according to Oliver M. Saylor who writes the preface, "the long-awaited handbook of the modern tendencies in the theatre, the first adequate statement of the psychological foundations of the revolt against dramatic realism." It is not precisely a handbook; Evreinoff is too definitely himself to supply a handbook to anything but himself. And in that endeavour he has not been seconded by his method, nor by his translator. The method is rather incoherent; and the translator speaks of "a mine (mien?) of super-refined blasé-ism" which discourages one on the very first page. For a mine, really a mine, of ideas, the long conversation between the author, Wilde, Bergson, Nietzsche, and others is to be recommended.

PAGES FROM MY LIFE, by Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapine, revised and edited by Katharine Wright, translated from the Russian by H. M. Buck (8vo, 345 pages; Harpers: \$5) is authentically Russian in the flavour of its early chapters, vividly depicting the struggles and hardships through which the artist fought his way to recognition. Likewise the singer's account of his first appearances in Italy and France is deeply interesting. Later on, the rubber-stamp of the interviewer is manifested; as Chaliapine became world-famous he became world-conscious, blowing a kiss to American womanhood and biting his thumb at Chicago in the approved fashion of visiting celebrities.

UP THE YEARS FROM BLOOMSBURY, An Autobiography, by George Arliss, with illustrations (8vo, 321 pages; Little, Brown: \$4). To those readers, to whom Mr Arliss as actor, wears the halo of infallibility, his writing will scarcely seem secular. "Colubrine" and subtle, unselfish, gifted, merry, facete, and juvenile," he embodies—despite himself as self-effacing witness—the virtues we are accustomed to associate with the church rather than with the theatre; a uniting of the serpent and the dove, which in these unsainted times is conspicuous.

MEMOIRS OF SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART., with introduction by Lord Buxton (16mo, 272 pages; Everyman's Library, Dutton: 80 cents). The life of the pious brewer who became England's Great Emancipator makes sober reading. His love affair, for instance, is dismissed in a single line to indicate his marriage! But for all that, the steady progress of a career that is founded on the motto, "not genius but perseverance," is not without its cumulative interests. In addition there are sidelights upon manners in the pre-Victorian period that are significant enough. How shocked would Horace Walpole have been at the picture of the beefsteak dinner in the brewery given to leading members of the government, and the remark of the Spanish General Alava to Lord Grey: "*Milord Grey, vous êtes à votre sixième!*"

VAGABONDS ALL, by His Honour, Judge Edward Abbott Parry (8vo, 264 pages; Scribner: \$5). "Vagabond" is an easy term since it includes the Samuel Foote in whom Dr Johnson suspected some kind of greatness. Indeed there is, unquestionably, some kind of greatness in all the amazing individuals whom Judge Parry here parades with evident pride and skilful showmanship. If guilt attached to some of his near-criminals, then quite as much, he contends, belonged to the gullible public that encouraged his protégés into dubious but picturesque careers. These stories, in his hands, make rich entertainment, since he has humour, common sense, and knowledge of the world.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: A Study in Solitude, by Herbert Gorman (12mo, 179 pages; Doran: \$2) is not so much a biography as an approach to Hawthorne's writings through his life: a sort of extended essay in which his personality is simplified in order to render it more easily comprehensible. The stylized characters that emerge from such an essay are likely to be lost in the typical (which is to say, the superficial); and when Mr Gorman, though not in our italics, describes Sophia Hawthorne as "a typical New England wife of dilettante propensities," and the author himself as "*a walking epitome of Puritan urges,*" one questions the sense of the passage almost as much as its style.

ROBERT FROST, A Study in Sensibility and Common Sense, by Gorham B. Munson (12mo, 135 pages; Doran: \$2) is an essay in which the story of the poet's life, told without rhetoric, leads first to a consideration of his work, and then to a serviceable definition of the word "classical." One can agree with most of the author's conclusions, and praise his solid workmanship, without admiring his rather graceless style.

HARPER'S LITERARY MUSEUM, selected from early American writings by Ola Elizabeth Winslow (8vo, 412 pages; Harpers: \$4) is a delightful miscellany in the manner of the quaint *Literary Annual*—a jumble of broadsides, speeches, sermons, verse, and advertisements spanning the era from Pocahontas to Dolly Madison. "America is a Subject which daily becomes more and more interesting," wrote Nathaniel Ames in his *New England almanac for 1758*—an observation which is still true, and which this volume happily exemplifies. Students of Americana will revel in it, as will admirers of the book-maker's art.

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS, by Frances Trollope, with an introduction by Michael Sadleir (8vo, 398 pages; Dodd, Mead: \$4). This book is, in the slang of two years ago, "priceless." Mr Sadleir's kind insinuation that it was written in peevish retaliation for the failure of the authoress's business schemes in America, is wholly needless. We Americans, seeing that Mrs Trollope's reproach is all for our forbears and not for us of the present, will not think it half severe enough; for we take the same savage delight in our ancestors' terribleness that contemporary English nobles do in their ancestors at the court of Charles II. . . . It is for that matter a very true book and (but Mr Sadleir will not believe this) some of the accusations are not yet out of date. That "revival-meeting," for instance! And the contempt for justice in our courts of law! Are they not to be duplicated now in districts not so very remote from the centres of light?

RE-FORGING AMERICA, *The Story of Our Nationhood*, by Lothrop Stoddard (10mo, 389 pages; Scribner: \$3). This author's America is not our America; it is not the America of Emerson, of Walt Whitman, nor even of Mr Van Wyck Brooks. Of the Act limiting the number of immigrants to enter our ports he writes in characteristic style, "Future generations, looking back athwart the years, will see the Great Decision of 1924 rising like a lofty mountain-peak across the plain of Time."

PREHISTORIC MAN, by Keith Henderson (10mo, 276 pages; Dutton: \$3). This excellent book presents in a concise form the story of man's physical evolution. It contains several passages provocative to the imagination, as, for example, that the neolithic Americans of Patagonia kept the monstrous ground-sloth that was covered with "coarse golden hair" in caves for her milk. Like so many books of its kind it is marred by a certain facetiousness: "Pliocene apes getting decidedly above themselves"; "In the best circles tails were no longer worn."

ART EPOCHS AND THEIR LEADERS, *A Survey of the Genesis of Modern Art*, by Oscar Hagen (8vo, 322 pages; Scribner: \$3). Written by a professor for professors, apparently. Slightly dry. There are some dutiful people who like the professorial manner, but the majority react to it just as school-boys do. The book will thrive best, therefore, in the heavily endowed halls of learning known as colleges. The author is sufficiently broad-minded to include the latest gods in his galaxy, and, for that matter, has taste. This shows in the illustrations, which are aptly chosen.

ROMANTICISM, by Lascelles Abercrombie (12mo, 192 pages; Viking Press: \$2) surveys an old theme from a new angle. The author advances the theory that romanticism is an affair of temper and of tendency rather than of subject. "Romanticism does not recollect the past; it fashions the past anew—as it ought to have been." His findings are stimulating and scholarly; the essay is an urbane piece of literary exploration.

THE LATER REALISM, A Study of Characterization in the British Novel, by Walter L. Myers (12mo, 173 pages; University of Chicago Press: \$2). The object of this study has been to investigate and define present-day tendencies in British realistic fiction. Beginning with George Eliot and George Meredith as best typifying the unity of purpose characteristic of late Victorian literature Professor Myers proceeds to the novels of Wells, Arnold Bennett, and Mr Galsworthy, whom he designates as the "social critics." Finally he traces the departure from the older methods of narrative and characterization, to the determined use of the new psychology, as demonstrated to-day in the writings of Dorothy Richardson, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and May Sinclair. The book does not pretend to be a critical evaluation from a literary point of view. It is a survey without apparent bias written with clarity and restraint, and is for the student rather than for the intellectually *élite*.

ANTHEIL AND THE TREATISE ON HARMONY, with Supplementary Notes, by Ezra Pound (brochure, 16mo, 106 pages; Three Mountains Press: 10 francs). A sequence of pronouncements on music qualified by Mr Pound's customary penetration and restiveness. Particularly he is advocating the further development of rhythm, though recent emphasis on rhythm and the attempt to exploit a new technical area of art without the assistance of a new instrument shows signs of perishing. (In Stravinsky's *Sacre*, for instance, the rhythms are quite rudimentary—conspicuously in the matter of simultaneous conflict—as compared with what rhythm might be under the mechanical batons of the polymetronome.) On the whole, the critique is not so much an analysis as the statement of a position, so that one is left sharing not only the author's convictions but also his vagueness as to the best way of carrying them out.

THE REVIVAL OF AESTHETICS, by Hubert Waley (brochure, 10mo, 40 pages; The Hogarth Press: 3/6) utilizes: the Gestalt doctrine of art as the "configuration" of an emotional state; the "art as release" theory of psychoanalysis; and the current distinction between the aesthetic and the scientific. To explain how the externalization of an emotional state in the work of art serves not only to indicate the presence of emotion but also to induce emotions in the reader, the author appears to rely upon two principal factors: the artist's appeal to certain typical wishes, and the power of suggestiveness which the work of art obtains through the hypnotic effect of rhythm, repetition, "obsession," a technical method of securing compliance which is "formal," or extrinsic to any specific theme. . . . Many will find the Revival more suggestive than compelling, but the discussion is conducted with sprightliness and contains the many blunt and sportsmanlike examples with which it is now the practice to mitigate the severities of this subject.



Courtesy of Scott and Fowles

THE ARTIST'S WIFE. BY JACOB EPSTEIN

MODERN ART

SEATED on the benches in the court-room awaiting our turns to testify in the Brancusi case, I noticed an unusual ring upon Jacob Epstein's finger. The reporters in attendance appeared deeply impressed by Mr Epstein's sartorial splendour and did full justice to it in their accounts in the daily press, but I don't think any of them noticed the ring. "What is it?" I enquired. "A ruby," he replied. "An Indian prince gave it me." It was, in effect, sufficiently Indian. The large ruby had been embedded heavily into the gold which had been carved into the semblance of a snake.

I had forgotten it temporarily but it came to mind when I had progressed but a little into the New York exhibition of Mr Epstein's bronzes, at Ferargil's. The bronzes were so excessively Indian, so forcefully Indian!—so very different, indeed, from the sort of thing encountered in Dr Katherine Mayo's new and sensational book, *Mother India*.¹ The Indian Madonna and Child, in particular, were so aggressive that they might be supposed to have emanated in direct reply to Dr Mayo's awful accusation. No wonder the Indian prince gave Jacob Epstein that ring. He should have given him a lac of rupees, as well, and a white elephant, and a half-dozen nautch-girls, and—but I am forgetting again; those bronzes were achieved long before Dr Mayo thought of her book. The Indian prince after all could only have been a disinterested art lover. Or do you suppose he could have foreseen Dr Katherine Mayo and the havoc she was to make of American sympathy with the Far East, and was preparing against the day?

In truth, I have a wretched memory, and another thing I completely forget, though I should know it, for I must have been told, is how Jacob Epstein became so Indian. The psychologists say that this sort of forgetting is due to indifference, which is something I'm sorry for, if true; and anyway, if I should be proved guilty of indifference to the Indianization, as such, of Jacob Epstein, I certainly am not indifferent to the process of his becoming so. Processes are always interesting. Why, I wonder, did he take

¹ *Mother India*. By Katherine Mayo. Illustrated. 8vo. 423 pages. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

it on? When he might just as well, like Ralph Rackstraw in *Pinafore*, have remained an Eng-lish-mun!

Mr Epstein made an awfully good witness for Brancusi. He has immense social skill, and with distinct leanings toward the histrionic. He will be a great success in America, just as he has been in England. Jacob Epstein couldn't fail anywhere. His charm of manner was just as certain in the spacious court-room as when produced for short-range effects across a dinner-table. He was grandly patronizing to the presiding judge and to the opposition lawyer, speaking to them from a height—as though to little children—and, with the greatest virtuosity, screening his amusement from them though getting it to us on the back seats perfectly. Just the same, and this will illustrate to him what he is up against in his return to America after twenty-five years of burial in England, neither this judge nor that lawyer ever seemed to have heard of Mr Epstein before! It is always the legal game, I suppose, to discredit expert testimony, and all of Brancusi's well-wishers and witnesses were forced to reply to dull enquiries into their right to speak authoritatively upon questions of art. "Well, did you study anywhere?" asked the lawyer sceptically, when Jacob Epstein avowed himself to be a sculptor. "Yes, at the Art Students' League in New York, four years at Julien's, in Paris; and also at Carolrossi's, in Paris." "Well, have you anything to show for it?" "What do you mean?" "Any paper? Wouldn't they give you a diploma?" "Art schools are not like colleges . . ." began Mr Epstein incredulously, as though scarcely trusting his ears. "Did you or did you not secure a diploma? Yes or No?" thundered the attorney hammering his desk, in the approved lawyer manner. "I never heard of such a thing," said the sculptor, still smiling broadly. "Answer the question," said the judge, wearily. "No," replied Epstein meekly; and the opposing lawyer glared triumphantly around the room as though requesting the reporters to note especially that point.

But in the end, the bored judge, who looked as though he had never in his life had a job less to his taste than this task of deciding whether or no the Bird of Brancusi was a work of art or a dutiable object of utility, appeared to be impressed, in spite of himself, by Mr Epstein's enthusiasm for it; and gave out the official pronouncement that the title of a work of art did not

necessarily describe it and consequently that, though the object in dispute did not represent a bird literally it could very well embody certain impressions in the artist's mind that had been aroused by the flight of a bird. He immediately quelled, though, the mounting rapture on the back benches, by murmuring to himself, *sotto voce*, that personally he thought all this sort of thing nonsense, and had he to choose himself, between Michael Angelo and Brancusi, he would choose Michael Angelo every time. Those were not his exact words, of course, but approximately the burden of his refrain. In spite of this chilling lack of modernism, the little Brancusi coterie thought him a most excellent judge—far better than they had dared to hope for—and that in deciding the Bird not to be an object of utility, he had decided everything as far as the courts of law were concerned. . . . The amusing farce cannot end just yet, however. A legally necessary deposition from the author of the Bird—Brancusi is in Paris—delays the final verdict another six weeks. It cannot affect critical opinion whichever way it goes.

In the meantime the Epstein exhibition is attended by crowds of people who are vaguely but visibly impressed. No instances of outraged opinion have as yet been recorded. A foreign-looking madonna astonishes nobody. In fact the idea long since became general that She was not American. So that is that. The other sculptors all admit him to be a sculptor. So do I—in spite of his lack of a diploma. He is not as deep as Michael Angelo, it is true, nor so suggestive as Brancusi, but he knows how to do what he sets out to do. There is a touch of sameness in the work that invites the suspicion that Mr Epstein confines himself *to* the things he knows how to do. He doesn't clutch at the stars like Blake. He never fails gloriously but succeeds methodically. Such extraordinary ease in execution is in fact rather tiresome. The immense collection of bronzes he displays gives a suggestion of rankness as though it had grown up over night in some most tropical forest. But the American public unquestionably likes free-flowering geniuses. Sert, for instance. They like him.

HENRY McBRIDE

THE THEATRE

IF I were a strict moralist about the theatre, I might take it, or myself, to account, because the plays of the past month have given me exceptional pleasure, and yet I am critically certain that I have not encountered great passions or perfection of form. It is, I must assume, within the capacity of the theatre to give a certain satisfaction without being great.

Paul Sifton's play, *THE BELT*, was presented by The New Playwrights' Theatre, the same organization which last year, rather self-consciously, put on *LOUD SPEAKER* and some other experimental works in such a way that the lover of experiments in the theatre began to suspect that the Shuberts were probably right after all. *THE BELT* is a better play than some of last season's offerings, but not immeasurably better; the production is. It is, in fact, so good that it almost conceals the central fault of the play.

This fault is the author's allowing his interest to shift when the play was half finished. The first act deals with men and women enslaved by the vast processes of large-scale manufacture symbolized by the moving belt—as it is used in the Ford factory and in the packing industry. We see the weary, spiritless faithful worker on the tenth anniversary of his serfdom, demoted from being a foreman because he has been unable to drive his team ahead in a competition with another factory; we see his wife, relishing the comparatively high wages, clinging to the slight dissipations of urban life, and being a little unfaithful to her husband because he is too tired and brighter men, with easier hours, retain a prowess she demands. We see a daughter, stenographer in the big plant; and her "boy-friend," a fiery youth who hates the process by which men are made adjuncts of machinery. Into a sharply drawn picture of dreary lives, satirical relief is introduced: the head of the factory, accompanied by an imported fiddler, heralded by secretaries, arrives, pins a medal on the lapel of the man whose very name he cannot remember, and brings hired dancers to restore the steps of long ago. When all are gone the girl and the boy stir their own passion by dancing to jazz and, broken and weary, fall asleep

in each other's arms. In this "compromising" situation they are discovered by the father. Denial of guilt does not satisfy him; but the youth swings the dispute into a tirade against the belt, and suddenly, with the sounding of gongs and the rattle of cog-wheels, the belt comes into view towering above the little human beings, manned by sweating slaves, supremely powerful and deadly. With that something tremendous took place on the stage.

It could only have occurred if the emotions already invoked were profound, and they were. It could only have a sequel if the play of emotions continued, and they did not. From that moment the play went communist: the second act was argumentative, brought in the Ku Klux Klan to avenge the girl's honour, turned into a riot, and ended with the diversion of the crowd's desire to destroy—the threatened seducer turns into a labour leader, announces, with the help of the girl, that the factory is going to be closed down, and leads the mob to destroy the belt. As usual in experimental plays, the destruction, in the third act, is introduced by some fancy jazz dancing, extremely effective while the merciless drag of the belt continues; the president of the factory makes a sentimental speech instead of a financial one, the belt is smashed, and the boy is arrested, reminding the men and women that when they are old they will still recall that once, at least, in their lives, they defied the belt and stood on their hind legs.

The play, in short, turned from a moving study of human beings into an attack upon a system of production; after the first act the belt's effect on human lives was forgotten, and wages and rights and further abstractions, not realized, took their place. It was the first act that made me feel Mr Sifton's power; he has it, and some wit, and a gift for the theatre. After the first act, it was Mr Edward Massey who made the play interesting, who wove groups of people together, who singled out and emphasized the moments when individuals held their own against an idea. I am far from being impartial in Mr Massey's regard, so it pleases me to note that his direction was applauded by most of the critics. In the commercial theatre, one thing would be held against him. It was his idea to bring the belt on the scene at the end of the first act—dramatically he was right. But since the rest of the play could not live up to it, he should have kept the belt for the end—or persuaded Mr Sifton to re-write the play a little.

My programmes for this month's plays have all been lost, so I cannot name the names of some of the players; the two young people were extraordinarily good, playing with simplicity and a surcharge of emotion.

One other play of the month possessed, and created, emotion: **COQUETTE**, produced by Jed Harris, who produced **BROADWAY**, written by George Abbott, who collaborated on that piece, and by Ann Preston Bridger—a new name. The star is Helen Hayes. For a long time Miss Hayes has used the stage as a platform from which her points of attractiveness could be admired by those who found them attractive; and suddenly, in this play, she acts, with passion and authority; all her tricks and mannerisms have been, as a fellow-critic remarked, subdued to the part. She is a credit to Mr Abbott who directed, and to herself.

The play has certain elements of goodness; some are to be found in *Romeo and Juliet* and the rest in any melodrama of southern chivalry. These are the best parts of the play, and in indicating their sources I do not mean to belittle them in any way. The weakness of the play is in the meagre creation of character. The coquette is a congeries of characteristics; she is flirtatious, she wheedles, she gets around people, but there is nothing in her words or actions to make her distinctly a person. The roughneck with whom she falls in love is a little better—he has a sort of violence which might pass for power; but he too is close to caricature. Almost all the other characters are stock; the exception is an adolescent, well conceived and well played.

This is a first play re-worked by an old hand. It has fine points, some freshness, and delicacy.

Two melodramas: deft, quiet imported goods in **INTERFERENCE**; harsh, slick violence in **NIGHTSTICK**. The end of the second act of the latter is so good that the slow beginning and the trick ending are not at all resented. **INTERFERENCE** is more of a piece and has been directed in a languorous, easy-going manner which pleases me by drawing out the intensity of its suspense. It manages, oddly for melodrama, to create a character; with the slightest turn of interest the play could become a straight tragedy built around the conception of a rotter who, having once experienced beauty, kills whatever threatens that beauty.

In **JOHN**, Philip Barry demonstrates again the possession of a considerable talent which is either not for the theatre, or has not yet made terms with the theatre. This demonstration has gone on for some years, and once in a while Mr Barry seems to have learned something. The present play is built around the figure of John the Baptist; toward the end of the first act John is expecting the people of the town to come to hear him preach; he learns that his young disciple, Jesus, is also preaching in the neighbourhood and sends some of his men down to meet the approaching crowd, so that a number of them may be diverted to the younger preacher. And he stands at the door of his tent, watching the multitude, and then, before his messengers have reached them, he sees the entire crowd turn to the place where Jesus is preaching.

This was excellently dramatic, it was beautifully conveyed, silently, to the audience. The rest of the play was swept away in words. Everything was analysed; but the simple things that might have been simply told, the suggestion of political intrigue in which Herod was involved, the background of Messianic hysteria, were smothered; and the crucial thing: that John was not sure of the mission of Jesus, and could only be sure when his own death came, was not used dramatically at all.

Mr Ben-Ami was superb. I am not a foregone admirer of his methods; he seems, at times, to sacrifice a character to his own urgent feeling that everything must be intense and emotional. In this case he seemed to have created on the stage the figure that was in the author's mind; he was hampered by endless speeches—and he is not the actor to whom speech is essential, nor the one who manipulates English with the greatest ease. Yet he lifted himself over every obstacle, and I hope that he will not now return to the tents of Israel.

JOHN was produced by The Actors' Theatre, under the direction of Mr Guthrie McClintic. When Mr McClintic took over the management of this body, after the unsuccessful opening of last season, and instantly produced **SATURDAY'S CHILDREN**, laurels were placed on his brow. They have withered. Neither in his choice of play nor in his direction did Mr McClintic display any special gift.

Another organization, The Garrick Players, began their season with **THE TAMING OF THE SHREW** in modern clothes. Basil

Sydney played Petruchio and Mary Ellis, Katherina. Far better than *HAMLET*, the *SHREW* undergoes the fresh treatment. Especially I liked the introduction of vaudeville and burlesque technique in certain scenes. Merely to see a motor-car or an electric stove while listening to Shakespearean phrases is a small pleasure—the pleasure one always feels in the presence of a discovered anachronism or incongruity. But to see Shakespeare adapted to our native stage is to recognize an identity—which is a higher pleasure. His comedies are direct descendants of the Venetian *commedia*—and so is our comedy. The current production let us see this, and made the *SHREW* vastly entertaining. It seemed strange to me that the induction scene and the interruptions from the drunken guest counted for so little. In Gémier's production, seen here a few years ago, much was made of this, and it fitted perfectly.

It must have been a pleasure to Leslie Howard to find himself with a play which allowed him to act, which required of him, for success, something more than walking agreeably through a few salons and bedrooms. It is a pity that *ESCAPE*, John Galsworthy's new play, should not be more interesting. It has nine scenes; to carry the plot, three or four would be enough. The others are added either to make a night's entertainment (in which case they fail) or to allow Mr Galsworthy to make another cross-section of contemporary British life. There are six scenes in which an escaping convict meets various people and is variously aided or persecuted by them; some of these are as thin and bloodless as anything Mr Galsworthy has written; only two have any real gait and drive. To one of the latter Miss Frieda Inescort contributes a hard and polished gem of acting; to all of them Mr Howard brings precision, sympathy, an engaging reality. But nine *genre* scenes are six too many.

WEATHER CLEAR—TRACK FAST is a romance of the race track in which the hero neither rides nor wins his bet; it has some excellent wisecracks of this year's vintage and is pretty consistently amusing.

An ungrateful city has allowed Miss Mae West's *WICKED AGE* to disappear after a run of two or three weeks. If this is a rebuke to Miss West because her activities last year brought on the censor-

ship, it may be justified; I fear it is nothing of the sort. Clean and dull though her new play was, Miss West deserved better for a display of technical virtuosity which is—in all seriousness—unparalleled. I do not mean by this that Miss West is a great actress; I mean only that her technique, superbly developed, comes out of our most uncorrupted theatre—the theatre of revue, burlesque, and vaudeville. It is slick, and sly. It is amazingly economical—a look of the eye serving Miss West where the complete battery of close-up expressions are used by much more respected players. Miss West has little range—a few gestures, a few intonations—but she makes them serve. To me she was, in a wretchedly cast and vilely staged play, incredibly fascinating.

Her play—she is also the author—achieved a meaninglessness almost sublime. Two minutes before the curtain fell I was puzzled to see how on earth she could possibly end it—and was baffled because she simply didn't end it at all, merely walked off the stage and let the curtain come down on a stage strewn with loose ends. The best scene, intellectually, was a burlesque in which a newly chosen Miss America writes testimonials; there were also scenes of colossal unintentional humour, and some so broadly absurd that they were obviously put on merely to see how far in silliness one could go. Miss West is neither a portent nor a promise; but I will not of my own accord ever miss a show in which she appears.

Too late for review: SPELLBOUND, with Pauline Lord—mingled interest and distaste; Reinhardt's A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—Reinhardt and his talented companies, including Moissi; THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, by The Guild—the best production of Shaw The Guild has done since HEARTBREAK HOUSE, Dudley Digges directing; FUNNY FACE—Gershwin score, in case you have forgotten That Certain Feeling the composer has remembered it; the prodigious Astaires dance and clown in it and Victor Moore is very funny. All these and whatever the gods provide, will be reviewed next month.

GILBERT SELDES

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

DO we, in the intelligence that Strawinsky looks from Bach to Handel, have reason to suppose "music" will do likewise? For one may argue as to whether Strawinsky sets the fashions; but beyond question he is barometrically sensitive to them, and thus anticipates a need which others in turn will be supplying. Meanwhile, there are frequent Bach numbers available to New York audiences, and among those which have already been presented we should mention in particular the all-Bach piano programme by Harold Samuel. This Bach is the secular Bach, and thus the one farthest removed perhaps from Handel. And while listening to these steady but tenuous sounds, as executed by one who is so expert at bringing out their melodic contrasts, we had occasion to ponder the situation of these modern composers who had come to restore Bach as a contemporary through encroaching upon his province.

Perhaps it was more than a renewed interest in polyphony which placed Bach in a position of major authority. It was also the fact that the moderns, like Bach, seem to have held as one of their strongest preoccupations the balancing of the licit and the lawless, the search for distinction in the direction of chaos. In Bach, this inclusion of a "subversive" element was always matched by some higher principle of order. We could cite, for instance, his many ways of fixing and emphasizing the character of his melodic lines until they were able to exist side by side as "individuals," thus waiving the claims of strict harmonic adaptation to each other. Each motive, that is, was made to stand out so strongly in its own right that the motives could, though played simultaneously, be heard in terms of the melodic independence of each, an otherwise "unlawful" chord progression being excused by the superior assertiveness of the motives themselves. It also seems that the melodic line of his solo pieces for violin or 'cello utilized in another way a similar "state of evanescence." The instrument at times is reciting a melody, and at other times is hastily interpolating notes which are to be felt rather as an accompaniment to that melody (an accompaniment which cannot occur simultaneously, as on the piano,

but must generally either precede or follow the notes with which it is integrally joined). Thus, certain notes serve in a dual capacity, and as melody or harmony, partake somewhat of the licences of both. Or again, the many inessential notes natural to a style of melody which, like Bach's, works up and down the scale by single or half degrees, afford opportunity for a substratum of cacophony which could be noticed as such only were the music to be halted at one of these points and the ear allowed to dwell upon it.

The point, however, is not essential to our burden—it being made merely to elucidate what might be clearer to some without illustration: that in Bach a technical violation of consistency was technically matched by order. This was in contrast to the "impressionistic" development of music after Bach, where—as gradual exhaustion of the field drove composers once more into the remoter areas of consistency—the "lawless" was now made acceptable, not by a coexistent technical counteragent, but by the addition of an "ethical" element—the inclusion of an "idea." New sounds were henceforth admitted for their representative value. Under this aesthetic, a chaotic element would be "justified" not by stifling it beneath some more authoritative principle of order, but by programme: thus, "this is agitation," or "this is a question," et cetera. In time, still further allowances of this sort were drawn upon—notably the weird, the grotesque, and finally the humorous, and even the ironic, as in a recent piece by Rieti, who asks us to laugh at others for what are obviously his own preferences. (Thus it is no accident that Berlioz, with his prophetic imagination for the range of the instruments, should also have been so pronounced a musical literalist. The development of such sound-values as his relied throughout upon this ethical principle of naturalization.) By means of these non-technical adjustments, many new regions of sound have been opened and made acceptable—but the work of art itself, the more thorough its exemplification of such tendencies, becomes unilateral, no longer for its appeal upon a purely formal accounting.

Whereupon the modern attempt to "retrench" upon the literary allowances without at the same time retrenching upon the extreme wealth of tonal freedom which such allowances had produced. And Bach, if only by a process of elimination, became the musician

whose problem approximated their own. For since there must be some ordering principle in the work of art, if the impressionistic one is minimized the technical one again becomes prominent. For his own day, Bach seems to have strained the chaotic to its farthest naturalizable limits. But being Bach, and not post-Bach, he was under no historical compulsion to move on still further, into "what is left." It remains to be seen whether the further reaches, explored under impressionism, can survive when, under an aesthetic of "pure" music, the literary element has been renounced which enabled such discoveries: whether sounds useful to one mentality can be made to serve another. The problem is being met most squarely and affirmatively by Hindemith, and sometimes by Krenek. While Strawinsky—returning to our opening sentence—would seem, for the time at least, to have chosen the other course, a deliberate denuding, a blunt "return to order," an attempt to produce something which, under the aegis of solidity, willingly sacrifices more obvious claims to distinction that may seem to militate against it. Surely, the author of the *Sacre* is the composer best able to demand our docility and our patience.

As one of the earliest concerts of importance, the Malkin Trio, assisted, played the new Quintet in C-major by Ernest Bloch. Before the performance, Mr Bloch appeared in person to give a talk on his new work, using for this purpose the inspirational vocabulary to which we have previously referred. Unfortunately, the composer was next proceeding to show us his themes and other such bare samples, but the audience became unequal to the mental strain of hearing them in this fashion, and Mr Bloch, whose general remarks had been greatly enjoyed, vanished at the first premonition of the inattentive buzz. Thus we are left only with the "something inside," the feeling in the breast (pointed at) trying to get out, the identity of subjective and objective, all being personality.

The first movement, he had told us, was an encompassed chaos, an agitation kept in hand by the author. The second, an *andante mistico*, was best conveyed by a ripple of the hand. But here, he explained, appear sudden nodes of insurgency, rebellious moments in which the music breaks from its orbit and which the composer signalized as "releases." And he leaves them: they are part of the record. Now cultivated, we lay in wait for the release: it

came, a sudden flutter and mounting of tones, a *sauve-qui-peut* scrambling Gothically upward, an Icarian flight into Wagner. It was a good release—and after it the less champing *mistico* was resumed. Third movement: *allegro energico*; solace, resignation; “happiness if you will.” Particularly towards the close, it seemed to have been written and played with great conviction. Mr Bloch, who never ventures far or for long beyond euphony, here avoids even that little, and the finish of the quintet is indeed a homecoming.

It was reassuring, after the Quintet, to hear Mengelberg’s performance of Bloch’s early Symphony in C-sharp minor. It confirms the feeling that a man of Bloch’s temperament needs nothing short of an orchestra. The great variety of instruments in the Symphony, approached by Beethoven and Brahms as the outcome of grave preparation in less massive forms, as a kind of musical culmination, seems now not to aggravate, but to ease, a musician’s difficulties. Chamber music, especially chamber music for strings, relies upon resources which are in many respects at their nadir, whereas the full orchestra, with its even now but meagrely charted field of timbre counterpoint, gives opportunity for that sense of massing, of “colossal” climaxes, which are perhaps more accessible to our quantity-minded times than are the subtle qualitative climaxes, almost like breathings, in the works of Mozart. Thus, the C-minor symphony contains the vitality in which for the most part the quintet seemed lacking, while the peculiar lyric felicities, which we had in mind earlier when using the term “conviction,” seemed more frequent.

The Bloch quintet had been preceded by the Tschaikowsky trio in A-minor, for piano, violin, and ’cello. Tschaikowsky’s melodies might be said to suffer from their very virtues, since they have a propriety within themselves, an independent adequacy, which makes them a bit uncongenial to any purpose other than their own clear enunciation. It is more natural to reiterate them than to develop them (though they were, in one variation, requisitioned to serve in a fugue); and thus the trio seems overburdened with a constant bandying about of each phrase from one instrument to another, and a too symmetrical equalizing of the phrases among themselves. Could his constant dittoing of antecedent with consequent be one of those “lies” which, we learn from Paul Morand, Strawinsky claims to have eradicated from his Oedipus? Or was

Strawinsky referring to precisely the opposite factor, the lengths to which music often goes when attempting to avoid these obvious but natural balances?

May one include here, mention of Miss Angna Enters' recent Sunday evening performance at the Plymouth, though as acting it falls to the lot of Mr Seldes, and as colour and design, is the province of Mr McBride? Miss Enters' "compositions" or "inventions" in dancing (with the appealing slogan that she does not "interpret" music but employs it as "counterpoint" to her steps) are not aesthetic dances of the perspirational and gravitation-defying variety. They are realistic rather than conventional or allegorical, and they are a set of transitions between postures. These postures, particularly where they derive from primitive paintings, are assumed with an astonishing understanding of their "history"—by which we mean not their period, but the modulatory processes by which Miss Enters arrives at them—the "logic" which precedes and follows them. At their best, as in the *Mother of Heaven*, they are offered without apology. At other times, as in *Feline* acted to an accompaniment of Debussy, she calls to her assistance a slightly mitigating element of mockery. In the *Moyen Age* with its "hark ye" attitudes wherein the long stiff figure in red assumes a succession of admonitory postures, the gravity is archaic, and thus quaint, and thus offered as something not quite gravity. Miss Enters, in many guises, proffers a study in boredom—a girl waiting for her lover, the two versions of *Piano Music* where the mind is obviously elsewhere, the *Entr'actes* elucidating entr'acte sociability. She stoops occasionally to a rather blunt comicality, unnecessarily, as one feels, degrading her gracefulness for the sake of a few scattered snickers—but this same quality, when subtler, as in the *Antique à la Française* or the *Contredanse*, is more positive. This last number, a peasant dance executed with an artificial clumsiness which one hesitates to name as such, since the ease of her movements was so apparent and so fundamental, closed a series of "interpretations" which combined much psychology and much gracefulness. The range of her mimicry is perhaps not so wide, however, as the range of her titles would seem to indicate—for it was the same *ingénue*, though on every occasion with an attitude carried over from the preceding impersonation, that answered each curtain call.

KENNETH BURKE

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE DIAL AWARD for 1927 was recently offered to Mr Ezra Pound, and we are most happy to announce that he accepted it—with this proviso:

“It is impossible for me to accept an award except on Cantos or on my verse as a whole. . . .

“It wd. be stupid to make the award on prose-basis as my prose is mostly stop-gap; attempts to deal with transient states of murky imbecility or ignorance.”

We agreed to the proviso without hesitation, indeed we had never any different notion about it. But as people who know more about verse are going to discuss Mr Pound's in these pages, we should like to draw attention briefly to another service of his to letters which many are aware of and which many seem anxious to forget.

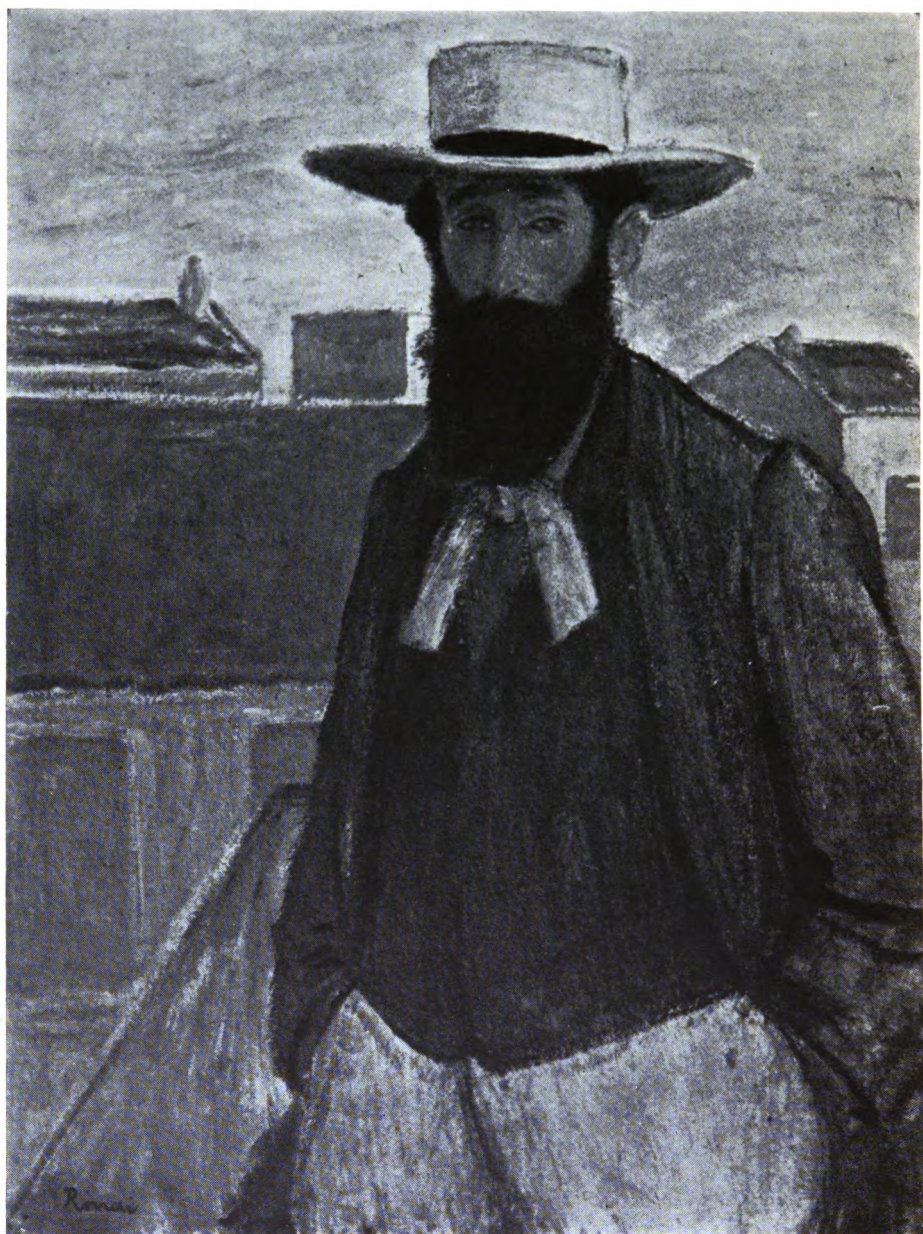
Writers are the most ungrateful animals. They suck their orange as dry as they are able to, and forever after it disgusts them to have to think about that orange at all. The innumerable little contemptuous paragraphs uttered by the younger (up to 60) Parisian writers when Anatole France drew attention to himself by being buried are an exaggerated example of this disgust.

One uses a Parisian example because things are always clearest cut in Paris where the writers outside the Academy exhibit the charming unanimity of flying fish. Perhaps the only similarity between Mr Pound and Anatole France is that they both encouraged new writers. Where Anatole France encouraged mostly bad ones, it can be said that Mr Pound has never made a mistake. When he was foreign editor of *The Little Review*, *The Little Review* was the most interesting magazine of a quarter century. Furthermore his encouragement is worth something. Many an encomium is no more valuable than the hair oil applied after a hair cut, the aroma of which has been known to repel people.

What Mr Pound perceives he gives value to. Without any of the antics of generosity, he is the most generous of contemporary

writers. And if he will not admit that he has written any good prose it may well be because of his belief that good prose is the expression only of hatred.

Apart entirely then from the influence of his verse, we can assert that Mr Pound is one of the most valuable forces in contemporary letters. This is not to say that he sees his ideas taking effect, his theories carried to any conclusion; it is rather a question of life blood.



Property of A. Petrovics

ARISTIDE MAILLOL. BY JOSEF RIPPL-RONAI

THE DIAL

FEBRUARY 1928

THE DEATH OF ADONIS

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

The thrush rustles last year's leaves,
Hunting arum root;
The blackbird in his thicket weaves
His rhymes; the cuckoo's flute
Flatters the sun; a shrewd bee heaves
His bag of golden loot.

How easily these things forget
The fierce blue band of snow,
The poppies cold and cruel and wet
That filleted the brow
Of dead Adonis when we set
His garlands on him so.

The same sweet business of the bird;
The same thrift of the bee;
Always the same: can they have heard
With what sad paces we
Stepped, what tears as we interred
Our white youth in the sea?

Did they not know our nails were red
With beating on our breast?
Nor watch us as we put the dead

NOTE: In memory of Morris Auslander, 1890-1901.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS

Down in his silver nest?
 Nor note the poppies on his head
 Bruised where our fingers pressed?

Where were these things he loved that they
 Could let him so be slain?
 Had they forgotten that black day
 Dense with the rush of rain
 When through a pipe of sodden hay
 He sucked the sun again?

Have these no memory beyond
 The moment and their need?
 No thought save to the diamond
 That glistens on the reed,
 Deaf to the song that shakes the frond,
 Blind to the stops that bleed?

What is this beauty they fulfill,
 This negligent delight?
 The wild rose whitens on the hill;
 The laurel bush is white:
 These bloom; they sing, they work—and still
 He comes not in our sight.

He comes not to our hunger nor
 Shall come again to these:
 The bird who sits on his cool floor
 Drowned in his melodies;
 The bee who staggers to his door
 Dusty with robberies.

Our Syrian Adonis, our
 So young, so dead to them,
 Whose blood is on the blood-root flower
 Clotting the broken stem;
 Whose blood dropped on the dismal hour
 A purple diadem.

Look you, if seven virgins bring
Barley and wheat, the thin
Yellow fennel flowering,
Lettuce with milky skin,
Will the blood-spotted withered spring
Accept such medicine?

Though the old women say it, though
The men with wrinkled eyes
Mumble that this thing is so,
And though a witch is wise—
Nevertheless our sick hearts know,
Our questions and our cries.

Can you cut a furrow with foxes? Jar
The he-goats from their cud?
Harness tigers to a car?
Win lynxes from their blood?
Freeze the savage Syrian star?
Or tame the eagle's brood?

Sooner hounds will drink with does;
Horses with griffins mate;
Or darnel sprout a single rose;
Or love grow out of hate;
Or the goose warble where he goes
In the wild swan's estate.

Bring water, bind the altars with
A soft wooden yoke,
Burn twigs bubbling bitter pith
And make a pungent smoke:
Our young god is a lonely myth,
And whom shall we invoke?

Three hundred snow-white bullocks were
Too few; even a force
Of stallions foreign to the spur

THE DEATH OF ADONIS

Of the Assyrian horse—
If we must weep, this smoke will blur
Our sorrow at the source.

The share rusts where the stubborn ox
Groaned as his sinews felt
The slow resistance of the rocks;
Under Orion's Belt
We should clip clean our silver flocks
And sow our golden spelt.

The harrow and the wicker hurdle
Moulder in green scurf;
The virgin chafes at her fragrant girdle;
The burrs glare on the turf;
The earthen bowls of goat's milk curdle;
The willow sighs like surf.

The snake has long split asunder
And tarnished his new mail:
What do we wait for? Is it thunder
That turns our tight lips pale?
Soon will the moth be blown dust under
The hammers of the hail.

Soon will the butterflies in cotton
Sleep with suspended breath;
The windfalls in the orchard rotten
With rain mildew beneath;
And the dead spring will be forgotten
At length even by death.

Only the blackbird will insist
On his rich creed; the thrush
Will rummage like a botanist;
The bee will drowse in plush;
While that serene ventriloquist,
The cuckoo, cannot hush.

TRAVELLERS

BY L. A. G. STRONG

THE driver pointed with his whip toward a high round hill on my side of the jaunting car and, shifting his quid, spat clear of the wheel with great precision.

“Just forenint o’ where that cross is now—before it was stuck up there, d’ye see—there was a poacher met with a gamekeeper. The gamekeeper was out a long time lookin’ for this same poacher, a lad that had bested him more than once, an’ one night the’ met, just forenint that cross: only the cross wasn’t there, d’ye see: it was—hol’ up!”

The mare pecked suddenly and recovered, and the driver broke off his narrative to pull on the reins.

“There’s no knowin’,” he continued, after a minute, “which one o’ them seen the other first. Mebbe both the same time. But there was two shots fired, as near together as no matter; and there the two o’ them was found the day after, dead corpses, lookin’ at each other. The doctor said, judgin’ by th’ examination of them, they was neither one killed off straight, but they must have stuck there some time watchin’ one another die, and maybe with only the breath to let a curse on each other and they goin’ off.

“The friends o’ the two o’ them met in Inchileenagh, and first they was for fightin’: but one o’ them says, ‘Let up, boys,’ says he, ‘sure it’s a clean score, an’ they’re both quit. Neither one o’ them is left livin’ after the other,’ says he, ‘so it’s a clean score.’ So they made friends on that, and drinks all round, and they put up the cross between the lot o’ them.”

He shifted his quid once more, and we jogged on in silence. I was but fifteen; illness had kept me away from school, and so, when a cousin came back on leave from the East, my father had been glad to suggest that the two of us should travel about Ireland. For pretext, we left letters upon my father’s old clients, but they were of no real importance, merely settling for us where to go, and taking us to out-of-the-way places. We were the best of friends, despite eight years between us, and the days were good.

We came to the top of a steep hill: the driver delivered a sudden exhortation to the mare, and clapped on the brake. Close before us, in a hollow, lay the little town of Inchileenagh; only the sharpness of the hill had prevented us from seeing it sooner. The mare, her ears cocked, put her feet down warily, sliding forward a little with each step. The car lurched violently, and we sat at an angle, protecting our hip bones from the little iron rail above the cushion, and studying the view as best we might.

Near the foot of the hill was a sharp curve to the left. Sloping at improbable angles, we negotiated it somehow, but not until we were well round did we see what was happening in the road before us.

A big man, hot and uncomfortable, with a soft felt hat and a walking-stick, had appeared from a laneway and was walking quickly towards the town, pursued by a little woman in black. He hurried on, trying to ignore her, but she caught him up and began clutching at his sleeve, beating at him with her hands, and crying out something which we could not hear. The big man stopped, and we caught sight of his profile as he put out a hand to restrain her. Neither saw us; and as we came nearer she broke through his half-hearted defence and beat at his face.

Our driver gave a short bark of amusement, but I was shocked at the sight; the big man, his hat all crooked, his face red and sheepish, clumsily holding off the little old woman, trying to quiet her in tones of foolish expostulation: she beating in his arms like a black withered bird, repeatedly landing a blow on his chest and chin—the extent of her reach.

“Go to her, then,” she screamed breathlessly, as we came close. “Go to her. You’re free, do you hear! Free, free, free!”

And on each word she struck at him with all her might.

Suddenly the man looked up and saw us. Even so he could not quiet the woman till we were almost upon them. Then, seeing that they were observed, the woman stood aside, panting, dishevelled, to let us pass. The man, very red and flustered, straightened his hat and drew himself up in an attempt at dignity and unconcern: and, once we had passed them, I did not look back. It was the first time I had seen a grown person stripped of self-possession, and I felt that I had witnessed something indecent.

My cousin noticed my distress, and turned to the driver with a laugh.

"Queer things still happen in these parts," he said.

"Oh, indeed the' do."

And then, as we had reached the foot of the hill, he shot off the brake, flicked the mare lightly with the whip, and we drove into the town of Inchileenagh with a flourish. The Imperial Hotel had been recommended to us as the least villainous of three, so there we went, left our traps, and ordered an early dinner. Then we got back in the car, the hour being about half past five, and went on to discharge our one piece of business.

When we got back, we decided to spend the rest of the time before dinner in exploring the town. Inchileenagh was like many other small country towns in Ireland. The streets were narrow, rather dirty, and full of public houses. At one end was the river, crossed by an old bridge of singular beauty, with ivy-covered piers. Along it loafed a number of men, some sitting, some leaning, all spitting meditatively into the water. There was a police station, and a town hall; and as we reached the latter, we saw that something unusual was in the air. A number of crates and some pieces of tattered scenery, looking incredibly garish in the summer evening, were being unloaded from a lorry, and carried in at an obscure folding door at the end of the hall. Upon the crates, in large but faded letters, ran the legend, "The O'Donovan-Morgan Opera Co.": and a little further on we found a bill, with full particulars. Faust was the opera with which, "by special request," the town of Inchileenagh was to be favoured. Then followed a list of the company's personnel. Beyond such attributes as "the eminent tenor," "Ireland's favourite soprano," and the like, the bill was reticent about all the singers save one: but upon this one it let itself go with considerable freedom. At the end of the list was magnificently inscribed:

"and

MURTAGH McCARAGH

The Celebrated Baritone,

Of The Royal Opera, Covent Garden; The Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company; The Moody-Manners Opera Company; etc., etc."

My hopes rose high. I had never heard a great singer, and had often longed to do so.

"Dennis," I said, turning eagerly to my cousin, "what luck. But what is a man like that doing here?"

"I can't tell you," he replied. "Probably some old crock on his last legs. Or drink, perhaps. Still, we'll go."

We booked seats there and then, the best to be had, and I went back to dinner reluctantly. I was fifteen, and so I suppose should have outgrown my first excitement about the stage. But there it was; and I gazed with great respect and a secret envy upon the slightly shabby persons who were congregated about the "stage door."

We had ordered our dinner, so nothing remained but to find and eat it. An attempt upon the "Coffee Room" was frustrated in the nick of time by an embarrassed damsel, who explained breathlessly that "it wasn't fit" and conducted us to the "Commercial Room." Here we found a table set for three, and, in the window, the gentleman with whom we were evidently to share it. This gentleman, upon our entrance, lowered his paper and gazed at us without expression. My cousin rose to the situation at once.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said, advancing with a charming smile. "I'm afraid we are intruders here: but really, we've no choice. They wouldn't let us into the other room. I hope you have no objection to our sharing this one with you."

The gentleman smiled amiably, and executed a courteous gesture with his fat hand.

"None in the world," said he. "Sure I'm glad of company. So they wouldn't let ye into the Coffee Room?"

"They wouldn't."

"An' small wonder. 'Tis stiff with shifts and chemises, it is, and they on the back of the chairs to dry. Ah, they've no idee. Look at that, now."

He pointed with the stem of his pipe at an object which had caught my eye already—a stuffed fox, over whose back was stiffly draped a doormat.

"Will you believe me, now," continued our friend, "but the little girl was for skelping that mat in here. Brought it in here, she

did, and cocked it up on the fox. 'Glory be to God, girl,' says I, 'yer're not going to beat that in here?' 'The mistress is after tellin' me to beat it,' says she. 'But she didn't tell ye to beat it in here,' says I, 'get away out o' this now, or it's yourself will be beaten,' says I, 'and not the mat.' So she gives me a grin and off with her, and glad enough to spare the work."

The gentleman paused, and spat out of the window. "Ah, sure," he said, replacing his pipe. "They know no better. They've no idee."

He was a stoutish little man, bald on the top of his head, with a red face, a straggly moustache the worse for nicotine, and goggle eyes. All the same, there was something attractive about him, and we found ourselves liking him as the meal went on.

"Ah yes," said he, his mouth full, "it's not a bad life, ye know. Of course, there's draabacks. Hotels is bad sometimes—this is one of the good ones, for they try to make ye comfortable, even if ye have to tell them the way—and railway stations in winter is the divil. And of course, ye can't always choose yer company. Sometimes the company in the commercial room is mixed—very mixed. There's a lot of fellas got into the profession nowadays that has no respect for its traditions—no respect at all. We wouldn't have tolerated the like in the old days. But generally speaking there's pleasant company, and plenty of it."

"But don't you find it a trial to be so often away from home?" asked my cousin.

"Well now"—he wiped his moustache with the back of his hand—"you're right. Yet, in a manner of speaking, it's not such a draaback as it looks. D'ye know Rathmines? Ye do. Well, I've a nice little spot there, with a grand view of the mountains—I'm at home, I was saying, about one night in the week, maybe two; my wife's always eager and glad to see me, and so are the children, and that's a good thing, anyway."

He told us more about his children and his home, and then stopped. My cousin no less confidentially told him our story. He proved to be as good a listener as talker; asking a shrewd question from time to time, with many an interjected "Well now," and "Do ye tell me that," and, above all, with an interest so

unfeigned as to charm any narrator. When we came to the subject of my illness, he turned to me with such ready concern that my heart was finally won.

“But, sure, you’re over yer weakness now?” he asked me, picking his teeth.

I hastened to answer that I was, whereon he gave me an approving nod, and leant back in his chair.

“Are yer going to the Op’ra?” he enquired presently.

“We are,” replied my cousin. “But tell me now—you’re sure to know—this man McCaragh—is he all they say he is?”

“Oh, indeed he is, and damn the lie. Many’s the time I’ve heard him.”

“Well, why is he here?”

Our friend in expressive pantomime lifted his little finger and tilted back his head.

“That same,” he replied. “They could never be sure would he be able to go on or not, and he had such a grand voice they gave him all the chances they could. But sure, it was the same in every troupe he joined: and after he’d let them down two or three times, they’d fire him off, and so down he’d go, and down, till he comes to sing Faust in Inchileenagh.”

“But isn’t his voice all to bits?”

“It is not, and isn’t that the queer thing? Mind ye, he’s on in years, and it’s not the voice it was: but it’s a damn fine voice all the same. And you’re pretty safe of him now, what’s more, for he hasn’t enough to make himself drunk. It takes a hell of a draught to put him under.

“Do ye know how they found him? Faith, it beats the finding of McCormack altogether. Did ye ever hear tell of the gallery o’ the Gaiety Theatre, in Dublin?”

My cousin smiled.

“Ye know the way they had of singing in the waits of an opera. One fella would sing this bit, and another fella that bit, as well as the fellas on the stage sometimes, begob. Well, it was in Rig’letta: and young Murtagh was up in the gallery.

“After one of the scenes, when the curtain was down, someone turns to Murtagh and says, ‘That’s a grand singer!’ says he. ‘Do ye think so?’ answers Murtagh back to him (he had drink taken,

even then). 'Do ye think so?' says he. 'Bedam, but I could do it better than that meself.' 'Ah, how are ye?' says the fella to him, daring him. 'I'll show ye can I,' says Murtagh, and he stands up and starts off—he had a grand strong voice.

"Well, sure, in a minute every head was turned round, stalls and boxes and all, looking up to the gallery, for they never heard the like.

"When he done there was great hand-clapping, and presently one of the attendants comes up and wants to know who it was done the singing. Murtagh was for showing fight, because he thought they were coming to fire him out, but the attendant swore there was no harm intended to him. So down he goes to the fella that owned the troupe.

"'It was you was singing, was it?' says he to Murtagh.

"'It was,' says Murtagh, a bit daunted by the white shirt of the fella, 'but sure, I meant no harm.'

"'H'm,' says the manager man. 'And what trade might ye follow?'

"'I'm a porter, Sir,' says Murtagh.

"'Well,' says the manager, 'ye'll be a porter no longer,' says he, 'for ye'll come along with me, and I'll make a singer of ye. What's more, if ye'll do what I tell ye, I'll make a damn fine singer of ye.'

"So Murtagh went off, and in less than three years he came back and gave a concert at the Rotunda: and everyone said no better voice came out of Ireland, not even Foli himself. I tell ye, that man's sung half over the world: if he could only have stuck it, he'd be in the top flight."

"And here he is now," said my cousin, making patterns with the breadcrumbs on the cloth.

"And here he is now, as ye say," replied our companion, "singin' Faust to gomachs in Inchileenagh. Ah well," he stretched himself, and yawned enormously, "sure it's an event for the place."

"Very little happens here, I suppose?"

"Little enough. And what does happen has no sense."

"What do ye mean, exactly?"

"Well, it's this way." He turned himself sideways in his chair, and frowned up at the sluggish flies around the gas-jet on the ceil-

ing. "What goes on here goes on sleeping, underground: ye see nothin' of it. Then, one day, all of a sudden, something 'll happen, and no reason to show—no reason at all."

"Like the gamekeeper and the poacher who shot each other?" I interjected shyly. He gave me a quick look.

"Aye, like that," he said. "Bang-bang. That's all. No why nor wherefore, not a word ye might hear till the two dead corpses are starin' ye in the face. Oh, it's queer, the way things go on in these parts." He rose and walked over to the window.

"For that matter," he said, over his shoulder, "if ye'd been here a bit sooner before your dinner ye'd have seen something happen, here under this window."

"Yes?"

"I heard a noise, but I didn't heed it much, till the little girl ran up full of it. An old woman in a fit, and I was just in time to see them cartin' her into the chemist opposite."

My cousin and I looked at each other.

"What was she like?"

"Faith, a little old woman in black, with a bonnet on her. I didn't see but the white of her face as they carried her in. Why," he said, screwing up his eyes at us, "do ye know her?"

"No," said my cousin, "but we saw an old woman on the road as we were coming along."

"Well, the poor soul," said he, turning to the window again, "I'm thinking it's her last jaunt, for they were saying below she'd never over it. H'm." He hummed a few bars. "Are ye goin'? Well, I'll see ye at the opera."

In a few minutes we were outside strolling towards the Town Hall. I was strangely moved, and felt within me an exaltation, a sudden perception of the wonder of life, which brought a lump into my throat. The bridge was almost deserted. The sun was sinking, and the town, the trees, the distant hills swam before my eyes in kindly gold. I trod upon air: and with every step my soul went out towards the uncouth stranger who had shared our meal. Here, I thought, are three human beings, dissimilar as may be, whom chance has brought together: fellow travellers, fellow adventurers, bound alike to life, telling each other in perfect trust their fortunes and their hopes. It was my first actual realization of the

brotherhood of man. One cannot at this distance convey the full sense of that discovery; at fifteen these movements have a convincing beauty that later years cannot describe.

We were soon inside the hall, seated upon chairs reserved for "the quality," covered, two whole rows of them, with crimson baize. As it happened, we were isolated, for "the quality" was apparently the one section of Inchleenagh which did not patronize the opera, and our only companions we suspected of being the editor of the local paper, and his wife, with free passes.

The performance was to consist of the solos and concerted numbers of the opera, for the company did not run to a chorus: and, not more than ten minutes after the advertised time, lights were lowered, and the overture struck up on the piano.

The company—I remember their names still, as well as if I had the programme in my hand. Mr Leo Peabody, the Faust, thin and reedy, but true and never unpleasant: Mr Carlos Gooding, the Mephisto, with an exaggerated *vibrato* and mannerisms: Miss Susanne Perle, the Marguerita, surprisingly good, but no longer young: Miss Sybil Child, who by quick changes of wigs and garments, doubled the parts of Siebel and Martha, singing both in a fresh, unspoiled contralto: and, last and greatest—Murtagh McCaragh.

The scene where the Mephisto turns the water of the fountain into wine was cut, so we had to wait till Valentine's *cavatina* to gain a sight of the great man. The preliminary bars clanked from the piano, and from the wings appeared—the big man we had seen on the road. It was a shock, yet hardly unexpected; however, I had no time to think about it then. The audience greeted him with enthusiasm; he smiled easily, fumbled in his ample breast for Marguerita's token, and began to sing.

My first feeling was one of disappointment. Never having heard a great singer, I suppose that in my ignorance I had expected something volcanic: and the voice in the short recitative, though easy and full, seemed to me in no way remarkable. The singer, too, seemed indifferent to his work.

Then—suddenly—a change came over him. As the piano sounded the introduction to the *aria*, he shut his eyes. It might have been fancy, but I could swear a tremor ran through him: he

smiled to himself, and when he opened his eyes again, their light was different. The look of bored good-humour had given place to a strange gleam, almost of defiance. We were sitting right under him, and could see his smallest movement.

Then, once more, he closed his eyes, and sang. The great notes rolled out pure and full, with an exaltation, an almost savage power, that seemed to thrill through the very chairs we sat on. When he came to the martial movement, he opened his eyes and declaimed it with a volume and a fire which was literally frightening. Then his voice sank magnificently back upon the slow swell of the air. Inevitable as a great wave sweeping to the shore, it rose towards the climax of the music, gleamed there a moment in majesty, and rolled out the final notes in rings and rings of sound.

There was a silence, then applause. It was frantic. We clapped and stamped and shouted: I only stopped when my hands hurt too much to go on. McCaragh himself seemed almost dazed: then his face lit up with an expression hard to analyse. Many times he had to come on, and bow again, and yet again, with a certain ironic dignity; yet it was obvious that he had been deeply moved. When at last he disappeared, I sat back exhausted, let my aching hands lie limp, and murmured to myself over and over again—I don't know why—

“I am the Duchess of Malfi still.”

There is little else that I remember till the scene of Valentine's death. In the dual trio McCaragh carefully “sang down” to the others, and they, to do them justice, had been roused rather than discouraged, doing their best not to disgrace their great colleague. Indeed, with all its inadequacies, I have never seen a more spirited performance of Faust than that handful of singers gave with their clanking piano in the town hall of Inchileenagh. There was magic abroad; they were possessed with it.

The duel was over: Mephisto's treacherous blade had done its work (amid loud booing from the back seats) and Valentine lay writhing on the ground.

The music does not seem sublime to me now, and I have heard many Valentines curse many Margueritas, but I have never known the scene played as those two played it. The man was inspired. Between him and the audience flowed that magic current of emotion that made the moment apt for a revelation. The facile

phrases were transfigured, the whole place filled with the agony and pity of noble strength treacherously brought low: and there was fear also, as if a lion that could no longer strike still cowed the hunters by the sheer terror of his wrath. The whole barbaric power of that great voice attacked each note of denunciation with stunning force, and the soprano herself recoiled, in a wild excitement that left her pale and breathless, from the rage and spate of sound.

I have often wondered if we were all hypnotized into believing it better than it was, for of course any artist's success must always depend partly upon his audience's will to believe. There can be no doubt, however, that we heard a great singer on one of those nights when his fire burnt at its highest and nothing stood between him and fulfilment. We were uplifted, shaken, dazed, beside ourselves. I sat trembling from head to foot, till the last trio swung us out into the street and the cool air.

The long summer night still held the sky, and a gentle breeze refreshed our foreheads. We crossed the bridge, and walked until we reached the gloom of a little wood, a chill cavern of darkness, astir with scents and the scurrying of little beasts. We stood drinking in the sweet air; and then turned slowly back. Over a blunt low hill on our right a faint radiance hovered. It grew steadily, and the line of the hill showed more and more distinctly. Then a gleam winked and trembled on the dark line, and the enormous moon, wavering and unstable, shouldered her bulk into the heaven. We watched till she rose clear of the hills, gaining dignity and radiance at every minute, and then walked homeward, with our shadows gradually deepening before us.

At the foot of the stairway we met our friend, who had seen us through the glass door of the bar, and stepped out to meet us. He said nothing, but raised his eyebrows in enquiry. We nodded. He nodded back; and there we stood, our hearts overflowing with delight, nodding at each other in absurd enthusiasm. Yet he knew nothing of the mystery we shared. "What goes on here, goes on sleeping, underground; ye see nothin' of it, then, one day, something happens. . . ." This time we had seen a little more. Not much more, but enough to give to what had happened a double significance.

"Are ye goin' to bed? Yez are? Well, I'd better say good-

bye to ye so, for I've an early start before me. What—you have an early start, too? Faith, that's grand. We'll meet at breakfast, then. Good-night to ye both."

And with a wave of his hand he went back to the bar.

A minute later I was in my room. I did not want to talk, nor I think did my cousin. The moon was flooding in at the window: I crossed to the broad ledge, and sat there with my knees drawn up, looking down on the empty street. Now and then a man would go by, and voices would sound for a moment: otherwise the night was still and peaceful.

How long I had been there I do not know, when suddenly my attention was caught by the two figures in the street. They came along, clear in the moonlight, and passed close to where I sat: McCaragh and the soprano. He was talking to her, earnestly, in low tones, gesticulating with one hand: she walked silently, with little steps, her shoulders hunched up and her eyes on the ground. Close to me they passed, down the street, and round the corner out of sight.

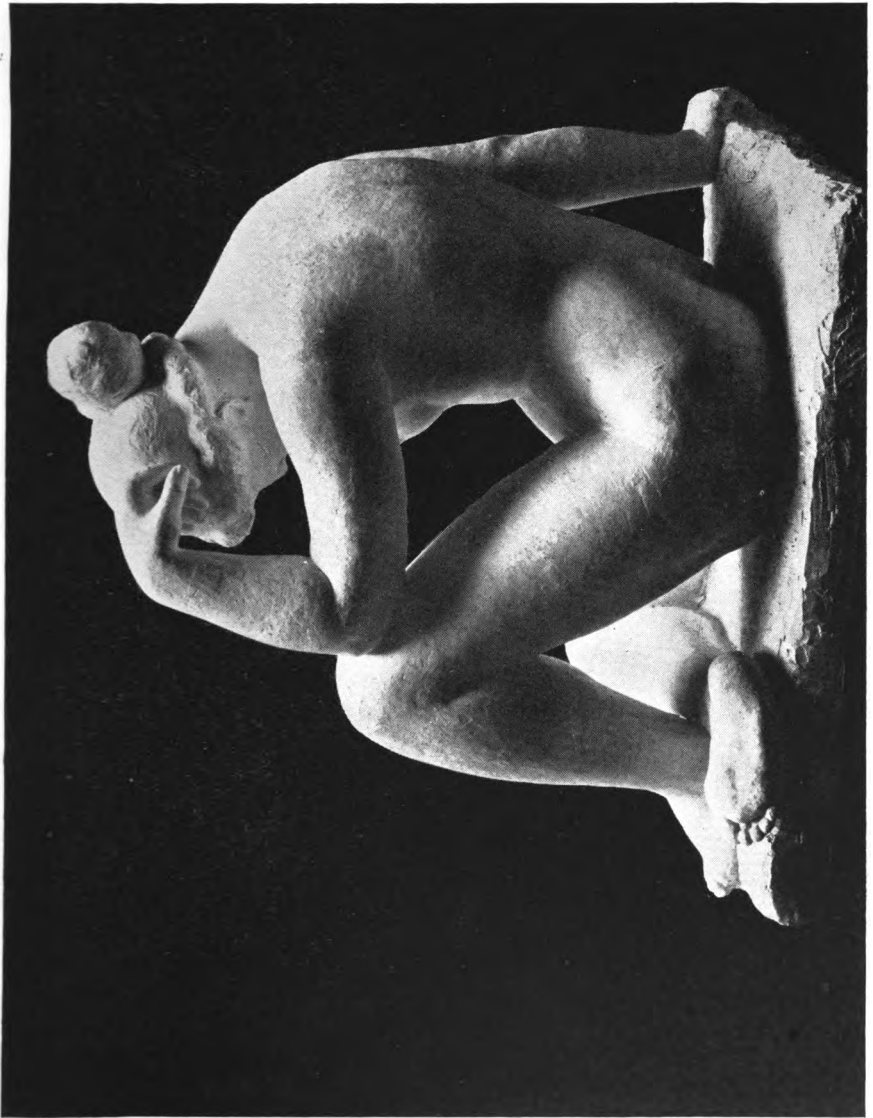
I did not try to piece out their story, and have never really tried since; but I sat on there till I was stiff, and the moon had wheeled a great course in the sky, pondering with secret fear and joy upon the heritage of life which was mine. The driver, the little old woman, our friend the traveller; Faust, the pinewood, and the moon rising—what a day I had been through. And now this last incident in the drama—enacted for me alone.

The moon rose higher, and the shadows in the little street changed their shape. Distant, faint in the moonlight, stood the hill where the gamekeeper and the poacher had fought their strange duel. Soon all movement ceased, and, except maybe for a big man and a woman talking somewhere down by the river, there was stillness in the town where things happened that had no sense to them.



Photograph by Druet

FEMME ACCROUPEE. BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL



Photograph by Druet

FEMME ACCROUPEE. BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL

TWO POEMS

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

TRYST

I look down
 The flowers' throats,
Peer into
 The roadside moats,
Eye the spot
 The lightning's riven,
Look beneath
 Each stone for heaven:

Then the reeds
 Begin to flutter,
All the ponds
 Grow bright and utter
Ripples, and
 The quicksands shake
Underneath the
 Quivering brake.

Suddenly
 Across the moors
Every patch
 Of pine has doors—
Lichened boughs
 Make lintels through
Which I fit—
 And dusk shuts to.

CATACLYSM

I was joy
And bliss
And pain.

TWO POEMS

I was sun
And moon
And rain.

Now I'm nothing
And I spin
In a world
Of death and sin.
Sinks the sun
In a black sea—
I am lashed
To mystery.

Nothing once and
Free to spin
In a world
Of death and sin,
I am joy
And bliss
And pain.
I am sun
And moon
And rain.

AN EMOTIONAL UNITY

BY T. S. ELIOT

THE late Baron von Hügel occupied, for many years, a privileged place both in society and in the world of religion. By birth he was an Austrian of Rhineland origin; but his mother belonged to a distinguished military Scotch family, and his wife was English. He had been given an informal sort of education, in several countries, chiefly in Belgium and Italy; and his favourite place of residence was England. He retained his Austrian nationality until the war; but his loyalty to the British cause was undoubted, and soon after the outbreak of the war he was accepted as a British subject. Yet he always kept up the many and affectionate friendships which he had formed in Germany as in every other country. Similarly in religion. He was a Roman Catholic, whose orthodoxy was never called into question; yet his greatest activities, many of his warmest friendships, and perhaps his strongest influence, were among German and English Protestants and among French Modernists. He moved unscathed through the thick of the Modernist movement, and was intimate with Father Tyrrell until the end. He filled a peculiar position.

I never met Baron von Hügel, and I have never read his greatest book, *The Mystical Element in Religion*. The latter defect I do not regret; it is easily repaired, though I am not sure that I shall ever repair it. But I regret very much not having even seen him. For testimony of friends who knew him makes it evident that there was far more in the man than in any of his books. His style, it must be admitted, is not encouraging. He had thoroughly mastered grammatical English; but his style is heavy, difficult, Germanic. He was the victim of a passion for thoroughness, and was indeed rather long-winded. But his Letters are comparatively readable; here we are concerned not with following any close reasoning but with the cumulative effect of a rather grand personality, as it

NOTE: *Selected Letters of Baron Friedrich von Hügel (1896-1924)*. Edited with a Memoir by Bernard Holland. 8vo. 377 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$7.

overflowed here and there over his innumerable correspondents, who range from prelates and philosophers to an anonymous young girl. In this volume we get as near as possible to a personality which far exceeded in value any of its printed monuments.

In some important respects, in fact, we realize that von Hügel, and his interests, are out of date. On the one hand we must remain grateful to him as one who, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, *kept open his communications with the future*. He was always in the midst of the theological and ecclesiastical battle—in the midst, but loved by all sides and attacked by none—at a time which is now quite past. Their quarrels and their problems are not ours: though perhaps since the early seventeenth century there has been no age of such acute theological controversy as is our own. The alteration is too great for von Hügel to have understood, if he had lived longer. We have a different attitude towards science—we have had Einstein and Whitehead—and a new attitude towards religion—we are brawling over Thomism and the Liturgy. It is possible to say that von Hügel in his time was Orthodox; it would be difficult to say whether he could be orthodox now. At all events, he would have had to make a choice that he never had to make.

I can speak of von Hügel as belonging to a past age, although he died only two years ago. For his greatest work and his greatest influence belong to the earlier part of the period covered; and end, we may say, with such events as the death of George Tyrrell and the withdrawal of Loisy. Von Hügel, though not a Modernist, belongs to the period of Modernism. And von Hügel's variety of orthodoxy, I suspect, is as out of date as Tyrrell's variety of Modernism. The last survival of the old Modernism is that elusive sprite which appears at the Abbé Brémond's literary *séances*: *La Poésie Pure*. In those stormy remote days it may appear that the good Baron, as a good Roman Catholic, skated upon pretty thin ice. But although he remained loyal to his friends, even when they had been excommunicated, I feel sure that a curious instinct prevented him from sharing their views even when he might almost be said to have thought he did. He had a strong blind passionate desire for the unity of Christendom; nothing would have made him happier than any kind of reunion of all the Churches; and had he been a Pope himself, would doubtless have stretched every frontier to the breaking point in order to keep everybody within "the

Church." But he did not have a Modernist sensibility. And that, I think, is the real point about Modernism, and the reason why it is dead. Modernists thought that they were trying to reconcile ancient feeling with modern thought and science. If that had been what they were trying to do, they might have been more successful; but they were really attempting something much more difficult—the reconciliation of antagonistic currents of feeling within themselves. This is the real issue; and they remain tragic not because some of them suffered in the world, or suffered excommunication by the Church: that is a slight matter compared to the division in their own hearts.

Von Hügel, a much simpler soul, escaped all these torments because of his emotional unity. His instinct is orthodox. Thus he says of the German Mystics

"far and away the most important, although the least, materially, orthodox (his intentions were admittedly good and even saintly throughout), is Meister Eckhart. All the others (I include writers such as à Kempis, who are only incidentally mystical) are but modifications, corrections of the mighty Eckhart."

Here he speaks with authority, and his opinion would be endorsed by any understanding non-Christian critic of the subject. When he criticizes Buddhism (e.g. on page 364) he is admirable in his combination of sympathy with firm Christianity. His observation on the celebrated Indian Christian Sadhu (page 347) goes to the heart of the matter. His comments on Doctor Jacks and Professor Wildon Carr are worth reading (page 310). And he has decided for himself that the thirteenth century was a grander epoch than the sixteenth century (page 292). He is good, with a few phrases, on Tertullian (page 276). And his words about Shakespeare are worth pondering.

"As to Shakespeare, he is, indeed, an utter marvel of richness. But, in Shakespeare, I always end by feeling a limit in a way the very contrary to Milton's limit—yet a grave limit still. Shakespeare is a true child of the Renaissance also in the *Renaissance's limitation*. He has not got that sense—not merely of life's mystery etc.—but of the supernatural, of the other Life, of God, our Thirst

and our Home—he has not got what Browning—on these points—has so magnificently. No dying figure in Shakespeare looks *forward*; they all look backward; none thirst for the otherness of God; they all enjoy, or suffer in, and with, and for, the visible, or at least, the immanent alone. When the soul is fully awake, this is not enough; it only arouses, or expresses, man's middle depths, not his deepest depths. It is not anti-Christian; it is even Christian—more Christian, really, than Milton—as far as it gets; but it does not reach the ultimate depths, it never utters the full Christian paradox and poignancy.”

There is much more to be said for the Baron, however, than praise of his stray shrewd comments. When we read enough of his letters—and there are enough in this volume—we come to think of him as almost a saint, as a minor master of the devotional life. He was manifestly not merely a good man; he had also that more exact and disciplined virtue which comes only from the regular practice of devotion in one of the systematic religions. He was not—as I think I have already intimated—a great philosopher or theologian. His feelings were exact, but his ideas were often vague. And his mysticism is no longer the order of the day. He belongs to a past epoch, a period of intellectual indistinctness, in which he moved among a host of half-Christians and quarter-Christians. The present age seems to me much more an age of black and white, without shadows. Mysticism—even the particular Christian mysticism studied by von Hügel—is not the issue of our time. We are able to quote with approval that remark of Bossuet of which Professor Babbitt has reminded us: “true mysticism is so rare and unessential and false mysticism is so common and dangerous that one cannot oppose it too firmly.” We demand of religion some kind of *intellectual* satisfaction—both private and social—or we do not want it at all.



A DRAWING. BY CARL SPRINCHORN

CANTO XXII

BY EZRA POUND

An' that man sweat blood to put through that railway,
And what he ever got out of it?
And he said one thing: "As it costs,
As in any indian war it costs the government
20,000 dollars per head
To kill off the red warriors, it might be more humane
And even cheaper, to educate."
And there was the other type, Warehauser,
That beat him, and broke up his business,
A Tale of the American Curia, that gave him,
Warehauser permission to build the Northwestern railway
And to take the timber he cut in the process;
So he cut a road through the forest,
Two miles wide, an' perfectly legal.
Who wuz agoin' to stop him!

And he came in and said: "Can't do it,
Not at that price, we can't do it."
That was in the last war, here in England,
And he was making chunks for a turbine
In some sort of an army plane;
An' the inspector says: "How many rejects?"
"What you mean, rejects?"
And the inspector says: "How many do you get?"
And Joe said: "We don't get *any* rejects, our . . ."
And the inspector says: "Well then of course you can't do it."
Price of life in the occident.
And C.H. said to the renowned Mr Bukos:
"What is the cause of the H.C.L.?" and Mr Bukos,
The economist consulted of nations, said: "Lack of labour."
And there were two millions of men out of work.
And C.H. shut up, he said
He would save his breath to cool his own porridge,

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CANTO XXII

But I didn't, and I went on plaguing Mr Bukos
 Who said finally: "I am an orthodox
 "Economist."

Jesu Christo!

Standu nel paradiso terrestre
 Pensando come si fesse compagna d'Adamo!!

And Mr H.B. wrote in to the office:
 I would like to accept C.H.'s book
 But it would make my own seem so out of date.

Heaven will protect

The lay reader. The whole fortune of
 MacNarpen and Company is founded
 Upon Palgrave's Golden Treasury. Nel paradiso terrestre
 And all the material was used up, Jesu Christo,
 And everything in its place, and nothing left over
 To make una compagna d'Adamo. Come si fesse?
 E poi ha vishtu una volpe
 And the tail of the volpe, the vixen,
 Fine, spreading, and handsome, e pensava:
 That will do for this business;
 And la volpe saw in his eye what was coming, e
 Corre, volpe corre, Christu corre, volpecorre,
 Christucorre, e dav' un saltu, ed ha preso la coda
 Della volpe, and the volpe wrenched loose
 And left the tail in his hand, e di questu
 Fu fatta,

e per questu

E la donna una furia,
 Una fuRRia-e-una rabbia.

And a voice behind me in the street:
 "Meestair Freer! Meestair . . ."
 And I thought I was three thousand
 Miles from the nearest connexion;
 And he'd known me for three days, years before that,
 And he said, one day a week later: Would you lak
 To meet a wholly man, yais he is a veree wholly man.
 So I met Mohamed Ben Abt el Hjameed,

And that evening he spent his whole time
 Queering the shirt-seller's business,
 And taking hot whiskey. The sailors
 Come in there for two nights a week and fill up the café
 And the rock scorpions cling to the edge
 Until they can't jes' nacherly stand it
 And then they go to the Calpe (Lyceo)

NO MEMBER OF THE MILITARY
 OF WHATEVER RANK IS PER-
 MITTED WITHIN THE WALLS OF
 THIS CLUB

That fer the governor of Gibel Tara
 "Jeen-jah! Jeen-jah!" squawked Mohamed,
 "O-ah, geef heem sax-pence."
 And a chap in a red fez came in, and grinned at Mohamed
 Who spat across four metres of tables
 At Mustafa. That was all there was
 To that greeting; and three nights later
 Ginger came back as a customer, and took it out of Mohamed.
 He hadn't sold a damn shirt on the Tuesday.
 And I met Yusuf and eight men in the calle,
 So I sez: Wot is the matter,
 And Yusuf said: Vairy foolish, it will
 Be sefen an' seex for the summons;
 Mohamed want to sue heem for libel.
 To give all that to the court!

So I went off to Granada

And when I came back I saw Ginger, and I said:
 What about it?

And he said: O-ah, I geef heem a
 Seex-pence. Customs of the sha-ha-reef.
 And they were all there in the lyceo,
 Cab drivers, and chaps from tobacco shops,
 And Edward the Seventh's guide, and they were all
 For secession.

Dance halls being closed at two in the morning,
By the governor's order. And another day on the pier
Was a fat fellah from Rhode Island, a-sayin':

"Bi Hek! I been all thru Italy

An' ain't never been stuck!"

"But this place is plumb full er scoundrels."

And Yusuf said: Yais? an' the reech man

In youah coundree, haowa they get their money;

They no go rob some poor pairsons?

And the fat fellah shut up, and went off.

And Yusuf said: Woat, he iss all thru Eetaly

An' ee is nevair been stuck, ee ees a liar.

W'en I goa to some forain's country

I am stuck.

W'en yeou goa to some forains country

You moss be stuck; w'en they come 'ere I steek thaim.

And we went down to the synagogue,

All full of silver lamps

And the top gallery stacked with old benches;

And in came the levite and six little choir kids

And began yowling the ritual

As if it was crammed full of jokes,

And they went through a whole book of it;

And in came the elders and the scribes

About five or six and the rabbi

And he sat down, and grinned, and pulled out his snuff-box,

And sniffed up a thumb-full, and grinned,

And called over a kid from the choir, and whispered,

And nodded toward one old buffer,

And the kid took him the snuff-box, and he grinned,

And bowed his head, and sniffed up a thumb-full,

And the kid took the box back to the rabbi,

And he grinned, e faceva bisbiglio,

And the kid toted off the box to another old bunch of whiskers,

And he sniffed up his thumb-full,

And so on till they'd each had his sniff;

And then the rabbi looked at the stranger, and they

All grinned half a yard wider, and the rabbi

Whispered for about two minutes longer,

APPARITION IN EARLY AUTUMN

BY ROBERT HILLYER

MARCEL walked slowly homeward, driving his geese before him. The great beech-trees which lined the way like the aisle of a forest, were already beginning to turn gold. He enjoyed loitering through the September dusk. The smell of wood-smoke was pleasant and the slight chill made his clothes, which all summer had clung to him damply, seem very comfortable. And some time, he thought, a miracle might befall him. Was it not always to young people that the Blessed Virgin Mary had appeared, and the saints who in grottoes or glades of the forest suddenly gladden the eyes of the believer? What better place than this lonely road, what better lad than he, to entertain a shining visitant?

The geese were restive this evening. It was always so in early autumn when their kin were flying south. A call from the high air set them craning their necks upward, honking, and beating their wings. And how they would hiss at him when he waved his arms and mimicked their strain toward the sky! He must clip them to-morrow; the big gander had flown over the barn; he would be off for the south if he had the smallest chance. Marcel was always clipping them to-morrow. It was amazing how time on its casters of dream rolled so quickly and silently away. When had the green ebbed out of the beeches? When had the leaves turned yellow? Already they held the pale light of sunset after the first star had risen. Soon they would be flakes of silver, hissing drily in the winter wind. Yet he had never caught them at their change. It seemed to him that everything was done behind his back, and of a sudden the season had changed, or people were saying to him, "You are quite a man now." Indeed time slips away, but even so one has to wait a long while for a miracle.

Marcel lifted his eyes and watched the geese waddling along unhappily on their webbed feet. He looked beyond them, and under one of the beeches saw a glimmering form taking shape.

There was no footfall among the leaves on the ground; the figure had not been there a moment ago. The more he looked at it the clearer it became, and, so it seemed to him, taller and slenderer. His heart pounded. He stopped in his tracks. Certainly this was his miracle—but immediately he wished it had not come so soon. He was not prepared for it; he was afraid. Was it an angel? Was it a saint? Suppose it should be the Blessed Virgin herself and he should not recognize her? In all his day-dreams of the miracle, that possibility had never occurred to him. Yet he should have foreseen it, for something quite as embarrassing had already happened to him. Once a man in dirty corduroy had stopped him in the road and asked directions, and Marcel, because of the man's poor clothes, had talked to him quite naturally. Then in a minute his mother had run out, curtsying and puffing, and bleating, "Yes, Sir! If you please, Sir. Oh I'm glad to be of service, Sir." All the time the shabby traveller had been the rich man from the big house on the hill. Now Marcel was hoping that his apparition would not be the Blessed Virgin. And perhaps life without miracles was really preferable. There would be fewer chances of making some frightful mistake.

Then suddenly the figure came toward him, and if it wasn't only Mary, the cobbler's daughter, in a clean linen frock and a chain of coral beads.

"What's the matter, Marcel? Did you think I was a ghost?"

She came up to him and looked at him very hard out of her dark eyes. Even plain Mary, whom he had known all his life, looked strange this evening. Marcel, without answering, decided with some disappointment that a miracle would have been better after all. He had an obscure feeling that he had spoiled his chances of seeing a miracle by being afraid.

Mary put her hand on his shoulder. "What is it, Marcel?" she said in a strained, breathless voice, as if she were planting her words between heart-beats. "Did I scare you? did you think I was a ghost?" The arm on his shoulder tightened as if she were going to hug him. "I wouldn't frighten little Marcel. . . . No, but big Marcel! He's almost a man, now."

Marcel drew away a little and shuffled his feet uneasily in the dust.

"I thought you were an angel," he said.

The words sounded so foolish he hardly dared look at her for fear she would be laughing at him. Instead, she flung her arm off his shoulder, clenched her fists, and regarded him angrily.

"An angel! an angel!" Her voice was fierce and bitter. "Are angels all you're looking for at your age! You, almost a grown man now, looking for angels! I'd be ashamed of myself! Almost a grown man and looking for angels!" She laughed abruptly. "Any one might as well be an angel in this village, the nearest thing to a man being yourself. O my God!"

"I must drive my geese along," Marcel answered primly, and rather puzzled.

He started after the white procession, making a clucking sound to gather in the stragglers.

"Marcel!" Mary had seized his arm now, and swung him round in her vehemence. "Marcel!"

He noticed how pale she was and how her hair clung in damp ringlets over her eyes. She looked so silly. But he felt too ill at ease to laugh at her. Besides, he was almost afraid that she would hit him.

"What is it?" he asked sullenly.

Then she leaned over him, sighing, and kissed him on the mouth. She took him in both her arms, pulled him toward her; but he took no step forward, and, losing their balance, they reeled apart, half falling against a tree. She laughed queerly. "Don't you like being kissed, Marcel? Don't you like me? Are you afraid of me?" She grabbed at him and he ducked.

This was better. It was only one of Mary's foolish tricks after all. She was always inventing some new game, and you never could tell when she was just in fun.

"Ho! scared of you! I think not."

Marcel lunged at her in his turn, made as if to kiss her, then with a great laugh smacked his lips together.

"Well, well; it's time to be going along now. I have my geese to look after, you know."

The joke had been fairly capped and there was no need of prolonging it. Anyway, Mary's pranks were never very amusing except to herself. Calling "Good-night" over his shoulder, he went on.

As he turned into his own lane, he was shocked to hear Mary shouting after him. He knew she was only pretending, but suppose someone should hear? Her language was horrid and any one would think to hear her that she was really in a temper.

"Be careful of your geese, little swine. Don't let the angels frighten you! Don't run off with the little boy, goosie gander! Little swine, little angel . . ."

Of course Marcel knew that she was laughing at her own silly joke, but anyone hearing her would think that she were sobbing and that he had been bullying her. She was a fool! He was quite angry with her now, and very lonely.

The geese hurried before him toward the sedges which grew along the little stream. They were home now, he and his geese, and he did not care how chill the autumn night became. They were all home, so safe, so comfortable. He remembered his thought of miracles with distaste.

Far aloft from an unseen flier, fell a soft honking, a call to the south. The big gander stopped, rose up on his webbed feet. He gurgled strangely as if the sound travelled up and down his long neck. He flapped his wings furiously; he was up in the air. He was off! One by one, like white petals fluttering upward on a breeze, the rest of the geese, timorously at first but with each beat of their wings more confidently, followed him into the high night on their way to the south. In a moment they had disappeared. Marcel, watching them, made no effort to stay their flight. He watched them and thought that all this must be a dream.

DUBLIN ROADS

BY PADRAIC COLUM

When you were a lad that lacked a trade,
Oh, many's the thing you'd see on the way
From Kill-o'-the-Grange to Ballybrack,
And from Cabinteely down into Bray,
When you walked these roads the whole of a day.

High walls there would be to the left and right,
With ivies growing across the top,
And a briary ditch on the other side,
And a place where a quiet goat might crop,
And a wayside bench where a man could stop.

A hen that had found a thing in her sleep,
One would think, the way she went craw-craw-cree,
You would hear as you sat on the bench was there,
And a cock that thought he crew mightily,
And all the stir of the world would be

A cart that went creaking along the road,
And another cart that kept coming a-near;
A man breaking stones; for bits of the day
One stroke and another would come to you clear,
And then no more from that stone-breaker.

With head bent to the stone, or lifted up
To watch the sky, he sat there alone,
A cobbler that didn't mend, but broke;
The dazzles would come from his heap of stone,
When, after the rain, the sun it shone.

And you'd leave him there, the stone-breaker,
And you'd wonder who came to see what was done
By him in a day, or a month, or a week:
He broke a stone and another one,
And you left him there, and you travelled on.

A quiet road! You would get to know
The briars and stones along by the way;

A dozen times you'd see last year's nest;
A peacock's cry, a pigeon astray
Would be marks enough to put on a day;

Or the basket-carriers you would meet:
A man and a woman—they were a pair!
The woman going beside his heel;
A straight-walking man with a streak of him bare,
And eyes that could give you a crafty stare.

Coming down from the hills they'd have ferns to sell,
Going up from the strand, they'd have cockles in stock;
Sand in their baskets from the sea,
Or clay that was stripped from a hillside rock—
A pair that had often stood in the dock!

Or a man that played on a tin-whistle:
He looked as he'd taken a scarecrow's rig;
Playing and playing as though his mind
Could do nothing else but go to a jig,
And no one around him, little or big.

And you'd meet no man else until you came
Where you could look down upon the sedge,
And watch the Dargle water flow,
And men smoke pipes on the bridge's ledge,
While a robin sang by the haws in a hedge.

Or no bird sang, and the bird-catchers
Would have talk enough for a battle gained,
When they came from the field and stood by the bridge,
Taking shelter beside it while it rained,
While the bird new-caught huddled and strained.

Then men would come by with a rick of hay
Piled on a cart; with them you would be
Walking beside the piled-up load:
It would seem as it left the horses free,
They would go with such stride and so heartily.

And so you'd go back along the road.

NEW POEMS BY PADRAIC COLUM

BY JOHN EGLINTON

COMMEND me to Mr Colum among the Irish poets! He has the eye for externals, which do not with him lose their outline in a crepuscular reverie, blending a ghoulish dream-world with the archetypal actualities of nature, until we know not whether we be looking at moods or mountains! His is the mind, not of the mythologist, but of the folk-lorist; and if we were disposed to look for an explanation of this we might find it, I think, in his Catholic piety. His faith I am far from sharing; but I can recognize that it has kept his mind open to the actualities of life and nature in Ireland, an objectivity which has not been characteristic of Ireland's Protestant poets, with Mr Yeats at their head: for it is the Protestants who have filled Irish literature with an ambiguous twilight, peopled with phantom divinities and shadowy beings, which every Catholic knows perfectly well were driven once for all from the green fields of Erin before the uplifted crozier of St Patrick. Irish Catholicism has in fact always looked askance at the wonder world of Celtic mythology. In the early days of the Irish Literary Movement the evocation of the Gael's pre-Christian past had almost amounted to a threat to the organized religion of the country; the situation was saved, however, by the firm religiosity of the Catholic population, much as in Russia the anti-capitalistic Revolution was stayed by the self-interested conservatism of the peasant.

I can see this connexion then between the two very dissimilar books of verse considered here¹: that Mr Colum's fixed Roman faith has left his vision clear for the things of life and nature. But being "rather Ingersollian myself"—to borrow a phrase from one of R. L. Stevenson's characters—it can hardly be expected of me that I should enter into the mood of verse which is not merely religious but devotional. Generally speaking, indeed, I have to

¹ *The Way of the Cross. The Stations of the Cross. By Alfeo Faggi. Poems. By Padraic Colum. 16mo. 36 pages. Ralph Fletcher Seymour. \$1.*

Creatures. By Padraic Colum. With Drawings by Boris Artzybasheff. 8vo. 58 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

confess to an imperfect feeling for what is called "religious poetry"; nor can I feel that the kneeling attitude is an attitude natural to the poet, who must stand on his feet,

"An equal amongst mightiest energies,"

even when he is minded to chant a hymn to his Maker. It was an attitude to which, in that pause of history between the ancient and the modern world, the spirit of man consented; but I think that for any hymn equal to the heart-moving rhythms of the Early Christian Church we must now look to men whose knees have forgotten how to kneel, to the Protestants and devout agnostics of world-literature.

In the other volume, *Creatures*, Mr Colum has had the idea of bringing together those of his poems which relate to the life of animals, including some poems which are new to me. The animals are not for the most part those which from time to time, in our daily walks at home, we gaze on contemplatively, but creatures of which the traveller brings home tales, macaws, monkeys, the bison, the humming-bird, the bird of Paradise; though when he meets with crows, plover, asses, a fox, he seems glad to have fallen in with compatriots.

The mind that would enter into the life of animals must be an innocent mind; it must be at a pause of all the egoistic impulses that urge the human mind in search of its sustenance and of the satisfaction of its desires; it must achieve moments in which, itself like an animal, it lies fixed in effortless contemplation; a stony calm transmutable into a measureless alertness; a protoplasmic transparency generative of wings! The love of animals has not been enjoined by ethical teachers, springing as it does from affinities within us, original like sin; yet if I should hear of a man that he was pre-eminently concerned with the weal of his neighbours, I would not have the same expectations of him as I should have were I told, for example, that he was fond of tigers. Such a man could not fail to be endowed by nature with some real and lucid disinterestedness of soul. There must be recesses of wistful sympathy in such a man which would make him worth winning for a friend. The two sentiments which enter into our feeling for animals, admiration and pity—admiration for the ruthless efficiency exhibited by them within their limitations, and pity for their imprisonment within these limitations—are also perhaps the specifically human instincts, and in the exercise of them we

are least likely to forget that we are animals ourselves: animals who have lost contact with nature, saving so far as we can recapture lost affinities through the exercise of a comprehensive, all-atoning human faculty which we name Imagination.

Mr Colum then is admirable both as a poet and as a human being when he catches sight of a young fox led on leash along the street, and

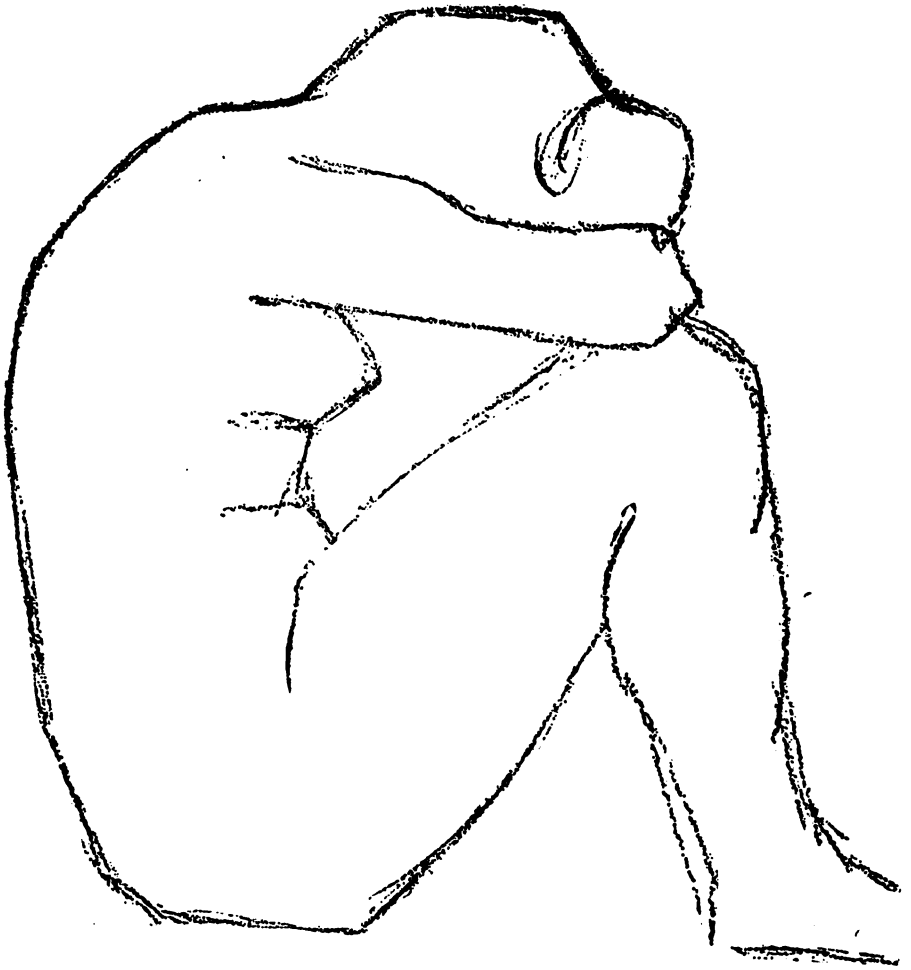
“fain would cover up
His bowels of dread, and find some way to bring
The rainy hills around him, the soft grass,
Darkness of ragged hedges, and his earth—
The black, damp earth under the roots of trees!”

or when, on his way perhaps to discharge some social obligation, he would become an otter,

‘ “A mate beside me; we will venture down
A deep, full river when the sky above
Is shut of the sun; spoilers are we;
Thick-coated; no dog’s tooth can bite at our veins:—
With ears and eyes of poachers; deep-earthed ones
Turned hunters: let him slip past,
The little vole, my teeth are on an edge
For the King-fish of the river!
I hold him up—
The glittering salmon that smells of the sea!”

These poems lend themselves to quotation, however, and I must restrain myself. But before parting with Mr Colum I should like to remark upon the steady progress which he makes in the art of verse; and I hope he will refrain from collecting all his poetic work until he has carried still farther his new power of imparting a fulness of thought and imagination to his language and rhythm.

He is not, I think, much helped by his illustrator in this volume. Decorative art can hardly be intimate, and it is intimacy we require in that art which would interpret or illuminate for us the life of animals: vignettes deep-sunk in the page like those of Bewick, for example. But even as decoration the too blatant black and white of these designs is not, to my mind, happily married to the text.



A DRAWING. BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL

THREE POEMS

BY LEON SRABIAN HERALD

HE CAME; HE WENT

A drunkard came out on our street,
from no saloon; a man gets drunk
on many things—
a meadow with the green high on it,
powerful with the season's songs
and season's odours—far reaching,
as if telling fitful trees
they must not swing too far.
He came and cared not how.

He must have come from unknown depths;
parts of his garments had been left behind;
his hat was in his hand
and though not made of rubber,
yet went up and down. As if for luck maybe
it fell into the muck.
Whether he stooped to get his hat
or arched his bosom to the wind,
each time his words improved;
his voice was strong and clear:
I will soon have my bowl and spoon,
and a clean paper napkin,
and for a kin, a kin,
somebody, oh somebody; I know what I mean.
He went and cared not how.

MEMORABILIA

When this city is subdued
at midnight
and I think, hear, ask—

THREE POEMS

the bells of my Sahara,
 my desert-mother camel-bells
 call me to call out my gazelle.
 Is that my caravan of camels,
 on my luminous desert,
 going round and round
 from sandhill to sandpit,
 burdened with rare gifts
 of broadcloth, jewels, rugs,
 for the Khedeev, Wezzar Basha,
 and my Uncle Gabriel?
 Where then are Abdo and Ahmed,
 to say to me, "Ya Saheeb!"

Ahmed and Abdo are clock-hands;
 the camels, numbers; and
 my desert is a clock-tower.
 My New-York-scared voice
 hides in me
 like a wounded lion by a bush.

Night after night
 I leap from sleep, from bed, from door,
 to listen to my camel-bells;
 it is the clock in the clock-tower instead,
 its gong deceiving me,
 and my gazelle
 is in my throat.

PHRYNE

I was living with a friend
 who was a friend until the need for friendship came.
 I as a tree his first leaf—signal from beyond,
 first sign of growth—invited you.
 You told me that I was the tree
 you could be nourished on.
 The autumn-ready-to-fall-leaves remarked, pleased,
 "Here is a new one of us!"

As swift blood blinds the sword,
 the mansion drowned your eyes.
 You spilt yourself as blood runs toward the hand
 that holds the sword.
 A sword should be kept shiny for supreme occasions.

Correct in argument, he took what came to him—
 an architect—to wreck homes—to build houses.
 The rare small tongues of Abelard in me were silenced,
 convinced completely that a poor man may not love,
 that he who cannot bestow riches cannot love,
 as if to say the oak-leaf grows on thistles,
 and he was right; my leaf for an example.

Guests came; I served them dishes.
 The evening was sincere and sensitive;
 I saw it with my consciousness, my heart a warning finger.
 You lingered.
 Seeming to depart, you stayed, excusing it,
 and I could not rejoice.
 Dividing night from morning, others left.
 Our host was at the door.
 Your scarf around my neck was strong and slippery—
 a gallows' rope.
 My heart, a warning finger, tapped my ribs,
 as trampling on the inexperienced morning,
 he gallantly sat close to you and said you would not kiss him.
 I spoke your thought;
 "She may," I answered, "if she wishes."
 Then, my own fireman, I ran out
 to halt the moon—to put the fire out;
 but it was itself a flame; the moon was burning.

A maiden-mrs, you returned to your town residence,
 assuring your companions that I had received you well,
 had entertained you.

Spring is here.
 My voice—a cool tree-shade—is back.
 I laugh at a cold wind that ran away with a dead leaf.

DRAGON SEED

BY STEWART MITCHELL

ABOUT the middle of the last century bright-eyed Theodor Mommsen, having looked about the earth in vain to find some modern capitalistic state which could compare in social and economic abomination with the Italy of Julius Caesar, prophesied, in part, as follows: "and not until the dragon-seed of North America ripens, will the world again have similar fruits to reap." At the time he wrote, the United States, according to Mr and Mrs Beard, were passing from the agricultural to the industrial era by means of their second revolution of the Civil War. As the European system spreads out into America, the United States, it seems not improbable, will send its men and its methods to the ends of the earth. One needs a taste for the pleasures of Satan to imagine Mr Mommsen's satisfaction.

The epic of the United States—historically, the subject is a splendid one, deserving of Gibbons, Grotes, and Greens. The very least that can be said of *The Rise of American Civilization*¹ is this: its authors are worthy of their work. The trained eye computing preparation by performance, can only glisten with admiration or envy. Tons of records have been sifted for these sixteen hundred pages. Here, within the limits of a Victorian novel, is a reasonably complete, humanly correct, critical history of the United States.

There are, to be sure, certain flaws to pick in these pyramids. In the decorations costume is occasionally anachronistic; now and then a statement of minor importance is arranged in such a way as to confuse; once and again (it has been objected) the English of these authors is not feckless, for they fall short of that high, hard excellence of style which is the kingdom of heaven for writers. These volumes lack all the visible apparatus of the schoolmen—foot-notes, bibliographies, and the rest: the layman will be re-

¹ *The Rise of American Civilization.* By Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard. Two volumes. 8vo. 1650 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$12.50.

lieved; the amateur may be puzzled, but the historian will have to go elsewhere for his "sources." Lack of space would forbid this machinery, even if the nature of the work did not.

The more serious objections are sententious and unsound. Scorning an author's standard of aesthetic values is sad business, for the world should take notice of the fact that art is an anarchy in which everybody can have everything he wants without taking anything from anybody. When every artist has his circle of admirers, no one can expect more, so that the reader or critic who frets at judgements which seem fanciful, or even foolish, has only to ask: what talent passes for current coin? Life may be unlucky, but the world of letters is neither kingdom nor republic; it is just barely conceivable that in some remote age the comparative excellence of James and Crawford, for instance, will be a matter of superb unimportance. The unpopularity of history is peculiar in that most people nibble enough at hope to spell out life in the language of the present. Artists need not worry.

The continuous crowding of the narrative is the chief visible difficulty of the historian; the structure of sentences is liable to snap under the strain. Even Gibbon and Prescott have been called monotonous, precisely for the reason that they dared not let down: the story must go on and, first of all, it must be clear and interesting. The inverted sentence is not always a success as variation; the staccato style of the essay will stretch only so far. The pains and penalties of fiction may be heavy indeed, but any novelist knows enough to go in for landscape and talk when he can. The smallpox of newspaper prose has not touched the Beards alone, but they were exposed to contagion.

Accusations of radicalism and sedition need only to be mentioned: any attempt to answer them would mean nothing less than a debate of the grand question of people and property. Wise men will escape such conflicts for fear of being worked up into wildness. Writing of war and money, Mr Beard uses the discretion of diplomacy and lets us read between lines as tactful and effective as the famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Gibbon on the Christians, and with as good a reason, seeing that nations and wealth are the superstition of our worship. No modern scholar can dispense with this art of implication: being unpleasant but not plainly.

For most Americans the history of this country seems as far off and unlikely as the annals of Lilliput, and rather less amusing. For them the past lacks all perspective: Yorktown is as far away as Marathon; dead men are all alike. In spite of Prescott, Parkman, and Channing, in spite of Henry Adams, American history is a tale that is too often spoiled in the telling, and teaching. The lamented absence of the "belted knight and moated grange" John Fiske made fun of years ago, but more serious complaints can be sustained with good sense. History was formerly a kind of drama of persons; nowadays causes, forces, cults crowd the attention, or at best, men and women of wood are dangled down to dance before us while persons of importance pull strings, and keep out of sight.

But this change from the history of people to the history of things is more apparent than actual: men love mystery and have always thought in mobs. Someone has said that no man really great reminds us of another, but just as every actor hopes to play Hamlet, every politician must take his turn at being Lincoln. Only to consider this legend is to laugh at the accusation of "impersonal history." The decline of monarchy has brought an aesthetic difference, for the disappearance of dynasties and public families will tend to obscure the amazing lottery of luck and heredity. Politics and business offer compensations, for their disregard of the proprieties of persons is theatrical, and exciting. Each has contributed richly to the characters of American life, the more so as war and religion have lost their adventure and swagger.

Patriots and pedants between them have made a sad hash of our history, and the common garden variety of citizen who can't tell where his next car is coming from, drops the text-books as soon as he can and never looks at a thesis. Like the Greeks of Constantinople he would shudder at the very titles of the huge histories of his country and run away from the thought of reading them. To this the humanist objects that the oldest danger to learning has been this constant temptation to make public property private, to turn culture into the priestcraft of the professions. Yet great history has always made good reading, for it reconciles facts with the fiction of arrangement and selection. To call Mr Beard's history popular is to challenge the attention of the whole intelligent public.

The task was such as would test the tact and strength of any living scholar. Of these Mr Beard is one of the greatest. Years of lecturing promoted, or merely completed, the art of making things clear; long acquaintance with "sources" trained him to appreciate these at their respective values. The sprouting historian's delight in documents can make him dangerous and dull: old diaries are often as poisoned with prejudice as the worst of current opinion. Worship of Greville is a case in point—"source" is a word too often put to ridiculous uses. Mr Beard is old enough in experience not to be the fool of figures and papers.

Those who had worked with him and consequently liked him, as well as those who knew something of his earlier writings—as, for instance, *The Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy*—had good reasons for expecting great things of this history. The scope of it was dangerous, but not a shadow of disappointment lies on the performance. Ever since his voluntary retirement, while still a young man, from Columbia during the German War—a story at once absurd and sad—Mr Beard has turned his leisure into the professional pleasure of making these two volumes. Feminists will, perhaps, find satisfaction in the assurance that, as rumour runs, Mrs Beard took charge of the aesthetics of this work.

The arrangement of the material is novel in that the authors treat the Civil War as *The Second Revolution* and make it the dividing line, not so much between Union and Secession, as between the two great eras of our history, the Agricultural and the Industrial. By 1865 not merely had a nation replaced a federation, but a country of farms began rapidly to change into a country of cities. In opposing the planter plutocracy, the North had fought the South with the left hand and built up the West with the right, the quieter cause being the more significant in the lives of the people. This "rich man's war and poor man's fight" was the golden opportunity for the North, not only in the West; the conquered states came back into a new nation of high tariffs and tall factories. The second chapter is well on its way, but the reader feels he is scarcely past the beginning. As an approach to America these books cannot be improved on, at least for the present; the student can only wonder how widely and well they will be read. Within the last quarter of a century the two co-operative series of Mr Hart and Mr Johnson have been planned and completed,

but the look of one and the cost of the other have kept laymen at a distance. In the case of *The Rise of American Civilization* one likes to imagine the triumph of Gibbon acted over again, with ladies taking history to bed every night.

Mr Beard is philosophical, probably more humble in his hopes, having been already so ambitious as to try to inoculate Americans with a knowledge of their nation. The story is crowded with amusing and even amazing people—saints, dictators, play-boys—and the end is not yet. Lest we entertain angels unawares, we should do well to look about now and take our measure in the mirror Mr Beard has called “The Gilded Age.” There is the image of our times, all of it from Plymouth Rock to the Yale Bowl, that has gone to make us a people whose power alone would have been the delight of the lunatic energy of Caesars.

BEFORE THE FIRE

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

I have grown weary of my wanderings.
 Perhaps it is the burning out of youth:
 I do not know; I know I tell the truth
 That I am weary. I would like to sit
 Whole days before the fire and dream, while swings
 A wet wind at the windows, with my memory lit
 By Asiatic skies and parrots' wings
 Of emerald, jade, and amber. But I would not go
 To see them any more. No Northern fir,
 No California pines and oranges,
 No olive grove by Mediterranean seas
 Shall move me. For I have no wish to stir.



Adolf Dehn 1925.

NEGRESS. BY ADOLF DEHN

SETCHKO

BY STOYAN CHRISTOWE

HIS name was Yovan but they called him Setchko in the village—after the month of February which was thus nicknamed. Only those that had attended the *gymnasia* in the city, and they were few, called the second month of the year *February*. The rest called it Setchko. And this it deserved to be called, for it brought cutting winds and drifts of snow and brittle cold that quelled the entire life of the village. All kept indoors in Setchko. No one went to the cities, to market. The flocks of sheep and goats bleated all day in the corrals at the outskirts of the village, feeding on dried oak-leaves, and leafless, fresh-cut, tender twigs of poplar and willow. No wedding festivities were planned for this month. Who would want to get married in Setchko? In it, mothers feared to bear children lest they turn out fierce, rigid, cold, and sullen like the month itself. Still worse, they might be called Setchkos.

Like his name-month, Yovan too was known only as Setchko. Some distant relatives and a few persons of his own age knew his given name, but they all called him Setchko.

He rarely spoke to any one, and was seldom seen except at funerals, weddings, and services for departed souls. These last, like funerals, he never missed. He lived alone. Mitra, the good-hearted, had died years ago, leaving him a childless widower. She had adopted a boy, an orphan, but when she had raised him to manhood, he went to America and forgot his foster parents. Often had she been seen giving handfuls of walnuts to the children in exchange for promises from them not to call her husband Setchko.

Setchko loved the soil and worked in the field till late afternoon. But if there was to be a funeral—of babe or centenarian—even though the earth cried out to be ploughed and the soft mould crumbled like cake at the approach of the ploughshare, Setchko unyoked his team of a white ox and a grey donkey, planted his long

goad in the earth near his wooden plough, and started on the road to the village.

The peasants suspected Setchko of going to funerals not so much for any spiritual or religious reason as for the brandy, red wine, and roast meat, which were to be had for nothing. And since he rarely missed weddings and the plenty to eat and drink that was a part of them, the belief was not unfounded. For a village wedding no invitations are sent. It is taken for granted that everyone will consider oneself invited.

Why didn't Setchko ever say anything? Occasionally he would nod his head; sometimes he opened the greyish eyes which were hidden behind his bushy eyebrows, but instantly resumed his customary attitude of silence and humility.

When the children saw him returning from the mountain, driving his donkey packed with kindling-wood, or from the meadows with a shut scythe balanced like a rifle on his stooped shoulder, they sang, "Setchko setchi; Mart vletchi; April deri!" He would goad the donkey and move his lips but make no sound. If he spoke, no one knew what he was saying. Unable once to contain himself, he growled at the barking children and swore at their mothers for having brought them into the world. This encouraged them and they followed him with, "Setchko, Setchko!" Like a big bear he paced after the donkey, not even turning to look at the abusive children. Silence, however, and that single eruption of anger did not reveal Yovan to the villagers. The soil which he tilled, the ox who helped him till it, and the donkey, his only companion, knew him. Why then did they call him Setchko? Because of what he was? Or had the name itself made him that? Who gave him that dark epithet?

One day of the long laborious village year was of even greater importance to Setchko than Christmas or Easter. This was the festival of *Pentekoste*, which came in the early summer, seven weeks after Easter. It was the annual festal day for the dead. But it was the living and not the dead who did the feasting.

No soul was forgotten. Those had to be remembered even whose bones had been dug from graves, washed at the river, and dumped on the bone pile at the back of the church. On this occasion the women of the village had a chance to show their skill in cooking and baking. For days before *Pentekoste* the low chimneys of the houses vomited rivers of smoke—a sure sign in

the village of an approaching festival. Then on the eve of the day itself, before the sun had set, the village bell spilled holiday benediction upon the peasants and their little homes. In response to this call from the belfry, men, women, and children, singly and in bouquets, issued from doors, alleys, sheds, barns—streaming by many paths to the white church in the centre of the village green. But long before he had been summoned by the bell, Setchko was there waiting, silent as a sphinx, on the bench outside the church, at the end nearest the door.

The women came one by one, carrying under their arms broad baskets of tough whitened willow rattan. With beans, squash, walnuts, or other products of the soil, the gullible peasants had purchased these baskets from wandering gipsies who had plaited them and would not sell them for money when they could get twice and three times as much in what earth herself had given the peasants. The baskets—as broad sometimes as the arm could reach across—were filled with a cake made of boiled wheat mixed with crushed walnuts, with turnovers of cheese and eggs, with buns of pure wheat flour from the village mills, with boiled eggs and apples peeled and sliced, with fishes fried in olive oil brought all the way from Elbasan, with cheese of goat milk, with pancakes dipped in sherbet.

Inside the church a bearded priest, holding in one hand a silver cross and in the other hyssop drenched in holy water, pronounced over the ranged baskets—in monotonous undertone—his words of blessing. With hands dovetailed below their breasts, the women stood motionless, like costume-models in a museum. Outside on the benches, on the grass, as far even as the palings of the adjacent gardens, children, men—and women too old to carry baskets—waited with bandannas almost as large as bed-spreads laid hopefully before them. But the most strategic place, which could not be overlooked by any one coming out of the church, was occupied by Setchko who had had it year after year, coming hours before the bell sounded through the village in order to secure it.

As the baskets came by, one did not know what would drop into the bandanna on the lap. It might be the usual spoonful of boiled wheat; it might be a boiled egg or a wheat bun. But not unlikely, waiting would be rewarded with a generous slice of *mletchnik*—a sort of custard made of wheat flakes, cream, beaten eggs, and butter—a celestial confection. Only peasant women

with milk from their own goats, eggs from their own coops, and flour ground by the village mills, could make such delicacies. When a woman stopped in front of Setchko and began to look under wrappings, go into the corners, and rummage in the basket, Setchko's eyes brightened. Benign, invoking, ingratiating expressions flitted across the face from which a month's growth of beard had just been mowed. Some were certain to give him *puptche*. One such was sufficient for a meal; a dozen assured one food for a whole week. And of course there were those who would only give a spoonful of wheat, and maybe a fried fish or a piece of cheese. But Setchko said *Bog da prosti* to everyone, no matter what the donation. If someone who had buried a brother, cousin, or other relative of Setchko's own age, stopped before him, he looked at her with a simple, naïve expression, as if to persuade her that when eating the cake, he would be thinking of the very soul for whose sake it was given.

Some village jokers thought of a ruse one time by which to decoy Setchko from his advantageous position. They paid a few unprincipled youngsters a *grosh* apiece to make a pile of straw on Setchko's threshing lot and set fire to it just as the women commenced to come out of the church with their baskets. But the plan failed. The youngsters rushed to the church, yelling at the top of their voices that Setchko's barn was on fire; and smoke from the burning straw did rise above the barn. But Setchko did not stir. Some who had not been told about it were darting in excitement to the make-believe fire. Others who knew, shouted to Setchko to run and save his barn. Calm, indifferent, he sat never uttering a word, determined not to give up his place though his barn burned to the ground. The straw was quickly consumed; the smoke disappeared, and the air above the barn was as clear as ever. That year when Setchko went home, a bulging bandanna at either side, he had been given food enough to last him a fortnight.

It was the early part of July. The village was simmering with heat. The songs of young peasant girls were resonant above the threshing-floors. Whips came down whistling on the backs of the horses, mules, and donkeys that galloped around the threshing-posts, winding and unwinding the long ropes tied to their necks. Their metal hoofs cut the straw to pieces and the grain shot

from the thick-studded ears. This was not a time for loafing. Every breathing thing that could stand on feet was doing something. Even the dogs barked and leaped at the chickens that were pecking at wheat under the sheds. From every part of the village, from near the river, from the quarters by the cemetery, noise and life blended in a hymn of work.

Then in the midst of palpitant life, through the sun-steeped air, came an ominous sound. Dang . . . ng . . . ng . . . Dang . . . ng . . . ng . . . It was the slow, intermittent note of the famous bell brought all the way from Jerusalem—the costliest possession of the village, more expensive even than the church itself. At this significant pealing of the bell, which carried to the end of the valley and to the highest peak of the mountains, women stopped to cross themselves; and men who were ploughing, splitting logs, or mowing, crossed themselves and pulled off their *kalpaks*. These unmistakable tones of the bell meant that death had come to the village; and people ran to find out “whom God had taken to His bosom.”

Were there not enough cold gloomy days in which death could do her work? Why must she come now, on this July day when everyone was promoting life—storing for the future! Anachronism! Dang . . . ng . . . ng . . . moaned the bell. “Setchko’s dead! Setchko died!” the children screamed, running to overtake one another and be first to bring the news.

“Everybody’s threshing!” “Who’ll go?” “Dying at a time like this!” the peasants complained as they thrust their pitchforks in the straw. Death comes when least expected. But in Setchko’s case she ought to have come when everyone could go to the funeral, others said. He had never missed a funeral. It seemed almost as if he had lived for the dead.

Early the next morning the peasants untied the sheaves and spread the wheat on the threshing lots, and before the sun had climbed above the hilltops, the village was again plunged in work. And again the bell commenced its dirge, announcing that someone had died and was not yet buried.

The grocer, the magistrate, a vacationing schoolmaster, and Uncle Lazar, the cobbler, were induced by the priest to dig Setchko’s grave and make his coffin. Toward noon, with half a dozen aged women and a few relatives of the dead, these same men wound their way up the slope to the chapel in the centre

THE AIR PLANT

of the cemetery. Dang . . . ng . . . Dang . . . ng . . . The bell continued its moan—a little faster now. Dang! Dang! Dang! Three strokes in rapid succession. The dead had been laid in the grave. The bell ceased.

On Sunday the priest announced at service that Setchko had left his two meadows, his vineyard, his house, his tiny flock of sheep, the ox, the donkey, and all his other property to the church—asking the deacons to have at every *Pentekoste* a woman with a basket to “give for his soul”!

THE AIR PLANT

BY HART CRANE

Grand Cayman

This tuft that thrives on saline nothingness,
 Inverted octopus with heavenward arms
 Thrust parching from a palm-bole hard by the cove—
 A bird almost—of almost bird alarms,

Is pulmonary to the wind that jars
 Its tentacles, horrific in their lurch.
 The lizard's throat, held bloated for a fly,
 Balloons but warily from this throbbing perch.

The needles and hacksaws of cactus bleed
 A milk of earth when stricken off the stalk;
 But this—defenceless, thornless, sheds no blood,
 Almost no shadow—but the air's thin talk.

Angelic Dynamo! Ventriloquist of the Blue!
 While beachward creeps the shark-swept Spanish Main
 By what conjunctions do the winds appoint
 Its apotheosis, at last—the hurricane!



Courtesy of the Galerie Joseph Billiet, Paris

GEORGES DUHAMEL. BY HENRI LE FAUCONNIER

PARIS LETTER

January, 1928

THIS year the Paris-Moscow excursion has attracted several champions of literature. After the Duhamel-Durtain partnership, we now have the team of Fabre-Luce and Beucler. The former, who are heavy-weights, and general favourites, have already begun to publish accounts of their trip. Those of M Duhamel appeared in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. The author of the *Martyrs* is very understanding: he understands everything, understands too much in fact, for he ends in confusion. Justice is one thing and the exact point of view is another. At bottom, Russia has not won over M Duhamel, whatever he may say; but he owed it to his European Left-wing public not to admit as much—an inconvenience attendant on being both writer and politician. We must expect more of M Fabre-Luce, the young hope of French politics and of the French novel. M Fabre-Luce is a mixture of Disraeli, Harold Nicolson, Glenway Wescott, and Susanne Lenglen. He has an inexhaustible fund of pliancy, charm, and intelligence. His friend André Beucler, who accompanied him from Moscow to Tiflis, first took up literature two or three years ago. He is an exquisite poet, *flâneur*, a bit Slavic, the last idler after Léon-Paul Fargue. His *Belle de Banlieue* and his *Amour Automatique*, which were published simultaneously last spring, are two very short novels in which Beucler enlarges upon routine and commonplace by adding the unexpectedness of Gérard de Nerval and the graceful imaginativeness of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, all in the dreary setting of the suburban quarters of Paris. I cannot better describe his qualities than he himself has done in his answer to an *enquête* on the spirit of the newer French literature: "I am the friend of the fortuitous," he writes, "to the extent of employing out-of-the-way methods to produce it. What affects me most strongly is the instant. . . . My idleness, to which I am consistently loyal, takes charge of my discipline and of my preferences."

In direct contrast to such instinctiveness and fluidity, we may

observe the sound scholastic systematization of M Jean Prévost. The young author of the *Essai Sur l'Introspection* stands for severity of thinking, and refuses to accept with complacency the easy fruits of intuition, the excuses of the Freudian unconscious, and above all those flattering but futile introspective diversions which have appeared to many as inevitable. M Prévost's conclusion is as follows: "Our understanding must be contemplated in the external universe; unformed matter, within ourselves." Oh, unformed matter, dear to super-realists!

Six or seven years ago in their young review *Littérature*, the super-realists, then called *dasdas*, laid claim to M Valéry as though he were a classic. (I even believe that M Valéry himself was responsible for the title of this review.) And now M Paul Valéry has entered the French Academy. It has been no secret that M Valéry felt far removed from Anatole France. He had confessed all to his friends last winter. "Just what can I say of France?" he had asked, and when they insisted "It is a splendid subject," Valéry responded: "It presents admirable problems." The tradition of the academy required that in his discourse he should refrain from mentioning the evils which necessarily suggested themselves. This discourse,¹ which is as perfect in design as any one might wish, can serve as the model of its kind. Contrary to what usually occurs in these official eulogies, M Valéry confined himself to statements of major import. It was even necessary to be quite *au courant* with the literature of the last thirty years in order to grasp his full significance. We are first given a picture of the literary school with the various ramifications which for convenience pass under the name of symbolism, and the heroes of which were Laforgue, Moréas, Gourmont at first, then Régnier, Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Viélé-Griffin, and Stuart Merrill. In the rear-guard of this group were the André Gide of *Paludes* and finally Paul Valéry himself. A literary movement, says the orator, "more tormented with philosophy, more curious of science, more theoretical, and also possessed in greater degree of mystic passion, knowledge, and beauty, than any other recorded in the history of letters." That is true, and it would be necessary merely to replace the word "beauty" by "ugliness" in order to make this declaration acceptable to the young neo-symbolists of 1920 and thereafter.

¹ Cf. Discourse in Praise of Anatole France, *THE DIAL*, November 1927.

Edouard Jaloux is correct in his distinction between Poe and Valéry. "Poe," as he has excellently put it, "like Shelley, Keats, or Coleridge, employs an apparatus of mingled metaphysics and emotion, whereas Valéry invents a more technical instrument, designed for reconstructing pure cerebral agitations, for measuring phenomena of the intelligence." "Whence M Valéry's horror," M Jaloux adds pleasantly, "of anything that resembles inspiration." Paul Valéry finally rendered publicly to Mallarmé the fervent homage of which all his work bears witness, but he refrains from pronouncing the name of Anatole France. He has celebrated him by antiphrasis, such as is in vogue at the Academy—this club, this last refuge of gentility. Speaking of the return to clarity and simplicity which, following the obscurities of symbolism, prepared the success of France, Valéry said, perhaps not ungratuitously: "The suffrage of the majority was won immediately by a style that could be savoured without too much thought. . . . There was in his books consummately the art of skimming over the most serious problems and ideas." And is it not the purest academic malice which prompts him to exclaim, "What could be more precious than that delightful illusion of clarity which inspires in us the feeling that we are growing richer without effort, are savouring pleasure gratuitously, are comprehending despite our inattention, are enjoying the spectacle without having paid to see it?" "Great men," Valéry concluded with infinite wit, "are twice mortal: first as men, and again as great men." In this severe judgement as in many other respects, Valéry has proved himself the precursor and the spokesman of youth. In the most deferent manner he has said everything of Anatole France that the left bank (which lies behind the Institute, from the N.R.F. to Montparnasse) has been thinking and saying of him for a long time, particularly since his death. For this reason much will be forgiven Valéry by that difficult and shadowy public, the foe of bruited success and big printings, which constitutes the more discerning number of his readers, and which did not look on with unalloyed delight when its idol accepted academic laurels.

After speaking of Valéry I should like to say a word of Jaloux, whom I quoted above and who, it is to be hoped, will also one day enter the Academy. One is always having occasion to quote Jaloux. He is the best informed and the most comprehensive of

our critics, and—with his superior knowledge of foreign literatures—is also the one who is most at home in them. His recent *Souvenirs Sur R. M. Rilke* is a masterpiece of emotion and intelligence. Jaloux is always equal to the great minds he studies. No one is less jealous than Jaloux. Denigration and flattery are both equally foreign to his nature: he is immune to prejudice, subscribes to no literary school or coterie, and is above politics. I know of no one who is more receptive to talent—and this is unquestionably due to the fact that he is a novelist of power and beauty, who has just given us in *Soleils Disparus* a strange, morbid work—terrible, and striking in verisimilitude.

New York is being visited this winter by my two countrymen, Maurice Ravel and André Maurois. I need not introduce to Americans the author of *Colonel Bramble* and *Shelley*, which have made him famous in the course of five or six years. Maurois could not but make a pleasing impression in this first visit to the United States—under the auspices of the *Alliance Française*. He has been as well received as his work, for the man is exceptionally charming, and is keen, tactful, and indulgent. Beneath the persuasive sweetness of his style there is a mind which is penetrative and clear, assisted by a great faculty for work. His biographies (the most recent one, *Disraeli*, which is running in *The Forum* and which I have mentioned previously, is the most synthetic and, to my mind, the most striking) contain, despite their appearance of easy and fluent vulgarization, an incredible density of material with characters sufficient for a hundred historical novels. Maurois knows English perfectly. He belongs to that class of men just beyond forty who have preserved a respect for their predecessors, a professional politeness, and a taste for life in society—qualities which seem absolutely wanting in the oncoming generation. Maurice Ravel, who is making a concert tour of the United States, is so distinguished a musician that I need not speak to you of his work, to which Mr Rosenfeld has many times done justice in *THE DIAL*. He is sure to prove both surprising and charming, because of his slender jockey's build, his eighteenth-century profile, and a good humour which goes hand in hand with the most reclusive manner of living. About an hour's ride from Paris, at Montfort-l'Amaury, Ravel has a little house suspended above the void, where I often visit him. This house is full of bright Empire or Louis-

Philippe furniture, a veritable doll's palace. There are pianos, but of porcelain, mechanical birds, and a sloping garden-patch which Ravel waters himself. I am confident of the success which the composer of the *Valse* and of *Ma Mère l'Oie* will meet with in America. The ablest French musician since Debussy, he is now the very best that Europe can offer America.

I do not know whether Herz is known in America—I hope that he may be—nor even whether he has been translated. He is a very original writer, master of a diction which is forceful, condensed, and faultless. If I were to yield to the mania for classification, I should say that he is related to the realists in subject and to the surrealists in form. Daudet or Courteline, speaking in the accents of Breton: the truth surrounded with poetry. His latest book, *Jeu de Paradis*, which is my favourite, studies with power and delicacy the unfolding of a troubled, complex, and dangerous femininity in the blank, clear mind of a little girl (or rather, in the minds of three little girls).

A book appeared this spring which immediately attracted the attention of the enlightened public. It is entitled *L'Esthétique des Proportions*,¹ and the author, M Matila Ghyka, is a Roumanian who writes French perfectly. The reader who is not disconcerted by a little mathematics will see gradually emerging, through the network of geometric figures, a superb and thorough system of aesthetics. M Ghyka's learning, fortified by lucid style and irreproachable judgement, leaves us with the conviction that all beauty necessarily obeys laws known since the most remote antiquity, definable in certain algebraic formulas, transmitted by an esoteric discipline, and unfortunately forgotten in Europe since the French Revolution, which broke the continuity of tradition. The artist, to-day, like the artisan, can only trust to his instincts unless, enlightened by the studies of Ghyka and his forerunners, art re-discovers these abandoned truths. "Beauty is fitness expressed," M Ghyka justly concludes.

PAUL MORAND

¹ *La Pensée Contemporaine: Collection Dirigée par M Lucien Fabre. Première Section: Esthétique. II: Esthétique des Proportions dans la Nature et dans les Arts. Par Matila C. Ghyka. 12mo. 452 pages. Nouvelle Revue Française, Librairie Gallimard, Paris. 15 francs.*

BOOK REVIEWS

ADEPT'S ALPHABET

THE A. B. C. OF AESTHETICS. *By Leo Stein. 10mo. 271 pages. Boni and Liveright. \$3.*

IT is very easy to forget, in the abecedarian frenzy of our times, that alphabets and outlines are of two sorts—those that lead the innocent into some adept's learned maze, and those that convince the adept that he has mastered what he has gone through. One is a prospectus for such as have not yet started. The other is a review for such as have already arrived. Although the practice of mistaking the review for the prospectus is largely characteristic of the sciolist, the adept has his share in it. His pretenses are not, like the sciolist's, false, but his performance defeats his intentions; projecting a prospectus, he accomplishes a review.

Such, as I read him, is the case of Leo Stein. Beyond question adept in certain aspects of the pictorial arts, he has set himself the task of communicating the principles of all art to those who know nothing about any. There are, he declares, no other more authoritative books on aesthetics, nor are there any authorities, and "it is somewhat doubtful whether the subject exists." So far as he is concerned, the field of aesthetics is empty, the seat of authority free. He proposes to stake his claim in the field and to fill the seat. He proposes to put aesthetics "on the map." Putting aesthetics on the map means, correlatively putting other aestheticians in their place. It means repudiating the value of the work of the experimentalists in the psychology of the arts, and denying the validity of the speculations of such men as Santayana or Lipps or Freud or Croce. It means that the denial is made dogmatically, without argument, without justification; in a series of *obiter dicta*, sometimes pointed as proverbs, often loose as reveries. It means disposing of criticism as "gossip," of philosophy as "pseudo-knowledge," of mysticism as "sentimentality taken seriously." It means inventing psychological entities, like his notion of a general "emotion"

to be distinguished from "feelings." And it means coincidentally setting up a philosophy of nature and knowledge and criticism and art in which the disciplines dethroned as the work of others are restored to dictatorship as the work of Stein. It means, moreover, doing these things with a manner so sibylline, an air so infallible, as to lose the writer the reader's good will, transforming the humble learner into the indignant antagonist.

Those who know Leo Stein and his work, will realize that these unfortunate effects are gratuitous. They are the hapless consequences of offering for beginners an A. B. C. of aesthetics that can be a communication only to adepts. Adepts will recognize how Mr Stein's deliverances can be inwardly justified. They will catch something of the sense of that long soliloquy which his communication terminates, of the years of rumination and reverie upon books and pictures, whose alchemy has so transformed the materials they worked upon, that the freshness of their pattern altogether dims to their author's feeling the perduration of their substance. They will recognize in Mr Stein a thinker of originality, at least in this: his utterances show that he has demolished the identity of his influences; he feels, and once or twice makes you feel, that he speaks out of himself only, the simplest of the simple, the clearest of the clear.

If, on the whole, his meaning seems obscure, it is precisely because his work is not through and through a communication but the last turn of a soliloquy, because you are asked to take his review of his own experiences and meditations as a prospectus for the unfolding of yours. Each of his terms is what the psychoanalysts call "over-determined"; many streams of meaning cross at it, and pass on. But all that stands out to you is the dictionary point of crossing. There is a rosicrucian *Hinterland* that doesn't come through. To make adequate communication, Mr Stein requires, not an A. B. C. but an autobiography, which I very much hope he will write.

Without the autobiographical implications, Mr Stein's general theory of art is standard and conventional enough. Although he no longer realizes the connexion, it assimilates in its metaphysical aspects to the philosophy of Croce, in its psychological ones, to the generalizations of Lipps. Croce is an idealist; to him all existence is self-expression; when the expression has the integrated unity of

a character it is art and is the subject-matter for aesthetics; when the expression has the analytical unity of a proposition it is science and is the subject-matter of logic; aesthetics and logic are the two ways of knowing by which the nature of an ever-changing and developing self is revealed to itself. *Mutando mutandis*, this summary might do as well for Stein, save that we cannot be certain whether that which aesthetics and science know is a creation or expression of a self, or something independently existing. In some places Mr Stein writes as if every single item of experience were a projection of the self; in others, as if the self were a function of knowing disparate and substantial items of experience. But always he writes as if the knowledge of them as aesthetic objects is a kind of Lippsian empathy, wherein self and object are somehow one, each living in the other's life. Aesthetic symbols are thus samples of the things they symbolize; while scientific symbols are only substitutes for the things they symbolize. One is the living though abstracted projection of life, integrally, unalterably one; the other is the inert declaration of judgement, connecting discrete abstractions by inferential relations. One is all "discovery" or "creation," the other is all implication. The antithesis for Stein, as for Croce, is absolute. Whether it is correct or not, is another question. I do not think it is, and I know many scientists whose experience of their respective disciplines repudiates it utterly. This is, however, another story, for which space is lacking.

It is a relief to turn from the philosophical generalizations of Mr Stein's discussion to the specific themes of the aesthetics of pictures. I do not mean his remarks about "distortion" which are pertinent only if one assumes, as most of the time Mr Stein seems not to, an original standard world which aesthetic vision deforms. I mean his remarks upon pictorial composition; upon what he calls "place," "direction," "interval," "tension"; upon "pictorial seeing," and upon how "to make pictures by seeing them." That these remarks contain any new conceptions or discoveries, I am not prepared to say. But I can say with emphasis that Mr Stein has so completely made his own and so effectively applied the generalizations of men like Denman Ross and Sam Colman, that his restatement of them comes as a repristination of their doctrines and a revitalization of their meanings. Whether they would apply to other arts—sculpture, architecture, music, poetry, drama, and

movies as well as to drawing and painting—is an unsettled question with which even an abecedarian aesthetic should, I think, have dealt. A more radical and significant omission, significant because it testifies how true, in spite of himself, to the classical traditions is Mr Stein's aesthetics, is that of the quality of climax, the quality of temporal compounding which is common to all the arts. Indispensable to the definition of an aesthetic whole, of whatever kind, climax goes unconsidered by aestheticians, of whatever school, Mr Stein among them.

However, why blame a man for being without a virtue not less lacking in his peers? Rather should he be praised for those he possesses than blamed for poverty in those he knows not of. The virtues of Mr Stein are his adeptness in pictorial seeing, his shrewd *aperçus* of the state of the pictorial arts, his deep sincerity, and his private mastery of the field of aesthetic literature. If his book fails to come off as an initiation for the unlearned, it is an achievement as a review for an adept. Communication, like love, grows by what it feeds on; Mr Stein, it is to be hoped, will continue to write more and more. As he writes, his very considerable powers and insight cannot fail to lay helpful revelations before all lovers of art who seek also to understand it.

H. M. KALLEN

THE STORY OF EVEREST

THE STORY OF EVEREST. *By Captain John Noel.*
8vo. 258 pages. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

IT was not until July, 1865, when four men were killed coming down the Matterhorn after making the first ascent, that mountaineering took its place on the front page. What the Matterhorn owed to these deaths, and to a shape which even poor visualizers can almost remember, Mount Everest owes to its height, to the difficulties, physical and formerly political, of approaching its base, to the special risk—of exhaustion in the rarefied air—that its climbers run and must run until better oxygen cylinders have been invented, to the unavoidable expense of every expedition, and to modern publicity. As official photographer in 1922 and 1924 Captain Noel's aim was "to democratize the work of the expedition by disseminating" information through his pictures. His book "is written primarily for those who are not ordinarily interested in mountaineering and Himalayan exploration." No mountain could ask a more delightful kind of publicity than Captain Noel's photographs or his book. Though he begins his story of Everest in 1852, when a Bengali Chief Computer first spotted it as the highest mountain in the world, conciseness seems so easy to him that we hardly notice how remarkable a gift it is, or how quiet.

When Captain Noel is on a lower mountain he may, for all I know, consent to being put into a different pigeon-hole, but in the Himalaya, though he and his Sherpa porters did carry his moving-picture camera up to twenty-three thousand feet, he will not let us call him a mountaineer. His eyes are on the higher six thousand feet of Everest which are the real mountaineers' affair. That passion for difficulty and danger which he shares with them is hidden by an imperturbability and a love of understatement like theirs. Imaginatively, and by knowing how to touch our imaginations, he helps us to guess what breathing must be like high in those mountain winds, where each step up a slight slope threatens

to burst the climber's heart. Captain Noel has also another kind of imagination, a shaping, an artist's imagination, which feels always and makes us feel the Everest adventure as a fight fought by the spirit of man. Imagination gives him his attitude towards the Tibetans. Neither condescending, nor anthropological, he accepts their right to have not only customs but superstitions different from ours. A wise humaneness informs his book, as exciting as Whymper or Mummery, as charming as Leslie Stephen or Claud Shuster, the best Everest book for readers who want only one.

PHILIP LITTELL

FROM THE AIR

SINCE VICTOR HUGO: French Literature of To-day.
By Bernard Faÿ. Translated from the French by
Paul R. Doolin. 10mo. 178 pages. Little, Brown
and Company. \$2.

ALL panoramas are disappointing from the clouds. France itself from the window of the Bourget-Croydon Line is only a checkerboard of ploughed vermilion and childish greens; and we might as well say without reserve that we are disappointed in M Faÿ's panorama, particularly since our disappointment contains a perfectly unsubtle homage to everything we know of M Faÿ. We should prefer him as an intimate guide rather than as the pilot of an airship. M Faÿ seems to have yielded to the temptation to extract from these books, these figures which he tastes and gauges, which he respects and loves, the fine gold essence in order to fashion it into small ornaments, each stamped with his own signature. But that is the privilege of any critic, one may object. It is his business to interpret his subjects, to the best of his ability and good faith of course, but as loftily or as epigrammatically as he chooses. It is his duty to arrest and amuse. . . . Yes, but not to so personal a degree that the subjects themselves are only half revealed to the reader. Faÿ must not be so quintessentially Faÿ that we fail to apprehend Rimbaud. The oasis, however genial its lights and shades, must not conceal too impenetrably the horizon or the vital desert.

One's disappointment in this book may partly be laid to the translation which in general does rather less than justice to the original, and is in places atrocious. After a fine and poignant chapter on Arthur Rimbaud, M Faÿ and his translator together settle down to a murderous dissection of "poor Lélian" whose vagrom ghost must feel even poorer after sensing this estimate: "This ragamuffin in love with everything, this tramp who never rested, this inspired and miserable poet, who had pushed all things too far, and preserved of grandeur only his refusal to settle down, and an unquenchable thirst for alcohol, *women* and the mystical life,

this happy and crafty maniac . . . was bound to fascinate the youth."

"He does all things in love," once said to me an inveterate Hollander, incapable of learning English. He was not speaking of Verlaine, as it happened, but his prose was as incorrigibly Batavian as that of M Faÿ's translator. Two mysterious neologisms, one absolute mis-statement, and all ending up, like the "smash" in an American short story, with the expression "the youth" (*la jeunesse?*)—what a sentence!

Next we return to prose and come by natural force of contrast to "the master of official French literature," the late M Anatole France. Here the characterization descends from its normal height of mysterious aphorism and becomes singularly direct, bitter, just. M Faÿ tells the truth about him as no doubt it has never yet been told in English, thanks to the fact that for some reason Anatole France struck a resounding chord in the bosoms of school-teachers, publishers, women of wealth, movie magnates, stock-brokers, socialist orators, Burton Rascoe, in short all our thinking classes. Apparently it was the same for this prophet in his own country. The vulgarity of the sage can be measured by his extreme popularity with the obviously wrong people. Yet his style passed for ultimate perfection; his ideas were regarded as the last word in penetration and balance. This supposed omniscience did not prevent him from ignoring Rimbaud, the greatest single force in French poetry, nor from sniffing delightedly all along the wall the pale odours of poetasters like Coppée and Sully-Prudhomme. In a word, his instincts and appreciations were those of the mob, and richly and not for nothing did the democracy reward him. He had a great funeral. People loved that decaying corpse which had lately so tickled the undecorative animal sleeping in each of us. Understand this, and you will see how exquisite are these few lines of Faÿ's which lay the last metallic wreath upon that honourless tomb: "By the baseness of his imagination, the frankness of his ignorance, the elegance of his emptiness, he has placed himself close to us all. . . . His success is due especially to what he did not say, did not do, did not desire."

Not a word too much, nor too harsh. *Requiescat.*

Coming at last to our immediate time, we feel that M Faÿ overestimates the creative importance of certain authors of the

Nouvelle Revue Française, even at the expense of others of the same household. To speak of Schlumberger and almost fail to mention Duhamel, to mention Cocteau, the writer, with respect and to ignore Salmon, seems to us an aberration. The chapter on the ambiguous pontiff of the same literary "trust" is inspired by the natural interest everyone feels for André Gide, though not all of us share M Fay's veneration. If Gide is everything that is claimed for him—cerebral, stimulating, coldly voluptuous, dragging up shivering monsters of conduct in his long Protestant net—almost the same could be said for Madame Colette. Corneille once affirmed with great energy that a woman was naturally unable to produce a truly *creative* work. "*Il leur manque quelque chose,*" he added. We are not either so dogmatic or so malicious as to say that this is evidently the case of M Gide; none the less "*Il lui manque quelque chose*" seems to us a discreet and legitimate criticism.

And if "something still is lacking" in the case of this brilliant and sincere book, it remains very difficult to suggest how it could have been done better. Manuals of French literature in all periods seem to have been divided between brilliant generalizers like Strachey and M Fay, and the dreary cohort of mandarins who, working in the Lanson-Michaud tradition, compile text-books for our academies of mislearning. Is there room for another class of book, more trenchant, more loving, more just, and more personal, all at once? Let us continue to hope so.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

THEATRE, SHOW-SHOP, AND DRAMA

THEATRE. *Essays on the Arts of the Theatre. Edited and with an Introduction by Edith J. R. Isaacs. 8vo. 341 pages. Illustrated. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.50.*

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA. *From the Civil War to the Present Day. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. Two volumes. 8mo. 655 pages. Illustrated. Harper and Brothers. \$10.*

IT may not be particularly intelligent of me, but I cannot help being impressed by the almost total lack of connexion between the two books listed above. Mrs Isaacs' symposium is concerned with the art, the technique, and a little with the religion of the modern theatre; Professor Quinn's book (which follows a similar work treating of the earlier day of the American drama) specifically limits its field so as not to include the history of the theatre and carefully to include every produced play of significance. In his work, therefore, Mr Belasco has a chapter and Mr Robert Edmond Jones two passing mentions; in Theatre none of the three references to "the wizard" is undiluted praise and there are twenty notations after Mr Jones's name in the index; a section of the book is devoted to "the playwright and the drama," but the focus of interest is elsewhere.

However, that section contains an article by M Edouard Bourdet, author of *The Captive*, which perhaps accidentally justifies the concentration of the whole book on other things. M Bourdet first quotes François Mauriac on the materials of fiction: "The young men and the young women of to-day refuse to consider themselves in any conflict either with a religion to which they no longer adhere, or with the code of morals that has developed from that religion, or with those formal conventions of society that are, in turn, built upon that code of morals. Their passions recognize no effective barrier; they stop at nothing. In other words, for them these conflicts no longer exist."

From this, with a terse and illuminating development, M Bourdet arrives at his own serious conclusion:

“It is thus that the playwright of to-day, harried, pushed by an obscure feeling of what is expected of him, no longer able to consider the moral, social, or religious conflicts on which his predecessors thrived because they are no longer founded on real life, finds himself . . . up against the danger of not being followed by any one at all if he ventures too far into unexplored regions.”

Naturally the English critic, Ivor Brown, writing on *The Dramatist in Danger*, says, “the human factor [is] dwarfed by the constructional and mechanical”—the human factor, in any accepted sense, has ceased to be of significance, if his conflicts have ceased to exist.

One goes through Professor Quinn’s excellently documented volumes, reading synopses of play after play about Northern spies in Virginia, about women (ladies, then) compromised by visits to men’s rooms, about divorce, with the certainty that something beside their stilted manner has staled them: a much more artificial manner has preserved Congreve even when his subjects are more remote. One fancies that Mr Augustus Thomas and Mr Langdon Mitchell and a hundred other playwrights whom the author overestimates, had accepted as subject, not the actuality of their contemporaries’ feelings about honour and divorce, but the conventions about these things; one knows that to-day a play about divorce would be concerned not with social opprobrium, but with the tangled emotions of the divorcers. I suppose that is why so many of our plays now deal with the struggle between the older and the younger generation, the older figuring vaguely as the social order, the “thing against which”; it is possible that that is also why most of these plays seem a little unreal to me—the dramatists themselves disbelieving in the conflict they attempt to create. At the end of Professor Quinn’s history there rises, most sympathetically treated, the figure of an American dramatist who says:

“I’m always acutely conscious of the Force behind . . . and of the one eternal tragedy of Man in his glorious, self-destructive

struggle to make the Force express him instead of being, as an animal is, an infinitesimal incident in its expression. And my profound conviction is that this is the only subject worth writing about. . . . Of course this is very much of a dream, but where the theatre is concerned, one must have a dream, and the Greek dream in tragedy is the noblest ever." (A private letter to Mr Quinn from Eugene O'Neill.)

The exceptional position of Mr O'Neill in our theatre is due to the conviction he records above; his successes have their source there, and his failures come when he over-reaches himself, when his conceptions, ranging from grand to grandiose, are inadequately expressed (*pace*, the Behaviorists a moment) or when he gets tangled in the American drama of particulars to which he is, essentially, opposed. The best that American drama has done has been to tackle a "big theme."

Mr O'Neill, in his work and in his self-criticism, suggests the obvious thing: that the drama of Man and Destiny is as potent as ever, that it can be re-stated in modern terms. For this re-statement, the new arts of the theatre are invaluable, and for knowing what these arts are, Mrs Isaacs' book is invaluable. Here, succinctly and with only an occasional overflow into sentiment, are the technical bases of the modern theatre: a summary of the theory and practice of the last two decades in lighting, setting, costume, structure of the theatre building and its stage, directing, producing in all its aspects.

As you look over these interesting years in the theatre, you are aware of several things, one pre-eminently: that the new beauty of the arts of the stage has been forced upon the commercial theatre by amateurs, iconoclasts, theorists, artists, little contemptibles, stones rejected by the builders of properties around Longacre Square. (The circumstance should teach humility to conservatives and give courage to radicals; also a little grace to the latter, for their struggle has been neither too long nor too arduous, and some of them have gone over to the other side.) There follows another point of interest. O'Neill is the dramatist associated with the new movement: through the Provincetown group, through Jones, and now through the Theatre Guild; but, omitting him, has the new

theatre created new dramatists? The still unproved expressionists have sources abroad, but they would not have come into being without the labours of the Washington Square Players and other little groups; that is true. But while the freshness of the theatre arts has invaded the commercial theatre, the American playwright has, for the most part, held off. He is still writing moderately well-made plays about more or less imaginary conflicts. And, third point, the new theatre has hardly developed a new art of acting. The actor, to whom Mr Jones dedicated his book of designs, is improving in skill; a few conventions notably inappropriate to the new lights and settings, have been discarded; but the actor has not been worked upon, no new mask has been created in our theatre. The directors have been otherwise engaged.

A few of the essays in *Theatre* suggest the reason. The sceptre in the theatre has passed through many hands: dramatist, actor, designer, director each has held it, and abused it. The new development of the arts of the theatre came after the flagrant abuses of the actor-manager had become intolerable; the actor was ordered down. He needs redevelopment and M André Levinson's essays on the dance and Mr Kreymborg's and Mr Uraneff's essays on Puppets and on vaudeville suggest the sources. In Jean Cocteau's *Roméo et Juliette* a play was produced under the influence of the modern ballet, the production affecting every element in the play from text to the tonality of the players' voices; in *Processional* a play was produced under the influence of American burlesque, without the same unity, but with considerable effectiveness. These isolated instances suggest that the playwrights, at least, are looking for new sources in the show-shop of our own theatre.

It does not seem to me that either of these two books is sufficiently aware of the show-shop: our commercial theatre with its outstanding technical virtuosity, our vaudeville, musical shows, and burlesque where a technique is constantly in development. I am not riding a hobby to death; when I worked on the seven lively arts I was interested in them purely for themselves and remain so; but I am aware of a life in them which can do many things for both the theatre and the drama. The second needs to be made more fruitful, the first more native and less arty. It is not enough to say, generously, that burlesque is good theatre, and I fear that

the virtue of vaudeville will be a little dissipated if we go on for ever calling it *commedia dell'arte*. Mr Uraneff's parallels between our cheap theatre and the Venetian comedy are accurate enough; but there is something else in vaudeville and burlesque which the art theatre ought to study. For this is a theatre of actors and of masks, of players and of characters, in a sense almost unknown in the serious theatre.

There are times when, remembering that the great Hellenic tragedies came down to us with hardly the name of an actor noted, one wonders whether something drastic must not be done to the actor before the theatre can return to its former glory, or create a new one. In the movies I am convinced that the day of the star is done, that movie-players will supplant movie-actors; and if the same thing can be done on the stage, intimacy with the popular theatre is the simplest way of bringing it about.

GILBERT SELDES

BRIEFER MENTION

LOVE IN CHARTRES, by Nathan Asch (12mo, 240 pages; A. & C. Boni: \$2.50). There are times when Mr Asch is very young and lean and hard, speaking with the staccato accents of Ernest Hemingway. There are other times when he is very old and pale and soft, falling into the blurred rhythms of Sherwood Anderson. This is not to affirm that he is wanting in originality; his art merely appears to be still in a formative state. He clearly is driving toward a notable maturity, the possibility of which is indicated in this novel by many passages of richness and insight.

IDEALS, by Evelyn Scott (12mo, 401 pages; A. & C. Boni: \$2.50). In these long short stories so brilliantly executed, so sharp, intense, and perceptive, perceptive without being gracious, Mrs Scott causes one's mind to eschew all sluggishness. Too intellectual and too acute for the average reader, and perhaps somewhat too bleak and too ornate for the more fastidious, one fears they may fail to receive the appreciation they undoubtedly deserve.

MY HEART AND MY FLESH, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (12mo, 300 pages; Viking Press: \$2.50). The respect one feels for Miss Roberts' writing is perhaps somewhat modified by a tendency on her part to fit her emotions into forms a little obvious and unskilful. Her latest novel is actuated by the same authentic emotion that so strikingly distinguished *The Time of Man*.

BALLADS FOR SALE, by Amy Lowell (16mo, 311 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$2.25) is a third posthumous volume, wide in its range of mood and subject, and in workmanship so uneven that it is permissible to question whether the author, had there been opportunity, might not have made extensive revisions. There are in the collection a few of her finest poems and others only less distinguished; but with them a padding of metrical book-reviews, letters in rhyme, travel sketches, and other occasional pieces—the chief value of which is to reveal, in a new light, the personality of a woman who, for twenty years, was almost our only *poète de carrière*.

The poems collected in **COPPER SUN**, by Countee Cullen (12mo, 89 pages; Harpers: \$2) are of the same range and tenor as those of the author's previous volume, *Color*. The reader has the impression, in fact, that the present work marks neither an advance nor a retrogression. If it is, like *Color*, more than ordinary, it is also considerably less than unique. Perhaps Mr Cullen's evident promise would have a more indubitable fulfilment were he less trustful of his facility.

NOTE: In reviewing Antheil and the *Treatise on Harmony* by Ezra Pound, January 1928, page 74, the Editors wished to name Pascal Covici as American publisher.

FATHER MISSISSIPPI, by Lyle Saxon (8vo, 427 pages; Century: \$5) is at once a vivid history of a great river and an urgent appeal for its subjugation. The author has dug up the records of the explorers, and set down the exploits of heroes, gamblers, and pioneers—all the fantastic figures which contributed to "the living pageant which moved down the great river through the changing years." The book stands as a notable addition to the chronicles of the middle west, amplified by scores of photographs.

NEW YORK IS NOT AMERICA, by Ford Madox Ford (12mo, 291 pages; A. & C. Boni: \$2.50) is "a mirror to the States," but it is not as good as the same author's *Mirror to France*. It backs and fills: in New York one never meets people born in New York—one meets them in Paris; and a moment later, an apology for this statement and an account of meeting a dozen New Yorkers who owned the very ground they were born on. So it is with a number of other things, and the method, highly allusive, discursive, pleasant, makes hard reading in the end. One hopes that future volumes in the Avignon Edition will have a few more blank leaves at the end than this book has.

CALIFORNIA: An Intimate History, by Gertrude Atherton (8vo, 356 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$3). Although she says that San Francisco "is no more California than Paris is France," Mrs Atherton is too much an artist not to make that city the heroine of her drama, just as French historians inevitably place Paris in the same rôle. The narrative is swift, informal, and dramatic—decidedly more absorbing, in fact, than the average romance. To the original edition published in 1914, the author has added a chapter bringing the history down to date.

THE OUTLINE OF SANITY, by G. K. Chesterton (10mo, 259 pages; Dodd, Mead: \$2.50). What Napoleon said that England was—a nation of shopkeepers—Chesterton fervently wishes that England might be, merely qualifying the noun with the adjective "little." His book voices a crusade against trust magnates and monopolists and landowners, "standing upon nothing, except what they have trampled underfoot." He sees a cure for the ills of civilization by "re-creating a peasantry in the modern world," and he sustains his thesis with his accustomed vigour if not his accustomed finesse. But one is sorry to find a writer of Mr Chesterton's wonted standards beginning five successive paragraphs with the lazy pamphleteer's "Now . . ."

THE THEATRE, by Stark Young (16mo, 182 pages; Doran: \$1.50) is in the *Modern Readers' Bookshelf*. It contains nothing to surprise those familiar with Mr Young's other works on the theatre; it contains a great deal to give thought and pleasure to those who are not. It has probably been remarked that Mr Young possesses both sense and sensibility, in nice proportion; he has also respect for his medium. For in this book, which might to others seem a pot-boiler, he has expressed his most delicate thoughts with care and simplicity. One could only wish that the second sentence on page 66 had been less compactly put together.

IN THE ART OF THEATRE-GOING (10mo, 217 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$3) John Drinkwater discusses certain problems of the theatre, using as illustrative material some English plays familiar to Americans and some not; he discusses also the cinema and by a simple test disposes of it as serious art, conceding however the integrity of Douglas Fairbanks who goes to great lengths to keep physically fit and of Charles Chaplin who works very hard in preparation for his scenes. There are more intelligent things than these in the book; but Mr Drinkwater lacks the vigour necessary to make them interesting.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE THEATRE, by Allardyce Nicoll, with 260 illustrations (4to, 246 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$10). By book and bell and candle, Professor Nicoll proves his contention that the structure of the modern theatre is still closely related to that of the earliest known places of entertainment. Indeed it will surprise most those who have studied the theatre most, to note how little the ground-plan of the theatre changes throughout the centuries. By "bell and candle" are here respectively symbolized the lucid and convincing text and the equally attractive illustrations; and by "book," of course, is meant *this* book, which is an excellent specimen of the publisher's art, and quite in the *genre* of those that are kept conveniently near on reading-tables.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1926-27, and the Year-Book of the Drama in America, edited by Burns Mantle (10mo, 563 pages; Dodd, Mead: \$3) shows that ten of New York's leading dramatic critics considered Broadway and Saturday's Children among the ten best plays of the season, and that eight of the same ten considered the unspeakable Constant Wife equally worthy of that position. In this annual, the plays are condensed, with excellent choice of excerpts from the original dialogue. This year, in addition to the three plays already mentioned, there are Chicago, The Road to Rome, The Play's the Thing, The Silver Cord, The Cradle Song, Daisy Mayme, and In Abraham's Bosom. There is besides a great deal of accurate and interesting data on the year in the theatre, not only in New York, but outside. One may quarrel with the plays as chosen and presented, but the brief encyclopaedia of the theatre is very valuable.

THE FIELD GOD AND IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM, by Paul Green (12mo, 317 pages; McBride: \$2) and LONESOME ROAD, Six Plays for the Negro Theatre (12mo, 217 pages; McBride: \$2) by the same author, are exceptionally well made books of plays by last year's winner of the Pulitzer Prize. The second of these is made up of short plays, one of them a one-act version of In Abraham's Bosom. All of the plays in negro dialect are extremely hard reading; one turns to The Field God where no such difficulty exists and is rewarded with simplicity and power. In the introduction to the short plays, Barrett H. Clark calls In Abraham's Bosom, then neither published nor produced, "one of the most beautiful and tragic modern plays." Professor Green's work seems peculiarly solid and dignified; even the queer interruption of lines like "away from it all" are forgiven for an honest disdain of meretriciousness.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-COLOURED MAN, by James Weldon Johnson (8vo, 211 pages; Knopf: \$3) published anonymously in 1912, amply justifies the distinction with which it is clothed in the present re-issue. In its pages one finds most of the ore which has—in the ensuing decade and a half—been wrought into the growing structure of negro art and achievement; it is a fascinating story and a tempered study of a great problem. **GOD'S TROMBONES**, by the same author (8vo, 56 pages; Viking Press: \$2.50) is one of the achievements foreshadowed in the autobiography—a collection of negro sermons in verse, giving literary form to the emotional exhortations of the old-time preacher. They are marked by a childlike fervour and intensity.

SAMUEL SEWELL'S DIARY, edited by Mark Van Doren (12mo, 272 pages; Macy-Masius: \$2.50) would seem an over-abridgement of the original three volumes, but it still covers a respectable span (1675-1729) in the public and private days of an early Bostonian of the chieftain sort. Very various happenings are noted in an all too shorthand manner, from town and colonial affairs, such as the setting up of "a Whipping Post by the middle watch house," or of high words with Mr Cotton Mather, or of training militia companies against the French and Indians, to the self-communings of the diarist on the births or deaths of certain of his multitudinous children. The diary is interesting indeed, but the representation on the slip-cover, of Judge Sewell as "the American Pepys," is as unfortunate as only advertising can be.

THE INGENIOUS HIDALGO: Miguel Cervantes, by Han Ryner, translated from the French by J. H. Lewis (10mo, 243 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2.75). No literary task is more difficult than imaginative biographical writing. There has emerged to us out of the past a definite impression of Cervantes, an impression formed by tradition, by his written word, and by recorded scraps of utterance, and it is exceedingly difficult to replace this unconscious impression by the person of the author's fancy. To those of us who passionately honour the shadowy figure of this "Phoenix of wits" who fought at Lepanto, who spent so much of his life in captivity, and whose corpse at the last was carried "with its face uncovered," it is scarcely possible to feel anything but impatience with Han Ryner's bookish evocation.

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES, by Elmer Edgar Stoll (8vo, 502 pages; Macmillan: \$4) are ably and amply devoted to the needed work of discouraging the psychological anachronisms that infest modern Shakespeare criticism, and of suggesting more directly intelligible points of view. There is "little psychological analysis and no pathology" in Shakespeare, as the author does much to show. And the over-elaborate psycho-critical examinations of Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, and so forth, which have been so popular of late, are somewhat beside the point, since most of the questions raised can be answered by a plain reading of the text in the light of what is known of Elizabethan stage convention and Shakespeare's by no means involved or obscure dramatic methods.

MARCEL PROUST, His Life and Work, by Léon Pierre-Quint, translated from the French by Hamish and Sheila Miles (8vo, 256 pages; Knopf: \$3.50). M Pierre-Quint writes with restraint and insight and contributes much that is important to our knowledge of this great, and most lovable, and most complex of artists, this "frequenter" of aristocratic society, who extracted its secret with its sting to enrich our irony, this eager, dying man with his feverish questions, his stintless generosity, and his celebrated sensitiveness. In his "sealed chamber" we contemplate him, while, with the scrupulous, uplifted passion of a monk of the Middle Ages, he transcribes to paper his priceless illuminated secrets, secrets that in their nervous haste for expression are only just able to outstrip his remorseless opponent.

ANATOLE FRANCE, The Parisian, by Herbert Leslie Stewart (10mo, 394 pages; Dodd Mead: \$3) is, in the better sense of an unjustly depreciated word, a conventional study of the ideas of Anatole France. The examination here made of the great Academician's intellectual equipment, processes, and product, is conceived in the light of the question, what are the values of these things to modern men of good will? If the carrying out of the scrutiny is not so effective as it might be (it could manifestly benefit, for instance, by compression) one can yet be gratified that it is constantly intelligent and moderate, even—and how rare this is—where the well-known salacity of Anatolian humours is concerned.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BLAKE, by Max Plowman (12mo, 183 pages; Dutton: \$2.50) should be read in conjunction with Mr Foster Damon's *William Blake*, a longer work which it complements and expands. The present author concerns himself less with the poet than with the neglected prophet of the Jerusalem ("his longest and greatest book") and *The Book of Thel* ("perhaps the most beautiful narrative poem ever written"). This enthusiasm would be more persuasive if it were qualified by the admission that Blake's ideas on religion and sex were sometimes mistaken.

HANDBOOK OF THE CLASSICAL COLLECTION (The Metropolitan Museum of Art) by Gisela M. A. Richter (brochure, 8vo, 354 pages; Metropolitan Museum of Art: \$1). Renoir once said that a single *morceau* of carving from the best Greek period was sufficient to prove that the people of that time were happy. That was spoken by an artist; a man of imagination. Not all of us are imaginative artists, alas, and it is possible to wonder, sometimes, what the average American of culture gets from the many fragments and mutilated specimens of early Greek sculpture so jealously guarded by our museum. Certainly Miss Richter, their curator, takes a fond delight in them and does her learned best to share her enthusiasm with the general. The new handbook of the collection is a handsome volume and though many of the trifling objects illustrated in it awaken the misgivings of the sensitive, certainly the great carved capital of the Ionic temple of Artemis, at Sardis, goes a long way towards justifying Renoir's saying.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, Modern Times 1660-1914, by Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian, translated from the French by W. D. MacInnes and Louis Cazamian (8vo, 499 pages; Macmillan: \$5). With a culture characteristic of European scholarship, and a lucidity and detachment eminently French these two urbane professors continue their study of English literature. The period covered in this, the second and last volume of their researches, is from the Restoration up to the first decade of the present century.

GREAT NAMES, Being an Anthology of English and American Literature from Chaucer to Francis Thompson, with introductions by various hands, and drawings by J. F. Horrabin after original portraits, edited by Walter J. Turner (8vo, 282 pages; Lincoln MacVeagh, Dial Press: \$5). In spite of attractiveness of title, an agreeable format, and evident editorial skill not only in escaping triteness of selection from writers already widely anthologized, but in avoiding the crudely piecemeal effect that usually attaches to collections including prose as well as verse—in spite of such virtues this compilation impresses the reader as being a rather obvious lesson in the pitfalls of anthology-making. Its formidable difficulty—the difficulty of most brief anthologies—is its ambition to represent a large and varied company of eminent spirits within a compass that is plainly inadequate. Something no doubt could be done in a thousand or fifteen hundred pages, but in the present two hundred eighty, so great a galaxy as this can barely be indicated. Thus the violence of enforced brevity invades the transaction, and brings in its train an appearance of superficiality, the effect of which is here unfortunately heightened by the perfunctory manner in which several of the too-brief critical introductions have been written. The composition of these was distributed among numerous current writers of name—Edmund Blunden, Virginia Woolf, H. W. Nevinson, Lascelles Abercrombie, and others—several of whom, whether because of lack of space, or for less pardonable reasons, are either wanting in justice to the authors they introduce, or to themselves.

OUR TIMES: Volume II—America Finding Herself, by Mark Sullivan (8vo, 668 pages; Scribners: \$5). In reporting the progress of the average American through the years 1900-1908, Mr Sullivan considers the formative influence of pre-modern education, when children were reading McGuffey, learning the state capitals in rhyme, and were being morally influenced; he recalls to us, with much else, McKinley cartoons and favourite songs, the day of trusts and Augean packing-houses, Doctor Wiley's crusade for pure food, our efforts to fly, and our conviction that the automobile could supplement the horse. In continuation—indeed in repetition of Volume I—he portrays Theodore Roosevelt as assembling and putting flesh on the national dry bones, as lecturing other "outstanding" Americans with regard to their public and private morals, and as capturing America in Jack-the-giant-killer not unproductive fashion. The domestic exhibit has somewhat defied assorting and winnowing, but it is of the camera and we await with attention Mr Sullivan's two next un-average albums of average American photographs.

THE THEATRE

I CANNOT help thinking that the most significant event in the theatre this month is not an opening, but a closing: the end of the comparatively brief run of *THE LETTER*, in which Katharine Cornell is the star. *THE LETTER* was not so bad a play as I had been told; it is trashy and it fails to work its melodramatic content for all it is worth, but the reason for its failure lies in the little remnant of integrity which Mr Maugham held on to when he refused to compound a crime by being sentimental about it. He allows the adulterous wife who has killed her lover to say, at the very end, "With all my heart I loved the man I killed," and the audience hates it.

About Miss Cornell it was truly said that her performance adds nothing to her repute; it was a satisfaction to see that she remained for the most part unsullied by the tawdriness of her play. In the first act she has to give a long explanation of why she has killed a man—the explanation is a lie, for she pretends that the man was almost a stranger to her, and claims that she killed him in defence of her chastity. And with only the slightest aid from the text Miss Cornell charged this recital with such emotion that it became not a lie, but a truthful history of her love for the man, a bravura piece of the highest technical quality.

So, on the whole, one fancies no harm has been done. But Miss Cornell now goes on the road with a flashy and trivial play, driven away from everything interesting and fruitful in the theatre; add this year to the years in *THE GREEN HAT* and under Belasco and the total is impressive. For almost as many years as she has been recognizably the finest of the young actresses in our theatre (and the word young is merely a habit, a superfluity, for Miss Cornell's youth is not nearly so important as her genius) she has been appearing in bad plays. Some of them were meretricious and dishonest; the present one is not even the best of its insignificant kind. I have no feeling that Miss Cornell ought to appear in the sombre drama, unless she wants to; I would give anything to see her test her range in light comedy where she would be compelled to hold high rein on her superb intensity. I wish only that

she could disentangle herself from whatever commitments now cast her in bad plays which aren't, as in the present instance, even commercially important.

Of the only interesting aspect of *SPELLBOUND*, Mr Krutch wrote in *The Nation*:

"So extraordinarily vivid is the personality of Miss Pauline Lord that she renders it almost impossible to judge as a play any piece in which she happens to be appearing. She has created a character which has an independent existence apart from any of the rôles which she is called upon to play; that character is one which is quite evidently an expression of her temperament; and she transfers it almost intact from play to play. She does not so much interpret as live, upon the stage at least, the character of a certain specific tragically bewildered woman, and though she speaks the lines which the dramatist has assigned to her she seems to be enacting in an almost somnambulistic state some episode in a dream-life of her own."

This is true and constitutes a condemnation of Miss Lord from which she must soon appeal. In *SPELLBOUND* you ticked off on your fingers the reminiscences of all the plays in which she appeared: *ANNA CHRISTIE* was there and *LAUNZI* and *THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED*; and here and there a reference not only to her past, but to the pasts of Miss Barrymore and Miss Lurette Taylor. I think one reason was the feebleness of the character-drawing in the part she was asked to portray, for in spite of the underlying temperamental identity, Miss Lord has been able to make her other parts distinct, to avoid a mannerism in one, to exploit it in another. She has, perhaps unfortunately for her artistic progress, created a character for which dramatists now are writing parts; her salvation would be to be cast in an old play for which she would necessarily go through the creative process again.

I noted last month that *THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA* was the most satisfactory production of Shaw the Guild has made since *HEART-BREAK HOUSE* and also that Mr Dudley Digges directed it; if this is coincidence, let the Guild make the best of it. It was Shaw

played for everything he had—the wit and the intelligence and the drama and the farce and the emotion; it showed up his faults without attempting to make capital of them. The playing was extremely good and, what interested me exceptionally, was at a level of goodness, the principals and the minor characters preserving some unity, as of people living together. Mr Lunt, perforce, drew out of this unity in his final scene—I do not know how he could have helped it—and emphasized certain moments which I had not always thought important; although he was not the genius-scoundrel I had always imagined, I accepted his creation because it was thorough, thought out, and complete.

Mr Lunt, Miss Hayes in *COQUETTE*, Miss Cornell in *THE LETTER*, and a number of other players have been permitted this season to sit in such relation to the footlights, and with such imperfect lighting from above, that shadows have distorted or obscured their faces precisely at moments when they should have been most clear. During a long period of Mr Lunt's presence on the stage I looked down his throat. Where do directors sit when they are directing?

Briefly: In *MANHATTAN MARY*, Ed Wynn is less ingenious, and more zany than ever, disarmingly attractive, always funny; he is becoming more and more the Pantalone, and it is his own creation, unmatched by any one else. Lou Holtz is also funny in this piece and its one good song, *It Won't be Long Now*, is murdered by an orchestration suggesting dish-pans and a tempo inappropriate to the words and music. Some of the dances are extremely interesting.—*THE RACKET* is one of the best of the season's melodramas—and it is a season rich in them. The language, the movement, are interesting; John Cromwell and Edward G. Robinson play skilfully; the director, unnamed, has done a good job; the producer, Alexander McKaig, another.—*OUT OF THE SEA* was so badly directed and so ill played that it was quite impossible to discover what its peculiar quality was; it became only another of those plays in which people come up out of a shipwreck and fall in love with the wrong man and are very mysterious.—*FALLEN ANGELS* is the second play of the Actors' Theatre season under Guthrie McClintic. It isn't much good. A few witty lines, an entire act

in which Fay Bainter and Estelle Winwood go through the varying phases of two women getting drunk while waiting for the reappearance of a former lover (of both—that's the play's novelty). Miss Winwood was miscast.

Not precisely "the theatre": Angna Enters gave, a few weeks ago, her last recital before a trip to Europe, under auspices a little more splendid socially than any of her others. Three or four times, in the course of the evening, she shone with genius; the rest of the time she was dazzling with incomparable talents; all the time she was unpredictable, honest, a virtuoso with the control of a technician and the integrity of a religious zealot. She was not at her best and I was, with the exceptions of genius noted above, more impressed than overwhelmed. I am willing to take my aesthetic pleasure in this mood; and when I think of Miss Enters' long solitary struggle, I am elated at her success.

$2 \times 2 = 5$ is the Civic Repertory going down hill. An imported piece of goods without exceptional merit as a satire, with an unusual amount of dulness—a sort of **BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK** with all the points blunted, and a lot of commonplace jibing at respectability. The intention was to produce it in a stylization approaching the marionette-play; it failed. The settings had the wit which the play and the acting lacked. The theatre's "find" of the season, Mr Sothern, was particularly in need of toning down and of whatever, in the theatre, corresponds to the punishment of small boys who show off before their elders. I hope sincerely that Miss Le Gallienne's enterprise isn't going to pieces—the appearance of one negligible play is not a sign, I know; but the earnestness and the sincerity with which this trash was produced worries me.

Reinhardt's **MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM** is a producer's fantasia on a theme by Shakespeare. I do not mean that it isn't Shakespeare's play: as a play it interested me as much as any other production of it I have seen, which isn't very much. It is, actually, a revel, and lends itself to the elaborate fittings and trappings Reinhardt has given it. The stage structure is full of tricky planes and affords a lovely perspective: the first procession goes "out into the night" with torches against the stars and seems really to pass

into remoteness; the dances occur in space, not on inadequate platforms. Reinhardt has moulded his production well; he appeals to all the senses with a certain proportion. But I felt that his true genius—the genius behind **THE SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS**, for example—was not in this play; the production counted too much on bigness, on whatever was lavish, and cared little for the carrying elements of the play. The Athenian workmen were highly entertaining, and Puck, played by Sokoloff, seemed all the more a creation because one compared him with the Peter-Pannish versions of the part known on our stage.

The Irish Players, with all their familiar and admirable qualities are here, having presented, for a start, Sean O'Casey's **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**. They are one of the great companies of players—one of the few—and no one who cares at all about the theatre should miss them. I shall review in some detail next month Mr O'Casey's second play, and others of the repertoire.

The night clubs do not come specifically into my field; but fearing that no one else will touch them, I suggest a visit to the Parody Club on one of the early nights of the week when Mr Durante is either trying out new material or indulging his fancy for madness in his song about Daniel the "mowing fool" and other such indescribable nonsense. In comparison with Durante all the other "nut comedians" and workers in the field of absurdity are sober and logical. Mr Robert Benchley has quite properly given warning that the satirical content in Durante's effects is negligible. The fun is not negligible—by any means.

GILBERT SELDES

MODERN ART

DESPICIAU, the French sculptor, seems to be one of those rare artists, like Ingres and Mr Charles Chaplin, who are acceptable both to the right and to the left factions. Not in recent years has there been a New York success so sudden and so sweet as his. I have kept an attentive ear but I have heard no objecting voice. The sales have been rather tumultuous and praise resounds in chorus. It is apparent that the classicists and the modernists unite in approval, and yet it is far from certain that either of these political parties will be able to use him in argument.

Despiau is modern only in the fact that he lives to-day. He doesn't speak the current language. "He abhors all abstractions." (It is M Adolphe Basler speaking.) "The eye of the sculptor cherishes no systematic simplifications; his science of form is based upon feeling and expression and has no respect for mathematical harmony. . . . One can even conjure up Donatello or Mino da Fiesole before these effigies with their noble and characteristic features. Modesty is their charm." These few sentences practically imply everything that need be said in regard to the Despiau style. Of Despiau the man we should like to know a little more. I seem to have been told that he has reached his sixtieth year, that he lives quietly and away from the main stream, in Paris, and that he works always slowly and sometimes for years on a single piece. He is clearly a survival from the period that produced Rodin and Maillol. Working for years on a single piece does not, it seems, make him stilted. It is the freshness of the impression, as much as anything, that astonishes the observer. He has a predilection for the portrait bust. He does not, however, search for the distinguished model. Any human being is to him, apparently, a distinguished product. I suppose, of course, that he does choose. But he contents himself, in his enquiries, with "the usual people" that Walt Whitman saw crossing Brooklyn Ferry, and arrives at conclusions in regard to them that are infinitely interesting.

In the Brummer Gallery's collection there is but one figure piece to speak of, but it is—to use one of Mr Roosevelt's terms—a corker. In an account of it, written for The New York Sun, I permitted myself a rhetorical outburst which, since the enthusiasm that in-

spired it has by no means abated, I don't mind repeating. I said: "We are too remote now from the sources of life for our artists to put forward with any sincerity a literal view of 'Eve the Mother' and Despiou contents himself with breathing immortal life into just another 'Ideal Woman.' She is young and, to use an abused word, lush. If I were not afraid to use two abused words in juxtaposition, I should say she were as lush as a ripe peach. There are no architectural helps. She stands naked and unadorned, supported, I dare to say, on the two most beautiful legs in all sculpture. I have never seen anything like them. In reaching out for vague comparisons I can do no better than to cite again the 'Dying Gaul' of the Vatican, the long lines in the back of which have a like elegance. . . . The 'Grande Eve' is unquestionably one of the masterpieces of modern times. This is so apparent that it came upon me almost as a shock to learn that it has been purchased for the Luxembourg in Paris. It is not the usual thing for rarities of this order to be absorbed so quickly into official institutions. There must be some mystery about this acceptance. Perhaps we shall learn the interesting details later on. In the meantime it is to be hoped that the Luxembourg authorities will clear away a lot of that sculptural trash that chokes its outer vestibules and give the 'Grande Eve' a whole 'salle' to herself, like the Venus de Milo in the Louvre."

M Basler, the official prefacer for the exhibition, scarcely shares these transports of mine. "In so far as large statuary is concerned," he writes, "the case of Despiou is identical with that of Rodin, whose plastic errors call to mind the impulsive workmanship of the great masters of colour. Despiou's execution is, however, less crude, less laboured; his candour and delicacy assert themselves in the chaste beauty of his lines, in the firmness of his silhouettes and the youthfulness and abandoned grace of his forms." But M Basler didn't see the Grande Eve at Brummer's. It happens to be exceedingly well shown. It has a miraculous light—and everyone who has had much to do with handling works of art, knows that the best of them can be appreciably damaged by an unfortunate installation.

"Decidedly with misgivings," as Mr Burke said on his recent embarkation into the realms of music, I venture a little disquisition

upon the Gallery of Living Art. This is a public art gallery attached to the New York University and it is designed to be a permanent repository for contemporary art. Although concerned with Mr A. E. Gallatin in the editorial direction of it, the present writer shuns the editorial "we" and prefers to think, at present, and as an outsider merely, of the possibilities of such an institution rather than its present performance. The possibilities are endless, of course, and in limiting its endeavour to *causes célèbres* of the present and in leaving the past to the Metropolitan and the future to Miss Katherine Dreier, there is a great saving in energy for all concerned; and by "all concerned," I include the general public. Time has a way of marching on apace, and the new gallery will be, I suppose, continually treading upon Miss Dreier's heels. The exhibition of "advanced art," generalised by that lady in the Brooklyn Museum last year, was superb as a gesture, and I could not resist the wish that it might have been kept on view until one's eyes had grown used to focusing upon the new material. That a considerable portion of the population has quite grown used to what is now generally called "modern art" was indicated by the calm behaviour of those who came to a pre-view of the Living Art. To be sure they were picked persons, but even so, most of them, ten years ago, would have walked out in a huff upon seeing the new Picasso there shown. This time there was scarcely a murmuring word. I believe one of the professors of the University did permit himself to say something to one of the other professors—but privately. There was nothing approaching a "scene." This is almost evidence that a paternalistic attitude toward Picasso and Matisse is no longer necessary. The hour approaches when they must be handed over to the Metropolitan and new heroes searched for. In the mean time, they, and John Marin the American, serve admirably as the types of artists a contemporary gallery must always help. None of these three have had desperate careers particularly. I don't mean that. Picasso and Matisse are both men who can fight the world on even terms and Marin had the luck to find a Stieglitz to battle for him. The loss was the public's. In the new régime they will get to know such people quicker.

HENRY McBRIDE

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

THE most important newer works offered during the month were of a churchly sort—Kodály, Kaminski, Pizzetti: the last possessing a kind of elegant and tactful piousness; the second equally tenuous in its mysticism though displaying much technical astuteness; and the first, the Kodály Psalmus Hungaricus, an Old Testament God-fearing rage where worship transpires in terms of lamentation and malicious rejoicing. It is undoubtedly this Kodály whose virtues are the most obvious. Here the bluntness and clumsiness which are deliberately exploited as such in his Háy Janos Suite (also played in December for the first time by the Philharmonic) are altered but not transformed to serve as musical setting for a Hungarian version of the Fifty-fifth Psalm, for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra. The work necessarily relied upon volume, for in this spiteful prayer there was little reverence and much riot; and when “they now attack me, they my bitterest foes,” the orchestra is occasionally prompted to too credulous an onslaught—but it is a reduction to absurdity worth suffering in the interests of those other times when the same heavy-footed methods are more successful. We may some day—not in despair but by precept—throw over the search for a perfect work of art, on the simple decision that the virtues of a given work can be produced only out of its vices, and that aesthetic enjoyment involves some spirit of barter on the part of the audience. In any case, by the mere expedient of not cherishing his resentments too long, one is able to share the savagery of this music, its brutality in the midst of paeans.

This had been preceded the same evening by Heinrich Kaminski's Magnificat, for solo soprano, solo viola, small chorus, and orchestra. It is perhaps not without significance that the composer selected for his solo parts the soprano voice and the viola, two timbres which duplicate rather than supplement each other, thus giving us more temperament than balance—and the piece seems to have been maintained generally in these higher and more agile registers. So much so, in fact, that the sound of the contra-bassoon, reinforcing his choral parts not like an instrument but

like a voice, could be seized upon in our technically conditioned hysteria as something anchorlike in its depth. Kaminski, we do not scruple to learn from Mr Gilman, "has revolted against the programmatic and delineative methods of Strauss, no less than against the insidious influence of the French impressionists," and "belongs to that wing of the modernists in Germany who have adopted as their slogan 'Back to Bach.'" His music, indeed, has the interweaving of polyphony, but in this piece at least his themes are much less assertive than those of the Magnificat by Johann Sebastian.¹ There is recital, even spirited recital, but no *aria*.

The Kodály and Kaminski numbers were given by the Philharmonic, under the direction of Mengelberg. The Pizzetti was conducted by Bodanzky, in a performance by the Society of the Friends of Music. This music, in so far as it reverts, turns to the church modes of the Mediterranean; and in contrast to the instrumental subtlety of Kaminski the orchestration is humble, even barren, hardly more than an interpolation among the voices, the servility of the instruments in fact often being carried to the extent of simple repetition and of long passages in unison. In the *Sacra Rappresentazione di Abramo e d'Isaac* we have a dramatic story told with little drama but much lyric sweetness. The burden of the events, the sacrifice of Abraham, is conveyed by a narrator; but unlike the tenor narratives of Bach, the progress from the musical standpoint is interrupted as the plot is explained in unsung prose. This procedure, heralded as a device, is in reality a lapse, for the accumulative effect is lost, the exposition not being integrated to the solos and chorals. The narrative is thus, musically, without theatre—and we miss such inventions as the admonitory chord on the organ, serving like a gloriole, with which Bach precedes each utterance of his Christus. His most persuasive mood is a kind of gentle rejoicing, devout and even effete, which was at its best when we learn that yes, Isaac would be spared. The music at such times rises to comparative complexity.

The secular novelties must have been inferior. We have in mind the Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra by Delius, the

¹ Played earlier in the season by the Society of the Friends of Music, under Bodanzky. Strangely enough, in the Bach Magnificat the delineative method does figure inceptively, as Bach shows a tendency to handle his subject after the semi-operatic manner of his Passions. And the transition from narrative parallels to pictorial parallels is an indeterminate one.

Impressions du Midi by Von Brucken Fock, the Háy Janos Suite by the Kodály of the Hungarian Psalm, and the Symphonic Poem, "Morocco," written and conducted by Ernest Schelling. The virtues of Kodály, as we have said, seem to flower better in the church piece than in the less dangerous and equally less rewarding form of Eulenspiegel pranks and marvels. The orchestra had begun with a sneeze, but Mr G. H. G. von Brucken Fock, impressionist beyond Debussy, made the waves break upon the shore, and interspersed other pensive scenes with dances. The Schelling number has taken well with Philharmonic audiences, and has already been repeated. It too is a series of impressions. The work is described by the composer as a "symphonic poem in four connected movements," and indeed the same patently weird atmosphere, pursued with too good faith, does permeate the whole. The number seemed diffuse, with its rare moments of vitality threatening to transcend its programme, and culminating in a war dance which was even more obvious than one might have expected. As to the Delius, Beatrice Harrison as solo 'cellist played with restlessly subdued energies, with elation, and even with violence something which was without energy, without elation, and flaccid. The work, like the Deity, has been praised in terms of negatives; and thus we have, for our admiration, the formlessness, the absence of climax, the lack of excitement, all of which can be found without going to concerts at the Philharmonic. The incongruity between the soloist's toil and the fruits of her efforts could hardly have been greater had the audience been separated from her by a wall of sound-proof glass, so that her problems and her triumphs could be observed as a purely mimetic event, without the production of any tones whatever. We were left with the desire to hear this artist in something more sprightly; perhaps she should give, in "modern dress," some familiar work of a pronouncedly lyrical character, long defunct on the score of over-conformity, but now a candidate for revival perversely. Under such conditions, a substratum of naïve song could have existed in our memory while the violation of it occurred in the ear—but to apply such preciousness to the Delius number was only to conspire with the composer, to carry him further in his own direction.

Did not another performer, this time a pianist, Miss Karin Dayas, fare better, who filled the small volume of Steinway Hall

with sturdy pianola music? The evening was uniform, but eloquent. Perhaps the pianist contributed as much as Bartók to the grimness of *The Night's Music*, the antipode to Mozart's *Kleine Nachtmusik*, which is also Miss Dayas' nearest approach to reverie—a subject where, in lieu of reminiscence, we have repetition. For the continual dwelling upon a certain persistent run soon passes beyond obsession into embarrassment.¹ But the enlightenment returned with *The Chase*, and continued in this vein through Prokofieff, Gruenberg, and Milhaud. The pianist, however, had begun with Hindemith, and it is to Hindemith that we return. Here is music strong in design; it need not telescope its effects into lump contrasts such as those of Prokofieff, for whom variety is a leap of five octaves. Here indeed was the composer who best interpreted Miss Dayas' boldness.

Not new, but new to us, was "La Valse," Choreographic Poem for Orchestra, by Maurice Ravel. Here is the Viennese waltz, at once distilled and distorted. It is not the vandalism of burlesque; it is not satire, but apology—written surely by a musician who is only too sensitive to the most orthodox virtues of a style as remote from ourselves as the minuet. If Ravel departs from his models, and in doing so inflicts great violence upon them, his departure is grudging. His version of the waltz is a true restoration, a restoration in terms of the historically altered. In its ill-tempered lyricism, its vacillation between assurance and defeat, its submergence of song beneath epistemology, it can symbolize what we choose to call our modern complexity more fully than any of the more consistently chaotic works. In this respect, it resembles the Strawinsky orchestration of Pergolesi's *Pulcinella*, where the tangents of the instruments cannot escape the core of thorough-going melody. In the Ravel number, however, this *status evanescentiae*, this indeterminate overlap of obedience and

¹ Is Bartók, we wonder, being as fairly treated in America as his countryman Kodály? He appeared at the Philharmonic as solo pianist recently, playing at his *début* a work which he wrote nearly twenty-five years ago, at the age of twenty-three. The work does not profit by comparison with another work by a young nationalist, the Grieg concerto. In contrast to the spontaneity and independence of the Grieg (albeit they were qualities which could not be developed much further) the Bartók labours under Brahmsian mannerisms; and the Magyar element is, in comparison to the Kodály pieces, still faint.

insolence, is carried to the point of flagellation. Perhaps it is a method which even one composer could not continue to exploit.

As Mengelberg's seasonal engagement with the Philharmonic comes to a close, we feel the need of some phrase no less than Roman to formulate his sound services. He could fortify one in the belief that art is an aspect of behaviour, that heroism resides in an heroic imagining. There is little pleading in his orchestra, but much deliberateness—and thus he seems most adequate in giving works like the Fifth Symphony, or the Meistersinger prelude, where solidity can be so much a part of the appeal. We mean, not too obscurely, that he is the best in the best music. In such music, to stress the minor internal plots is automatically to stress the consistency of the whole, and his conducting is a continual disclosure of these incidental purposes. The firmest music will issue under his baton with its quality of firmness scrupulously maintained.

KENNETH BURKE

COMMENT

PIETY: Why, did you hear him tell his dream?

CHRISTIAN: Yes, and a dreadful one it was, I thought; it made my heart ache as he was telling of it, but yet I am glad I heard it

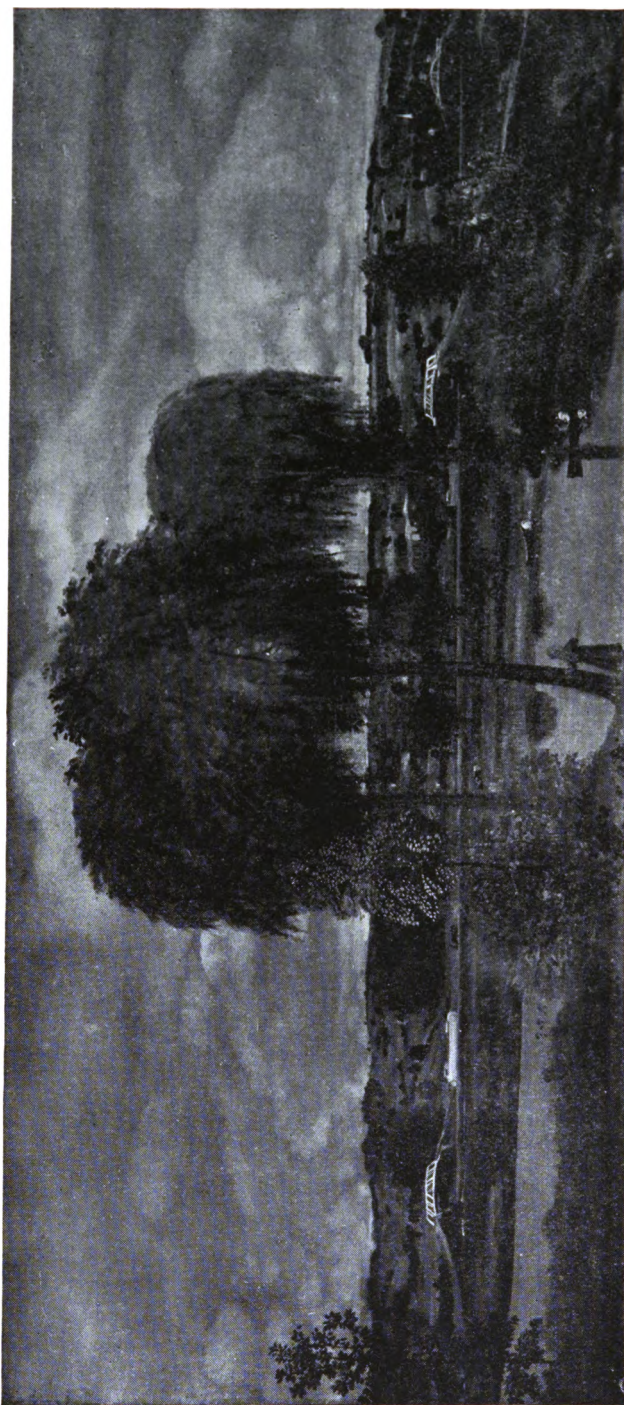
JOHN BUNYAN

IN the work of Thomas Hardy as in the writings of Bunyan, there is the sense of mortality—not divided from immortality. We are spoken to by a wisdom in which there is “something of ecstasy” and by a spirit kindly concerned with the “phantasmal variousness” of existence. Deprecating Vanity Fair and the town where “this lusty fair is kept,” Bunyan says, “he that will go to the [Celestial] city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world.” Mr Hardy’s guidance of us through “the pleasing agonies and painful delights” of an imagined world has, like Bunyan’s, caused ordinariness to be clothed with extraordinariness. Irrefutably, seductively, severely, unselfconsciously urgent in their verisimilitude, the rude incidents and the elate, the work of his hands and the travel of his feet, constitute the life and flower of a pilgrim’s universe. Humanity has perhaps forgotten how, “sepulchre-clad” with insincerity, it visited abuse upon Tess of the D’Urbervilles and other of Mr Hardy’s apologues for purity and goodness. In adjudging as he did, he has made it ever after, less possible that convention should “perish the understanding.” His martyr-like sincerity drew the world as an undertow toward true vision and into respect for his un-overbearing certitude. Such propriety of enchantment and ancient wisdom emerging from reverie, we can be proud to show to succeeding ages.

In life as in death a great man cannot be saved from pursuit by the curious, but Mr Hardy’s suppliant silence, his sequestration so native as to seem kind, should protect him even now from intrusion. We remember, in *A Laodicean*, his remark, “incurious unobservance is the true attitude of cordiality.” The quickset privacy of Max Gate, with its concealed entrance, which seems unapproachable rather than forbidding, is not at variance with

the fact that it stands "on the road" and calls itself by the name of the adjacent once used toll-gate.

Home-loving and apart as he was, nothing was more remote from his intention than that a region which he felt to be his retreat should be conspicuous with monuments pre-eminently his. But no named memorial can be so poignantly commemorative as certain unpremeditated reminders. The figure of The White Hart with gilded eyes, antlers, and chain; the ancient bridge over The Frome; the cattle market; The King's Arms; "the grizzled church" of Saint Peter; "the peremptory clang" of its curfew chime at eight in the evening as signal for the shops to close; and that of the alms-house, "with a preparative creak of machinery more audible than the note of the bell"; fixed in one's consciousness as when received in the bright rain of summer, these stay in the mind like the *timbre* of heard speech. With yet more immanence perhaps, the black yews in Stinsford churchyard, the head-stones with sculptured angels above graves of members of his family, the peal of bells and the Norman font, are component with what Mr Hardy has told us. And their important seclusion is his.



Courtesy of the Phillips Memorial Gallery

THE ERIE CANAL. BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

THE DIAL

MARCH 1928

AUREA MEDIOCRITAS

BY JOSEF BARD

Give me, I said, Oh give me
The Princess
With eyes of light and hair of light
Leaping with weightless feet
On the Lotus-leaves over the lake
While on the shores, in emerald green,
Bepearled with the lilies of the valley
A hundred fairies wait
And humbly offer
A hundred dresses to their dancing mistress.
Give me, I said, Oh give me
The Princess.
And a voice from the House said:
Take the maid
She is pure and white
Her father is a lawyer
Her mother is deaf and blind
Take the maid
She is an only child
She knows how to cook and scold
And you will be there with the voice
In the House.
And I said: Give
Give me—I said—Oh, give me
The silence over the sea
When in a windstill twilight
The light of the day
Glides into darkness.

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AUREA MEDIOCRITAS

Please, oh please give me
 The silence over the sea—
 I want it in my heart
 And in the hearts of all I love
 And give me, oh, give me—
 A dew-drop's translucency
 The clarity of mountain brooks
 With no mud from the river-bed
 Washed up to heights
 Where light meets clarity.
 With the stillness of the sea
 In my heart
 And the clarity of the dew-drop
 In my soul
 Oh give me
 High up on a sunny peak
 With forest scattered over endless slopes
 Give me a log-cabin
 To live in and see
 The great event that happens once in ages,
 See the fire that only my chosen eyes can see
 And hear the voice only one man's ears can hear,
 See and hear what only one can see
 And hear—the New—
 Which never happens again
 See and hear the Voice of Fire
 Touching the earth
 And the fumes rolling down
 Heavy, dense clouds
 Full of lightning
 Rolling down over the abode of man
 And towering over them in menace
 For endless centuries.
 Give me, I said, Oh give me
 The stillness over the sea.
 And the voice from the Town said—
 Said the Voice from the Town:
 There is a job for you in a bank
 I know the Manager, he is quite a friend,
 You write out figures in a big book,
 There is a cheap restaurant round the corner

And a tea-shop for the afternoon.
 The chief-cashier is old and asthmatic
 Soon you may be in his place—
 And cash cheques and change money
 Change foreign notes, in many colours
 Issued in Rome, Paris or Cairo.
 You will have long week-ends
 And a car, and ride down to the sea,
 With friends and take a lunch-basket
 And eat sandwiches on the shore,
 And break the eggs, the hard-boiled eggs
 On the harder pebbles on the shore.
 Sunday night you come back
 And you live with me
 The Voice in the Town.
 And I said—
 Give me—I said—Oh, give me
 A cause I can love and die for—
 Or let me fight for the liberty of man
 From sin, from ignorance and
 From the heaviness of the body.
 Or let me die in quest of the Holy Grail
 Or fighting against the Turks
 For the sepulchre of the Saviour.
 Oh give me a man I can love
 And die for,
 Marc-Aurel, sitting pensive in his tent,
 Writing his Meditations late at night
 While the battle cry of the wild cymbers
 Reached only his ears and not his mind.
 Or give me pug-nosed Socrates
 Feasting amid his ribald pupils
 Tempting his even wisdom
 With their seductive charms.
 Oh give me—I said—Oh give me
 Prince Gautama, sitting under a tree
 Till his soul made a sieve of his body
 And flowed out from its isolation
 Back into the all-one of Eternity.
 Oh give me—I said—Oh give me
 A cause and a man.

AUREA MEDIOCRITAS

And voices rose from a confusion
 And the voices of the confusion said:
 Hee-hee-hee, hee-hee-hee,
 Eat more fruit,
 Eat more bread—
 Keep more fit—
 Love your fellow-men—
 Go to the races—
 Play more bridge—
 Play more golf—
 All men are equal,
 Fight for the poor—
 Fight for the rich—
 The negro and the Jew
 Are also men.
 Make more money—
 Get more adapted—
 Use a better soap—
 Wear the right shoes—
 Be more efficient
 But still go to Church,
 Help to fight the reds—
 Help to fight the whites—
 Be more successful—
 Make a life-insurance—
 Eat more fruit—
 Wear the right clothes—
 Don't think much
 Don't feel much
 Keep in a pink middle.
 The head of your office,
 The manager of your bank,
 Whoever he may be
 Is the wisest of men
 As long as he is at the head.
 Go to lectures, listen to Professors,
 Learn about birth-control,
 Learn about eclipses,
 Listen to Professors,
 Don't you miss your pennyworth
 Of knowledge which the Professors
 Hand out to the poor.

Love your King or President
 And your God and Nation
 And your lunch and dinner
 Keep more fit
 Eat more fruit
 And you will live with the Voices
 In Confusion.
 And standing high up on a hill
 With the sea stretching under my feet
 I said loud into the twilight
 Give me—I said—Oh, give me
 The youth of life that Nature had
 When in playful exuberance
 She made the deep sea-fish
 And the designs
 On the wings of the butterflies.
 Pan may be sleeping but he is not dead—
 And though grey the colours
 On the brush of painters
 And grey and small are men
 And grey the words
 That pelter lifeless from their lips
 Pan is not dead—
 Standing upon the hill
 I said: Pan—Not dead!
 Standing upon the hill
 I said: Give me—Oh Pan, Give me
 A sign.
 Rain fell and buried my eyes.
 Clouds darkened.
 Give me a sign—Pan.
 The eye of light broke the veil.
 Through thick rain golden laughter
 Met with my face.
 And I whispered: Pan
 I see your trail, where you flee
 Far from man, the greyness.
 I come.
 House, town, confusion,
 Lost their voices.
 My way was free

THE SWAMPER

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

THEY said that he had lost his mind: at any rate he could not remember anything for very long. That was why he kept on as swamper for Amos Gives's Saloon for so many years. Any man who worked for Gives must have been a half-wit; and if old David got a free supper and breakfast out of the establishment, he got precious little more except the cussing Amos gave him every morning.

David (God help him!) used to come into the bar at five o'clock every morning: that was his regular hour; so there he was at sunrise on this first Saturday in May, unlocking the door with his key. He stopped on the porch and looked down the canal; the saloon was built on the wharf at the top of the hill, so that boaters could come right down the gang, as soon as they tied up, and walk through the bar-door in three steps if they wanted to. This village was quite a place in 1879; three saw-mills on the Black River, which ran past the foot of the town; and the town itself rising up the hill in two tiers of houses. The saloon and Widgeon's hotel stood at the top. The canal licked along their foundations, and the road, coming over the bridge, ran on a level with the second-story windows. What with the mill-hands and the loggers that came in on Saturdays, and the farmers and the boaters, there must have been two thousand people here. And if you were sending a letter to any one of them, instead of "Hawkinsville," you wrote "Slab City, N. Y." on the envelope; and put "Oneida County" in the lower left corner, if you were particular. It really was quite a place: there were a tannery and four stores (dry goods and groceries) and three blacksmiths, and three churches, not counting the Lutheran Church across the canal at the top of the hill. It was just opposite the saloon, so that Mr Ennory used to say that you could see Heaven and Hell in Slab City, right before your eyes, and doing a pretty good trade at that. And if William Durkin was round and drunk (he generally was) he would always want to know which was which.

So here was old David on the stoop of the saloon that morning on the first Saturday in May, 1879. There were three boats loading matched spruce boarding for Albany tied up at the wharf. He could hear the horses getting up in their stalls in the bows and rattling their halters. It was a warm morning, with a bit of mist on the river, and very still, so that the canal looked like black silk under the rising sun. David pulled out his pouch of Warnick and Brown, Heavy, and filled his pipe and lit it before opening the door. He looked feeble with his straggly grey hair and weak eyes, and his match shook so in his hand that the flame could hardly grab hold of the stick. But he sucked the smoke deep into him and then let it out in a long stream. It was the only smoke in boat or house.

When he went inside, he saw the bar was well enough, so he built a fire in the big chunk stove to take off the damp and another in the kitchen stove to heat water for Amos's shaving. Then he got his pail and mop and put a lot of water on the floor. After he had done that, he went up and knocked at Amos's door and came away, for Amos was a mean man in the early morning. David came downstairs and took the water back off the floor: that was what he called mopping.

He went out into the kitchen and sat down to wait till the water boiled. He couldn't hear Amos stamping round upstairs as usual, but that did not bother him. There was not a sound in the house; and David looked out of the window at the river valley. The mist floated along up-stream on a level with the lowest houses, hiding the meadows; and as he sat there, David began to hear cow-bells tinkling on cows coming in from night-pasture.

The sound was quite clear and full, as sound is in misty weather, and it kept breaking out at different parts all along the valley, until all the mist was ringing like one bell. He must have listened for quite a while, because all at once he heard the kettle boiling loud enough to make him jump and run for a pitcher, which he filled and took upstairs. He stopped at the door, but there wasn't a sound out of Amos, so he knocked again. As Amos did not swear, he opened the door and put the pitcher on the wash-hand-stand.

Then thinking he would like to see what Amos looked like when he was asleep, he went over to the bed. The window was open a crack, and he could hear the cow-bells quite clearly.

Amos Gives was lying on his side with his legs drawn up, and David looked at him a while before he went downstairs and out on the stoop. He sat down in a chair and knocked out his pipe and put in another load. The sun had come in under the roof to warm him so he shoved his hat back on his head, put his feet on the rail, and spat a good spit clear over the wharf into the canal.

He could see a boat drawn by a black team coming up round the bend from Boonville. The boat hung low in the water and the team were having heavy work bringing it up against the current. It would take them all of fifteen minutes to reach the wharf.

The town below was beginning to wake up. David could smell the rising breakfast smokes. On the road he heard a man shouting and a moment after, a four-horse team came out on the dock with a wagon-load of lumber. They drew up opposite the last boat in the line, and the driver went aboard and pounded on the cabin door. At the same time four men appeared from the hotel and began listlessly to hand the lumber into the pit. The boarding was light; one man could handle it alone; so the four had made a line of points between which the boards were raised and lowered, like inch-worms walking. The driver and the boater came over to the saloon.

"'Lo, Dave," said the driver.

"'Lo," said David.

"Mornin'," said the boater.

"Mornin'," said David.

The two men sat down, the boater removing a battered pipe-hat which he placed under his chair. David did not recognize him. He was a big man with a hearty complexion and a nose like an apple. He wore a dark green shirt without a tie under his loose yellow waistcoat, and his brown trousers just reached the tops of his cow-hide shoes.

"Saloon open?" he asked loudly.

"No," said David.

A woman came out of the cabin of the second boat. She was tall, with hawk-like grey eyes, a strong chin, a fine full figure.

"Mornin', folks," she said.

"Mornin', mam," David replied for all of them.

He knocked out his pipe.

"'Baccer?" asked the boater with the pipe-hat, offering his pouch.

"What kind?"

"Mechanic's Delight."

"Don't never smoke it. That's railroad tobaccer. Warnick and Brown's mine. I used to boat it," said David.

"Did you really?" asked the boater, slightly huffed. David looked too out-at-ends and weak and watery ever to have done anything.

"Eanh," said David. "I boated it."

"That's right," said the teamster. Then he leaned over to the boater.

"David's twirly," he said, indicating his head with his thumb. "Used to be a rich man hereabouts; had a boat of his own. Man of the community; always making money; trying for more. Thought he'd get it by marryin' his daughter to Uberfrau for more money. Didn't work. She ran away. Dave went to pieces; lost his money. Got twirly; look at him."

David listened with a critical cock to his head.

"That's right," he said.

"Poor man," said the woman, pityingly.

"Eanh," continued the teamster, putting flavour in his voice. "Went round by himself after she went off with the boater; he rotted inside, I guess, and went twirly. Been that way for ten years. She was a fine gal; lot of us tried for her. Now look at him; he's a sight to see. Swamps the bar-room for two meals a day and sleeps in the mill barn, long side of my team—they're good uns. Twirly, but he's all right. Sort of mischeevous—like a chip-munk. Tell you all about his gal. Says she's a fine lady, now; claims he hears from her; claims she's comin' back to take care of him now he's old. Ain't it right, David?"

"Eanh," said the old man. "Gettin' kind of doddery so she's a-coming back."

"I feel sorry for him," said the woman; "that's the truth. Poor old man!"

"Funny thing," said the boater.

The sun had come out very hot, and a small breeze rose to flick

the water into ripples. The mist had burned away from the river; the meadows shone green here and there with new grass.

"Anne!" roared a man's voice from the second boat. "Where in hell is my shirt?"

The tall woman made a face and went back into the cabin. The teamster twisted himself in his chair to get at his handkerchief.

"Gol," he said. "There's Simms coming in with his boat."

David grunted.

"I seen it."

As the black team passed them, the boat slid in to the wharf.

"New team," said the teamster.

"Whoa!" yelled the man who was driving them. "Can't you stop when I tell you?"

The horses were quite ready to stop; they lowered their heads and seemed to let go of the muscles in their ears and flanks.

The man who was steering ran to the rail and flung a rope ashore which the driver caught and, as the boat ground against the wharf timbers, snubbed to a post. They drew in the bows and tied them. The man on the boat slid a broad gang to the wharf and lifted the roof of the bow compartment. It went up like a box-trap, leaving a door open in the side of the boat; and the team went aboard for breakfast. The three men on the stoop could see them turn round and face the shore before the man lowered the trap. Then they heard the harness jingle as the team shook themselves.

"'Lo, Simms," said the teamster. "New team?"

"'Lo, George. Yes they be. Cheap, too."

"Pretty good. How much?"

"Two fifty. Say . . ."

He came forward, an angular, middle-sized man with blue shirt and black hat, wearing a gossip's expression.

"Well?" asked the teamster.

"Got a passenger."

"Smells like fertilizer to me."

Simms lost his dramatic forward bend, then recovered.

"Yes," he said. "I'm peddling it. I've got a passenger, though."

"Where from?"

"Utica. She signed my cabin at Bentley's Oyster Booth and Bar."

"*She?*"

"I thought that 'd fetch you," said Simms, smirking. "Yes, sir. A fancy woman. Gownds. Dresses. Powders in the morning. Got a New York hat. Took my cabin; and me and Henry slept with the horses. Turn about at the stove."

"What's she coming here for?" asked the boater with the pipe-hat.

"I don't know. Aims at business, she says."

"What in?"

"Aims to start a bar. She used to work at Bentley's, I hear."

"Not Amy Silverstone?" asked the boater with the pipe-hat.

"Yes, *sir*. I never seen her before. But that's her name. Swell and stylish and tiled with money. Fancy woman, she is."

"Well, I'll be dredged," exclaimed the boater with the pipe-hat. "What she'd want to come here for, beats me. They give her a name on the Erie"—he went on with a leer—"she ran a cook's agency. She had a name all right. She did more than run the bar."

The man on the second boat came out of the cabin followed by the tall woman.

"Guess I'll have a drink," he said. "Hot day. I'm dry."

"Mornin'," said David for all of them.

He sat up with importance.

"The bar ain't open."

"Oh hell," said the boater, and he sat down, while his cook sat down, too, a little way off from the men.

"Anne," he yelled at her, "go back and clean up! Think I'm paying you wages just to look at you?"

The tall woman tossed her head.

"You'd better look at me while you have the chance, Goudger."

"Git on back, dang you!"

"I'm no slave," said the tall woman. "It ain't hard for *me* to find work."

"Oh, all right."

"Speaking of bars," said the teamster, turning to Simms, "your passenger'll have a job getting Amos Gives's trade."

David coughed and gazed critically at the tiller of Simms's boat. "No she won't," he said.

The others slewed round at him.

"Kind of twirly," explained the teamster. "He don't mean harm."

They relaxed.

"I wish this damned saloon would open," said the man the cook called Goudger, plaintively. "I'm dry."

"It won't open," said David.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Goudger. "That's a good un. Won't open on Saturday with the loggers coming in. Haa, haa! Wait till I tell Amos."

"You won't tell him," said David, and he spat.

"Why not?" said Simms, sarcastically. "Wouldn't you tell us why not, Dave?"

"Eanh, I reckon so. I'm goin' fishing."

They guffawed.

"Thinks Gives'll let his swamper go fishing on Saturday!"

"He won't stop me," said David. "He's dead."

They fell silent and rather white.

The tall woman had laughed, shrilly. . . .

They stared uneasily at the windows behind them.

"What's wrong?" asked a woman's voice.

The men swung about to face the canal. Simms's passenger was coming on to the stoop. She was something to see. She had a short, plump figure, a wide mouth, and cool, affable, blue eyes. Her brilliantly yellow hair was done up in curls at the back of her head. She wore a stiff, apple-green dress with full skirts, a short coat of the same colour trimmed in scarlet, and a red and green hat beflowered with yellow pansies, which was drawn down tight on her head. Her plump, pink hands came forth from the throats of her long yellow gloves, and the rings on her fingers threw glitters all over her breast. Her voice was hearty and had a cheerful lift to it.

"What's wrong?" she repeated.

The men had all been shaken pretty badly; but the teamster managed to explain, while the rest gaped at the woman. She gave

the teamster her full attention, bending toward him with a suggestion of graciousness. As she listened, she composed her features to a proper expression of melancholy, so that little lines made themselves apparent under her rouge—particularly about her mouth and nostrils. Then she straightened up and gave them another shock.

“Of course, it’s too bad,” she said. “But it amounts to the same thing as evacuation of the premises, don’t it? You see, I own it; it belongs to me; I bought it last month; and he was to move out to-day.”

“*He ain’t going to dispute that,*” said David.

She gave them a fine smile; and they realized all at once that she had looks. There was something cool about her; they liked her.

“I guess as Mr Gives went out this way, I’ll have to keep the bar closed to-day. But I’ll open it Monday night. My name’s Amy Silverstone and I’ll be glad to see all you gents here then. From seven to eight all drinks is on the house. Now will somebody be so obliging as to fetch a doctor?”

She swept past them with a swagger of her full skirts.

“Fancy woman,” said Simms, with pride in his voice.

The teamster went off for the doctor and Lawyer Gannet.

“By gol,” said the boater with the pipe-hat, “you’d hardly think she had a name on the Erie, now, would you? Well, she has.”

“I’ve heerd tell,” said one of the men who had been unloading lumber, “I’ve heerd tell that she’s the hardest drinker on the Big Ditch.”

“That’s right,” said the boater. “To see her so re-fined and bold-looking, you’d hardly think it was so. But when she was into Bentley’s, she’d drink with any man who’d ask her; and she’d never say no. Lots of times a man would set himself up to drink her down under, but he allus gave way first. Jeepers! Half the time she’d take him off to bed, and then come down and start in drinking again, cold sober as your Sunday razor.”

There was a general murmur in the group.

“It don’t hardly seem true,” said Goudger; “but I’ve heard plenty as had seen her say it was.”

“She has her own partic’lar drink,” said someone else.

“Eanh,” said the boater with the pipe-hat. “She always drinks her own.”

"She's a fancy woman, all right," said Simms. "Look at the cool way she took hold here. Old Dave had nothing on her."

"Hell!" growled Goudger. "Now I don't get no drink at all. Anne, you wash them dishes—hear me?"

He herded the tall woman off to the boat.

"What're you going to do now?" asked the boater with the pipe-hat.

"I'm going fishing," said David.

He got up slowly and went back down the hill through the town, walking stooped over, his tattered trousers dragging about his heels, his hat on the back of his head, his watery eyes peering from side to side.

The others could see puffs of smoke pop back past his ear now and then, until he disappeared into the mill barn.

"Funny thing," said the boater with the pipe-hat, dubiously.

David had the right of it all round: the saloon did not open; nobody told Gives; and he went fishing.

He got some cheese sandwiches at the hotel, and the cook gave him some bad potato cuttings in a bag. He walked a mile up the canal to Izzard's Cove and sat down on the tow-path. When he had lighted his pipe, he baited a hand line with a piece of potato and threw the hook out into the water. Across from where he sat lay Izzard's old boat. It had been tied up there to the far shore for five years now, ever since the smallpox epidemic when they had isolated Izzard and his cook and driver in the set-back. It was one of the few things David remembered perfectly. He had had to bring provisions up from the store every morning and leave them at the foot of the tree under which he now sat. Then he would go back a way while the cook or the driver would row slowly over in a boat and get them. After they had rowed back, David would return and give the news across the intervening water and ask about old Izzard.

Old Izzard had died; the others came out after three months and went away. Later on it got about that Izzard had not died of smallpox. But David put no stock in such rumours.

It was a gloomy spot in which to spend a holiday; but it was a great piece of water for carp, being the only set-back for a mile

each way. The heavy-headed fish ran in there out of the current and lay on their bellies on the bottom, nosing the rudder of Izzard's old boat. David could read the name on the stern of it—*LUCIUS P. IZZARD, Boonville.*

It did not make much difference how the old devil had died; it was good riddance, David said to himself. If it hadn't been for Izzard with his high notional talk about the canal, David's daughter, Molly, would have married Uberfrau who owned the mill and had a fine house to live in, and David could have given up boating for a comfortable life. The old boar-hog! He'd snitched her right out from under his nose; and not hide nor hair had he heard of her since, in spite of his keeping up stories about her for the form of it. She was probably cooking it for some boater on the Erie, now. She might be married; David doubted it. She was too ignorant a girl to get away with a thing like that; she'd trust a gipsy with a twenty-dollar gold piece; she was that kind—most likely she was dead. . . .

It had hit David hard, her going off like that—look at him now. He leaned over and looked into the water at himself, swamper of the Slab City Saloon.

Then he had a bite, and he settled down to fishing. . . .

On Sunday mornings, David usually got up pretty late. He had learned the news the night before: Lawyer Gannet had verified the fancy woman's statement; and the doctor had verified David's. He said that Gives had died of apoplexy. The saloon was in new hands.

That did not disturb David. He let himself into the bar; and then wrinkled his nose in disgust. Mrs Silverstone had been busy. The bar was clean as a whistle; there were fresh calendar pictures tacked to the walls; the stove was blacked and the cupola top had been painted with gilt; the bar and the floor were oiled down slick. Even the windows had been washed.

He counted four new spittoons along the bar, bright brass ones. "Cripus!" he snorted. "Jeepers Cripus!"

He spat on the side of the stove. He was outraged. He lifted his voice and shouted querulously, "Saaay! Who's been monkeying with my saloon?"

Someone stirred upstairs in Gives's bedroom; firm slippered steps advanced to the head of the stairs; a pair of feet appeared on the treads; and slowly Mrs Silverstone came into view. The fancy woman had on a night-gown under a bright red wrapper, and her brilliant yellow hair dangled in curl-papers, with a row of odd little metal pins along her forehead. David stepped back abashed. Her plump face was lathered and she carried a razor in her right hand.

Suddenly the lather crinkled and broke over her mouth, and she grinned. She came up to the old man with her buoyant walk, the swagger noticeable even without her flaunting skirts.

"Say, old man, how'd you come in?"

If Mrs Silverstone had been impressive in her giddy clothes, in this war regalia she was stunning. David took his eyes off the razor and some of his indignation gave way to timidity, for the exhilaration of the preceding day's events was wearing off. He held up the key and muttered surlily, "I'm swamper into this saloon."

"Ah," said the fancy woman. "Be you really?"

She rested the knuckles of her right hand on her hip and leaned against the bar. It was an attitude calculated to please; but the razor and lather gave it an outlandish touch. David repeated with a slight whine, "I'm swamper into this saloon."

"Well," said the fancy woman, "if you're swamper here, clean up that spit before you're fired."

David lifted hand and voice to protest, but he met the fancy woman's eye.

"Clean it up," she commanded.

"Eanh." He was abject.

When he had finished, the fancy woman told him to sit down.

"Now," she said, in a pleasanter voice. "You're David, ain't you?"

"Eanh."

"You're an old man, ain't you? You ain't much good for work."

David shuffled his feet and looked into his hat, which he had just thought of taking off. "I'm allowed pretty good with a mop," he said.

"Look here, old man. Who do you think cleaned up this filth to make it look like this? By Jeepers, I ought to know how you swamp, if anybody does!"

"Yes mam," said David. "I guess you do."

She was mollified, apparently, for she came over to the bench and sat down beside him. The sunlight played over the two of them from the east window, and the fancy woman's full figure in the scarlet wrapper made a great blob of colour that the floor caught up in reflections about her feet. She wiped the lather from her lips with the back of her hand and pulled a cigar out of her pocket.

"Got a match?"

David lighted it for her. She crossed her legs, regardless of convention.

"Old man, you and me'd better talk business."

"Eanh," said David, scenting a turn in his favour and pulling out his pipe.

The fancy woman mouthed her cigar and puffed leisurely.

"Now," she began, "this ain't the first bar I've run. I know the trade; but I'll be eternally tarred if any bar of mine is going to look like this one did. I'm going to get all trade, mill-hands and the more re-fined—them as want to smell their likker. Now I'll try you out as a swamper; but you'll have to clean to suit *me*. No smooching in the corners; and the floors oiled every week. Hear me?"

"Eanh," said David.

"All *right*," said Mrs Silvertone. "Now, I've got my own 'keep a-coming up from Utica, see? And he can handle any rum-pus if I need help—which I generally don't. But I'll want you round for odd jobs. I won't have you looking like a junk-heap, so I've got some clothes for you, new pants, shirt, and shoes. You'll sleep out back in the kitchen, and you'll get your meals, and two dollars a week extry. Take it or leave it."

"I guess I'll take it," said David, mustering his dignity. "Sold!"

The fancy woman smiled; she seemed to have a liking for the old man.

"You're pretty old, ain't you?"

"Middlin'," said David.

"What happened to make you swamp for such a cheap bar? They tell me you owned a boat, once."

David launched on his sorrows.

"That's right. Me and my datter used to boat it, up and down the Erie, Buffalo, Syracuse, New York a lot of times. I had a farm here, and a man to work it. But she went away on me. Sneaked out, she did." He put his hand to his eyes. "She was a purty little gal, black-haired she was, kind of soft like. I was all tore up when she sneaked on me. Yes, mam, she went away, she did, and left me, a pore old man, and here I be a-swamping."

"Pore old man," echoed the fancy woman. "They tell you was mean to her."

"Mean? Me mean? Say, would she be writing to me every week if I was mean? Married to a pork dealer she is; and she's coming back to look out after me, she writes. Would she do that if I was mean—her such a quiet little gal, and gentle with no harsh ways?"

He sobbed at the recollection and pulled out a red cotton handkerchief to wipe his eyes. The fancy woman stared out of the window as if she had not heard.

"Mebbe I was mean," said David; "by her lights I might've been. But I done it for the best, and she won't hold against me. Say, you never seen her, did you, when you was on the Big Ditch? Molly, she was; a little black-haired girl; kind of trembly ways?"

"No," said Mrs Silverstone. "I never did."

She stretched her plump figure, raising her arms over her head, so that the razor tossed swift glitters of sunlight between the beams. She yawned, got slowly to her feet, and went over to the bar, where she paused to examine something. David followed her.

"Nosey!" she said looking up at him with a grin. She paused, then spoke to him again. "See them bottles? That's my special mixture. The Delta Distill'ry puts it up for me; I have to have it with all the drinking I have to do for sociability and business. Now I ain't mean. I don't grudge you a swaller now and then; but *that* stuff costs money, and if you touch it, by Cripus, I'll ride you for fair!"

David took a look at her and backed away.

"Now you set down till I've dressed," she said, tossing her cigar into one of the new spittoons, "and then I'll learn you to clean good."

"Yes mam," said David.

He listened to her moving round in her room for a minute, then put on his hat and sneaked over to the bar with elaborate caution.

"Ride me?" he snorted. "The old rum-hugger!"

He found a loose cork in one of the bottles, and his watery eyes gleamed. Leaning over, with the sunlight coming along the bar to fall on the small bald patch on the top of his head and the end of his nose, he looked like a thieving chipmunk. He worked the cork out, raised the bottle to his mouth and, with a great effort, swallowed noiselessly.

A look of tearful surprise enshrouded his face. He replaced the bottle, hurried over to a spittoon, and emptied his mouth of the liquid.

Her particular mixture! The old scut!

He sat down again and watched the stairs with furtive eyes as the fancy woman began to descend. . . .

When he sat down on the stoop of the saloon on Monday evening, David smarted inwardly from the sarcasms of Mrs Silverstone. He had done nothing right, according to her notions; and he objected, anyway, to being ordered round. It wasn't as if he had never swamped before. He had done it for years.

The new bar-tender had arrived to exasperate him further, for he regarded David as a personal slave. How could David dispute him? The man was a big, black-haired fellow with the forearms of a smith and the fists of a prize-fighter. He wore very tight clothes, a red waistcoat, and a top hat tilted to one side. He was almost as fancy as the fancy woman herself. It made David snarl to think of him. In spite of the good supper in his insides, he recalled Amos Gives almost with approval.

But he had new clothes on and a dollar of his wages in his pocket—the other dollar being on him and in him in the form of a new hat and two glasses of whiskey. His feelings were verging on exuberance. With the bar behind him opening for the first

time under the new management, it was plain that he regarded himself as a figure of importance.

It was seven o'clock. The sunset had tinged some clouds above the canal with bright orange. Four boats were tied up at the wharf and a big lumber-raft was in the making just below the bridge. The sounds and smells of cookery floated from the cabins of the boats; and in one of them a man was singing hoarsely. In the bar David could hear Mrs Silverstone and the new 'keep putting on the finishing touches. Now and then one glass rang against another.

A man and a woman came off the end boat in the line. David recognized Goudger and his cook, the tall woman who had laughed hysterically at the news of Gives's death.

"'Lo, Dave," said Goudger.

"Evenin'," said David.

"Bar open now, eh?"

"I reckon."

"I see they're a-keeping you on."

"They be," said David.

Goudger stroked the back of his neck, glanced at David, at the door, and tramped inside. The woman sat down on the chair next to David's.

"Evening, mam," said he.

She smiled.

Other men came to the stoop and spoke to David and went inside. David gave them all greeting with an air. You might have thought, almost, that he was proprietor of the saloon. He pushed his hat back on his head, hooked his thumbs through his galluses, tilted his chair against the wall. He smoked incessantly. "'Lo," he said, and, "Evenin', Pete;" "Yes it does seem like a droughth coming on;" "Them new horses of Slinger's looks fair to middling, all right, but I'll bet they're over nine;" "Eanh, business is so-so. 'Course it ain't Saturday, but you wait."

They passed him, good-humouredly responsive to his comments. The woman stayed at his side.

"No taste for likker, mam? Very good gin from the new Rome distill'ry. Some prime whiskey."

The tall woman said nothing; but she smiled, a thin little smile,

whenever he spoke. She leaned forward in her chair, elbows on knees, chin in hand, her eyes moody. David said to himself that she was a fine specimen of a woman; he didn't remember seeing many as good-looking. There was something bold about her, too. She had a deep-fringed blue shawl over her shoulders and a straight wool dress that managed to bring out her figure, here and there.

While he looked at the tall woman, who in turn stared down the canal, David started to hear a voice murmur, "Pardon, David."

"Eh!"

"Beg pardon, Dave. Sorry to interrupt. Is thish th' saloon?"

The speaker swayed unsteadily on his feet and regarded the two others with a vague earnestness. David grunted.

"My name's Will'am Durkin, mam! Pleasure."

He turned to David.

"Say, Dave. What's thish I hear about the fancy woman—drinking with everybody all night long and not saying no or turning up her toes? Jeepers, that ain't in nature and I don't believe it, do you, mam?"

The tall woman remained silent.

"I don't believe it can be done. Been tryin' it m'self for twenty-two yearsh. B'Jeepers! I'm a-goin' 'o see. I'll set Pa's son again' a wommin any day."

He bowed profoundly and elaborately to the tall woman, manoeuvring his feet with skill.

"Beg—*hic* (pardon). Beg pardon, mam. Nothing pershonal."

The tall woman looked at his bottom waistcoat button for a minute and then looked back down the canal; and Durkin sighed and disappeared into the bar.

It grew dusky; then the darkness gathered under the stoop-roof. Lights, which had already been lighted in the bar, shone past David and the tall woman, painting their faces with shadow.

The woman drew a deep breath.

"Eanh," said David.

It became quite dark—there were no stars and the canal flowed unseen save for two patches of water running through the light from the windows. Laughter echoed in the bar-room; but on the stoop, the sound of it was dim.

"So she gave you a job, did she?" asked the tall woman.

David drew himself forward on his chair. "Well, I said as how I'd swamped here so long the saloon was as much mine as it was hers."

He paused, but as the woman had nothing to say, he went on: "She didn't give me no answer to that; so I struck her for bed and board and new clothes besides my pay."

"What'd she do?"

"Oh," said David, modestly, and he hitched his new trousers over his knees to ease the crease, "Oh, she took it pretty good."

"I'm surprised," said the tall woman.

"Ain't you goin' in?" asked David, after a while.

"No."

Someone in the bar was singing The Orphan Ballad Singers in a long-drawn, nasal tenor.

"Oh dreary, weary are our feet,
And weary, dreary is our way;
Through many a long and crowded street
We've wandered mournfully to-day.

My little sister, she is pale;
She is too tender and too young
To bear the Autumn's sullen gale—
And all day long the child has sung.

She was our mother's favourite child,
Who loved her for her eyes so blue.
She is so delicate and mild,
She cannot do what I can do.

She never met her father's eyes
Although they were so like her own,
In some far distant land he lies,
A father to his child unknown. . . ."

A sentimental hush fell on the room behind them. The tall woman sighed. Old David hid his face in his hands.

"Say," he said suddenly between his fingers, "you ain't seen my datter on the Erie, has you? She was like that. A little, trembly

gal, with black hair. She sneaked on me and I ain't seen her since."

The tall woman rested her chin on her fist.

"Don't you never hear from her?"

"Yes. Eanh. She writes. Says she's comin' back to take care of me now I'm old and doddery. But she's long coming. You ain't seen her on the Big Ditch, has you?"

"No," said the woman.

Bit by bit the laughter and clatter were resumed in the bar. It had grown damp and a little cooler. The tall woman shivered.

"Better go in," said David.

"I don't want to."

"Why not?"

He wasn't sure of the tall woman's answer, if she made any, for Mrs Silverstone's hearty lifting laughter rang out just then.

David decided to remain with the tall woman. He had made a great impression, he told himself, and he did not want to have it spoiled by being ordered about if he went into the bar.

Goudger came out with another man reeling on his arm.

"Hello, David," they said.

"Hello. 'Lo Bill."

"My namesh Will'am D-durkin," said Goudger's companion with high seriousness. "You're David, if thatsh y-you."

"You're drunk," said David scornfully.

"My shame ish open 'o all men," admitted William collapsing on to a chair. "My glorioush nation! That fancy woman *can* d-drink! My hat'sh off to her."

The boater with the pipe-hat appeared in the door.

"It sure is," he said. "I just saw George putting it in the stove."

"Bye-bye hat," apostrophized William Durkin. "Nev' mind. The woman wash too much for me. I got to believe about her now. But it ain't in nature. She'sh been too much for more men than me. She drinksh with them all."

"That's right," said Goudger. "She does it with all that steps up to her and never turns a hair. Them that's seen her in Bentley's say she'll go on that way all night. She uses her own whiskey. She's got her own partic'lar drink."

"I've seen her in Bentley's," said the boater with the pipe-hat. "And it ain't no lie."

"Jeepersh," said William. "I wish I knowed how she did it."

The tall woman had moved away when Goudger came out. Now she rejoined them. David grinned at her.

"I know," he said to Durkin.

"How?"

"I've drunk her partic'lar drink. I tried it yesterday when she was upstairs getting dressed," he added with an air of importance.

"What wash it?" asked Durkin. "Old Jam-maicy?"

"Cold tea," said David.

"I don't believe it," said Goudger.

"The old man's right," said the tall woman. "I *know*."

"How do you know, Anne?" asked Goudger.

"I worked for her in Utica," said the tall woman. "She got her claws on me when I first come to Utica, and she left her marks on me. My God!"

"I got you through her agency," said Goudger. "What're you kicking about?"

"You're one of the marks, God help you," said the tall woman in a flat voice.

"I think you're a jackass," said Goudger.

He guided William back into the bar.

"So you know her, too?" said the boater in the pipe-hat.

"I got a taste of her this morning," said David. "She thinks she knows the whole damned world."

"She dang near does," said the boater.

"I know her," said the tall woman. "We came from the same part of the state, only she came earlier than I did."

"Thinks she knows the whole damned world," repeated David. "Bossed me round. Bossed me round ragged. . . ."

"She took a fancy to me," went on the tall woman, "because we've got the same name."

"Listen," said the boater with the pipe-hat. "She drinks tea. . . ."

"She's a devil," said the tall woman.

"Listen here, David," said the boater. "You know where them bottles of hers is kept?"

"Eanh. At this end of the bar. They've got the same label as

the three-hundred-per-cent Delta Special Whiskey, and that's right alongside."

"Well," said the boater. "Let's play a joke on her. I'll get some of the boys to keep the 'keep busy and you shift the bottles when he ain't watching. Then I'll drink with her, by Cripus!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the tall woman. "That would be some joke."

"I'll bet that'll take the fancy out of her," said the boater.

David got slowly to his feet.

"Bossed me at swamping, hey? All right."

He and the boater with the pipe-hat went into the bar.

The bar was crammed with men, amazement on their faces, staring, a few even forgetting to drink. Tobacco smoke swayed back and forth to the wind of loud conversation. Lamps, in brackets on the walls, looked dim behind it. The strength of it was stifling.

At the bar the 'keep was hustling. His face was crimson, his brow sweaty; only the deftness of his big hands held him abreast of the demands for more liquor. Slab City was drinking itself under.

At the far end of the room, the fancy woman sat beside a table. Her face beamed and she scattered laughter on all and sundry. The essence of good-humour shone on her cheeks and forehead. She wore a bright yellow dress, cut square at the bosom and very low; and a black ribbon was plaited in her brilliant yellow hair. Her fingers blazed with rings; and about her neck were so many necklaces and locketts that they clinked to her movements.

A teamster was sitting opposite to her, drinking turn about, he with a bottle of whiskey, she with her own bottle slung in a little wicker basket at her waist. The rest looked on over their glasses; she had not declined a drink all evening; and here she was, the most sober in the room. Her attentions were impartial—but they all liked her; and, as the evening progressed, universal opinion pronounced her handsomer.

The teamster got up from the table, unsteadily, holding the back of his chair with fumbling hands. There was a look of disappointment in his face; but he managed a grin in answer to the fancy woman's good-natured laughter.

At the back of the room, the boater with the pipe-hat was holding a conference with Goudger and five or six others. After a minute or two, the group descended on the bar, noisily demanding mixed drinks, until the 'keep's hands flew like a sleight-of-hand artist's. Under cover of their roaring, David slunk behind the bar. He found three bottles of the "mixture" and replaced them with the Delta Special.

Laughing loudly, the others took their seats.

"Work it?" they asked David.

"Easy," he said, his eyes gleaming like a squirrel's.

The boater with the pipe-hat got up and went over to Mrs Silverstone.

"I ain't seen you for a year. You've sure got things fixed up slick."

"Why, it's Mr Greenshawl, ain't it? I'm real glad to see you. You come this way regular?"

"Pretty regular."

"Set down, set down," said the fancy woman. "What'll you have?"

"Delta Special."

"You was always a hard drinker," chuckled the fancy woman. "Joe!" she called the barkeep. "Bring a special for Mr Greenshawl, and some of my mixture."

The barkeep brought them, taking the corks out deftly on the way.

"Here's how," said Greenshawl.

A silence had fallen on the room. Something in the boater's attitude, perhaps, had warned them that something was up. Perhaps it was the sudden stillness of the men who had just been roaring for the 'keep's attention.

"Here's how," echoed the fancy woman, her finger curled as she lifted her glass.

Greenshawl gulped his, and closed his eyes for an instant. When he opened them, he saw Mrs Silverstone's glass as empty as his own.

"Strong likker," he said, shaking his head.

"Yes," said she, "I like it pretty well myself. But I generally stick to my own mixture."

He could not see a flicker on her face. She filled her glass and held it to the light; and her hand was steady. He began to mistrust David.

"Drawing lumber?" asked the fancy woman.

"Eanh," said Greenshawl, putting his pipe-hat under his chair.

"A good haul!" she said, and drank again.

"Good trade for you!" said Greenshawl, and as he drank he rested his elbow on the table.

"He's feeling it a'ready," whispered the man on David's right. "And she's cold sober."

"She's so bung full of tea," said the man on his left, "she's got to get oiled first. Wait for the end of this glass."

They waited. From between them David stared at the fancy woman with a sudden horror.

"You ain't such a quick drinker as you used to be, Greenshawl," she was saying.

He mustered a laugh.

"Getting older," he said.

"That's right," she agreed. "I ain't the hand I used to be, myself. If it wasn't for the mixture I make, I'd have to give it up."

"She's like rock-ballast," said the man on David's right.

David was afraid. The tall woman was standing in the doorway.

"She's commencing to sweat," said the man on his left.

A dull brick red had flooded the fancy woman's cheeks. It grew darker swiftly. But her attitude of self-possession remained unshaken. . . .

Greenshawl groped for his hat and rose unsteadily with the last glass of his bottle held before him.

"Mrs Silverstone," he said shakily, "you're solid! I'll drink to you, and proud to do it."

She got to her feet and grinned. But there was a stiffness in her lips that made it hard for her to speak. And the dark red of her cheeks had flushed her whole face and breast.

"I can take a joke," she said, "as well as the next."

She stood quite steady and raised her right hand to her mouth to blow a kiss, without noticing the empty bottle still clenched in

it. As her hand came opposite her chin, her fingers relaxed and let the bottle smash on the floor. She tottered suddenly and regained her balance with an effort.

Then she fell. For an instant in the dead stillness the tobacco smoke swung lower from the ceiling.

"What in hell?" cried the barkeep running over to her. The others crowded round. The barkeep bent over her. All at once he reached out his hand and laid it on her breast. Nobody said anything. It came upon them that she was dead.

She had fallen backwards with her arms flung up over her head, and her yellow dress caught the light about their feet. She had on red stockings and red-heeled shoes. The swagger was all gone out of her clothes. She looked as if someone had dropped an over-large bouquet of geraniums and marigolds to the floor, where they had been stepped on.

Old David whimpered as he looked at her.

The tall woman came in. She pushed the men aside and stared down at the fancy woman.

"I used to think," she said, "that woman wore a wig."

She squatted down.

"I'm going to find out."

"What the hell?" said the barkeep; but he did not stop her.

The tall woman laid her hand on Mrs Silverstone's hair and pulled gently, and then tugged. Mrs Silverstone's mouth fell open.

"If it wash a wig," said William Durkin, "it would come off."

The tall woman parted the hair with her fingers. It showed black at the roots.

"She dyed it," said the tall woman.

"How did it happen?" asked the barkeep.

"It was a joke, that's all," said Goudger.

"Who done it?"

"David," said two or three. "He shifted the bottles."

The barkeep snarled.

"You dirty little twirk, you've done us out of two soft jobs."

"She oughtn't to run a saloon," whined David, "if she can't drink her own likker."

"You shut up."

"I guess maybe we ought to pick her off the floor," said the barkeep. He and Greenshawl carried her up to her room.

"I'm going to get out of here to-night," exclaimed Goudger. "Anne!"

The tall woman came over to him. She stopped on the porch where David had sat down again. The old man cowered when she spoke.

"She's dead all right."

David moaned.

"You damned fool," said Goudger, "that was a hell of a joke to play on a woman. Why, she might've been your datter for all you know."

He went aboard his boat, lit a lantern, and started getting his team out on the tow-path. He hung the lantern in the bow.

"Lucky I finished loading this lumber Saturday," he growled. "Hurry up, Anne."

The tall woman followed, leaving David bent over his knees on the porch steps. He looked up in time to see the tall woman pass under the lantern light, her profile clearly etched against the planking.

"Take me along, Mr Goudger."

"Hell no," said Goudger.

"I could steer."

"I don't want you along."

The tall woman spoke out of the darkness of the stern.

"Poor old man."

The horses started, and little by little the lantern dwindled.

The men in the saloon trooped out on the stoop. One of them, who had overheard Goudger's remark, taunted David.

"That was some joke of yourn; why it might've been your daughter. She had black hair."

"No, no," cried David.

The barkeep came out.

"It's a funny thing," he remarked. "She come from this part of the state."

"Oh Lord!" whimpered David.

"I just found a paper upstairs," said the 'keep. "Silverstone ain't any name of hers. She was Molly . . ." he held the paper to the light of the window, "Molly Johnson, and she came from hereabouts."

"That lets you out, Dave," said a teamster—with a forced laugh.

"She was a fancy woman," said Greenshawl, taking off his pipe-hat and wiping his forehead.

"She's dead," said another.

David had risen to his feet. His hands jumped and fluttered as he tried to fill his pipe. His face was quite white in the light from the windows.

"'We come from the same part of the state' . . . 'We've got the same name,'" he repeated the tall woman's words.

"Molly," he said.

He began to sob with the braying noise of a small boy.

The barkeep stared at him with scornful pity.

"Say, you didn't kill your datter. She ain't your datter. What're you crying about?"

"No, no," cried David. "But I seen her."

He started off down the tow-path after Goudger's boat, stooped over, at his slow walk.

"Pore Dave," said the teamster; "he's twirly, but he don't mean harm."

Greenshawl put on his pipe-hat.

"It's a funny thing," he said, dubiously.

VOLGA

BY ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Your breadth remembers sea, your stately tide
 On which, rare-coached, invisible gods ride
 Remembers it; the winds that beat your waves
 Lightly with old symbolical storm staves
 Remember it; and boatmen whose songs cried
 Remember with their oars old galley slaves.

VISION UNTRADUCED

BY PHILIP LITTELL

IN his preface to *The Renaissance*, with that abundance of commas by dint of which he liked to make slow prose go slower, Pater wrote: "To define beauty, not in the most abstract, but in the most concrete terms possible, to find, not a universal formula for it, but the formula which expresses most adequately this or that special manifestation of it, is the aim of the true student of aesthetics." Mr Roger Fry, one of the "truest" students of aesthetics alive, goes far towards proving that this is not quite so. Though he does not define beauty, does not in fact go in for definitions, there is a sense in which one may say that he pursues both aims, seeks both kinds of formula. The abstracter's interest in discovering the fewest laws that will explain all his aesthetic experience; the enjoyer's interest in keeping each experience separate, in respecting its uniqueness, in doing justice to every shade of difference felt between this pleasure and that—both interests go with Mr Fry wherever either takes him. Each lights up and enriches the other. To realize how unusual this is, and how exceptional it makes Mr Fry's case, one has only to remember the writings of earlier aestheticians, most of whom are disloyal now and then to their own eyes, if they have eyes, so strong is the temptation to ignore or traduce an experience which won't fit in. Quite as exceptional is Mr Fry's tone. Sure of his experience, not at all sure of his explanation, he describes them with the same independence of mind, the same persuasive modesty.

As an aesthetician his hope is "to show certain reasons why we should regard our responses to works of art as distinct from our responses to other situations." Mainly by inspecting his own responses, and by looking for something which is both common and peculiar to them all and not for "any mysterious or specific

NOTE: *Transformations: Critical and Speculative Essays on Art.* By Roger Fry. 4to. 230 pages. Brentano's. \$10. Cf. *THE DIAL*: June 1924, Mr Epstein's Sculpture; November 1925, The Hudson Memorial; December 1925, London Statues; August 1926, The Anatomy of Melancholy; September 1926, Seurat; November 1926, Plastic Colour.

faculty," he discovers "that in all these cases our reaction to works of art is a reaction to a relation and not to sensations or objects or persons or events. This," he adds, "forms a distinguishing mark of what I call aesthetic experiences, aesthetic reactions, or aesthetic states of mind." And "however necessary a responsive sensualism may be for an appreciation of aesthetic wholes," an act of aesthetic apprehension does not imply attention to the sensations themselves, but does imply "an attentive passivity to the effects of sensations apprehended in their relations." Within the field of Mr Fry's present enquiry the relations to be apprehended are always between those volumes which the plastic arts aim to create. Thus his theory—not an apt word, but let me use it for short—enables Mr Fry to make convenient distinctions. Looking for the first time at something meant to be a work of art he can tell whether it is or it isn't: "If I examine my own sensations and emotions I am bound to confess that they seem to me to be of quite a different nature when I look at good sculpture from what I feel in front of Mr Epstein's bronzes." One might ask at this point how many earlier experiences a critic had better lay in before he can profitably hunt for their common-and-peculiar element and can treat it when found as a test for any later experience. How does he know when to begin his analysis? But these questions are, except formally, vain. Any aesthetic theory, if you press it as hard as that, dries up. It turns into a concept whose line of communication with experience has been cut.

The test of any aesthetic theory, as all of us have nowadays agreed to say, and some of us to think, is not whether it is flawless logically, but whether it works. Mr Fry's is not something he believes while sitting and theorizing and neglects when looking at a painting, a drawing, a bust, a relief, a vase. To say that a man's Aesthetic is always with him, that each of his experiences implies it, that it is always quick with vision, cannot ever, I imagine, be quite true. It is nearly true of Mr Fry. He is so happily organized that neither his Aesthetic nor his familiarity with the history of art ever forgets that its office is to help him to see. Everything helps him to see.

Only by reading Transformations through can one gain an adequate notion of Mr Fry's independence, alertness, variety, geniality, acuteness. Something may be done, however, by a few

quotations. We all know how easily one gets remote from appearance in the act of describing it technically. From Mr Fry's essay *On Some Modern Drawings* I take this example of technical exposition:

"But to the pure visualist, or Impressionist, as we may conveniently call him, drawing presents, as compared with painting, a peculiar difficulty. The drawn line does not directly record any visual experience. It describes a contour, and that contour is presented to the eye as the boundary of one area of tone seen against another area of different tone and colour, and throughout its length there will be continued slight variations in this contrast. In drawing this sensational datum is, as it were, summarised and symbolised by a line which contrasts equally with the white paper on either side of its thickness. We have to accept this as a kind of summation of all the infinite number of points at which the sensation of one coloured area ends and another coloured area begins. Supposing these two areas are formed by a flat piece of paper lying on a flat table, this summation of the points is fairly adequate and the outline represents well enough the sensation. But in the majority of cases the boundary of one area in contrast to another represents for us the limit of one convex volume against a remoter and perhaps concave area. In such a case each point of the contour becomes the section of a line which is passing away from the eye at right angles to the plane of the paper, and from the point of view of the evocation of the plastic relief of the volume it is the fact of its disappearance that is important. And herein lies the chief problem and difficulty of the art of drawing."

That, for all its intricacy, stays close to the sources of sight. Contrast its technicalness with the charming humour of his praise—in *Book Illustration and a Modern Example*—of Mr McKnight Kauffer's illustrations to Burton's *Anatomy*, or with his remark that "we may give to Caravaggio the honour of having been the first purely popular artist, the real founder of the Royal Academy, the Salon, and almost the whole art of the cinema." The essay on *Culture and Snobbism* begins thus: "It is a nice point, and one on which I have never yet been able to make up my mind, whether culture is more inimical to art than barbarism, or *vice versa*." Of

reverence Mr Fry says that it "is, of course, as inimical to true aesthetic experience as it is to the apprehension of truth." The nearest he gets to reverence, in this sense, and without getting very near it, is when he writes of M Rouault or of M André Rouveyre's caricatures. But the usual accompaniments of irreverence are not at all in his line. That is one reason why his essay on Sargent, so cordial, so friendly, is a little masterpiece of genial destructiveness.

Of course we expect to come across, in a book so rich in responses to so many stimuli, a few things not easy to reconcile with Mr Fry's Aesthetic. "One would prefer," he says of Mr Epstein, "to live with something less vehement in attack, rather more persuasive. But this is a question of taste and perhaps of individual temperament." Unless an aesthete believes, as Mr Fry deliberately does not, that every aesthetic question is a question of taste, a reader always wonders, when the phrase is used, what other question is begged. Here, at a guess, the other question is as to the place of aesthetic responses in the hierarchy of responses. One day while the war was still going on, Sir Maurice Amos, who had come to this country to discuss Priority, talked about this hierarchy. Somebody's theory of truth, Mr Bertrand Russell's perhaps, had been mentioned, and Sir Maurice said something more or less like this: "At one end of the scale is arithmetic. You say five times five is twenty-five. I say it is twenty-six. You are right. I am wrong. At the other end of the scale is—well, take nausea. We both go to sea. I am seasick, you are not. But it cannot be said that you are right, and that I am wrong. Neither reply to the motion of the ship is correct or incorrect." It would be interesting to know towards which end of this scale Mr Roger Fry would put aesthetic experiences, and how near. If we knew this we should perhaps know why once in a while, a long while, he isolates some one aesthetic question and calls it a question of taste. And we might, if luck were with us, be on our way towards an answer to an older question: How do we know that the good judges are better judges than the bad judges?

SLEEPING BY THE SEA

BY HAROLD MONRO

The tall old waves seethe onward to the beach,
With dismal loud explosion boom and fall;
(Their reckless parent wind that follows each
Now nourishes them high, now starves them small).
They range like warriors battering a wall,
Who flood, invincible, gigantic, slow
Until their rising tide at length will reach
To their doomed town's indubitable fall.

But they are only furrows on the sea.
I, anxious bedded listener, stare and ask.
The generations climb Eternity;
The waves deceive the shore: each wears a mask,
And each complacently fulfils a task.

The waves burst their cracked water. Their long blow
Furrows my anxious brain as I lie here.
They seem to drench me with their overflow;
But we are cousins, for we are so near
That I might well ignore them: yet I fear.
Their threat is so terrific through their sound,
I shrink to earth; I burrow into ground.

THE GIFT OF THE FIRST PRESENTATION

BY KWEI CHEN

IT was soon after breakfast. Stealthily I made my way out to the garden house. There I folded back my sleeve-muffs; I shook off my felt-soled shoes, held only by the toe-covering, tugged at the cotton socks, and rolled up the long trouser legs from my now bare ankles. I dug my toes into the warming earth, just to try them—for it was spring and the saps were running.

“This morning I must complete my dam. Perhaps I shall find fish this very afternoon!” This I said to myself, imagining the speckled silver-green bodies—lithe and lacy like the scurry of finny Foam Flower on the painted roll in my father’s collection . . . perhaps, he would hang the lovely Foam Flower picture to-day, for with us that is suitable to the walls which is seasonable to the year!

At the edge of our garden flowed a tiny streamlet, beyond which extended the bamboo forest. To this I walked, and stood for a while, hesitating. Should I indeed work on my dam this fine morning? Or dig bamboo shoots? There were so many enticing occupations! Springtimes not a single soul in our village is not working. The men are in the rice-fields. The women are spinning and weaving, and their clean, shrill voices penetrate the lattices screening them from the eye. Not even the children are at leisure. If you do not hear them from the schoolhouses, shouting out their lessons, you will see them cow-back, blowing famously at their bamboo flutes, or barefoot like myself busily at work on dams for the village brooks.

I decided to postpone bamboo-shoot digging to another day. Somehow I felt that I should finish the work which I had begun. Besides, Mother had told me often enough never to leave one work unfinished in order to start another. Then, too, we might expect rain at any hour—for it was spring—and after the rains come sudden floods, swelling the village brooks into swift little rivers. The speckled Foam Flower travel upstream at this season, upstream with the flood. So, if one have a cunning dam prepared, with the retreat of the flood they are caught in the pool it creates. I set to work at once, to complete my dam.

Alone I worked, with diligence and hopefulness. The morning sun of the late springtime was all loveliness. The water was a little chilly, but only soothingly chilly. And it was so fresh and clear! No sooner had I roiled it with the mud of the dam-making than it became clear once more, all of its own flow. This gave an added joy to my work. I liked to see the incessant coming of the clear water, driving away the muddied water. . . .

“Ching-yü, Ching-yü!”

I heard my name called, and, a little frightened, I turned. It might be Mother, who had warned me to stay away from the stream. This was because the Astrologer had carefully cautioned her to keep me far from the evil influence of the Water-Star and all that was within his influence. For my part, I should tell the Astrologer to mind his own stars, and sing to his *hu-ching!* To my mind Astrologers know little enough either of stars or music!

But it was only my grandmother's nurse.

“Oh, here you are! Get out of the water quickly! I won't tell your mother this time—but I shall if ever I find you there again. . . . Your mother wants you at once. Two very dear and honourable guests have come.”

“Who are they? And why do guests always wish to see me?” I am irritated. I do not like to have my work interrupted. It might rain this very night, and my pool become an underwater garden, filled with Foam Flower.

“They are from a distance. You'll learn to know them. Come on now and change your clothes.”

“Ching-yü,” says my mother when I have made my appearance in the parlour—now with my handsomest flowered robe and jacket and silk-topped shoes—“kotow to Third Aunt.”

“So this is Ching-yü,” observes the guest. “How well he knows polite manners.” She turns to me: “You are in school, I suppose?”

I shake my head, embarrassed, but my mother answers for me, apologetically:

“I have not felt like sending him away with his brothers. At present I devote whatever leisure I have to teaching him. And you know that he has been adopted by the Merciful Goddess.”

I was standing beside my mother, motionless and with bowed

218 THE GIFT OF THE FIRST PRESENTATION

head. I was not at all interested in her conversation with Third Aunt. There was another guest, who also was in the room. My heart was throbbing.

I could see only her dress—white linen printed with green bamboo leaf design. She was seated sedately, with her hands folded in her lap, and I could see her hands, little delicate hands adorned with lovely bracelets of jade as translucently green as the bodies of my admired Foam Flower in the clear water. She was seated close beside her mother, and I ventured—shielded from observation by the conversational interest of my elders—to take a brief, surreptitious glance at her face. Beautiful! beyond poets' words beautiful! My cheeks, my ears, my neck—I could feel them hot and red. I knew that I had been impolite, yet I did not wish to leave the place; I should have been content to stay if but for the hope of another vision of the cocoon-smooth hair and the bright black eyes and the lotus-petal cheeks of her! Once again I tried to look up—but manners had conquered courage, and I dared go no further than her shoulder, and the smooth curve beneath her chin. There, around her neck, was a silver ring, and suspended from it a pendant inscribed with the two characters which pray "Long Life" for their wearer. I was delighted. For I had had a neck-ring of the same kind. It was now two years since I had ceased to wear it. People regarded it as unbecoming for a boy to wear a neck-ring after he had passed his eighth birthday. Girls, of course, might continue with theirs until the age of ten. Nevertheless, I wished that I might show her my ring, and that I might closely examine hers. If we could only compare them intimately, she and I. . . . But I knew that this was impossible.

For the moment I was sunk in sadness. If I were but a girl! or she a boy cousin and not a girl cousin! It did not occur to me to rebel against the established code of a Confucian family, but I was conscious, and keenly conscious, of suffering from this ancient and honoured law of familiar deportment. Right though it might be, it was depriving me of a playmate for whom I longed . . . parlours and conversations and sittings-in-chairs were all well enough for grown people; they seemed to enjoy them . . . but for us, the two of us, my lovely cousin and my longing self . . . why, there might be Foam Flower in the pool even now! The thought was maddening, and no doubt I appeared to be tired and awkward;

and when I heard my mother say: "You are excused, Ching-yü," I hurried away from the parlour.

Directly I went to my bedroom. I took from its red leather box my silver neck-ring, and examined it attentively to see if it really closely resembled the one worn by my girl cousin. Yes, there was no mistaking! They were verily mates! I was elated, for here at least was a symbol of kinship, and I felt as if I knew my lovely cousin as well as if hours of playtime had been passed together. I remembered, too, that the ring had been given me by Second Aunt, now five years gone. It was on the day that I had been given in Sonship to beautiful Kwan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy. I had been a sickly child, and my mother had prayed to the goddess, and had named me in her presence, and had asked for me her mothering protection and fostering care. Perhaps my cousin also had been devoted to Kwan Yin? Perhaps we were both children of the Divine Mother? Surely, it was Second Aunt who had given both rings, and surely it was for the one reason, and surely we were for each other. . . . After some minutes of close examination, I replaced the ring in its red leather box.

I went to the kitchen and asked the cook for two eggs.

"What for?" she questioned.

"To make fire-fly lanterns," I answered.

"Oh ho!" she jested, "I know! I know!"

"What do you know? You know nothing!"

I was provoked, fearing she had discerned my secret. The whole world was too small for me! I could have nothing that I desired. Even the cook had the right to interfere in my affairs!

I left the kitchen with the eggs, but I could not but overhear the cook's laugh, as she joked with the kitchen-maid: "Fire-fly lanterns! For younger cousin Yu Lian!"

Delightful! At least, I had learned my girl cousin's name! This knowledge added immense richness to my idealization of her.

"Yu Lian!" I muted the name with pleasantness, thinking all the while of its meaning. "Yu Lian! What name can better suit her sweet form? Lotus of Jade! But she is far more lovely than even her name signifies . . . more lovely, yes, more lovely than the jade-green Foam Flower in the clear pool!"

The whole house was upset for the celebration of the arrival of

our rare and dear and honourable guests. All conversation, all thinking, all work was concerned with them, and only them. My two elder sisters were recalled from their school in the rear apartment. One of them took the place of Mother as mistress of the household, so that my mother could give herself wholly to the entertainment of my aunt. The other was appointed hostess of our Younger Cousin, and the two were speedily at play. As for me, I was carefully instructed not to go near them. "Go see our teacher in the rear apartment," First Elder Sister suggested. Then all left me.

The banquet of welcome was in preparation. Our best china was brought forth—china which commanded high respect in our house, for it was a portion of Mother's dowry, and had been given her by her Fourth Uncle who had obtained it while he was Imperial Examiner of the Province of Kiangsi, and it is in Kiangsi that the finest china of the Middle Kingdom is produced. Then Laurel Blossom Tea was brewed. Laurel blossoms are the annual product of the two laurel-trees in our garden, but the tea-leaves came from far-away Hangchow. Of course, the ivory chopsticks also appeared. They are for all rare occasions.

But in all the excitement I was left unheeded. The servants were whispering, but when I approached they ceased at once, and smiled at one another knowingly. This irritated me. I hid myself in my bedroom. I did not wish to see any one. It was then that I accidentally discovered that something had been left, quite in plain sight, since I had come to examine my neck-ring and see if it truly were a mate for the "Long Life" at the neck of my lovely Younger Cousin. There it was, a packet in bright paper, with my name clearly written upon it. I picked it up, and carefully untied the golden thread and folded out the scarlet wrappings. There within was the Gift of the First Presentation. First, an ink-grinder of chrysanthemum stone, and the case within which it was set was of palisander wood beautifully carved with the nebulous curves of the Cloud Pattern, and second there was a *cloisonné* ink-holder, blue with the Heron-and-Lotus design which means that its owner shall be a sage fisher after wise thoughts in the pool bright with the Flower of the Good Man. For ours had always been a family proud of its scholars and poets. I knew very well that these treasures were from Third Aunt. I had been

shown into her presence for the first time, and here were her Good Fortune greetings to me.

"Ching-yü!" A familiar voice came from behind me. I turned to see my chum Hwa-yuan. "Can you guess why your aunt is paying her visit to your mother?"

"Why is it?" I asked indifferently. "I don't know."

"It is a secret. I won't tell you. I am not expected to tell any one." His manner was that of a merchant of precious goods, which, as a matter of fact, he would sell most cheaply. I was, therefore, not discouraged.

"A secret! Come, tell me! I have always told you what I have heard. Come, tell! Please!"

"Well, you must not disclose that you have learned it from me. And you must not blush."

"What is it? I won't do anything of that sort, you may be sure. The Thunder God blow me if I do!" I began to be impatient.

"It is about yourself," he said in a low voice. "Have you seen your *dear* Cousin Yu Lian? It is about her, too." He took on a jesting manner: "O child! I heard my sisters say that she is the prettiest girl in the world! She used to go to the new school, and was the best student of all! Her calligraphy is even superior to that of your Second Elder-Brother. What luck! O child! . . . But I must be going. Elder-Sister sent me to borrow some brush-case patterns for embroidery. She is waiting."

I had been embarrassed while Hwa-yuan was talking. Now that he was gone I rejoiced. I felt that I should blush to see any one in the house. I wished to be alone. So I pretended to be reading a book, there in my bedroom.

Supper was over. Day embraced Night. Frogs began their *Hastening-the-Farmers-to-Work* song, which is always theirs when spring breaks and the rice-fields call for labour. The moon was yet behind the Eastern Hill. But the fire-flies were already abroad, wandering, wandering, and flecking the dusk with their momentary glows.

Equipped with a bulrush fan, I went out to the Drying-Rice Field, and there I caught many fire-flies. One by one I put them into the shells of the two eggs, from which the original contents

had been drained through a tiny hole. With my take of flies I return to my room. There, carefully, I hang the fragile fire-fly cages by silken threads, each to an ivory curtain-hook of my bed. Within their narrowed universes the fire-flies show their glories. They are perfect little lanterns. In my heart I dedicate one of them to my Younger Cousin Yu Lian. "Lotus of Jade," I think. "How lovely is her name!" Rejoicing, I look out into the dusk. I can hear faintly the trickle and tinkle of the stream that courses at the foot of the bamboo grove. There is a pool there for the Foam Flower, and some day—how soon!—we two shall be watching the lacy fins in the clear waters. . . .

The Moon looks in through the window. He has just peeped over the Eastern Hill. I am inspired! And down I kneel with the Gift of the First Presentation upheld with both hands.

"Good Old Man, Moon," I cry. "Be kind to us on this Earth! It is you who can see true hearts of true lovers! Through you they become happy! O Wise-man Moon! If you see that my heart and the heart of my Heart's Man are true, do spin for us a red silken thread, to bind our feet together, that we may love for ever! Every day I will burn incense, every day I will kotow to you, every day while I live! Be kind to us on Earth!"

I kotowed many times before I arose.

I was in the Flowery Land. There I saw Younger Cousin Yu Lian, at a little distance. She was reaching up her lily hand—still wearing the jade-green bracelet—about to tie a poem to a branch of blossoming peach-tree. The poem was very beautiful; it was written in the most exquisite calligraphy. In my heart I knew that it must be a love-poem. . . .

Boldly I advanced my steps. Her name . . . "Lotus of Jade" . . . it was all but spoken. . . . But when I came to the place where she had been . . .

It is only in their own world, within the water, that the Foam Flower are truly beautiful. . . . Their life is there. . . .

"Ching-yü, Ching-yü!"

It was my mother's voice. I rubbed my eyes as the morning sun looked in upon me.



A DRAWING. BY HILDEGARDE WATSON

THREE POEMS

BY DON LOCHBILER

DAM

This water arches
blades of grass like
frosted October bullrushes, its
colour is the colour of an April plum
and of olives
wet
under spoons of cracked ice
and on cut glass,
stones warp it, twigs
dandelion pinfeathers
foam spools and grass boats
boil in the vortices,
the gills of minnows
are holes flaked with silver in it.

DELANCEY STREET OVERTURE

this glass, these claws of crystal shafts
now broken in an earthy urn, parting
under the metal paths of wind, tasselled
and slender on the twining leash each ray
each stalk confining endless sheaves
before the tangled strokes and shreds
of wind in grass

and dust of spiral staves
in curving legs confusing wire of twigs
hollow and glass of tracking eyed
and grey familiar flies and sharpened fins
of gleaming path and wing

THREE POEMS

THE HEAD

One year I poked a coney from a hedge
 With a dry stick without a point or blade
 But bent, and blunted at the tip with age,
 And caught a rabbit in a knitted snare
 And hanged him by a cord, pierced through the ear.

Have, in the winter, turned my fingers chill
 To stopping the wind's gullet with a shell,
 Bringing its horn to cover a hole's shrill
 Tongue, or knotted them into a fist
 And broken scale grown on a staked pond's crest.

And other fingers with a natural craft
 I have, that cradle thickets with a deft
 Caress, and straddle river's glassy shaft
 As stone and stone are straddled by an arch
 Or leg of gloving light, or waters stretch

In winging ball, with tail and bowl like pear
 Fat-bellied on the trigger stem, and tear
 Of mist on twig and flat of leaf, that share
 Honey of trees, between cloud tendril-shaped
 And fin-pocked stream, below leaves' shadow kept.

And I have thought the fingers in their pride
 Of craft superior to hair of head
 That wires a futile gold, or eye allied
 To idly glowing gem that shapes the light
 Of breaking star to fit its own small fret:

Eye by no twist discerns the inner flesh
 Nor does its glass net any moment flash
 Or gleaming scale within the head's wrapped mesh;
 And golden hair when parted from the tress
 Becomes a little filament of brass.

But once, by wine or by fatigue betrayed,
My fingers at limbs' ends lay on a bed
Unfeeling, while wind twisted into braid
Head's hair, and water fallen as hail
Rattled on glass, and in ear's hollow bell.

And skirting round me, like a circling ball
I felt the tightening pressure of a skull—
Between me and the braided hair a wall
Of curving bone; a bone in solid arc
Above where lip and tongue on pivot work.

Like fissure cracked in stone by crystal grit
A cleft split open by my rage's weight.
I saw within the cleft a shallow pit
Whose darkness quivered, as a slender film
Of darkness quivers in a core of flame.

And while I looked, the water fallen as hail
Rattled on glass, and wind blew. On the ground
One tree dropped leaves that sheltered from the cold
And hail a single bird. With upraised head
The bird gasped at the wind, but made no sound.

A GRAVE IN DORSET

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

THERE before us, extended in all their noonday majesty, rose the great headlands of the Dorset coast, Bat's Head, Swyre Head, Hamboro Tout, lying one behind the other even as far as where the misty upland lawns of St Aldhelm's Head stretched out into the channel. All was mute. As far as eye could scan no movement was visible on the flanks of those wild hills. Unresponsive, unmoved, their monstrous furze-covered slopes confronted our frightened eyes. Spurred forward by our anxiety we climbed each of the great hills which as they approach the sea break into clear, chalk cliffs, blank and perpendicular. From an altitude of five hundred feet our eyes traced the musical curves of the deserted beaches below, and then, in what seemed but a moment of time, we were ourselves moving forward over those bright seabanks of shingle. Under the smugglers' chain we discovered the indentments of footsteps. It was high tide. Could it be that during the interval that had passed since he entered the sea the encroaching water had carried away his clothes?

Back we went. By the time we had reached the second burial mound the sun was sinking towards Hardy's monument in the west. Already the cormorants with black necks outstretched were with swift deliberation flying round the White Nose to their nesting places. Could not He who taught these birds their natural unforgetful knowledge lighten our darkness also? With weary tread we made our way to the fisherman who lives in his thatched cottage two miles westward from the White Nose and asked him to row his boat along under those promontories already in the on-coming darkness proffering the night-time pallor of their faces to the sea. We watched the small craft till it was out of sight, but two hours later it returned; its labour had been in vain.

Then darkness gathered over the hills and stretched herself in the hollows of the valleys and the stars came out and the little owl settling on the post where the rusty barbed-wire ends called to its mate. We entered our empty house. Surely, we thought,

he might even yet come back, come home as a lost cat comes home beyond all expectation. We entered his room. All his worldly possessions remained in their places in the same meticulous order as he had left them.

At that time of the year the glow of twilight is so soon replaced by the first wanness of the morning that the small hours of our midnight watch, with the door of our kitchen left ajar, were soon past. Once again we were out on the headlands overlooking a sea, white and colourless as a hempen shroud. It was then in the stillness of that hour before dawn that we saw a most uncommon thing. Away to the right where the under-cliff, overgrown with privet and wind-bent elder-trees, breaks down to the beach there appeared against some protruding chalk rocks two animals following one behind the other—badgers returning to their earth! No sight could have brought more sharply to our tormented minds the indifference, the unconcern of the natural world to our trouble. Our brows were bathed by cool sea-weed-smelling airs and on all sides we knew there was taking place unarrested the development of new life. Doe-rabbits in a thousand darkened tunnels were bringing to birth, were nurturing their blind and naked offspring; in a hundred snug “forms” hares were suckling their leverets; the young ravens in their nest on the samphire-grown ledges of the Durdle-door were calling to their dark mother for meat. Already the peregrine falcon had killed its prey, already the sly, sturdy adder had emerged from its retreat to an open place where the sun could warm its compact scales. On all sides the tireless urge of life was manifesting itself. This morning, so intense to us, by others was judged as ordinary.

Again we watched the fisherman navigating his boat over the water. He approached West Bottom. He disappeared behind the Fountain Rock. Why did he delay so long in the sheltered water under the four-square single pillar of chalk, taller and more massive than any that ever supported Acropolis or Cathedral? Had he found the one for whom we were looking, the one we loved, down there in that pool that could only be reached by sea? We waited. Still we waited. Would the boat never come into sight again? I knew the transparent pool well with its weed-covered rocks. In the storms of winter no place along the coast was capable of presenting an aspect more formidable. At such a time it seemed

a haven forgotten, abandoned to its own deserted and desolate fury. In summer weather all this was changed. It was here that the foolish guillemots gathered to nest, becking at each other in lofty crevices or fluttering out to sea, in circles, only to return with legs astraddle to their stained platforms.

Out into the open the boat once more came. Surely it was manned by two now, where before there had been but one. And why was the face of this other white as chalk? Far distant as I was, the dead head of our friend was clearly visible. With unshriven spirits we hurried down the precipitous path to where we knew the boat could come into shore. This then was the hearse of our wanderer, this his carriage of death. The broad oars creaked in their rowlocks; the unbailed water at the bottom of the boat washed to and fro with the gentle heaving of the sea, and there in the stern he lay, a steersman who had no need of a tiller. Though he had fallen from the top of the cliff his beauty remained unmarred. In death as in life his lips still wore their expression of unoffending pride, of unapproachable chastity. His grey flannel trousers were torn as those of a boy's might be torn who had fallen on a hard road. Through the rent a white knee-cap protruded, familiar and reassuring in shape and appearance. We touched it. We clasped his hand, that hand whose aristocratic fingers were trailing in the water. Was this then the hand, this unliving, pale hand from which all blood had been withdrawn, that had broken bread, cast stones, wielded axes, and caressed the soft cheeks of those sad, bereft ones who had so loved him? Could he not speak to us, tell us what had happened, blame his slippery shoes, explain that *he was only looking over* when that ill-omened boulder gave way hurling him to a violent death? Alas, the death-parting had been made and never again would we hear his protesting laugh, never again be taught gentleness by his unassuming ways.

As we climbed back up the path the memory of him blinded us. All that had happened during the past few hours came back to our memory; we recalled the sensitive, almost guilty look he had worn when we came upon him suddenly outside Judge Jeffrey's house in Dorchester and he thought he had kept us waiting; remembered the consideration he had shown to us, his self-effacement, his solitary humour. "I have three hours," he had said. Could one of those premonitions felt, so it is rumoured, by those about to

die, have prompted him to speak thus plainly? His watch was stopped at a quarter to one o'clock and from where he fell he was exactly fifteen minutes from our cottage on the White Nose. He fell a little to the east of the Fountain Rock, near a fox's hole, near where a clump of elder-trees grow. And what a monument Fate had prepared for him! Here, indeed, was a cenotaph! With bowed heads we stood by the side of that mighty bastion ribbed with flint. If the neck of the one we loved was to be broken it was well that it should be done here where the jack-daws like damned souls glide with the swiftness of javelins, better far here, in one single moment of desperate consciousness, where the herring gulls never cease from crying, better, in such a place, and at such an hour, than in the gambling dens of New York, for there was not one of us, not one of his friends and lovers, who did not feel assured in their hearts that no old man's grave was to be his.

Seldom does a priest cross the threshold of my door, but, as chance would have it now, my cousin from over the seas stood knocking, as the young men who carried our dead opened our garden gate. How welcome in our house of mourning was the beloved monk bringing with him all the consolation that the ancient pieties could give. With eyes that saw not, with ears that heard not, with lips that uttered no word, the young man lay before us in all his august dignity. I tried to stamp for ever upon my mind the beauty of that proud, fallen head.

Three days later we followed the farm wagon which carried his coffin, down to the churchyard of East Chaldon. Along grassy tracks by the edge of cornfields and down through wide, silent valleys, where the horse's hooves were muffled by the soft turf, our way lay, the way of the dead man, and a handful of mourners and four bearers hired from the village. The weather was still gracious. The sun splashed down upon the shadowless slopes and upon the field of mustard that bordered the lane. Immediately before me there trod an aged labourer in a black coat, in a coat black as the feathered back of a crow. From what cupboard had it been taken to do honour to this stranger from a far land, this old coat, with pockets cut after the eighteenth-century manner? With a smell of dusty horse dung rising from the road I looked at the neck of this old man, so deeply wrinkled with "nought and crosses" wrinkles, and thought of his father and his father's father, who had all

ON EGDON HEATH

probably worn this same black braided garment on a hundred such occasions. Wherever a man lives there also is grief. I continued to follow the elm-wood coffin almost hidden under its burden of ladies-smocks, blue-bells, buttercups, pink champions, and "rank fumiter."

Up the path and into the church we carried him, into that village church which still contained within its walls a font cut out of a massive block of stone by Saxon masons, more than a thousand years ago. In such a place the words of the poet could not fall on the ears of the congregation without understanding. "For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday; seeing that is past as a watch in the night. Thou turnest man to destruction; again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men. As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as a sleep: and fade away suddenly like the grass."

ON EGDON HEATH

BY LOUISE MOULTON

Lonely you think my walk—
 Lonely? But no!
 For in my buttonhole a stalk,
 A stiff, sweet stalk
 Of Jerusalem sage
 Plucked in the garden where that other sage,
 Our Thomas Hardy, dawned upon this age.
 Though far upon the windy heath
 Alone I go,
 I am not lonely—no,
 With that old thatched house beneath,
 Rose-wrapped at the corner of the heath,
 And in my buttonhole a stalk,
 A stiff, sweet stalk
 Of sage.

MEDIAEVALISM AND MEDIAEVALISM

(*Guido Cavalcanti*)

BY EZRA POUND

THE following pages are extracted from explanatory matter in a critical edition of Guido Cavalcanti, and while I set no very high value on descriptive criticism or on explanation considered apart from the thing explained, it seems to me that some of my conclusions may have a certain interest, or that considering the present lack of dissociation of mediaeval values in the general mind, I may be justified in giving them a wider circulation than they would have in a volume, necessarily expensive and likely, in our unfortunate state of society, to go chiefly to specialists.

I

Safe may'st thou go, my canzon, whither thee pleaseth
Thou art so fair attired,

Apart from the welcome given to, or withheld from a fine performance it seems to me that the vogue of Guido's *canzone*, *Donna mi Prega*, was due to causes not instantly apparent to the modern reader. I mean that it shows traces of a tone of thought no longer considered dangerous, but that may have appeared about as soothing to the florentine of A.D. 1290 as conversation about Tom Paine, Marx, Lenin, and Bucharin would be to-day in a methodist Bankers' board meeting in Memphis, Tenn.

The teaching of Aristotle had been banned in the University of Paris in 1213. This prejudice had been worn down during the century, but Guido shows, I think, no regard for any one's prejudice, we may trace his ideas to Averroes, Avicenna, he does not definitely proclaim any heresy, but he shows leanings, toward not only the proof by reason, but toward the proof by experiment. I do not think that he swallowed Aquinas. It wd. be impossible to prove that he had heard of Roger Bacon, but the whole *canzone* is easier to understand if we suppose, or at least, one finds a con-

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siderable interest in the speculation, that he had read Grosseteste on the Generation of Light.

In all of which he shows himself much more "modern" than his young friend Dante Alighieri, *qui était diablement dans les idées reçues*, and whose shock is probably recorded in the passage of Inferno X where he finds Guido's father and father-in-law paying for their mental exertions. In general one may conclude that the conversation in the Cavalcanti-Uberti family was more stimulating than that in Tuscan bourgeois and ecclesiastical circles of the period.

It is open to me to accompany these notes with a text and translation of the *canzone*, but as my conclusions are based on the whole text of Guido, or at least the serious part of that text, excluding rhymed letters, skits, and simple pastorals, and as the *canzone* by itself does not conclusively prove my assertions it seems better to let them stand as simple opinion rather than to give half a proof, especially as some part of one's opinion depends on imponderabilia or on details that can only weigh with someone who has more than casual interest and is ready to make close examination of the data for himself.

II

The mediaeval poets brought into poetry something which had not existed in Greece or Rome. The Tuscan poets, Guido in particular, brought into poetry something which had not been or not been in any so marked and developed degree in the poetry of the troubadours. It is still more important for any one wishing to have well balanced critical appreciation of poetry in general, to understand that this quality, or this assertion of value, has not been in poetry *since*; and that the English "philosophical" and other "philosophical" poets have not produced a comparable *Ersatz*.

The greek aesthetic would seem to consist wholly in plastic, or in plastic moving toward coitus, and limited by incest, which is the sole greek taboo. This new thing in mediaeval work that concerns us, has nothing to do with Christianity which people both praise and blame for utterly irrelevant and unhistorical reasons. Erotic sentimentality we can find in greek and roman poets, and one may observe that the main trend of Provençal and Tuscan poets is not toward erotic sentimentality.

BUT THEY AREN'T PAGANS, they are called pagans, and the troubadours are also accused of being manicheans, obviously because of a muddle somewhere. They are opposed to a form of stupidity not limited to Europe, that is, idiotic asceticism and a belief that the body is evil. This more or less masochistic, and hell-breeding belief is always accompanied by bad and niggled sculpture (Angoulême or Bengal). Gandhi to-day is incapable of making the dissociation, that it is not the body but its diseases and infirmities which are evil. The same statement is true of mind. The infections of mind being no less hideous than those of the physique. In fact, a man's toothache annoys himself, but a fool annoys the whole company. Even for epidemics, a few cranks may spread wider malefaction than anything short of plague universal. This invention of hells for one's enemies, and messy confusion in sculpture, is always symptomatic of supineness, bad hygiene, bad physique, (possibly envy); even the diseases of mind, they do not try to cure as such, but devise hells to punish not to heal the individual sufferer.

Against these european hindooes we find the "mediaeval clean line" as distinct from mediaeval niggle. Byzantium gives us perhaps the best architecture, or at least the best inner structure, that we know, I mean for proportions, for ornament flat on the walls, and not bulging and bumping and indulging in bulbous excrescence. The lines for example of the byzantine heritage in Sicily, from which the best "romanesque," developing to St Hilaire in Poitiers. Or if the term romanesque has become too ambiguous through loose usage, let me say that there are mediaeval churches, such as the cathedral at San Leo, or San Zeno in Verona, and others of similar form which are simply the byzantine minus riches. It is the bare wall that the Constantinopolitan would have had money enough to cover over with gold mosaic.

Perhaps out of a sand swept country, the need of interior harmony. That is conjecture. Against this clean architecture, we find the niggly, Angoulême, the architectural ornament of bigotry, superstition, and mess.

What is the difference between Provence and Hellas? There is, let us grant, a line in Propertius about *ingenium nobis fecit*. But the subject is not greatly developed. I mean that Propertius re-

mains mostly inside the classic world, and the classic aesthetic, plastic to coitus. Plastic plus immediate satisfaction.

The whole break of Provence with this world, and indeed the central theme of the troubadours is the dogma that there is some proportion between the fine thing held in the mind, and the inferior thing ready for instant consumption.

Their freedom is not an attack on Christian prudery, because prudery is not a peculiarly Christian excrescence. There is plenty of prudery in Virgil, and also in Ovid, where rumour wd. less lead one to expect it.

I am labouring all this because I want to establish a distinction as to the Tuscan aesthetic. The term metaphysic might be used if it weren't so appallingly associated in people's minds with unsupported conjecture and devastated terms of abstraction.

The Tuscan demands harmony in something more than the plastic. He declines to limit his aesthetic to the impact of light on the eye. It would be misleading to reduce his aesthetic to terms of music, or to distort the analysis of it by analogies to the art of sonority. Man shares plastic with the statue, sound does not require a human being to produce it. The bird, the phonograph, sing. Sound can be exteriorized as completely as plastic. There is the residue of perception, perception of something which requires a human being to produce it. Which even may require a particular individual to produce it. This really complicates the aesthetic. You deal with an interactive force: the *virtu* in short.

And dealing with it is not anti-life. It is not maiming, it is not curtailment. The senses at first seem to project for a few yards beyond the body. Effect of a decent climate where a man leaves his nerve-set open, or allows it to tune-in to its ambience, rather than struggling, as a northern race has to for self-preservation, to guard the body from assaults of weather.

He declines, after a time to limit reception to his solar plexus. The whole thing has nothing to do with taboos and bigotries. It is more than the simple athleticism of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. The conception of the body as perfected instrument of the increasing intelligence pervades. The lack of this concept invalidates the whole of monastic thought. Dogmatic asceticism is obviously not essential to the perceptions of Guido's *ballate*.

Whether it is necessary to modernize or nordicize our terminology

and call this: "the aesthetic of interactive vaso-motor magnetism in relation to the consciousness," I leave to the reader's own taste and sense of proportion. I am inclined to think that a habit of mind which insists upon, or even tends toward, such terminology somewhat takes the bloom off the peach.

Out of these fine perceptions, or subsequent to them, people say that the Quattro Cento, or the sculpture of the Quattrocento discovered "personality." All of which is perhaps rather vague. We might say: The best Egyptian sculpture is magnificent plastic; but its force comes from a non-plastic idea, i.e., the god is inside the statue.

I am not considering the merits of the matter, much less those merits as seen by a modern aesthetic purist. I am using historic method. The god is inside the stone, *vacuos exercet aera morsus*. The force is arrested, but there is never any question about its latency, about the force being the essential, and the arrest merely "accidental" in the philosophic technical sense. The shape occurs.

There is hardly any debate about the greek classical sculpture, to them it is the plastic that matters.

In the case of the statue of the Etruscan Apollo at Villa Giulia (Rome) the "god is inside," but the psychology is merely that of an hallowe'en pumpkin. It is a weak derivation of fear motive, strong in mexican masks, but here reduced to the simple briskness of small boy amused at startling his grandma. This is a long way from greek statues, in which "the face don't matter."

This sculpture with something inside, revives in the quattrocento portrait bust. But the antecedents are in verbal manifestation.

Nobody can absorb the *poeti dei primi secoli* and then the paintings of the Uffizi without seeing the relation between them, Daniel, Ventadorn, Guido, Sellaio, Botticelli, Ambrogio Praedis, Cosimo Tura.

All these are clean, all without hell-obsession.

Certain values are established, and the neglect of them by later writers and artists is an impoverishment of their art. The stupidity of Rubens, the asinine nature of French Court life from Henry IV to the end of it, the insistence on two dimensional treatment of life by certain modernists, do not constitute a progress. A dogma builds

on vacuum, and is ultimately killed or modified by, or accommodated to, knowledge, but values once established stay, and ignorant neglect of them answers no purpose.

Loss of values is due usually to lumping and to lack of dissociation. The disproved is thrown out, and the associated, or contemporarily established, goes, temporarily with it.

Durch Rafael ist das Madonnenideal Fleisch geworden, says Herr Springer, with perhaps an unintentional rhyme. Certainly the metamorphosis into carnal tissue becomes frequent and general somewhere about 1527. The people are corpus, corpuscular, but not in the strict sense "animate," it is no longer the body of air clothed in the body of fire; it no longer radiates, light no longer moves from the eye, there is a great deal of meat, shock absorbing, perhaps—at any rate absorbant. It has not even greek marmoreal plastic to restrain it. The dinner scene is more frequently introduced, we have the characters in definite act of absorption; later they will be but stuffing for expensive upholsteries.

Long before that a change had begun in the poetry. The difference between Guido and Petrarch is not a mere difference in degree, it is a difference in kind.

There are certain things Petrarch does not know, cannot know. I am not postulating him as "to blame" for anything, or even finding analogy for his tone in post-peruginian painting.

Leave all question of any art save poetry. In that art the gulf between Petrarch's capacity and Guido's is the great gulf, not of degree, but of kind. In Guido the "figure," the strong metaphoric or "picturesque" expression is there with purpose to convey or to interpret a definite meaning. In Petrarch it is ornament, the prettiest ornament he could find, but not an irreplaceable ornament, or one that he couldn't have used just about as well somewhere else. In fact he very often does use it, and them, somewhere, and nearly everywhere, else, all over the place.

We appear to have lost the radiant world where one thought cuts through another with clean edge, a world of moving energies "*mezzo oscuro rade*," "*risplende in se perpetuale effecto*," magnetisms that take form, that are seen, or that border the visible, the matter of Dante's *paradiso*, the glass under water, the form that seems a form seen in a mirror, these realities perceptible to the

sense, interacting, "*a lui si tiri*" untouched by the two maladies, the hebrew disease, the hindoo disease, fanaticisms and excess that produce Savonarola, asceticisms that produce fakirs, St Clement of Alexandria, with his prohibition of bathing by women. The envy of dullards, who not having "*intelletto*," blame the lack of it on innocent muscles. For after asceticism, that is anti-flesh, we get the asceticism, that is anti-intelligence, that praises stupidity, as "simplicity," the cult of *naïveté*. To many people the term "mediaeval" connotes only the two diseases. We must avoid these unnecessary idea-clots. Between those diseases, existed the mediterranean sanity. The "*section d'or*," if that is what it meant, that gave the churches like St Hilaire, San Zeno, the Duomo di Modena, the clear lines and proportions. Not the pagan worship of strength, nor the greek perception of visual non-animate plastic, or plastic in which the being animate was not the main and principal quality, but this "harmony in the sentience" or harmony of the sentient, where the thought has its demarcation, the substance its *virtu*, where stupid men have not reduced all "energy" to unbounded undistinguished abstraction.

For the modern scientist energy has no borders, it is a shapeless "mass" of force; even his capacity to differentiate it to a degree never dreamed by the ancients, has not led him to think of its shape or even its loci. The rose that his magnet makes in the iron filings, does not lead him to think of the force in botanic terms, or wish to visualize that force as floral and extant (*ex stare*).

A mediaeval "natural philosopher" would find this modern world full of enchantments, not only the light in the electric bulb, but the thought of the current hidden in air and in wire would give him a mind full of forms, "*Fuor di color*" or having their hyper-colours. The mediaeval philosopher would probably have been unable to think the electric world, and *not* think of it as a world of forms. Perhaps algebra has queered our geometry. Even Bose with his plant experiments seems intent on the plants' capacity to feel—not on the plant idea, for the plant brain is obviously filled with, or is one idea, an *idée fixe*, a persistent notion of pattern from which only cataclysm or a Burbank can shake it. Or possibly this will fall under the eye of a contemporary scientist of genius who will answer: But, damn you, that is exactly what we do feel; or under the eye of a painter who will answer: confound you, you *ought* to find just that in my painting.

LONDON LETTER

February, 1928

“**A** SMALL group of friends who were undergraduates at Cambridge at the beginning of the century came to have an influence on their time which can still hardly be gauged. Among these were the sons of Sir Leslie Stephen, the eminent Victorian biographer and agnostic. The Misses Vanessa and Virginia Stephen, their sisters, lived in London; and their house became the nucleus of the group, when the two brothers and their friends left Cambridge.” I am quoting from the seventh volume of Sir Raymond Mortimer’s trustworthy if academic *Studies in Twentieth-Century Culture* (Hogarth Press 1960). “The young ladies, who were as remarkable for their beauty as for their intellect, married two of their brothers’ friends, Clive Bell and Leonard Woolf, who were to become celebrated, the one as an apostle of contemporary art, a vigorous pamphleteer, a poet, a historian of civilization, and a psychological biographer; the other as an editor, a publisher, and a politician. An important figure in this group was Edward Morgan Forster, novelist, critic, and historian. Perhaps the most influential was Giles Lytton Strachey, who later revolutionized the art of history: he is said to have shown from the first the almost fanatical intransigence in conduct and opinion which marks the leaders of important movements. But the group was always an oligarchy—fierce mutual criticism was the breath of its existence. Another dominating figure was John Maynard Keynes, the economist and politician, who by his marriage years later with Mme Lopokova, the first dancer of her day, brought leadership in yet another of the arts into this astonishing circle. Duncan Grant, though not a member of the University, was an early intimate of the group, and so was Roger Fry, though of an older generation of Cambridge men. It thus appears that from one small band of friends have come the subtlest novelists, the most famous economist, the most influential painters, the most distinguished historian, and the liveliest critics of the post-war period in England.”

I have preferred to quote from the veteran critic, because my relations with the persons concerned are too close for me to be able to speak of them easily without impertinence. But the name of Bloomsbury is becoming familiar in Berlin, Paris, and, I pre-



Property of Clive Bell

LYTTON STRACHEY. BY DUNCAN GRANT

sume, New York as well as in London, and I think the time has come when a study of the genesis of the group and the character of those who compose it should be made public. I am certainly not the person to do this; but since I am writing a letter I may perhaps take a letter-writer's privileges and put down a few casual comments on what I see around me.

It is impossible to say where Bloomsbury begins, and where it ends. Are the painters, scholars, and journalists of a younger generation to be included? Arthur Waley? Francis Birrell? George Rylands? Douglas Davidson? Are old and intimate friends who have never become entirely imbued with the Bloomsbury spirit? And in fact what exactly is this spirit? I do not dare a definition. But I would place first a belief in Reason, and a conviction that the pursuit of Truth and a contemplation of Beauty are the most important of human activities. Obviously many of Bloomsbury's fiercest enemies might subscribe to this creed. The distinction of the leaders of the group is that they have acted upon it to an extraordinary extent. No subject of conversation has been taboo, no tradition accepted without examination, and no conclusion evaded. In a hypocritical society, they have been indecent; in a conservative society, curious; in a gentlemanly society, ruthless; and in a fighting society, pacifist. They have been passionate in their devotion to what they thought good, brutal in their rejection of what they thought second rate; resolute in their refusal to compromise. "Narrow in their tastes, loose in their view of morals, irreverent, unpatriotic, remote, and superior," their enemies say. And, I think, truly. For will not relentless reasoning and delicate discrimination make a man all these things?

Such vivid personalities as the leaders of the group could never of course commit themselves to any corporate doctrine of taste. But they have tended to exalt the classical in all the Arts: Racine, Milton, Poussin, Cézanne, Mozart, and Jane Austen have been their more cherished artists. Already the signs of a romantic revival are everywhere perceptible. The next generation is likely to react vigorously against the intellectualism of Bloomsbury. The younger French care as little for Voltaire as they do for Anatole France. Keyserling and Maurras, Chesterton and Lawrence, are united in their hatred of intellectualism. Indeed Monsieur Julien Benda seems almost the only important figure on the Continent whose views are akin to Bloomsbury's. But here anti-intellectualism has not yet found a champion adequately armed.

Obviously there is a romantic poet in Mrs Woolf, a mystic in Mr E. M. Forster, whereas Mr Strachey, for all his appreciation of Blake and Beddoes, remains in his outlook almost a contemporary of Voltaire. But compare these three writers with any outside the group, great Edwardians like Wells and Bennett, for instance, and a certain consonance in the Bloomsbury artists becomes, I think, apparent. For one thing they remain singularly unspotted by the world; too disillusioned to expect that their scale of values can ever command general assent. (Perhaps the fact that they almost all possessed small independent incomes gave them an initial advantage over many of their rivals.) The east wind of Cambridge philosophy braces their nerves. Pragmatism, Bergsonism, Oxford idealism, wither beneath it. And the historian of Bloomsbury will have to discuss the enormous influence on the group of George Moore, the author not of *The Book Kerith* but of *Principia Ethica*.

Why Bloomsbury? someone who does not know London may ask. It was Mrs Desmond MacCarthy, the author of *A Nineteenth Century Childhood* (she and her husband have always been intimate with the group) who, I believe, first gave it this name from the quarter of London where most of its members lived. It is a quarter honeycombed with spacious squares, where houses built for the gentry in the eighteenth century declined later into boarding-houses for impoverished foreigners and students at the University of London. The houses are for the most part still too big to be inhabited by single families, but the quarter is replacing Chelsea as the home of painters and writers. On summer evenings there is tennis on the lawns, and the Vicar's daughters can be seen playing with the bigwigs, ignorant of the dangerous company they keep. Around are figures reading and talking, and as night falls, the mourning veils in which London soot has dressed the Georgian façades become unnoticeable, and in these gardens you may fancy yourself in the precincts of a college. The passing of a quarter of a century is forgotten, the quick exchanges and curious conjectures, the vehement arguments, remake the past; and the commercial traveller arriving late at St Pancras' from the north, catches a glimpse as he passes of an unfamiliar and unhurrying London, of

groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening star.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

BOOK REVIEWS

SON AND MOTHER

THE LETTERS OF BAUDELAIRE. *Translated from the French by Arthur Symons. 8vo. 259 pages. A. & C. Boni. \$4.*

THERE are no letters by a great poet, not even the letters of John Keats, that contain within them so much suffering, so much rage, bitterness, and anguish as do the letters of this Frenchman, this undeceived Frenchman, propelled continually forward by biting poverty, retarded by unrelenting illness, driven mad by a sense of injustice, at swords' points with wily editors, determined landlords, and obtuse critics, yet endowed with a genius divine, sinister, and unmistakable.

And how singular, how indeed pathetic, that the cold, cynical, and lurid insight of this extraordinary man should have been thus revealed again and again to a woman as limited in vision, as incapable of understanding the slightest implication of her son's insight as was Mme Aupick, a woman consecrated to the very values in life that were his particular abhorrence! And for just this reason it is, perhaps, one of the most touching correspondences in all literature, touching because of Baudelaire's irrepressible, almost tremulous eagerness to gain his mother's respect, to compel her admiration, to receive from her the sanction, the tenderness and absolution, he never ceases to crave, and at the same time because of his unremitting and commendable determination to carry her with him, in all candour, on the dangerous spiritual and intellectual journeys which were so bewildering, so repelling, to her timid and orthodox nature. He, goaded by the mandates of his anger and his sensitiveness, always hopes to convince or to instruct her; she, stiffened by the severe advice of her husband or her priest, resists. Then suddenly he is disarmed by pity, by her suffering, by her recurrent desire to save him against even the reproaches of her counselors, and she is melted by her love, the love of a generous, devoted woman of narrow convictions and provincial tastes for the child of her womb, who, in spite of his overwhelming perversity, she still

adores. So, ill-assorted yet dependent, starting forward with hope, and receding with pain, they cling, united in the face of each freshly disrupting circumstance.

"You prefer to show your human sentiments to any other rather than me." "You are always armed to stone me with the crowd."

Then we read: "My dear good Mother, your letter made me weep; I who never weep . . ." "the only being on whom my life hangs . . ." "my love for you grows without ceasing." "After your death I should undoubtedly kill myself." "You alone can save me." His solicitude for her becomes at last so acute that he cannot bear to think of her crossing the street lest she be run over, and to hear of her suffering any pain, any discomfiture prevents his sleeping at night. And she, on her part, after the death of her husband, Baudelaire's step-father, is constantly consumed with alarms and apprehensions about his welfare. Indeed, one is brought to reflect once more on this curious, much esteemed relationship, the relationship of mother and son, or mother and child, on the place it holds in this, our perishable life.

Baudelaire's last letters to his mother are full of his longing to be at rest, free of the pain that corrodes and tears him, the constant neuralgia in his head, the nausea and dizziness, at home once more in the "*maisonnette*" at Honfleur with "the only person in the world who never bores me," "the only living person who interests me." But this is a wish never to be satisfied. For, aged and infirm, yet permitted no moment of respite or hesitation Mme Aupick is called to her son's bedside in Brussels. "I always feel toward you like a timid child," he once wrote her and it is, indeed, as a little child that she takes him back with her on that last sad, pitiable journey. Never again was he to startle a Paris he despised and revered, never again, like Leopardi, was he to cry out against "the horrible torture of boredom."

"What I suffer in living is almost inexpressible. The greater part of the time I tell myself: if I live I shall always live in the same manner, damned, and when my natural end comes, I shall be old, worn out, out of fashion, riddled with debts and forever dishonoured. . . ." Thus he wrote seven years before his death. It is satisfactory to know that the *macabre* terrors of his nights, the darkness of his days, are no more, and that the fame, "that last infirmity of noble mind," the fame he so jealously coveted, can now, with the passing of time, no longer be contested.

ALYSE GREGORY

A SAILOR AND A SENATOR

JOHN PAUL JONES: Man of Action. *By Phillips Russell. With Drawings by Leon Underwood. 8vo. 314 pages. Brentano's. \$5.*

THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM MACLAY, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, 1789-1791. *Introduction by Charles A. Beard. 8vo. 429 pages. A. & C. Boni. \$4.*

THE popular passion for biography is one of the most amusing distractions that the dulness and disappointment of modern English-speaking life has cast up. During the last five years, if we are to believe those persons in the business, the English language has been ornamented with no less than fifty great biographies—not to mention a score of Rousseaux among novelists. The American audience is immense; its indiscrimination is amazing: those who go to books not for an imagination of life but a confirmation of it are compelled to divide all books into good, bad, and indifferent.

These books are both good, and one of them has already survived the harvest and havoc of time. Mr Phillips Russell was very successful a year or so ago with a popular life of Benjamin Franklin; here, between decidedly promising covers, elaborate end-papers, and interspersed with eight original drawings by Mr Leon Underwood are the results of what must have been a labour of love for any student of American history. The public career of John Paul Jones was, as every school-boy ought to know, prodigiously important and immensely romantic, without any strain on any one of four words: during our revolution it was he alone who "carried the war into Africa," and his feat was never duplicated on land or sea, with any measure of success. As a public character Jones is a shining example of the conversion of natural resources: his was the making of a superior pirate (after the fashion of the eighteenth century) but circumstances made him the "knight-errant of a new nation."

It is, of course, with the private life of its victims that the new biography has most to do. Mr Phillips Russell has worked at this with taste, and skill, and patience, for in spite of writings (chiefly journals) that would fill a ponderous volume, if collected, John Paul Jones, knowingly or not, practised the wisdom of Epicurus

and hid his life. The reader would do well to take a long look at the frontispiece (a photograph of the bust by Houdon) before beginning this astonishing story—an odyssey that carries its swarthy dandy of a hero from the west coast of Scotland to a squalid death in Paris by way of revolution in America and an empress in Russia. To discover the variety of this adventurous career one has only to remember that Jones served alike with Jefferson and Potemkin—at opposite ends of the earth.

In these supercilious days the popular appearance of Mr Russell's book could perhaps militate against its success as a "solid contribution to history." The illustrations are fanciful and every chapter is headed by a stanza from *The Ancient Mariner*, but absence of the sacred foot-note is partially atoned for by the inclusion of several documents, an appendix, and an index. One suspects that the scholarship of this work is purposely disguised in order to deceive an obstinately unprofessional public. Those citizens to whom the current novel has become insufferably dull could not do better than begin their "good reading" with the tragedy of John Paul Jones.

If the layman should wonder that Jones died in want and neglect as early as the first administration of Washington, *The Journal of William Maclay* would supply a complete corrective to his puzzled wits. The American Revolution, like many other wars, produced two sets of men, the first to accomplish the results, and the second to acquire the benefits. Once independence had been achieved, men of action passed into the discard—or became the puppets and playthings of men of policy. Shrewd speculators bought up the lands and paper money with which the soldiers had been paid and traded them for gold with Alexander Hamilton, who never got round to paying John Paul Jones. Even in the new government General Washington would have been more convenient as king than as president.

Of William Maclay it might honestly be said: before Jefferson was, he is. As a member of the first senate of the United States for a two-year term, he assisted at the legislative and administrative birth of a nation. In 1791 he retired to his farm in disgust, having kept a journal which is one of the primary, if most unedifying sources of American history. Angry patriots have dismissed his evidence as the chronic complaints of suspicion and obstinacy. Not even allowing for the incorrigible democratic bias of Senator Maclay, his record of the secrecy of those first two sessions of the upper house agrees reasonably well with the conveniently forgotten

facts of public history. The greed, the petty squabbling, the insincerity and downright dishonesty of the professionally indecent political life of New York City fairly choke him. The cool sarcasm and irony of his livelier pages reveal a man schooled in the wisdom of this world, a man who properly appraised that wisdom as cynicism at second hand.

To this reprint of the edition of 1890 Charles A. Beard contributes an introduction which is, as one might expect, a delight, especially the spirit in which he points out that Maclay (whose judgments were not infrequently too severe) was "unacquainted with that great law of political science according to which the bee fertilizes the flower that it despoils, working wonders in destiny beyond the purposes of the hour"—and therefore, we are to conclude, too harsh an historian of our heroic past. But the able language and the self-confident narrative style of this incorruptible objector cast a charm over the reader and lead him on from rage to rage. Because it was a good thing, that somewhat obtrusive integrity of Maclay, one can almost hear the sigh of relief with which his fellow-senators saw him set out for his farm.

Besides containing a secret history of the lobbying and legislation of that famous first session, Maclay's journal is a gallery of portraits and character sketches—not entirely fair always to the august persons who unconsciously sat for them, for Maclay wanted charity. But his position was one of peculiar difficulty: in common with many people at the frontier, he had taken the Declaration of Independence seriously, and to sit by and see liberty wounded in the house of its friends was hardly quieting to his nerves. A keen, quick man, honest enough to note "the infinite gradations by which corruption steals into the world," he saw the exploiting power of self-interest secure a permanent advantage, unshakable even by a Jefferson, a Jackson, or a Wilson, and was brave enough to make a noise about it. Lying in the wreckage at the bottom of the precipice of 1917, it is difficult for us to estimate the ruin around us, but somehow we can dimly guess the truth of the past from the present—we know why Maclay liked Harrisburg and John Paul Jones went off to Russia. Just possibly they both of them would have divided all men into sheep and wolves, leaving to ourselves the addition of sundry swine, skunks, and snakes—but such thoughts are not pious or pretty: they are the fruits of impatience, which a great cardinal once called the soil and seed of heresy.

THE POEMS ENGLISH LATIN AND GREEK OF RICHARD CRASHAW

THE POEMS ENGLISH LATIN AND GREEK OF RICHARD
CRASHAW. *Edited by L. C. Martin. 10mo. 474 pages.*
Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$7.

NO higher compliment can be paid to this book than to say that in editing and in production it is worthy of the fine series of seventeenth-century poets of which it is a member. Memorable in this series are Saintsbury's Caroline Poets (without which Benlowes, Cleveland, and King would be almost inaccessible), Grierson's Donne, Margoliouth's Marvell, and Professor Martin's own Vaughan. This edition of Crashaw was much needed. Heretofore the only scholarly edition was that of Waller, in 1904. It was a good edition for its time; but the text was neither well established nor complete; and for an ordinary reader it had the disadvantage that one sometimes had to hunt to find the poem one wanted. Mr Martin has collated the texts and gives the variants, without disfiguring the pages of a very handsome and practical book. His notes deserve particular attention, for Crashaw is a poet who needs notes—not for reading for pleasure—but if we wish to study him in relation to his time. Poets of that age made use of each other pretty freely; Crashaw for one was well read (thanks partly to his father's library) in the Italian and Latin poetry of his time, which was Legion. Mr Martin's notes give many interesting parallels. If there is anything more to be discovered about Crashaw, it will be in the way of further derivations.

Having given due praise to the edition, I must confess to some disappointment with the introduction. It gives a very dense summary of the facts, and includes an extremely interesting letter written by Crashaw. But Mr Martin seems over-anxious not to use too much space: on the other hand the one critical opinion on which he ventures does not seem to me happy. Perhaps I expected, in default of any critical biography of Crashaw, something that would take its place; something as good as Grierson's capital study of Donne in his edition of that poet above mentioned. We are still left with no first-rate criticism of Crashaw in English. The best

study of Crashaw that I know, and a very fine and suggestive essay, is that by Mario Praz in his *Secentismo e Marinismo in Inghilterra*: a badly named book, as it consists merely of a very fine essay on Donne and a still finer essay on Crashaw.

“When we survey,” says Professor Martin, “the remarkable development of Crashaw’s genius close up to the end of his life, in circumstances that must often have been trying and distracting in the extreme, his ‘unfulfilled renown’ becomes indeed comparable with that of those other two English poets whose work his own in some ways strangely foreshadows, and who, like him, found in Italy a retreat and a final resting place.” (I wish Mr Martin had saved a line or two by saying Keats and Shelley straight out, instead of searching for a fine phrase.) Now this remark might lead to several false inferences. Crashaw lived to be about thirty-seven; so he had some good years more than Keats or Shelley in which to develop. A man can go far between twenty-seven and thirty-seven. Mr Martin is therefore unfair to Keats and Shelley. But moreover Crashaw’s verse is, as one would expect, far more mature than that of either of these poets; and I do not find in the poem on which he bases this suggestion, the Letter to the Countess of Denbigh, the evidence of *promise* that Mr Martin finds in it. It is indeed a fine poem, but it is the work of a mature master, and promises nothing but more of the same kind. Crashaw is, I believe, a much greater poet than he is usually supposed to be; Keats and Shelley are, in their actual accomplishment, not nearly such great poets as they are supposed to be. But nothing that Crashaw wrote has the *promise* that is patent in *Hyperion* or *The Triumph of Life*. We must try of course always to distinguish promise from performance; both must be taken into account in judging a poet, and they must be kept separate. We can only say that Keats and Shelley would *probably* have become greater poets, poets on a much greater scale, than Crashaw; judging them on their accomplishment only, Crashaw was a finished master, and Keats and Shelley were apprentices with immense possibilities before them.

So much for one question. Next, in what way can Crashaw be said to “foreshadow” Keats and Shelley? As for Keats, I simply do not know what Mr Martin means, I see so little resemblance. With Shelley, there are obvious and striking resemblances, though I think very superficial ones. To suggest, as Mr Martin’s words seem to me to suggest, that Crashaw was in any way a forerunner

or "prophet" of Shelley, is quite off the rails. The obvious parallel is between *The Weeper* and *The Skylark*, rather than between their uses of the octosyllabic couplet, which are wholly different.

"The dew no more will weepe,
 The Primroses pale cheeke to decke,
 The deaw no more will sleepe,
 Nuzzel'd in the Lillies neck.
 Much rather would it tremble heere,
 And leave them both to bee thy Teare.

Not the soft Gold which
 Steales from the Amber-weeping Tree,
 Makes sorrow halfe so Rich,
 As the drops distil'd from thee.
 Sorrowes best Iewels lye in these
 Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the Keyes.

.
 Not in the Evenings Eyes
 When they red with weeping are,
 For the Sun that dyes,
 Sits sorrow with a face so faire.
 Nowhere but heere did ever meet
 Sweetnesse so sad, sadnes so sweet."

I doubt whether the *sound* of two poems can be very similar, when the *sense* is entirely different. At any rate, I have found that the more I studied the meaning of Crashaw's verse, and his peculiar use of image and conceit, the less resemblance the music of it seemed to have to Shelley's. Take one of Crashaw's more extreme and grotesque figures, from *The Tear*:

"Faire Drop, why quak'st thou so?
 'Cause thou streight must lay thy Head
 In the Dust? o no;
 The Dust shall never bee thy Bed:
 A pillow for thee will I bring,
 Stuff with Downe of Angels wing."

This imagery is typical of the quintessence of an immense mass of devotional verse of the seventeenth century. But it has nothing to do with Shelley. Crashaw's images, even when entirely preposterous—for there is no warrant for bringing a pillow (and what a pillow!) for the *head* of a *tear*—give a kind of intellectual pleasure—it is a deliberate conscious perversity of language, a perversity like that of the amazing and amazingly impressive interior of St Peter's. There is brain work in it. But in *The Skylark* there is no brain work. For the first time perhaps in verse of such eminence, sound exists without sense. Crashaw would never have written so shabby a line as "That from heaven or near it" merely to provide an imperfect rhyme for *spirit*.

"Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there."

I should be grateful for any explanation of this stanza; until now I am still ignorant to what Sphere Shelley refers, or why it should have silver arrows, or what the devil he means by an intense lamp narrowing in the white dawn; though I can understand that we could hardly see the lamp of a *silver* sphere narrowing in *white* dawn (why dawn? as he has just referred to the pale purple even). There may be some clue for persons more learned than I; but Shelley should have provided notes. Crashaw does not need *such* notes.

And when Shelley has some definite statement to make, he simply says it; keeps his images on one side and his meanings on the other:

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

This is a sweeping assertion, and is rather commonplace in expression; but it is intelligible. And it is not in the least like Crashaw.

I call Crashaw a "devotional" poet, because the word "religious" is so abused. Shelley even has been called religious, but he could not be called devout; he is religious in the same sense as when we say that Dean Inge or the Bishop of Birmingham is religious. Devotional poetry is religious poetry which falls within an exact faith and has precise objects for contemplation. Crashaw is sometimes called erotic in his devotion. "Erotic" is an abused word, but in any case ought not to be an offensive word. In one aspect it may be applied to Crashaw. Dante, for instance, always seems perfectly aware of every shade of both human and divine love; Beatrice is his means of transition between the two; and there is never any danger of his confounding the two loves. But just as Crashaw is deficient in humanity, and yet is neither quite in the world or out of it, and so is neither a Dante nor an Adam of St Victor; so we feel at times that his passion for heavenly objects is imperfect because it is partly a substitute for human passion. It is not impure, but it is incomplete.

Yet Crashaw is quite alone in his peculiar kind of greatness. He is alone among the metaphysical poets of England, who were mostly intensely English: Crashaw is primarily a European. He was saturated still more in Italian and Latin poetry than in English. Indeed Mr Mario Praz, who has probably read more than anybody of the Latin poetry and the continental poetry of the seventeenth century, puts Crashaw above Marino, Góngora, and everybody else, merely as the *representative* of the baroque spirit in literature.

T. S. ELIOT.

BRIEFER MENTION

MRS LEICESTER'S SCHOOL, by Charles and Mary Lamb, with illustrations by Winifred Green (12mo, 128 pages; Dutton: \$3). In these ten stories which purport to have been told by school-girls for the entertainment of school-companions on the first evening of arrival at school, we have that novelty in naturalness, height in humility, and humour in gravity, which are peculiarly Charles Lamb's. Should specifically the excellences which we have in mind be Mary Lamb's, the piecing is so perfect and so sensitively unisistent that anonymity again seems like a signature.

THE LAST POST, by Ford Madox Ford (12mo, 285 pages; A. & C. Boni: \$2.50) is the final volume in the series which began with *Some Do Not and No More Parades*. It seemed when *A Man Could Stand Up* appeared that it was passage work, a transition to the final novel; it turns out that the series ended better with the third. From the preface we judge that it was intended to end there for the book was written only because a woman novelist (Isabel Paterson) wanted to know "what became of Tietjens." It was an unnecessary curiosity and Mr Ford has answered it in an uninspired way. The centre of interest shifts in this book to Tietjens' brother and no amount of explanation of the inner meaning of the series will condone that shift. Apart from this, the technical feat in the final volume is exceptional, and leaves a sense of fruitlessness; the vine was forced and refused to bear. To those who cared only moderately for the first two books, this will not seem important. They will suffer more who held them to be among the few fine novels of our time.

TRAVELLERS' TALES, by H. C. Adams (8vo, 334 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$3.50). Here the reader will find all those tales that throughout the generations have set men marvelling. Fables, legends, travellers' hearsay follow one upon the other, strung together by the craft of a good-natured, academic, mildly ironic Sussex clergyman in the year 1882.

YELLOW GENTIANAS AND BLUE, by Zona Gale (12mo, 188 pages; Appleton: \$2). These stories belong to the same *genre* as those in *Winesburg, Ohio*. They are more foreshortened, more compact, and perhaps more deft, but Miss Gale lacks Mr Anderson's authentic love of nature and a certain poetic reflectiveness that glimmers through his pages. Both authors are equally betrayed by sentiment and equally sympathetic with the conflicts and misfortunes of obscure and simple people.

KEW GARDENS, by Virginia Woolf, with decorations by Vanessa Bell (8vo, 22 pages; Hogarth Press: 15s). A suggestive bit of prose preciousity that drifts, at moments, almost into the Gertrude Stein manner, yet leaves upon the reader a clear impression of a hot afternoon in a park, with echoes of the conversation of passers-by cutting in upon observations of the lazy activities of snails, and other vermin, in the grass. There is no moral, which, paradoxically, may be the moral.

STEEP ASCENT, by Jean Starr Untermeyer (12mo, 57 pages; Macmillan: \$1.25). Mrs Untermeyer is one of those poets who use the word beauty somewhat too frequently and with too little care. Though her verses rise now and then to an expression of unaffected spiritual trouble they are not, on the whole, distinguished by an emotion that is unselfconscious or an intellect that rejects the facile.

LYRICS FROM THE OLD SONG BOOKS, collected and edited by Edmonstoune Duncan (12mo, 611 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$4). This is a delightful selection of melodies, ballads, and love-ditties chosen from the earliest times up to the present day. Each one has been set to some old-world tune and these by means of the annotations can be traced to their original sources.

ADVENTURES IN ARABIA, by W. B. Seabrook (8vo, 347 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$3) is a vigorous and refreshing narrative of travel without ulterior motives—an example of first-hand journalism characterized by alertness and a beguiling informality. Fortunately the world still shelters a few outposts of the picturesque to challenge the romantic traveller. Mr Seabrook is happily no disciple of Thomas Cook.

THE SPANISH JOURNEY, by Julius Meier-Graefe, translated by J. Holroyd-Reece, with drawings by J. Sima and reproductions from El Greco (8vo, 464 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$5). This was written when the author was young and fuller of vim than discretion. He felt himself an opostle of Cézanne and modernism and looking about for an old master to serve as background for his new enthusiasms fell upon El Greco; whom he promptly elevated to the supreme heights. El Greco, it may be conceded, is the logical old master for this particular period, but the rash Mr Meier-Graefe, to prove this, thought it necessary to destroy Velasquez!!

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, An Episodical History, by Arthur Gray (8vo, 310 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$6). An up-to-date history of Cambridge University was badly wanted, and this book with its beautiful pictures of the famous colleges supplies our need after a manner. The present Master of Jesus College writes with dignity, but his sojourn under the shadow of Sterne's walnut-tree has not, it is clear, imparted to his pen any Shandean liveliness.

A FLORENTINE DIARY, From 1450 to 1516, by Luca Landucci, translated from the Italian by Alice de Rosen Jervis (illus., 12mo; 308 pages; Dutton: \$3). This diarist, a simple, sensible, pious, unintellectual apothecary, records faithfully the stirring events in the days of the Medici and contrives a vivid picture of the time. It is decidedly worth something to note the impression that Savonarola makes upon such a person, and his account of the activities that led up to the martyrdom supplements strangely what the scholars have said. He at least makes the tragedy inevitable. Such an interfering Savonarola would have met the same fate in any period.

THE WORLD IN THE MAKING, by Count Hermann von Keyserling, translated from the German by Maurice Samuel (10mo, 293 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2.50). It's a self-conscious age—but self-consciousness is a virtue instead of a vice. Spirit will count in the future more than in the past—just because it is aware of itself. The mass-type of the period is the chauffeur-type—he who is not, it is true, so cultured as he might be, but who is suited to the technical standards of the day. The leaders of the Soviet and the Fascisti are chauffeur-types. Lenin is higher, apparently than Mussolini. At least he is linked in the same phrase with Jesus Christ. The Soviet appears to typify actual progress to Count Keyserling more than it does to most Americans. In fact most Americans will consider Count Keyserling entirely confused by the European effects of the war and too enmeshed in its present chaos to properly appreciate the steadying influence upon the world of America's great financial machine.

RASPUTIN, by Prince Felix Youssoupoff (8vo, 246 pages; Lincoln MacVeagh, Dial Press: \$5). "Civilized countries live in close contact with the leprosy of Bolshevism; they stretch out a hand to the servants of the devil and are not choked by the moral rot and stench which, like poison gas, are spread over the entire earth by that criminal organization—the Third International." When it comes to blanket indictments, the prince is inclusive if not judicial. Rasputin, the Empress Alexandra, the Russian peasantry, the Germans—all are scratched by the venom of his pen. He reserves his applause for himself and his noble co-conspirators, but the *claque* is not impressive.

BISMARCK, The Story of a Fighter, by Emil Ludwig, translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul (8vo, 661 pages; Little, Brown: \$5); **BISMARCK, Three Plays**, by Emil Ludwig (8vo, 405 pages; Putnam: \$3.75); **GENIUS AND CHARACTER**, by Emil Ludwig, translated from the German by Kenneth Burke (8vo, 346 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$3.50). Emil Ludwig is accused of being a journalist and may, even when at his best, be justly reproached with journalism, but, just the same, he is, when at his best, an exceptionally good journalist. It is difficult to think of any American newspaper person, for instance, who thinks of Plutarch when setting out to write biographies. The fact that the reader himself does not think of Plutarch when reading Mr Ludwig is beside the point. Mr Ludwig is ambitious and forceful, aware of the modern intolerance of the "perfect hero" yet immensely content with his own hero, Bismarck, and making out an excellent case for him. He is bigoted enough not to see that it was the Bismarck principle for prussianism, as much as anything else, that sunk the ship for William II and blames the whole catastrophe upon the latter's bad seamanship. But in spite of the limitation just noted, the issuance of such books as this new Bismarck with its understandable and "all-too-human" strong man posed against an equally understandable ideal of the Fatherland must do something, even in the Fatherland itself, towards mitigating the prussianism that recently proved so costly.

THE LIFE OF TIM HEALY, by Liam O'Flaherty (8vo, 318 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$3.75) is not biography—it is a pamphlet against nationalism, imperialism, and clericalism, written with the weary energy of a man who is tired to death of his topics but who has enough physical vitality in him to round off his job somehow. As a pamphlet it is three times too long. Mr Healy appears in the pages only incidentally. When he does appear only one side of his personality is presented. Now Mr Healy is really a very interesting and a very complex personality. On one side of his being he is private-minded, revengeful, foul-mouthed; on another side he has an extraordinary magnanimity, even an extraordinary humility. His eloquence and his piercing wit have sometimes been given to forsaken causes and have been directed against the great powers of the world. Liam O'Flaherty does not seem to have read *Stolen Waters*, that piece of patient research and eloquent statement made on behalf of the unfriended fishermen of a North of Ireland lake. And his denunciation of mean and evil measures has often been in the great style of oratory—witness the speech made in the British House of Commons in his attack on the conduct of the Boer War. It would be a fitting punishment for a man who left goats and sea-gulls and butterflies to write on topics which had no interest for him, if, when he reaches the age of three score years and ten, someone wrote the *Life of Liam O'Flaherty* with the carelessness with which he has written the *Life of Tim Healy*.

PORTRAITS IN COLOR, by Mary White Ovington (10mo, 241 pages; Viking Press: \$2) is a survey of the lives and an estimate of the achievements of twenty contemporary Negroes—a volume informal and informative, reflecting a justifiable pride yet free from unnecessary racial flourishes. The author has a sure hand in the fashioning of the biographical sketch; her appreciations are in no sense mere journalism. The portraits have been drawn from many fields of attainment; educators, executives, scientists, and artists appear in a notable gallery.

BARNUM'S OWN STORY, *The Autobiography of P. T. Barnum* (10mo, 452 pages; Viking Press: \$3) is a condensation of the many versions Barnum issued of his autobiography. It is a source book in showmanship, an entertaining background-book for a long and interesting period in American life, and is always full of Barnum's Yankee personality. The absence of a white page between the last page of text and the coloured flap of the back cover is deplorable in an otherwise properly made book.

THE NEW AMERICAN CREDO, by George Jean Nathan (12mo, 223 pages; Knopf: \$2.50) consists of 1231 doctrines which Americans are supposed by Mr Nathan to believe. Some they do believe; others some believe; many are not peculiar to Americans; the vast majority of them is probably not believed by the vast majority of Americans. (Proof is lacking either way, but do most Americans believe that a piece of camphor worn on a string round the neck will ward off disease? Statistics are wanted; also, how many Europeans believe the same thing?) These beliefs are supposed by the author to "constitute the doctrinal body of contemporary American philosophy," but almost any joke in more than a thousand paragraphs becomes tedious.

The sixth series of **PREJUDICES**, by H. L. Mencken (12mo, 317 pages; Knopf: \$2.50) is like the others in many ways, but it betrays what one has to call mellowness in the great iconoclast. He notes that Illinois, Maryland, and many other states (as opposed to the southern states) "welcome the free play of ideas"; he writes a hymn to the barbaric splendour of New York; he finds that Valentino was a gentleman. The old Mencken persists, the intelligent critic, the hater of poetry (as he thinks), the mocker, the extraordinarily interesting political observer. In this volume, too, appears an appreciation of Ambrose Bierce which is restrained in tone and utterly abandoned in admiring such second-rate work as *The Devil's Dictionary*. Admirers of Mencken should also read his **JAMES BRANCH CABELL** (limited edition, 8vo, 31 pages; McBride: paper edition free of charge from the publisher) both as an index to Mencken's aesthetic taste and for his illumination on Jurgen as the predecessor of Babbitt.

LITERARY BLASPHEMIES, by Ernest Boyd (8vo, 265 pages; Harpers: \$2.50) has, on the jacket: "Shakespeare debunked—the real Dickens discovered behind the whiskers—Hardy compelled to face the rank melodrama of his plots," and so forth. The book is better than that. Mr Boyd is himself aware of the fact that his blasphemies are not new, for he quotes earlier critics who share his unorthodox views of the great. Actually it is a study in the way reputations are made and upheld; it consists of corrective foot-notes to idolatry. It would be even a better book if Mr Boyd did not ride his hobbies—the French of Mr Eliot, the crimes of literary experimenters—so hard. In the essay on James, Mr Boyd says that Meredith was "so supremely the master of all that Henry James tried to accomplish" and Charles Dickens is set down as "an excellent writer for children"; Poe's "high status" is ascribed to a desire to prove emancipation by investing with glamour the wickedness our forefathers held in abhorrence. Jonathan Swift comes off best, but it doesn't seem probable that he is as little known for a great writer as Mr Boyd implies.

ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL, by E. M. Forster (12mo, 250 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2.50) approaches its theme with an engaging candour and a persuasive informality, yet embedded in these urbane paragraphs are some of the most profound truths about the writing of fiction which have recently come to light. Mr Forster's analysis of the methods of the novelist lacks the cerebral intensity of Percy Lubbock's study, but it is quite as stimulating. His logic is as inescapable as it is undogmatic, and his judgements are all the wiser for the twinkle which accompanies them.

NATIONAL CHARACTER and the Factors of its Formation, by Ernest Barker (8vo, 282 pages; Harpers: \$3.50). In these lectures delivered originally at the University of Glasgow the author studies and elucidates the history and growth of citizenship as expressed particularly in the English nation. Especially interesting is the chapter on Language, Literature and Thought, but, indeed, throughout this admirable book one is in contact with a mind versed in wresting clarity and life from a subject too often relegated to the class-room.

BIOGRAPHY: The Literature of Personality, by James C. Johnston, foreword by Gamaliel Bradford (12mo, 312 pages; Century: \$2.50) in its purpose to expound the art of biography and indicate some principles of its appreciation, can scarcely be too much praised and one can say with the author, "While would-be biographers are as numerous as short story writers, scarcely any of them have made an effort to give the public much aid in appreciating their art." The reader cannot be so enthusiastic, however, about the execution of the purpose. Nothing, for instance, is here said of the steadily increasing importance to biography of proper applications of the data of modern psychology, a vital matter surely, as is sufficiently indicated by numerous misapplications in current life writing. And while several general principles emerge from the discussion, such as W. R. Thayer's well-taken point that biography should be set forth as nearly as possible as the subject lived it; yet in the main the possible great treatment of a great subject is rather congested and obscured by much that is casual and irrelevant.

PEACE OR WAR? by Lt. Commander J. M. Kenworthy, with an introduction by H. G. Wells (10mo, 319 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$2.50). After reading this alarming book, packed with so many convincing facts, so much trenchant and impressive argument, one feels that no danger existing to-day is as serious as is the danger of war, of the next war, of the war that is now preparing. One is inclined, however, to agree with Mr Wells that the solution of the problem is somewhat more complex than Lt Commander Kenworthy seems to imply.

THE SEARCH FOR ATLANTIS, Excursions of a Layman among Old Legends and New Discoveries, by Edwin Bjorkman (12mo, 119 pages; Knopf: \$2). The search for Atlantis goes on. In *THE DIAL* for January, 1926, *The Problem of Atlantis* was reviewed, and a point made against the argument of that book was that the distance in time postulated by Mr Lewis Spence—from 6000 B.C. to the time of Plato's informants—over which the Atlantean tradition was carried was too vast for human memory. The opposite point may be urged against Mr Bjorkman's conclusions—the time allowed for the creation of the myth about Atlantis is too short—from the closing of the Atlantic trade-routes by the Carthaginians to Plato's time—only about a hundred years. *The Search for Atlantis* is a popularization of the results of researches still being carried out in Spain under the direction of Professor Adolf Schulten. But if it is a popularization of material discovered by these researches and already exploited in a German work, it is a brilliant and a very readable popularization. Mr Bjorkman shows himself both critical and imaginative in dealing with this most fascinating of historical problems; his book, besides, gives us the latest information on the problem of the early Mediterranean world as it has come out of the researches in Crete and Spain. It appears that there was "the Hesperian counterpart of the ancient cultural centres of the Orient." That counterpart was Tartessos in Spain. There are quite good reasons given in *The Search for Atlantis* for identifying the Scheria of Homer and the Atlantis of Plato with this Hesperian cultural centre.

THE THEATRE

THE capital event of the season has been the presentation, by the greatest player of our time, of another in his series of masterpieces; I mean **THE CIRCUS**. The long wait since Chaplin's previous film, the indignities he has suffered in that time, have played their part in creating a fresh critical attitude toward his work, and most of the discussion about the new work has been beside the point which is not whether this film is greater than **THE KID** or **THE GOLD RUSH** or any other, but whether Chaplin has retained his enchantment and developed in his art.

To the first of these the answer is unequivocally yes. The sense of deep satisfaction and enjoyment while the film is going on, the sense of elation which fills one after it is over, are here, as potent as ever. There is no flagging of inventiveness, no coarsening of the fine creative touches, no failure of the imagination. All but the last ten minutes of the picture are a bravura piece, a display in which talent and genius mingle so that you are in the midst of admiring the one when you begin to adore the other. The mastery of the instrument continues: there is a scene in a mirror maze which is perfectly cinematographic, tremendously funny, and beautifully built for its climax. There are scenes in which simple emotions are expressed with absolute perfection; such as that in which Charlie misinterprets a fortune-teller's prophecy and believes himself loved—I do not know an artistic dancer in the world who could so plainly say the word Joy as he says it; there are comic things in such profusion that it would be idle to number them.

Chaplin's power to enchant has in it many elements beside his art, among them his physical capacities and his outlook on life. But even in what I have said above I have indicated that his art of playing remains miraculous. His construction of films has never been perfect and in this one it is no better than usual; the long working out after the climax needs hastening. Otherwise, I see no falling off. He has chosen to put in (or to leave in) the film less of those moments when by a gesture he suddenly creates a new world of fantasy out of the actual world around him, but there are several which show his power—one in which he is arguing with

the circus boss and, to show how determined he is, seizes a handful of hay and breaks it in two, another in which he creates himself as the pedantically polite person by settling his coat.

There is a weak spot in *THE CIRCUS* and it deserves attention. For the past five years at least Mr Chaplin has been called a great artist and there are not wanting those who claim that this has spoiled him. (In a sense this film plays with that idea; just as *THE GOLD RUSH* was the story of a man who found wealth and missed happiness, so this is the story of a clown who was funny until he was told he was funny; but Chaplin cannily evades the issue because the clown's failure to amuse is definitely ascribed to his discovery that his adored one loves another.) It is suggested that Chaplin is trying too hard to fill his films with cosmic implications, is too consciously playing the tragic little figure.

Well, the facts are that he was not only a great artist, but a conscious artist, long before we began chattering about him; and that all the things people now think of as the faults of self-consciousness were in his films before they began to look at them. What is more, *THE CIRCUS* has less, not more, of these elements; it has more, not less, of the Chaplin of *A DOG'S LIFE*, of the Keystone comedian. And where does the picture fall down? In philosophy? It has little and strives for no more. In trying to be artistic? There is only one bad tinted shot. In forcing the tragic note? Will those who think so please go see *THE BANK* or any other film in which Charlie is disappointed in love? No. It fails when Chaplin has reached his sublime moment, the moment when the clown, substituting for the tightrope-walker, suddenly becomes aware that the invisible wire upon which he has depended, has left him. It is supremely achieved and then Mr Chaplin, distrusting his *popular* audience, allows a flock of monkeys to attack him on the tightrope and to bite his nose and tear his clothes. He may be entirely right in his judgement; the audience howled over it. For me, almost always willing to accept his most popular moments as his best, it was ruinous. But it was not the fault of the aesthetes; it was the fault of the medium (commercially speaking) and of the artist himself. The aesthetes would have told him that up to that moment the very skill of the amateur walker, the illusion of reality, was fantastic, and that his fantasy brought us back dully to realism.

I think Mr Chaplin doesn't listen to the aesthetes and that may be why he remains a great artist. For he is one and *THE CIRCUS* remains in the canon of his great films. Having performed my duty as a critic by making one reservation, I return to my status as a citizen and know that my memory has been enriched with something extraordinarily precious.

On the production of *MARCO MILLIONS* I think it only fair to congratulate The Theatre Guild, the actors, the designer of the sets, the director, the composer of the music, the ticket taker, the ushers—everybody, in short, except the author, Eugene O'Neill. A few years ago, when the play was written, a production was intended by Mr Belasco; at that time another attack on the bowed head of George F. Babbitt would not have appeared stale, although it would not necessarily have appeared more intelligent. Now I find it cheap as well as stale; and the touches of profundity, the approach to the real truth through poetry and philosophy, does not come off. It has been O'Neill's distinction to stand aloof from vulgar habits of thought—and it does him no good to change his habits. The Guild's investiture of this shoddy is magnificent.

It surprised me to hear intelligent people during the last month uttering blasphemies about the Irish Players and I wondered whether the substitution of Sean O'Casey for Synge and Yeats and Lady Gregory was the reason; when they first came here, with poetic plays, intelligent opinion was all in their favour.

Mr O'Casey's comedy is broad and the players, particularly the principals, are beautiful artists who will not play broad comedy mincingly; the result is delicately right and altogether satisfactory. I would like again to see the Players in the old pieces, to see whether the turn of the Abbey Theatre from its original purposes has in any way diminished their virtues; without that comparison, I retain my faith in them; they seem to me inspired players.

Mr O'Casey's two plays, *THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS* and *JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK*, are made on the same last; they are tragi-comedies of low life in Dublin at times of national crisis. The first one is easier for outsiders to understand because the crisis is during Easter Week of 1916—the struggle is between Ireland and Britain; in the second the politics, so to speak, is less

clear, the struggle is between the Free State and the Republicans. Yet the essential thing in both plays is perfectly expressed; the comedy is in character and situation, as it is in Molière, is often as simple as in Molière. The character drawing seems rough; one is a wastrel, another a termagant, another a pedant, another a sycophant; they are without subtlety, and yet they are full-bodied, they exist. And because they exist you follow them from comedy to tragedy with implicit belief.

About Mr O'Casey's comedy I feel something else which may be significant. In *JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK* most of one act is concerned with a party given by tenement dwellers who believe themselves heirs to a small fortune. The phonograph is brought and played, the neighbours come in and sing and quarrel and make up to the fortunate family; everyone brags and pretends to gentility and drinks a little and is wholly commonplace. For several years our American dramatists have been writing satirical plays about just such people (the fact that they are usually richer in America does not matter). And none of them have got into their plays what Mr O'Casey has without even trying—a certain poetry which rises from the palpable truth of these people's lives. It is the lack of the poetry and of the truth that has wrecked our American satirists; they should go to school here and learn.

With *THE DEATH OF DANTON* and *THE SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS*, Reinhardt swung into his true orbit; the flummery of *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* was cast off. The second of these plays I reviewed from Vienna several years ago; it is delicious slapstick. Except that the young Thimig seems to me a little heavy for Harlequin, the production seems to me perfect.

The *DANTON* was extraordinarily exciting for two thirds of the way and then collapsed into a number of dull things which can be collected under the general name of stupidity. There is the scene in which, according to the programme, "Leroix, Hérault, Danton and Camille have dark, defiant melancholy dialogues" (an understatement which takes no account of the absurd pallets upon which they lie and their heavy-handed farewells); there is the last scene of all when the condemned are carried past the guillotine and the stage is left empty of interest for a long time after which the final curtain falls on as meaningless an end as I have ever

seen. The whole play is absurd; the interest shifts from Danton to Robespierre, from him to Desmoulins, without transition and without sense.

And yet on the street, in the club, and before the tribunal, a tremendous thing takes place; the French Revolution creates itself. You never say, "Could it have been like that," only "This is how it must have been." Reinhardt's mastery of movement, of pace, of mass is all visible in these scenes, and he gives to them, moreover, an intensity of pitch which is unsurpassed.

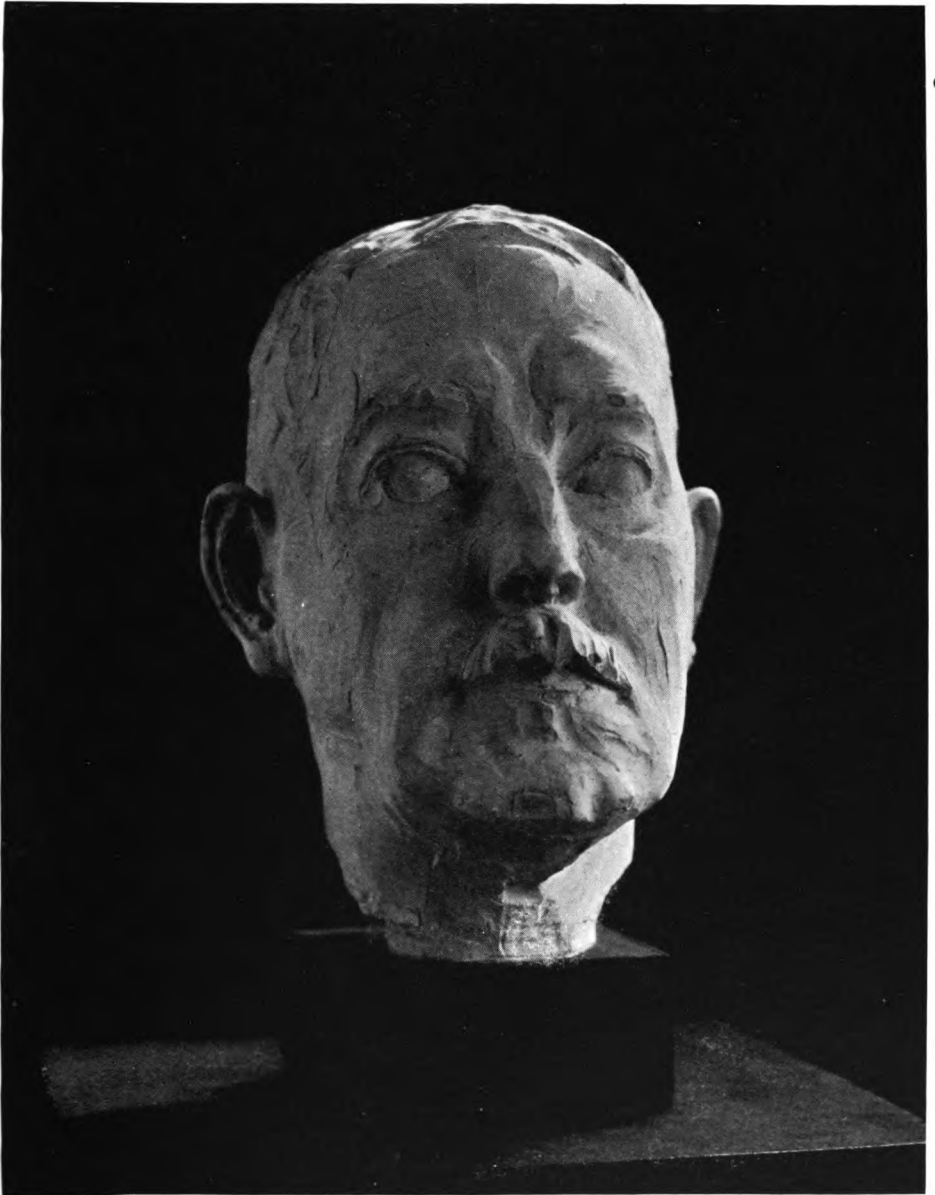
Paul Hartmann's Danton moved me only at the moments when any one's Danton would have moved me; for instance when, being asked his name in the usual order of court procedure, he replies, "The Revolution knows my name." But Wladimir Sokoloff (Robespierre) and Arnold Korff (St Just) seemed to me of the very first order of players. I read, after the performance, Belloc's Robespierre and it interested me to note how perfectly Sokoloff had reproduced the physical habits of his character and, more significant, the spirit of the pedant and fanatic, and how all of that had been done without once suggesting archaeology. Of St Just I knew and know little; I assume accuracy in the presentation and, more significant, recognize an amazing talent. Mr Korff played here in English several years ago, unsuccessfully I believe; I saw him in a Pirandello play and was deeply impressed, but did not guess at his extraordinary delicacy and power. As for his voice, it is matchless.

GILBERT SELDES

MODERN ART

NOT certain that millionaires subscribe in great numbers to **THE DIAL** and even less certain that those who do, do so for the sake of this particular department, I nevertheless feel emboldened to address a few remarks to these elusive members of society. Happening quite by chance to read the list of the year's events in the "new year" edition of one of our powerful newspapers, I was struck by the fact that not a cent had been recorded as having been left, by the men who died during the year, to benefit living artists. The total sum of benefactions was staggeringly great, and almost every conceivable enterprise, from the Camp for Bank Workers to the Training School for Girl Scout Leaders, got helped impressively. The unfortunate individuals who profess the Fine Arts in the United States alone were "passed up." It is true there was one bequest to art—and a great one. Mr Libby, the late glass-manufacturer, actually left twenty millions of dollars to the Toledo Art Museum, but since our museums now are forced to spend millions in mere maintenance (coal-bills, salaries, etc.,) it is easy to see why, under existing arrangements, being obliged to do so much for the dead painters, they cannot do much for the living ones. It is of course excellent that somebody should pay the coal-bills, but is it not really too modest and self-effacing on the part of these millionaires that they should all be content with so limited a renown? Who cares, an hundred years hence, who pays the coal-bills? But an individual who helps an actual artist to fame shares in that fame everlastingly. Vainglory for vainglory there is no comparison between the two exploits. And I hope I don't give offence—and mar the argument—by employing such a word for it. The wish to create an enduring monument must be back of all great bequests and there can be no shame attached to such a wish. But think what far-reaching consequences would attend upon the spending of a million a year upon living artists! The individual who could manage that would rival Pericles and eclipse Lorenzo.

That I am not myself a person to flinch at the word "vainglory" is proved sufficiently by the fact that I did pose for a portrait by



HENRY McBRIDE. BY GASTON LACHAISE

Gaston Lachaise, the sculptor. When Lachaise first suggested the idea I said what I honestly thought, that it couldn't be done, that I was not a type for artists, that never in my life had a painter wished to do me, and that I was enough of an artist myself to see precisely why they didn't. I was wrong, Lachaise insisted, looking at me with that curiously appraising glance that is so disconcerting to some people, "there was something," he had felt it for some time, he knew definitely what he wished to do, et cetera, and in short—to boil the argument of half an hour into one sentence—I finally consented. This was last spring, at the close of the season, when all New Yorkers and especially the critics who had been compelled to study thirty to forty thousand pictures during the winter, were at the lowest ebb of vitality. If posterity were to peep at one, one might have preferred another moment. One might have been more there in the autumn, for instance. "But after all," I reflected, mounting waves of satisfaction completely engulfing me, "the affair is Lachaise's, not mine. Why should a mere sitter choose the moment, or choose the pose, or choose anything," and I remembered the famous nonchalance of Walt Whitman when getting photographed, and his explanation that he never "dressed up" for portraits and that their invariable success was due to his refusal to be fussed by a camera; and I resolved to keep calm.

So the posing began. It was very pleasant. There was something peculiarly soothing in the thought that Lachaise had it to do and not I. Lachaise "had been studying me for some time." He had "an idea of me." Gained from my writings, no doubt, for, after all, we had never had many talks! The green wax that sculptors use nowadays took form rapidly. Somewhat to my surprise it took on heroic proportions. So that was what Lachaise thought of me! Well, it's gratifying, say what you like, to have someone look on your bright side. By two or three sittings there was a definite character indicated. Oh, very heroic. But very heroic. Mussolini! Yes! Even more so. I had moments of compunction, feeling perhaps I was taking an unfair advantage of the sculptor. I thought of confessing that I was not, habitually, a Mussolini. Then I remembered Walt Whitman and decided to keep mum. Even so, I felt I ought to die at once before the truth came out. Besides, I argued, I *am* a hero—at times. I am one of those persons who when alone in their sanctums are unafraid of the truth. In

public it may be a different matter. Face to face with one of those artists who have the bad taste to haunt their own one-man exhibitions, I have been known to reply to his enquiry with a "Yes, very interesting indeed," and then rush right home and scribble a review beginning with "These are positively the world's worst pictures."

But I did not die at once. Heroism for heroism I had not quite enough for that. The sittings went on. On certain days the green wax appeared to remain stationary. At other times the sculptor flung himself furiously at the work just as sculptors do in novels and in the autobiography of Benvenuto which is practically a novel. After one of these paroxysms, rather more prolonged than usual, Lachaise, in a small voice and almost apologetically, said, "Well, it is finished. I won't do any more," and I took a look. Mussolini had vanished almost completely! There was still a faint trace of him. But the subconscious part of Lachaise, the part that does the work, evidently thought I was but a modified form of hero. Well, I hastily decided, it was perhaps just as well. It would be fatiguing, at my time of life, to try to outshine Mussolini. Also, there were compensations. I was more refined than he. Refined and at the same time chastened. The refinement was due, no doubt, to suffering. I was glad to see that I had got something, after all, from what I had gone through. That person in the green wax might weep but he would march straight through to Calvary, nevertheless. Not totally unlike the famous Judd so recently and rightly electrocuted by the State authorities at Sing Sing. But refined! That was the main thing. On the whole I thought I came out of it very well. I was quite content with my experience as a *poseur*. I will recommend the idea, henceforth, with more courage to others.

HENRY McBRIDE

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

TO bridge the season between Mengelberg and Toscanini, the Philharmonic's choice of guest conductors seems to have been fortunate, since both Sir Thomas Beecham and Bernardino Molinari were able to contribute some meteoric quality to their descent. Sir Thomas preceded. The three Handel numbers, new to the orchestra, with which he opened his first programme were presented as something nervous and theatrical, quite removed from the more staid Handel of the Messiah to which one is accustomed. And in keeping, the Mozart symphony developed traits of great assertiveness; was even brassy perhaps. In these pieces there was disclosed a general busyness more to be expected of later composers who particularly aimed for such things. The conductor seemed to be interpreting somewhat in terms of Berlioz or Wagner—and thus one may understand the athleticism which he later brought to Berlioz and Wagner themselves, in the *Chasse Royale et l'Orage* and the prelude to the *Meistersinger*. He seemed to have a way of making his pauses shorter than one was led to anticipate, and of introducing new instruments into the *mêlée* with an over-promptness which caught us unawares, a procedure which may also have been made more effective by contrast with the several months of Mengelberg's comparative stolidity. In the soloist for the Tschai-kowsky piano concerto moreover, in Vladimir Horowitz, the conductor seemed to find the very projection of himself—and the audience, caught in an enthusiasm of sheer speed and volume, could do no less than continue the furious *fortissimo* where the virtuoso left off. The evening was, in sum, bacchantic.

Signor Molinari was possibly less of a personality—which may have accounted in part for his greater versatility. But his predilection was for a more precious kind of music, as not only his conducting, but also his own orchestral transcription of Debussy's *L'Isle Joyeuse* testified. Certain salon pieces, which seem with Mengelberg to be taken as a duty, became under his baton charming, and even purposive. But his own distinction could betray him, as in the attention which he lavished fruitlessly upon the Rossini overture to *Semiramide*.

Who (and this in defence of the guest conductor) can object to a system whereby a man appears with his bag of tricks and is gone again before they are exhausted? Any one conducting for years would presumably evolve a small repertoire of works in which he was more or less a specialist; and the guest conductor can generally confine himself to these examples of his maximum understanding. To the objection that the virtues of such a method are not the soundest musically, one may ask what are the Mosaic laws of aesthetic enjoyment. Even a contrast of conductors may be in itself an authentic contribution, though not often reproducible. . . . In the case of the Philharmonic, the effacement of the orchestra should also be commented upon—the rapidity of its accommodation to other doctrines, its responsiveness as impersonal as that of some made instrument.

The League of Composers, First Concert in 1927-1928: Modern Music of 1600 and 1927. Thus, the two ends of a musical tradition, juxtaposed in one evening for our keener comparison. With the exception of Hindemith's *Landsknechtstrinklied*, the halting of the medium recommended the programme more to our curiosity than to our enjoyment. Joseph Yasser seemed to play the organ numbers with a uniform scepticism and under-emphasis which were somewhat depressing—and it is not clear why 1927 should have been represented by Hindemith and Sessions alone. Recalling the male choir of the Vatican Singers, who covered much this same sixteenth-century territory earlier in the season, we should say that the present "solo unit" seemed constrained, as though clinging resolutely to the tenuous melodies—all with the exception of the solo soprano, Greta Torpadie, whose recital of the songs from Hindemith's *Das Marienleben* was as assured as is Hindemith himself. It must be no mean feat to maintain the logic of one's voice against the odds of a Hindemith accompaniment, where the piano is so often pursuing interests of its own, or recapitulating too late, or becoming involved in seeming forgetfulness of the song.

This "quiet evening" is but so much more evidence that modern art is now without a *Bundschuh*. There is no longer any categorical hysteria making for either the acceptance or the rejection of any brand of work. The usual symphony concert is not a programme,

but a museum. It is unthinkable that an audience's welcoming of widely divergent modern composers is founded upon sympathy; it must, rather, originate in a kind of blanket endorsement, in the substitution of a questioning attitude for a dictating one. A new medium has, in a sense, been accepted without naturalization. Henceforth perhaps artists themselves will have to provide their own intolerance.

KENNETH BURKE

COMMENT

AN art not dissociated from writing is handwriting and what might at first be an idle or curious interest in the significance of one's capitals and small letters can lead to the mending of serious defects of character. There are various published expositions of the principles of graphology, a new one having just been added;¹ and even more engrossing, are the "artistic and paleographical criticisms" of Roger Fry and E. A. Lowe, in a Tract on English handwriting² compiled under the auspices of The Society for Pure English. Doctor Lowe finds "an increase in freedom, boldness, and originality . . . in the performances of the last half-century." Mr Fry feels that free writing at its best "appears to surpass in sheer linear beauty any kind of writing in which the letters are formed consciously" and says, "Perhaps the most interesting result for me of the whole inquiry has been the discovery that the aesthetic excellence of a handwriting depends so little on the unit forms chosen." The specimens reproduced provoke study and tempt comparison with specimens not reproduced—with a spacious, compact, versatile page by Molière in The British Museum, a romantic Erasmus and a polite Newton in the Fitzwilliam Museum, and with specimens one has seen of handwriting by Gordon Craig, Doctor von Bode, Havelock Ellis, John Eglinton, and other contemporaries. The hesitantly experienced antennaelike candour of Mr Fry's judgements in this matter—and a certain elegant obduracy in plate 28—prepossessingly emphasize

¹ *Mind Your P's and Q's*. By Jerome S. Meyer. Illustrated. 8vo. 137 pages. Simon and Schuster. \$1.50. See also: *Character From Handwriting*. By Louise Rice. Illustrated. 8vo. 374 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$5.

² *S. P. E. Tract No. XXIII. English Handwriting. With Thirty-four Facsimile Plates and Artistic & Paleographical Criticism*. By Roger Fry & E. A. Lowe. 8vo. 99 pages. Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$3.50.

the axiom that aesthetic dogma sometimes gains importance inversely as it pre-empts it.

TO accept congratulation is almost like self-gratulation; nevertheless praise from contemporaries is grateful. A brother journal, published week-day afternoons in Denver, finds our verses, articles, and short stories, capital and a contributor—one might say a cousin, for we are less ashamed of nepotism than of seeming to quote without acknowledgement—said not long ago in the office that he was pleased we had offered The Dial Award to Ezra Pound; that Mr Pound has the intuitive mind in a degree to which few people have it, “a mind that moves back and forth like sea-weed.”

We confessed to admiring instinctiveness, concentration, and positiveness; to realizing that gusto is not incompatible with learning, and to favouring opulence in asceticism. It is apparent also in lines by Sung Lien¹ that such liking is not recent:

“In the dormitory I had two meals a day, but nothing fresh, fat, or of any good taste. All other schoolmates were dressed up in fine silk and with embroidery; their hats were decorated with jewels; their girdles made of white jade. Every one bore a sword on his left, and perfume at his right. They looked as shining and dignified as angels. While living among them I wore my cotton robe and tattered clothes, but had not the slightest desire to be like them, for I had my enjoyment focused upon something different, knowing not that my bodily wants were not as well supplied as those of others.”

It is possible to conceive of victory achieved at a leap. If overconfident, however, or over-curious with regard to the manner of a career, one could not fail to derive benefit from the kind, if uncomfortably practical advice to young actors, which George

¹ Translated from the Chinese by Kwei Chen. *Literary Magazine of The University of Wisconsin*, December, 1927.

Arliss gives in his memoirs. In accepting it one seems not to picture oneself incommoded by a storm of applause. His honourable and unusual convictions with regard to punctuality are particularly impressive—and the sin that it is for one man to waste the time of another, however great that man's position may be by comparison.

A. E. IS here, and having held out a welcome to him for many years, it is not likely that, as the newspapers suggest, we shall confuse his identity with that of George W. Erskine Russell, of Bertrand Russell, or of another. At first not quite hearing him since our fellow-townsmen are, under excitement, spectators rather than audience, but entirely believing him, we can accept his implication that poetry is invariably at the core of reanimation in Ireland.

Susceptible to Irish magic in its various strengths, we cannot say we are not enchanted with disenchantment in *The Plough and the Stars*; that we are indifferent to certain of James Joyce's lyrics "carved from the air and coloured with the air" as Mr Russell denotes them; or to George Moore's "novel," *Hail and Farewell*.

The Venerable Bede finds that "when some persons have been bitten by serpents, the scrapings of leaves of books that were brought out of Ireland, being put into water, and given them to drink, have immediately expelled the spreading poison, and assuaged the swelling." And we are grateful that there should have been administered to our restiveness, the poems and thoughts which Mr Russell has brought us.



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THE DIAL

APRIL 1928

THE DEATH OF SYNGE, AND OTHER PAGES FROM AN OLD DIARY

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

I

WHY does the struggle to come at truth take away our pity,
and the struggle to overcome our passions restore it again?

II

National feeling could be roused again if some man of good education—if a Catholic, he should have been educated outside Ireland—gathered about him a few men like himself, and founded a new Nation newspaper, forbidding it all personal attacks, all arguments that assume a base motive in an opponent, and choosing for its national policy, not what seems most desirable in the abstract but such policy as may stir the imagination and yet gather to its support the greatest possible number of educated men. Ireland is ruined by abstractions, and should prefer what may seem a worse policy if it gathers better men. So long as all is ordered for attack, and that alone, leaders will instinctively increase the number of enemies that they may give their followers something to do, and Irish enemies rather than English because they are the more easily injured. The greater the enemy, the greater the hatred and therefore, the greater seems the power. They would give a nation the frenzy of a sect. A sign that this method, powerful in the time of Parnell, no longer satisfies the nation is that parties are drifting into the hands of feebler and more ignorant men.

III

The education of our Irish Secondary Schools, especially the Catholic schools, substitutes pedantry for taste. Men learn the dates of writers, the external facts of masterpieces and not sense of style or feeling for life. I have met no young man out of these schools who has not been injured by the literature and the literary history learned there. The arts have nothing to give but that joy of theirs which is the other side of sorrow, that exhausting contemplation: and in youth before habits have been formed—unless our teachers be wise men—we turn from it to pedantry, which opens to the mind a kind of sensual ease. The young Catholic men and women, who have not been through the Secondary Schools, are upon the other hand more imaginative than Protestant boys and girls of the same age. Catholic secondary education destroys, I think, much that the Catholic religion gives. Provincialism destroys the nobility of the Middle Ages.

IV

March 17th.

As I go to and from my bedroom, here at Coole, I pass a wall covered with Augustus John's etchings and drawings. I notice a woman with strongly marked shoulder-blades and a big nose, and a pencil drawing called Epithalamium. In the Epithalamium an ungainly, ill-grown boy holds out his arms to a tall woman with thin shoulders and a large stomach. Near them is a vivid etching of a woman with the same large stomach and thin shoulders. There is not one of these fifty or sixty clerks and seamstresses and students that has not been broken by labour or wasted by sedentary life. A gymnast would find in all something to amend; and the better he mended the more would those bodies, as with the voice of Dürer, declare that ancient canon discovered in the Greek gymnasium, which, whenever present in painting or in sculpture, shows a compact between the artist and society. John is not interested in the social need, in the perpetual thirst for greater health, but in character, in the revolt from all that makes one man like another. The old art, if carried to its logical conclusion, would have led to the creation of one single type of man, one single type of woman; gathering up by a kind of deification a capacity for all energy and all passion into a Krishna, a Christ, a Dionysus; and at all times a poetical painter, a Botticelli, a Rossetti, creates as his supreme achievement one type of face, known afterwards by his

name. The new art can create innumerable personalities, but in each of these the capacity for passion has been sacrificed to some habit of body or of mind. That woman with the big shoulder-blades has, for instance, a nature too keen, too clever for any passion with the cleverness of people who cannot rest, and that young lad with his arms spread out will sink back into disillusionment and exhaustion after the brief pleasure of a passion which is in part curiosity. Some limiting environment or idiosyncrasy is displayed; man is studied as an individual fact, and not as that energy which seems measureless and hates all that is not itself. It is a powerful but prosaic art, celebrating the "fall into division" not the "resurrection into unity." Did not even Balzac, who looked to the world so often with similar eyes, find it necessary to deny character to his great ladies and young lovers, that he might give them passion? What beautiful woman delights us by her look of character? That shows itself when beauty is gone, being the creation of habit, the bare stalk when the flower of spring has withered. Beauty consumes character with what Patmore calls "the integrity of fire."

It is this lack of the capacity for passion, which makes women dislike the schools of characterization, and makes the modern artist despise woman's judgement. Women, for the same reason, dislike pure comedy. How few women like Molière!

Here at Coole my room is hung with Arundel prints from Botticelli, Benozzo Gozzoli, Giorgione, Mantegna, and the Van Eycks. Here everywhere is the expression of desire, though in the Van Eycks the new interest has begun. All display bodies to please an amorous woman's eyes or the eyes of a great king. The martyrs and saints even must show the capacity for all they have renounced.

V

These notes are morbid, but I heard a man of science say that all progress is at the outset pathological, and I write for my own good.

The pain others give passes away in their later kindness, but that of our own blunders, especially when they hurt our vanity, never passes away. Our own acts are isolated and one act does not buy absolution for another. They are always present before a strangely abstract judgement. We are never a unity, a personality to ourselves. Small acts of years ago are so painful in the memory that often we start at the presence a little below "the threshold of consciousness" of a thought that remains unknown. It sheds a vague

light like that of the moon before it rises, or after its setting. Vanity is so intimately associated with our spiritual identity that whatever hurts it, above all if it came from it, is more painful in the memory than serious sin and yet I do not think it follows that we are very vain. The harm we do to others is lost in changing events and passes away and so is healed by time, unless it was very great. Looking back I find only one offence, which is as painful to me as a hurt to vanity. It was done to a man who died shortly after. Because of his death, it has not been touched by the transforming hand—tolerant Nature has not rescued it from Justice.

VI

I think that all happiness depends on the energy to assume the mask of some other self; that all joyous or creative life is a re-birth as something not oneself, something which has no memory and is created in a moment and perpetually renewed, a grotesque or solemn painted face, to hide us from the terrors of judgement, an imaginative Saturnalia, where we forget reality, a game like that of a child, where one loses the infinite pain of self-realization. Perhaps all the sins and energies of the world are but its flight from an infinite blinding beam.

VII

F— is learning Gaelic. I would sooner see her in the Gaelic movement than in any Irish movement I can think of. I fear some new absorption in political opinion. Women, because the main event of their lives has been giving themselves and giving birth, give all to an opinion as if it were some terrible stone doll. Men take up an opinion lightly and are easily false to it and when faithful keep the habit of many interests. We still see the world, if we are of strong mind and body, with considerate eyes, but to women opinions become as their children or their sweethearts, and the greater their emotional capacity the more do they forget all other things. They grow cruel, as if in defence of lover or child, and all this is done for "something other than human life." At last the opinion is so much identified with their nature that it seems a part of their flesh becomes stone and passes out of life. It was a part of F—'s power in the past, that though she made this surrender with her mind, she kept the sweetness of her voice and much humour, and yet I am afraid. Women should have their play with dolls finished in childish happiness, for if they play with them again it is amid hatred and malice.

VIII

Women should find in the mask enough joy to forget the doll without regret. There is always a living face behind the mask.

IX

Last night at The Theatre of Ireland, I talked to the man next to me. "I have been to your theatre also," he said. "I like your popular plays, The Suburban Grove and those plays by the Frenchman, I do not remember his name" (evidently Molière) "but I don't like your mysteries." I thought he meant something of mine, as the word "mystery" is a popular reproach since *The Shadowy Waters*, but I found he meant *Kincora*. I said, "Why do you find that mysterious?" He said, "Oh, I know nothing about all that history." I replied, "When I was young every Irish nationalist young man knew as much about Brian Boru as about St Patrick." He thought I was talking of the peasants and said he was afraid that sort of knowledge was dying out amongst them. He evidently thought it their business alone, like the bath and the blessed well.

X

March 23rd.

McDonagh called to-day. Very sad about Ireland. Says that he finds a barrier between himself and the Irish-speaking peasantry, who are "cold, dark, and reticent" and "too polite." He watches the Irish-speaking boys at his school, and when nobody is looking, or when they are alone with the Irish-speaking gardener, they are merry, clever, and talkative. When they meet an English speaker or one who has learned Gaelic, they are stupid. They are a different world. Presently he spoke of his nine years in a monastery and I asked what it was like. "Oh," he said, "everybody is very simple and happy enough. There is a little jealousy sometimes. If one brother goes into a town with a Superior, another brother is jealous." He then told me that the Bishop of Raphoe had forbidden anybody in his See to contribute to the Gaelic League because its Secretary "has blasphemed against the Holy Adamnan." The Secretary had said, "The Bishop is an enemy, like the founder of his See, St Adamnan, who tried to injure the Gaelic language by writing in Latin." McDonagh says, "Two old countrymen fell out and one said, 'I have a brother who will make you behave,' meaning the Bishop of Raphoe, and the other said, 'I have a son who will put sense into you,' meaning Cardinal Logue."

XI

Molly Allgood came to-day to ask where I would be to-morrow, as Synge wishes to send for me if strong enough. He wants "to make arrangements." He is dying. They have ceased to give him food. Should we close the Abbey or keep it open while he still lives? Poor Molly is going through her work as always. Perhaps that is best for her. I feel Synge's coming death less now than when he first became ill. I am used to the thought of it and I do not find that I pity him. I pity her. He is fading out of life. I felt the same when I saw M— in the madhouse. I pitied his wife. He seemed already dead. One does not feel that death is evil when one meets it—evil, I mean, for the one who dies. Our Daimon is silent as was that other before the death of Socrates. The wildest sorrow that comes at the thought of death is, I think, "Ages will pass over and no one ever again look at that nobleness or that beauty." What is this but to pity the living and to praise the dead?

XII

March 24th.

Synge is dead. In the early morning he said to the nurse, "It is no use fighting death any longer," and he turned over and died. I called at the hospital this afternoon and asked the assistant matron if he knew he was dying. She answered, "He may have known it for weeks, but he would not have said so to any one. He would have no fuss. He was like that." She added, with emotion in her voice, "We were devoted to him."

XIII

March 28th.

Mr Stephens, Synge's brother-in-law, said he suffered no pain but only great weakness. On Sunday he questioned the doctor and convinced himself that he was dying. He told his brother-in-law next day and was quite cheerful, even making jokes. In the evening he saw Molly and told her to be brave and sent her to me that I might arrange about his writings. On the morning when I heard of his death a heavy storm was blowing and I doubt not when he died that it had well begun. That morning Lady Gregory felt a very great depression and was certain that some evil was coming but feared for her grandchild, feared it was going to be ill. On the other hand, my sister, Lolly, said at breakfast, "I think it will be all right with Synge, for last night I saw a galley struggling with a

storm and then it shot into calm and bright sunlight and I heard the keel grate on the shore." One remembers the voyages to Tir-nan-oge, certainly the voyages of souls after death to their place of peace.

XIV

I have been looking through his poems and have read once more that on page 21, "I asked if I grew sick and died." Certainly they were there at the funeral his "idiot" enemies: A. who against all regulations rushed up to the dressing-rooms during the Playboy riot to tell the actors they should not have played in so disgraceful a play. B. who has always used his considerable influence with the Company against Synge, and has spoken against him in public; there, too, were the feeble friends who pretended to believe but gave no help. And there was C., whose obituary notice speaks of Synge's work as only important in promise, of the exaggeration of those who praise it, and then claims that its writer (getting the date wrong by two years, however) spent many hours a day with Synge in Paris—with Synge who was proud and lonely, almost as proud of his old blood as of his genius, and had few friends. There was D. the Secretary of the Society—it had sent a wreath—whose animosity had much to do with the attacks in Sinn Fein. It was, to quote E. a funeral "small but select." A good friend of Synge quoted to me—

"How shall the ritual then be read?
The Requiem how be sung,
By yours the evil eye,
By yours the slanderous tongue,
That did to death the innocence
That died, and died so young?"

Yet these men came, though but in remorse; they saw his plays, though but to dislike; they spoke his name, though but to slander. Well-to-do Ireland never saw his plays nor spoke his name. Was he ever asked to any country-house but Coole? Was he ever asked to a dinner-party? How often I have wished that he might live long enough to enjoy that communion with idle, charming, and cultivated women which Balzac in one of his dedications calls "the chief consolation of genius."

XV

In Paris Synge once said to me, "We should unite stoicism,

asceticism, and ecstasy. Two of them have often come together, but the three never."

XVI

I believe that something I said may have suggested "I asked if I grew sick and died." S. had frequently attacked his work while admitting him a man of genius. He attacked it that he might remain on good terms with the people about him. When Synge was in hospital to be operated upon S. was there too as a patient and I told Synge that whenever I spoke of his illness to any man that man said, "And isn't it sad about S.?" Until I could stand it no longer and burst out with "I hope he will die," and now as someone said I was "being abused all over the town as without heart." I had learned that people were calling continually to enquire how S. was, but hardly anybody called to ask for Synge. Two or three weeks later Synge wrote this poem. Had my words set his mind running on the thought that fools flourish, more especially as I had prophesied that S. would flourish and in my mood at that time it seemed that for S. to be operated on at the same time with Synge was a kind of insolence. S.'s illness did, indeed, win for him so much sympathy that he came out to lucrative and honourable employment, and now when he is playing golf will say with the English accent he has acquired of late to some player who needs a great man's favour, "I know him well, I will say a word in that quarter."

The Irish weekly papers notice Synge's death with short and for the most part grudging notices. There was an obscure Gaelic League singer who was a leader of the demonstration against the Playboy. He died on the same day. Sinn Fein notices both deaths in the same article and gives three-fourths of it to the rioter. For Synge it has but grudging words as was to be expected.

Molly tells me that Synge went to see Stephen McKenna and his wife before going into the hospital and said good-bye with "You will never see me again."

XVII

Celebrations:

I. He was one of those unmoved souls in whom there is a perpetual "Last Day," a perpetual trumpeting and coming up for judgement.

II. He did not speak to men and women, asking judgement, as lesser writers do but knowing himself part of judgement he was silent.

III. We pity the living and not such dead as he. He has gone upward out of his ailing body into the heroical fountains. We are parched by time.

IV. He had the knowledge of his coming death and was cheerful to the end, even joking a little when that end had all but come. He had no need of our sympathies. It was as though we and the things about us died away from him and not he from us.

XVIII

Detractions:

He had that egotism of the man of genius which Nietzsche compares to the egotism of a woman with child. Neither I nor Lady Gregory had ever a compliment from him. After Hyacinth Lady Gregory went home the moment the curtain fell, not waiting for the congratulation of friends, to get his supper ready. He was always ailing and weakly. All he said of the triumphant Hyacinth was, "I expected to like it better." He had under charming and modest manners, in almost all things of life, a complete absorption in his own dream. I have never heard him praise any writer, living or dead, but some old French farce writer. For him nothing existed but his thought. He claimed nothing for it aloud. He never said any of those self-confident things I am enraged into saying, but one knew that he valued nothing else. He was too confident for self-assertion. I once said to George Moore, "Synge has always the better of you, for you have brief but ghastly moments during which you admit the existence of other writers; Synge never has." I do not think he disliked other writers—they did not exist. One did not think of him as an egotist. He was too sympathetic in the ordinary affairs of life and too simple. In the arts he knew no language but his own.

I have often envied him his absorption as I have envied Verlaine his vice. Can a man of genius make that complete renunciation of the world necessary to the full expression of himself without some vice or some deficiency? You were happy or at least blessed, "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

XIX

Two plays last night, *Time*, a play of suggestion, *Cross-roads*, a logical play. I accepted this last play because of its central idea, a seeming superstition of its creator, a promise of a new attitude towards life, of something beyond logic. In the four morning

papers Time is cursed or ignored and Cross-roads given great praise, but praise that is never for the central idea, and the only critic who speaks of that idea misunderstands it completely. State a logical proposition and the most commonplace mind can complete it. Suggestion is richest to the richest and so grows unpopular with a democracy like this. They misunderstood Robinson's idea, luckily for his popularity, and so turned all into commonplace. They allow their minds to dwell so completely on the logic that they do not notice what, as it were swims upon it or juts up from its river bed. That is how they combine religion with a journalism which accepts all the implications of materialism. A thought that stirs me in Time is that "only women and great artists love time, others sell it," but what is Blake's "naked beauty displayed," "visible audible wisdom," to the shop-keeping logicians? How can they love time or anything but the day's end?

XX

To-day Molly told me that Synge often spoke of his coming death, indeed constantly for a year past and tried hard to finish *Deirdre*. Sometimes he would get very despondent, thinking he could not finish it and then she would act it for him and he would write a little more, and then he would despond again, and so the acting would begin again.

My sister, Lily, says that the ship Lolly saw on the night of Synge's death was not like a real ship, but like the *Shadowy Waters* ship on the Abbey stage, a sort of allegorical thing. There was also a girl in a bright dress, but she seemed to vanish as the ship ran ashore; all about the girl, and indeed everything, was broken and confused until the bow touched the shore in bright sunlight.

XXI

I see that between Time, suggestion, and Cross-roads, logic, lies a difference of civilization, the literature of suggestion belongs to a social order when life conquered by being itself and the most living was the most powerful, and not to a social order founded upon argument. Leisure, wealth, privilege were created to be a soil for the most living. The literature of logic, most powerful and the most empty, conquering all in the service of one metallic premise, is for those who have forgotten everything but books and yet have only just learnt to read. They fill their minds with deductions, as

they fill their empty houses, where there is nothing of the past, with machine-made furniture. I used to think that the French and Irish democracies follow, as John O'Leary used to say, a logical deduction to its end, no matter what suffering it brings, from a resemblance in the blood. I now believe that they do this because they have broken from the past, from the self-evident truths, from "naked beauty displayed." The English logicians may be as ignorant but they are timid.

Robinson should become a celebrated dramatist if this theatre lasts long enough. He does not argue like the imitators of Ibsen, though his expression of life is as logical, hence his grasp on active passion. Passion is logical when bent on action and in the drama of suggestion there must be sufficient loosening and slackening for meditation and the seemingly irrelevant or else a Greek chorus, and neither is possible without rich leisurely minds in the audience, lovers of Father Time, men who understand Faust's last cry to the passing moment.

Florence Farr once said to me, "If we could say to ourselves, with sincerity, that this passing moment is as good as any I shall ever know, we would die upon the instant, or be united to God." Desire would have ceased and logic the feet of desire.

XXII

April 5th.

Walked home from Gurteen Dhas with D. And have walked through the brick kilns of Egypt. He states everything in a slightly argumentative form and the soul is starved by the absence of self-evident truth. Good conversation unrolls itself like the spring or like the dawn, and effective argument, mere logical statement, founds itself on the set of facts or of experiences common to two or more. Each hides what is new or rich.

XXIII

The element which in men of action corresponds to style in literature is the moral element. Books live almost entirely because of their style and the men of action, who inspire movements after they are dead, are those whose hold upon impersonal emotion and law lifts them out of immediate circumstance. Mitchel wrote better prose than Davis, Mangan better poetry, D'Arcy Magee better popular verse, Quintan Lalor saw deeper into a political

event, O'Connell had more power and Meager more eloquence, but Davis alone has influenced generations of young men, though Mitchel's narrower and more faulty nature has now and again competed with him. Davis showed this moral element not merely in his verse—I doubt if that could have had great effect alone—but in his action, in his defence for instance of the rights of his political opponents of the Royal Irish Academy. His verses were but an illustration of principles shown in action. Men are dominated by self-conquest; thought that is a little obvious or platitudinous if merely written, becomes persuasive, immortal even, if held to amid the hurry of events. The self-conquest of the writer, who is not a man of action, is style. Mitchel's influence is mainly, though not altogether, that of a writer, the influence of style, that also a form of power, an energy of life. It is curious that Mitchel's long martyred life, supported by style, has had less force than that of a man who died at thirty, was never in the hulks, did not write very well, and achieved no change of the law.

The act of appreciation of any great thing is an act of self-conquest. This is one reason why we distrust the serene moralist who has not approved his principles in some crisis. He would be troubled, broken even, if he had made that conquest. Yet the man who has proved himself in a crisis may be serene in words, for his battle was not in contemplation where words are combatants.

XXIV

Last night my sister told me that this book of Synge's (his poems) was the only book they began to print on a Friday. They tried to avoid this but could not, and it is not at all well printed. Do all they could, it would not come right.

XXV

Molly Allgood has just told me of three pre-visions. Some years ago, when the Company were in England on that six weeks' tour, she, Synge, and D. were sitting in a tea-shop, she was looking at Synge, and suddenly the flesh seemed to fall from his face and she saw but a skull. She told him this and it gave him a great shock, and since then she had not allowed images to form before her eyes of themselves, as they often used to do. Synge was well at the time. Again last year, but before the operation and at a time when she had no fear, she dreamed that she saw him in a coffin being lowered into a grave and a "strange sort of cross" was laid over the

coffin. (The Company sent a cross of flowers to his funeral and it was laid upon the grave.) She told this also to Synge and he was troubled by it. Then some time after the operation she dreamed that she saw him in a boat. She was on the shore, and he waved his hand to her and the boat went away. She longed to go to him but could not.

XXVI

March 11th.

Stratford-on-Avon

Some weeks ago A— wrote to me that it was a phase of B—'s madness to believe himself in heaven. All the great poets of other times were there, and he was helping to prepare for the reception of Swinburne. The angels were to stand in groups of three. And now I have just heard that Swinburne is dead.

XXVII

Dined with F— and G—. F— spoke of the grief Synge's death gave him—the ending of all that work. We talked of the disordered and broken lives of modern men of genius and the so different lives of the Italian painters. He said in those days men of genius were cared for, but now the strain of life is too heavy, no one thinks of them till some misfortune comes—madness or death. He then spoke, as he often does, of the lack of any necessary place for the arts in modern life and said, "After all, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel was the Pope's ceiling." Later he said in comment upon some irascible act of Hugh Lane's, "Everybody who is doing anything for the world is very disagreeable, the agreeable people are those for whom the world is doing something."

XXVIII

Our modern public arts, architecture, plays, large decoration, have too many different tastes to please, some taste is sure to dislike and to speak its dislike everywhere, and then because of the silence of the rest, partly from apathy, partly from dislike of controversy, partly from the difficulty of defence, as compared with the ease of attack, there is general timidity. All creation requires one mind to make and one mind of enjoyment. The theatre can at rare moments create this one mind of enjoyment, and once created, it is like the mind of an individual in solitude, immeasurably bold—all is possible to it. The only building received with enthusiasm during my time has been the Catholic Cathedral of Westminster—religion or the politics of religion created that one mind.

XXIX

I asked Molly if any words of hers made Synge write, "I asked if I grew sick and died," and she said, "He used often to joke about death with me and one day he said, 'Will you go to my funeral?' and I said, 'No, for I could not bear to see you dead and the others living.'"

XXX

Went to S—'s the other night—everybody either too tall or too short or crooked or lob-sided. One woman had an excited voice, an intellect without self-possession, and there was a man with a look of a wood-kern, who kept bringing the conversation back and back to Synge's wrong-doing in having made a girl in the Playboy admire a man who had ham-strung mountain yeos. He saw nothing else to object to, but that one thing. He declared that the English would not give Home Rule because they thought Ireland cruel and no Irishman should write a sentence to make them go on thinking that. There arose before my mind an image of this man arguing about Ireland with an endless procession of second-rate men. At last I said, "When a country produces a man of genius he never is what it wants or believes it wants; he is always unlike its idea of itself. In the eighteenth century Scotland believed itself religious, moral, and gloomy, and its national poet Burns came not to speak of these things but to speak of lust and drink and drunken gaiety. Ireland, since the young Irelanders, has given itself up to apologetics. Every impression of life or impulse of imagination has been examined to see if it helped or hurt the glory of Ireland or the political claim of Ireland. A sincere impression of life became at last impossible, all was apologetics. There was no longer an impartial imagination, delighting in whatever is naturally exciting. Synge was the rushing up of the buried fire, an explosion of all that had been denied or refused, a furious impartiality, an indifferent, turbulent sorrow. Like Burns, his work was to say all the people did not want to have said. He was able to do this because Nature had made him incapable of a political idea." The wood-kern made no answer, did not understand a word I said, perhaps, but for the rest of the evening he kept saying to this person or to that person that he objected to nothing but the passage about the mountain yeos.

XXXI

July 8th.

I dreamed this thought two nights ago: "Why should we complain if men illtreat our Muses, when all that they gave to Helen while she still lived was a song and a jest?"

XXXII

September 20th.

An idle man has no thought, a man's work thinks through him. On the other hand a woman gets her thought through the influence of a man. A man is to her what work is to a man. Man is a woman to his work and it begets his thoughts.

XXXIII

The old playwrights took old subjects, did not even arrange the subjects in a new way. They were absorbed in expression, that is to say in what is most near and delicate. The new playwrights invent their subjects and dislike anything customary in the arrangement of the fable, but their expression is as common as the newspapers where they first learned to write.

XXXIV

October.

I saw Hamlet on Saturday night, except for the chief Ophelia scenes, and missed these [for I had to be in the Abbey] without regret. Their pathos, as they are played, has always left me cold. I came back for Hamlet at the graveside: there my delight always begins anew. I feel in Hamlet, as so often in Shakespeare, that I am in the presence of a soul lingering on the storm-beaten threshold of sanctity. Has not that threshold always been terrible, even crime-haunted? Surely Shakespeare, in those last seeming idle years, was no quiet country gentleman, enjoying, as men like Dowden think, the temporal reward of an unvalued toil. Perhaps he sought for wisdom in itself at last, and not in its passionate shadows. Maybe he had passed the threshold, and none the less for Jonson's drinking bout. Certainly one finds here and there in his work praise of country leisure sweetened by wisdom.

XXXV

Am I going against nature in my constant attempt to fill my life with work? Is my mind as rich as in idle days? Is not perhaps the poet's labour a mere rejection? If he seek purity—the ridding of his life of all but poetry—will not inspiration come? Can one reach God by toil? He gives himself to the pure in heart. He asks nothing but attention.

XXXVI

I have been looking at Venetian costumes of the sixteenth century as pictured in *The Mask*—all fantastic; bodily form hidden or disguised; the women with long bodices, the men in stuffed doublets. Life had become so learned and courtly that men and women dressed with no thought of bodily activity. If they still fought and hunted, their imagination was not with these things. Does not the same happen to our passions when we grow contemplative and so liberate them from use? They also become fantastic and create the strange lives of poets and artists.

XXXVII

December 15th.

Deirdre of the Sorrows (first performances). I was anxious about this play and on Thursday both Lady Gregory and I felt the strain of our doubts and fears. Would it seem mere disjointed monotony? Would the second act be intelligible? The audience seemed to like it, and I was greatly moved by certain passages in the last act. I thought the quarrel on the graveside with its last phrase, "It is a pity that we should miss the safety of the grave and we trampling its edge," and Deirdre's cry to the quarrelling Kings, "Move a little further off with the quarrelling of fools," as noble and profound drama as any man has written. On the first night the thought that it was Synge's reverie over death, his own death, made all poignant. "The filth of the grave," "an untidy thing death is, though it is a Queen that dies," and the like, brought him dying before me. I remembered his extreme gentleness in the last weeks, that air of being done with ambition and conflict. Last night the audience was small—under £10—and less alive than the first night. No one spoke of the great passages. Someone thought the quarrel in the last act too harsh. Others picked out those rough peasant words that give salt to his speech, as "of course adding

nothing to the dialogue, and very ugly." Others objected to the little things in the costuming of the play, which were intended to echo these words, to vary the heroic convention with something homely or of the fields. Then as I watched the acting, I saw that O'Donovan and Molly were as passionless as the rest. Molly had personal charm, pathos, distinction even, fancy, beauty, but never passion—never intensity; nothing out of a brooding mind. All was but observation, curiosity, desire to please. Her foot never touched the unchanging rock, the secret place beyond life; her talent showed like that of all the others, social, modern, a faculty of comedy. Pathos she has, the nearest to tragedy the comedian can come, for that is conscious of our presence and would have our pity. Passion she has not, for that looks beyond mankind and asks no pity, not even of God. It realizes, substantiates, attains, scorns, governs and is most mighty when it passes from our sight.

XXXVIII

December 16th.

Last night Molly had so much improved that I thought she may have tragic power. The lack of power and of clarity which I still find among great charm and distinction, comes more from lack of construction, through lack of reflection and experience, than from mere lack of emotion. There are passages where she attempts nothing, or where she allows herself little external comedy impulses, more I now think because they are habitual than because she could not bring emotion out of herself. The chief failure is towards the end. She does not show immediately after the death of Naise enough sense of what has happened, enough normal despair to permit of a gradual development into the wild unearthly feeling of the last speeches, though these last speeches are exquisitely spoken. My unfavourable impression of Friday came in part from the audience which was heavy and, I thought, bored. Yesterday the audience—the pit entirely full—was enthusiastic and moved, raising once again my hope for the theatre and for the movement.

XXXIX

May 25th.

At Stratford-on-Avon The Playboy shocked a good many people, because it was a self-improving, self-educating audience, and that means a perverted and commonplace audience. If you set out to

educate yourself you are compelled to have an ideal, a model of what you would be; and if you are not a man of genius, your model will be a commonplace and prevent the natural impulses of the mind, its natural reverence, desire, hope, admiration, always half unconscious, almost bodily. That is why a simple round of religious duties, things that escape the intellect, is often so much better than its substitute, self-improvement.

XL

September 18th.

S. S. Zeeland

I noticed in the train, as I came to Queenstown, a silent fairly well-dressed man, who struck me as vulgar. It was not his face, which was quite normal, but his movements. He moved from his head only. His arm and hand, let us say, moved in direct obedience to the head, had not the instinctive motion that comes from a feeling of weight, of the shape of an object to be touched or grasped. There were too many straight lines in gesture and in pose. The result was an impression of vulgar smartness, a defiance of what is profound and old and simple. I have noticed that beginners sometimes move this way on the stage. They, if told to pick up something, show by the movement of their body that their idea of doing it is more vivid than the doing of it. One gets an impression of thinness in the nature. I am watching Miss V— to find out if her inanimate movements when on the stage come from lack of experience or if she has them in life. I watched her sinking into a chair the other day to see if her body felt the size and shape of the chair before she reached it. If her body does not so feel she will never be able to act, just as she will never have grace of movement in ordinary life. As I write I see through the cabin door a woman feeding a child with a spoon. She thinks of nothing but the child and every movement is full of expression. It would be beautiful acting. Upon the other hand, her talk—she is talking to someone next her—in which she is not interested, is monotonous and thin in cadence. It is a mere purpose in the brain, made necessary by politeness.

XLI

October.

A good writer should be so simple that he has no faults, only sins.

TWO POEMS

BY W. W. E. ROSS

I

SOLDIERY

Marching the men
soldiers going along with drums
over the earth, over the earth

to kill yet
is the air
sweet and clear
the sun rides and the wind glides

 they
with keen blades go
marching marching
over the earth

while the sun rides
and the wind glides

II

In the ravine I stood
and watched the snowflakes
falling into the stream
 into the stream
flowing gracefully between
banks of snow

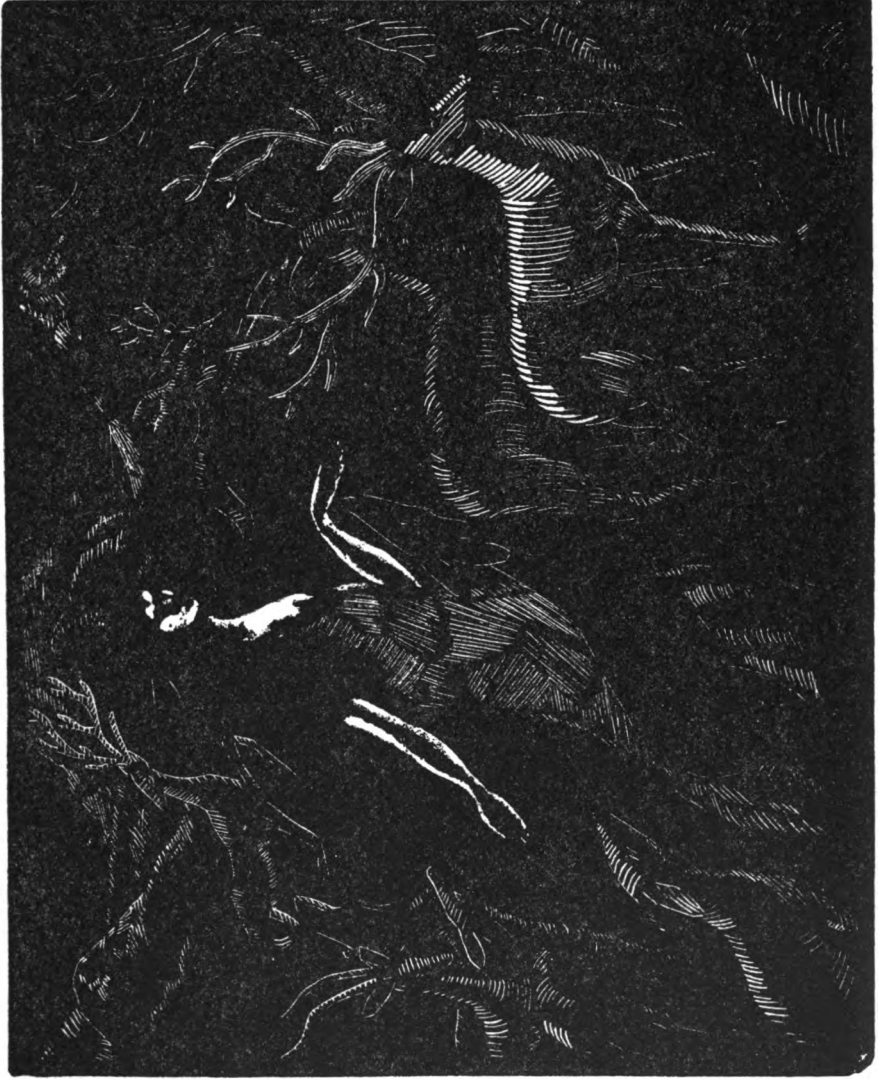
 The black water
of the winter creek came

TWO POEMS

around a bend above
 and disappeared
 around a bend below

Filled with melted snow
 to the brim
 the creek came
 around a bend—
 and disappeared below
 around a bend—
 ground covered with snow

Thus I stood the snow
 descended by degrees
 into the stream
 into the stream



WOMAN AND DEER. BY ALICE D. LAUGHLIN

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST AUGUSTINE

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

TH**ERE** are few writings of a religious nature whose appeal to the secular intelligence equals St Augustine's. It is not only the extraordinary literary and lyrical quality that so richly persuades us, but the fact that this "eagle of the fathers," whose acute mind formulated Catholic doctrine, was preoccupied from first to last in reconciling the intelligence of man to the terms upon which life has been given.

The brevity of life, the fact that material existence is itself so fleeting, this was the disconcerting knowledge that possessed his intention. It is a circumstance of which the simplest mortal is aware: but seldom does a man as sensitive as was St Augustine to all manifestations of physical beauty turn with so rapt a fervour toward the invisible, toward what, after all, except for the assurance of the startled soul under the influence of the beatific ecstasy, remains unproven. If death is certain how can man with any show of reason love life? All philosophy is the result of our endeavour to find an answer for that perplexing question. Under the fig-tree in the Italian garden the explanation came to St Augustine. From that day he saw the problem of existence revealed to him clear as a map, clear as a map illuminated with light from a divine nimbus. All that was "within the flaming ramparts of the world" was to be regarded as of significance only in its relation to the Godhead "whereby the universe is governed, even to the fluttering leaves of trees." Void of such sublime innuendo the coursing hound would be nothing, the spider spinning her web, or the lizard catching flies, nothing. According to the gospel of St Augustine life must always be regarded from the angle of Eternity, because for him the Eternal alone offered a safe cradling for lorn human souls.

It is this conception that gives to the Confessions their amazing power. In their pages certain moments of consciousness are caught up into strangely transfigured periods. In this "confession of sin and confession of praise" the holy writer communicates to the

NOTE: The Confessions of St Augustine. Translated and annotated by Dr J. G. Pilkington. 8vo. 415 pages. Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.

Almighty the most intense experiences of his life, experiences that have upon them an immortal sunlight and shadow.

St Augustine shares with Thomas à Kempis the faculty of finding expression in words for those unexplained states of spiritual exaltation that, since the appearance of Christianity, have rewarded certain elect souls. Legend assures us that the *Te Deum* was composed by St Ambrose and St Augustine calling to each other, verse upon verse, in inspired utterance at the altar steps of the basilica in Milan. *Te Deum laudamus. Te Dominum confitemur.* The Confessions might be taken as just such another song of adoration composed in passionate and privileged intimacy between St Augustine's soul and its creator.

Always, however, there will be certain sturdy beings who find themselves unmoved by such religious outpourings. For such it is sufficient to live under the canopy of that "queen of colours, the light," eating with joy and aplomb yellow honey from the comb, but for those who seek reassurance, for those who are forever looking askance at the noisy "mart of walking spirits" this document, begotten by "a son of many tears," must sound like the audible voice of a Saint unhampered by proud flesh, crying to God in a region above day and night in a blessed state of divine reciprocity. "Yet O my God, my life, my holy joy, what is this that I have said? And what saith any man when he speaks of Thee? Yet woe to them that keep silence, seeing that even they who say most are as the dumb."

With unconscious irony St Augustine writes, "But what was the cause of my dislike of Greek literature, which I studied from my boyhood, I cannot even now understand." St Augustine! . . . Homer! It would be hard to conceive of two interpreters of life further apart! The former, tortured, neurotic, and frustrated; the latter, "that sweet liar" as he is called by the Saint, concerned only with the simple poetry of existence. Not truly till the appearance of Plato—that source of so much mischief—could St Augustine have possibly felt at ease. For how lacking in natural humanity would many of his reactions have seemed to an unspoilt Athenian taught from childhood to follow the path of lucidity and sweet reason! St Augustine's sense of sin stretched itself out into the very matrix of life. "But if I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me, where I pray thee, O my God, where Lord, or when was I, Thy servant, inno-

cent?" How unhealthy and ill-balanced to the taste of heathen goodness is an obsession that can discredit the natural emotion of sorrow a son feels at the death of a mother! "I sorrowed for my sorrow, and was wasted by a twofold sadness." And he finds it acceptable to say this after those last hours that he spent with St Monica leaning on the window-sill looking out over garden and sea, hours that have become, through the poetry of his writing, treasured for ever in the memory of mankind. He goes so far as to suspect his simple response to music. "Yet when it happens to me to be more moved by the singing than by what is sung, I confess myself to have sinned criminally." Can the devout wonder that such extravagances are distasteful to those of us who love what is natural and what belongs to the sweet-smelling, uncontaminated earth? And yet, truly, if a heightened consciousness of existence is what we prize we could well learn such emphasis from the Bishop of Hippo. Even though he rejects the passing moment as unworthy and not to be trusted nobody is more eagerly aware of it. "But in these things no peace is to be found; they stay not—they flee; and who is he that is able to follow them with the senses of the flesh? Or who can grasp them, even when they are near? For tady is the sense of the flesh, because it is the sense of the flesh, and its boundary is itself. . . . Ye seek a blessed life in the land of death; it is not there." And so this holy man, this metaphysician and artist, turns his head away; "that I might sing unto thee from my very marrow." He will have none of that "false and shadowy beauty which pertaineth to deceptive vices." He had been too often betrayed. His mother, his son, his dear friend had died. He knew the treachery of earthly love. "I had poured out my soul like water in the sand by loving a mortal as if he could never die."

"In proud dejection and unquiet weariness" this ardent intellectual, with the soul of a saint, sought the secret of life. Not for him that corporeal sun "which seasoneth the life of the world for his blind lovers, with a tempting and fatal sweetness." Through the yellow pear-orchards of Tagaste, through the shuttered alleyways of Carthage, through the streets of Rome and Milan, yes, and even across the secluded lawns of Cassisiacum he was followed by the hound of heaven. "O crooked ways! Woe to the audacious soul which hoped that, if it forsook Thee, it would find some better thing! it hath turned and returned, on back, sides, and belly, and all was hard, and Thou alone rest."

THE BARREN TREE

In page after page of his confessions he conveys to his readers the hidden mystery of Christianity. I do not now refer to his famous explanations of the Catholic doctrines, though these constitute a memorable achievement, but rather to his exposition through the medium of the written word of that peculiar grace which belongs to Christian feeling in moments of its highest enlightenment. "And sometimes Thou admittest me to an affection, very unusual, in my inmost soul, rising to a strange sweetness, which if it were perfected in me, I know not what in it would not belong to the life to come."

THE BARREN TREE

BY HAROLD LEWIS COOK

I come to you as the sunlight
Comes to a tree,
As a blue wave rolling shoreward
From the mid-sea.

But you are secret as a tree deep-hidden
In a dark cloud.
And you are rock whereon the perfect wave
Must cry aloud,

Broken, must fall, fall sighing, sink
Back into ocean.
About you there may be no surge of light
Nor any motion.

No bird calls from your branches to any bird:
No stretched wing there
To scatter sunlight from its pointed plumes.
The tree stands bare.

IGNIS FATUUS

BY ANTHONY WRYNN

MISS GUNNISON, smiling primly into the night, stood looking from behind the half-open door to her porch, her unlighted hand lifted eagerly to the knob. Out of the fragrant silence came the grating of the truckman's shoes on the steps. As she drew the door fully open he appeared under the unshaded gas-flame of the hallway, powerfully bent beneath a large black trunk, and in response to his shout for directions she pointed a quick but timid finger in the direction of the parlour. A corner of the trunk thumped against the wall, tearing the dusty green paper. Fighting its way through the frame of the parlour-door, it ripped the woodwork. When the fellow finally jerked it from his shoulders to the floor in the centre of the room a terrific boom spread through the still house. Miss Gunnison was both shocked and delighted. Life was disconcerting, but at last it was there.

The trunk was that of a young man who had rented the chilly parlour which, after setting up a bed between the square piano and a cabinet of fancy shells, she had advertised as a bedroom. To have a stranger living in any deeper or higher recess of the house seemed, somehow, too great a violation of the past. The young man was her first, and to be her only, "roomer." She didn't need the money, she would have told you that; her inherited investments were as sound and fruitful as those of many a prosperous man in the town, but she was lonely and fearful in that house where she had been left, by the recent death of her sister, without a human contact in the world. Her loneliness, indeed, dated much further back than that, her sister not only having been unable to satisfy the need of companionship, but necessitating the sacrifice of all possibilities of such. Miss Gunnison used to say that for ten years the light in the invalid's room was never turned out, and that when finally the unlucky creature was buried she might as well have been taken along, too. The invalid had had the use of neither hands nor feet. She had lain there in bed with her chin pointed to the ceiling, the power of speech gradually leaving her, and at the last, her breath was all but drawn for her by her sister, the best

years of whose life she had absorbed. For weeks after the funeral Miss Gunnison moped about the silent, long-neglected rooms of the house, without thought or feeling, except for an occasional shaft of resentment, of hate, that darted from her numbed heart into the newly made grave.

However, at the very sight of her roomer's trunk her apathy began to wane. The young man's name was "Mr. J. Cline," that is the way he put it, and his casual, though impressive, announcement that he had just acquired the position of assistant manager in the factory down the block appeased Miss Gunnison's wonder as to what brought so nice, so clever a young man out there to the edge of town.

The house to which he came, one of the oldest in the county, but not the least imposing, stood between two fields that had devolved into "lots." The lately built factory under its tall round chimney stood at the further end of the north one, and the one on the south, with its forgotten heaps of earth, bottles, and one-sided clumps of grass, spread out into a woods not far from the untrimmed shrubbery that enclosed the front garden. The knobs on the doors of the house may have hung loose in their locks, but they were of genuine brass. The stair-carpet may have fairly shone from wear, but in the corners they were of the deepest plush. Prosperity had once been apparent. In ten years sickness had trailed its film completely across the lustre.

At first Mr Cline and his landlady rarely encountered one another, but he took that for granted. He was used to rooming-houses. Self-complacently and industriously, he established himself among his books on manufacturing, diagrams of machinery, and tablets black, red, and blue with figures. He was unimpressed and pleased.

Miss Gunnison, on the other hand, was unable to take *anything* for granted. Everything had adopted a new and surprising colour. She watched him from under a tilted shade when he left for the factory in the morning. All day she went about the house arranging and rearranging, she didn't know what—the chairs in the dining-room, the contents of her dresser. When she thought of that parlour where her father once pulled her sister's hair until she screamed because he hated her to play the piano, where her visiting aunts had sat on Sunday afternoons in winter with their coats on, "almost in the fire," a room where so much of the intimate life of her family had passed, and then pictured a strange young man living in there, she would suddenly become almost hysterical with laughter, and

then, as suddenly, melancholy and silent. Sometimes, cleaning his room in the morning, she would be taken with a delirious, unexplainable confusion of sadness and languor at the sight of his scattered clothing and the wide, pale, dishevelled bed.

One evening, at length, returning to his room, Mr Cline found a small cup of violets on a table among his papers. The receptacle had been placed, still wet from the faucet, upon a borrowed inked chart which had consequently become warped and indecipherable. He went indignantly to Miss Gunnison.

She was sitting on the porch in the twilight. When he addressed her, his neat suburbanly well-groomed figure was ridiculous in its rigid resentment, but to her it was as awful as a pillar of fire. The chart you put your flowers on is ruined, he said. I'd like to have my papers left alone.

Sitting up suddenly in her chair, and pressing her cheek into her lifted hand, she exclaimed, Oh, Mr Cline! Her glance rested momentarily on his, with a mingled expression of hurt and alarm, then drifted hesitantly to the dim boards of the porch. She looked as helpless as a child. A faint evening wind passed softly between them. He seemed to be waiting for her to say something, but she neither spoke nor stirred.

The chart wasn't mine, he snapped, and turned briskly away.

When he had gone, she sat fingering the braid on her skirt. The pain of her seeming carelessness, of appearing slovenly to him, the almost sickening pain of his calling the flowers hers, of his reproach, gathered bitterly within her. She was discouraged, frustrate.

Twilight had faded when she rose and quietly entered the house. Having lighted the gas in the hall and turned it low for the night, she went to her room. In the darkness, bewildered, all but weeping, she leaned against the post of her bed, she in whose heart joy and sorrow had lain so long asleep.

Spring vanished like a mist in the light and warmth of summer, and though occasionally various flowers of the advancing season appeared in Mr Cline's extraordinary room, they were so placed that not so much as a fluted shadow from them could fall among his perishable papers. But the slowly maturing affection answerable for their presence expressed itself in ways less inconsequential. In the still evenings when the solitude of Miss Gunnison's room became too much for her, and the temptation of "her young man" downstairs, too great, she would go to him with a book, a dated romance which she herself had never opened, and ask him if he

would like to read a lovely story, or, the evening being warm, invite him to the kitchen with her for a glass of iced tea. But the assiduous Mr Cline had as little time for tea as stories.

A hundred different advances received a hundred resistances, and what, at first, was annoyance in his attitude, became impatience, and finally anger. And his distaste of her solicitude deepened to an inordinate distaste of her person. Her parted hair, a thin greyish gold, bunched before her ears, her worn, purple velvet waist pinned high at the neck, her dark skirt and shiny blue-veined hands—each was a disconnected part of the blurred and offensive picture she formed in his mind. The very sound of the woman clearing her throat in a distant part of the house, or of the boards of the floor creaking beneath her step, disgusted him. He decided to leave the place, much as his sense of efficiency and fancy for convenience resented having to give way before his emotion.

Anticipating his removal, he requested one of the fellows at the factory to look about for a room for him. He was very apt at putting people under obligation without the usual expenditure.

On hearing that Mr Cline's present quarters were at Miss Gunnison's, the fellow was amused, yet even more amazed, Crazy Gunny! She ain't taking roomers!

Mr Cline, having no difficulty in identifying the appellation with his landlady, responded that she was.

And her with all her money.

In turn, Mr Cline was amazed and encouraged his informant with a question, which was fully answered: She inherited it from her family. A choice crew—thought they owned the town. And queer as cats. I remember after the mother and father died us kids used to run past the house, when we *had* to pass it, because we thought it was haunted. The two sisters never stuck their noses out of the door. But of course everybody knew they was in there. The grocer-boy used to tell us that when he brought the order around the only one he'd ever see was Gunny. He thought she murdered the other one. She must have had an awful job—that was ten years ago and the sister was only buried last winter.

Though it was past the closing-hour, Mr Cline made no movement to leave. He stood leaning against his desk, intently but calmly watching the fellow who, himself, seemed in no hurry to go and who was evidently only too pleased to answer some further questions which the usually unsociable assistant manager put to him.

So the story of the Gunnisons was unfolded, and when, finally, Mr Cline was left alone in the silent factory, he remained leaning against his desk for a long while, his pale, astute features turned slightly from the window. He stood in a cloud of thought, a cloud through which he faintly glimpsed something that caused him slowly to forget his request of the garrulous factory-hand.

A few evenings later, arrayed in simple, somewhat obsolete finery, Miss Gunnison sat at a revue in *The Criterion*, a music-hall where no member of her family had ever been seen before. Mr Cline, her escort, by whose recent attentions she had been as surprised as overjoyed, sat next to her. When she had entered the lobby she had stood, while he got the tickets, timidly apart in the glare of electric roses, but her timidity soon succumbed to the novelty of her situation and the deft, persuasive pressure of his hand on her arm as they passed down the aisle.

She was listening, now, to an exotic matron, salved and pencilled back to a semblance of youth, who hurled an amorous, syncopated lament from the brilliant circle of light on the stage into the dark reaches of the theatre. It was strange music to Miss Gunnison. The woman's voice was rich and powerful, and as it soared on its insinuating flight into the darkness Miss Gunnison slightly lowered her head in embarrassment, not for the woman, nor her escort, but for the wistful sensuousness which it stirred within her. She was glad that Mr Cline also heard the singing, it completed a certain contact that she felt hovered between them, but it mortified her, as if he had suddenly caressed her.

The dimmed chandeliers sprung to life in a clatter of applause and five Japanese came whirling before the foot-lights as an enormous portrayal of the town hall rose lightly into the wings, disclosing a maze of bars and trapeze. Miss Gunnison smiled appreciatively at Mr Cline, but only blindly followed the rapid flights and circlings of the dark, lithe bodies. The singing still hung faintly in her ears, and until the final number closed to a shock of drums and brass, a vague, amorous fantasy, through which drifted the white hands of Mr Cline, unfolded before her.

Instead of returning on the trolley-car by which they came, they walked home, at his suggestion. He was, for him, very loquacious. He magnanimously congratulated both of them on his choice of so good a performance, commented sagely on certain local political situations, and spoke of his progress and imminent promotion at the factory.

A late moon was rising as they approached the edge of town and fragrant, leaf-filled shadows lay softly beside the darkened houses. Her admiration of him was swiftly approximating her affection, and when, as they passed a house that had recently been remodelled, he pointed out several improvements which she could adopt for hers without substantial expense, she responded readily, proud of his interest and overwhelmed with tenderness for him.

In her shadowy hall he smilingly bade her good-night, and entered his room.

That night, soothed with a feeling of accomplishment, he slept soon and soundly. And she, calmly elated, glowing with a sense of richness, lay long awake, the moonlight flooding the familiar darkness about her.

The improvements on the house were shortly started: a widened and screened porch, new roof-gutters and drains, and a complete repainting, brown clapboards and green roof. Mr Cline not only aided in the repairs himself but, assuring her that it would be no trouble, took charge of the orders and payments for her. In the state of exhilaration caused by the metamorphosis of the outside of her house, she had the process brought to the interior. For weeks the place was in the throes of rebirth—scaffolding, electric-wires, calcimine—and then carpet and shades. Even the cracked flagstones before the house were replaced with asphalt.

Mr Cline, though he had obtained the lowest possible figures, was impressed by the aggregate cost when he finally recorded the last receipted bill, but he was infinitely more so by the casual, almost gay manner in which, after she had received and examined it, she stuck the complete record of expense on the file which hung above the tubs in her kitchen. She was taking life, now that at last it was offering itself, in deep, unquestioning draughts.

When autumn began to settle hazily about the outlying hills, they were living in a curious and growing intimacy. One evening they strolled toward the little woods south of the house. The landlady and her boarder—Mr Cline had become that—now frequently, after supper, took strolls together, which he never encouraged to extend into the town, where he was becoming casually known.

As they neared the woods which rose silent in the pungent September gloaming, she listened abstractedly to the account of his call that day at the Town Office concerning a raise in taxes on her house,

owing to the recent improvements. Often, when he was speaking to her, she was so moved by his presence, his voice, that she heard him as but through a dream, not following what he said. And when he spoke of some problem in the manipulation of her affairs, his charge of which he was continually augmenting, she nursed her inattention. She had great, and not unfounded, faith in his judgment. And she was happy in her submission to it, drawing therefrom the pleasure of one beloved, of a wife.

By magnifying depreciations to offset the improvements, he had succeeded in having the raise cancelled. And, "while he was at it," he had secured the assessed value of her other property in the town and had the taxes lowered on some of it. She was grateful—under great obligation to him. But he generously discounted his services.

They passed beneath the trees. At times he seemed unaware of her, as if absorbed by some speculation, then he would turn suddenly toward her, affable, talkative. But she, as always on these strolls, walked silent beside him, devoted, infinitely happy, a young girl with greying hair and a faint droop in her carriage.

Within the heart of the little woods they came upon a rivulet that, even with a long step, he could scarcely span, and to assist her across it he had half to embrace her. When they reached the further bank, her hand still hanging lightly on his shoulder, the fellow who had supplied him with his landlady's history appeared in an abrupt turn of the path, accompanying a flashily dressed young girl. Curiously, her hand rested on his shoulder much in the manner of Miss Gunnison's on her escort's, but, as the couples approached one another, it remained confidently there, unlike the elder woman's which first fled to her throat, then wandered vaguely to her side. The young fellow, jauntily touching his cap, made the most of a greeting as they passed, thinking, Mr Cline did not doubt, of the rather immediate and unexplained retraction of the request made of him months before. Mr Cline nodded perfunctorily, and the strange young girl swept him and his companion with a bright inclusive smile. The more staid couple, in an unobtrusive silence, had not proceeded much further when they heard a light, suddenly suppressed ripple of laughter run through the woods.

The following day, knowing that the fellow would not presume to mention the encounter to him and that it would be necessary, in order to curb discommoding gossip, to brush it from his mind, Mr Cline accosted him under the cover of some orders. When he

had given his directions he said, laughing casually, I see you were out courting last night.

Oh, just a girl I know.

A pretty nice one. It's a long time since I've gone off sparking like that. Somehow the only time I get out in the evening is once in a blue moon to take the old girl down there out for an airing. You saw us. She's getting so rickety she can hardly stand up. I suppose *somebody* has to take her out.

Maybe she's sick, like her sister or something.

Oh, I don't know. Guess her "new" house was too much for her. Mr Cline, to complete his extrication, smiled in such a way as to imply that he so guessed if he could guess anything concerning a woman and her affairs in the matter of which he was as ignorant as disinterested. Then, professionally hardening, he said, Mind that shipment. It's a day late already.

He walked briskly away between the dark, thundering towers of machinery that rose like a city beneath the roof.

Autumn sank under a sudden and heavy winter, and safe from the wind, in the isolated Gunnison house between its fields of restless snow, a light burned, nearly every night, and always until a late hour, behind a storm-blotched window off the kitchen. The room from which the window faced was a former store-room that Mr Cline had converted into an office and into which Miss Gunnison had had moved the great, battered, family desk. Many definite, if intricate, changes took place, during the long slow winter, in the papers stored within the shadows of that desk, as in the lives of the man who sat so frequently before it and the woman who occasionally joined him there.

Mr Cline had first been promoted to the position of manager at the factory, and then, through his exceptional capabilities and extensive investments in it, became treasurer of the concern. The investments were, properly, his landlady's, but having been assured by him that it would be the means of his becoming a member of the concern, she allowed him to put them in his name. She had consented to this not only because of her pride in him, zealously desiring his advancement, and of her great, and now matured love for him, but because of her indebtedness to him. She was no longer a desolate woman in a house of ghosts. And her "plenty" had become wealth. He had turned into capital all of her real estate but her home and invested it in the flourishing factory. He was even withdrawing her investments in richly

yielding enterprises to place them also there, where their income was doubled. She was ready to "prove" her gratitude "to the bone." But he refused proof, aside from the occasional use of his name for hers; he refused it even so far as having declined, one Saturday afternoon when he offered her his weekly payment, to change his position of boarder to that of a guest.

However, day by day he grew more attentive: bringing her frequent, if trivial, gifts, accepting, at least, the books she might give him to read, and often ostensibly confiding in her. Companionably resting his hand upon hers became not an uncommon gesture with him, and once or twice, on occasions when she had elicited his congratulations, he momentarily threw his arm about her, the caress long after lingering faintly upon her body, filling her with a joy that, perhaps wakening her in the middle of the night, would become almost torture.

His attentions, his words, his advances, lacked pulse, were without the warm free disorder of sincerity, but to her eyes that had suffered so long from the prestriction of loneliness, and now of love, all shone as true as her own response.

Finally, one early evening as they stood gazing from the window at the dim, falling snow, he took her into his arms, and kissed her. The strange contact of his body, confident, still, fired her innocent flesh. The warmth of his mouth seemed to sink into her very soul, and out of a timeless bewildered ecstasy her aged hand rose seekingly to his soft cheek. Carefully, almost imperceptibly, he lifted his head, so that hers sank upon his breast, her fingers trailing on to his shoulder. For a few moments they stood thus in the silence, and then, his hand just touching her arm, he led her to a settee in a corner of the room. She sat down trembling, weeping softly, and he drew up a chair and sat close to her. Soon she was quiet, and until long past supper-hour, until the room was shrouded in darkness, they sat there, sometimes silent, sometimes talking—about nothing, about having the snow cleared away.

From that evening his attitude was one of open, if fitful, affection. She lived as in a dream, a dream as simple as a girl's and profound as a woman's, and when the clear icy February days began to yield before the approaching spring, she was planning for her wedding. No announcement had been made of their proposed marriage, not only because neither of them had any intimates to inform, but because he did not intend marrying her. Their engagement, as he had anticipated, had brought most of what

remained in her name of her estate, into his, and his arrangements for establishing and managing a permanent office for the factory in another part of the country had been completed. His departure was imminent. The fortunes of the old house, remote, proud, set among its fields, had become one with the factory that had risen into the sky above it. All that Miss Gunnison now actually owned was the house itself and an income that soon would force her to fill every room of it with alien faces, no longer to ward off depression and loneliness, but privation and ruin.

The first violets had again appeared in little fluttering patches within the new grass. Miss Gunnison, a tuft of them pinned at her shoulder, sat flushed, and oddly pretty, beneath the suspended amber globe on the porch. It was the first evening of the year that they had sat out of doors. A small table stood before her, and the light material of her sleeves blew softly across her arms as she lifted, played, or dealt the cards which lay upon it. Sitting opposite to her, Mr Cline, infected by her unusual gaiety, was enjoying the game which she had asked him to play much more than he had expected that he would. The cards fell to their laughter, now rapidly, now cautiously, sometimes haphazardly, and the excitement of an unexpected trick brought to her lips a cry of distress or delight which she quickly smothered—once, to his amused surprise, making a long queer face at the neighbouring darkness. If he spoke of anything irrelevant to the game, she rallied him for his inattention, only to dart off herself on a subject even more remote. And during one of these digressions, enchanted with their "discovery" of the porch, she suggested having it enclosed with glass the following winter. But suddenly conscious of all that was to happen before then, she became embarrassed, silent, and lost the hand in smiling confusion.

However, the evening was hers, and his jacks and tens fell continuously, beautifully, beneath her kings. She was elated, and there was a certain wildness in her eyes, in the movements of her hands. At the close of one game a twice-withheld trump fell blightingly upon her ace, causing her to lose, and, demanding that he turn up his tricks, she cried, You cheated!

The tricks were turned. He had. And they both laughed.

At that moment there was a tap at the screen-door, and when they looked toward it they saw the white, grease-smearred face of a workman from the factory who was staring in through the shadowy wire. Beg pardon, Mr Cline, he said, but we're working

on a rush-order to-night and something's gone wrong in the power-room and it's too late to get a repair-man. His voice sounded strange, coming from the wide stillness about them.

What does the engineer suppose he's there for? Mr Cline asked. To keep up appearances?

He says it's got the best of *him*. He's gone over every cog and bearing in the place. He was even down in the pit.

Mr Cline deliberated briefly, then entered the house from where, waiting together in the still night, they heard him at the telephone trying to get in connexion with the home of a repair-man. He failed, and when he returned to the porch he was obviously disturbed. Well, the work's not going to stop that easy, he said, if I have to go down and pull the darn thing apart myself.

In a moment, the screen-door clapping to behind him, he had gone, without his hat, and followed by the grimy workman.

Miss Gunnison sat slightly smiling in the ensuing quiet, idly fingering the cards that lay scattered on the table before her. Her previous gaiety still hovered in her features, in her restless hands, excluding all concern for the factory and its difficulties, and wavering only at the loss of Mr Cline. She pictured him as he had just been sitting there, laughing in the amber light—his arms, his shoulders, his mouth, his hair—and impetuously spoke his first name, as if he were still opposite her, the first time, strangely, that she had ever said it aloud. She repeated it, listened, then she, too, laughed, tenderly, extravagantly.

Suddenly she rose, in excess of spirits, repinning at her shoulder the violets which had become loosened. She entered the living-room that he had left lighted and wandered aimlessly about, settling a cushion into place, returning a book to its shelf, and wondering how long he would be away.

At last she sank on to the sofa with a magazine which she had brought from the kitchen, but her eyes hung blindly on the words before her. Mr Cline rose sweetly, passionately, in her mind, dominating the mist of thought that drifted and unfolded there, coming as if from nowhere, and without destination . . . her wedding-dress, hanging pale, secretly, upstairs in the closet . . . a new quilt for his bed . . . her sister, unreal, evoking neither sorrow nor resentment . . . summer, autumn, winter, and spring again . . . a new, mysterious spring.

It was past midnight when she heard a shuffling of feet on the steps leading to the porch. There was a sound of men's voices,

and suddenly of someone knocking rapidly on the screen-door. She did not rise, but her hand moved vaguely, mechanically, to her throat. A faint panic wavered up within her. The knocking was repeated, then she heard the turn of the latch and the unsteady scraping of shoes on the porch, as if something unwieldy were being carried in. Her heart went cold in her breast and she ran to the door of the house.

Mr Cline, after numerous and unsuccessful efforts to locate the cause of the trouble in the power-room of the factory, had gone into the pit himself. His releasing of a stray bolt that was jammed set the tremendous machinery in motion, and the unexpected concussion threw him from his feet, precipitating him between two moving arms. The terrified engineer cut off the power, and in the silence that returned as quickly as it had gone, he was lifted to the floor of the room, conscious, and only slightly bruised, though unable to stand. He ordered them to bring him to Miss Gunnison's, and as three workmen, accompanied by the engineer, carried him through the soft, spring midnight, he died.

When Miss Gunnison saw the whispering group on the porch, the grey, expressionless face in its midst, turned to one side against a workman's shoulder, she stepped back, without a word, and pointed to the parlour-door. They carried the body into the dark room and one of them groped about for the light. He struck a match and glanced back enquiringly at her, but she stood motionless, her finger still pointed toward the darkness, as if she had lost control of her hand. Her face looked withered and dreadful, the life seeming to have been driven from the eyes. At last the switch was found, and swiftly, brightly, the room appeared to her, the locked piano strewn with ties and papers, the workmen waiting with their burden. They laid the body upon the bed and stood awkwardly aside. Suddenly a foolish, anguished sound stumbled from her lips and she ran, almost noiselessly, across the room. She sank beside the bed, throwing her arm about the head that lay there so still. In the bright silence, the hands that had reached out to destroy her were gathered, unresisting, to her breast, and the lips that had lied to her, insulted her, that had kissed her without passion, lay innocently parted against her cheek.



ISADORA DUNCAN. BY A. WALKOWITZ

COLLOQUIAL

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY

BY one of the coincidences which amuse the wise but are over-valued by one and contemned by another kind of the unwise, the name of Erasmus cropped up in those rather embittered controversies which have recently been, if they are not still, disturbing the Church of England, *after* this little paper had suggested itself to its writer. Not that there was anything new in the connexion of Erasmus and controversy. He was what vulgar moderns call "in hot water" all his life: indeed he may be said to have lived in a world of hot water. But some time after his death, his reputation settled itself into a quieter kind of European notoriety. During the late sixteenth century, the seventeenth, and even the eighteenth, people read Erasmus when they were at school, and read him afterwards, for different reasons. But this reading for a long time again has, as anything general, ceased: though he has for a good many years now been the subject of invaluable editing by the present President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford,¹ and though Dr Mangan's book² has just dealt with him at large in America and England both. But Dr Allen's work is intended mainly for scholars: and Dr Mangan does not like the Colloquies, which are meant to be the exclusive subject of this article.

There are no doubt reasons of various kinds which unfit this book now for the school-book it once was: but as there is no intention

¹ *Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami*, edited by Percy Stafford Allen (volumes I-VI, 8vo, \$9.50 each volume). *Selections from Erasmus*, edited by Percy Stafford Allen (illustrated, 12mo, 160 pages, \$1.20). *The Age of Erasmus*, by Percy Stafford Allen (8vo, 304 pages, \$2.85). *Erasmus' Service to Learning*, by Percy Stafford Allen (brochure, 8vo, 20 pages, 50 cents). Oxford University Press, American Branch.

² *Life, Character and Influence of Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam, Derived from a Study of his Works and Correspondence*. By John Joseph Mangan. Illustrated. Two volumes. 8vo. 404 and 427 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$10.

here of recommending the resumption of it as such that does not matter. What does matter is that it is a very curious and interesting piece of literature. Indeed it may be questioned whether Erasmus ought not to be honoured and kept in reading more as one of the first modern men of letters than as anything else. His scholarship is, as scholarship is fated to be, rather *hesterna rosa*; his theology was of that kind, perhaps the most dangerous of all kinds in all subjects, which never can make up its mind on which side of the hedge or wall it is coming down. But he was a man of letters in his heart; a man of letters once is a man of letters for ever; and the Colloquies are at once a proof of this as concerns himself, and a pattern for others. You may almost call Erasmus, long before Montaigne, the first essayist: only the intense *Drang nach* drama in his time induced him to give his things a more or less dramatic form. Sometimes indeed, as for instance in the *Convivium Poeticum* where Housekeeper Margaret and the footboy diversify the talk of the bards, bring in beet-root instead of lettuce, et cetera (and when Margaret finally declines to give them anything to eat or drink except mustard) the thing could be made to act with hardly any difficulty at all.

Of the vividness and vigour of his presentations of life and society there can never have been much doubt or question among competent readers: and this quality must have been recognized in itself, though not as his, by hundreds and thousands of persons who never opened the Colloquies themselves. The description of the inn in Anne of Geierstein, one of the liveliest of Scott's later passages, is almost a literal translation, eked with action, from Erasmus: and it would be not quite uninteresting to know how many passages describing escape from wrecks owe royalty in part or in whole, directly or indirectly, to the *Naufregium*. His account of the experiences of a pilgrim at the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham might never have been written except for the rather ill-natured ecclesiastical satire which it displays: but it is again vivacious enough, and capable of being made trustworthy by an intelligent reader. The piece which shocks Dr Mangan and in which a damsel in distinct need of reformation receives it from an old gallant of hers who is himself reformed, is only a transfer into

colloquy of one of the liveliest farce-moralities of that most agreeable Dark Age Prioress Hroswitha; but it is at once moral enough and lively enough. This may also be said of the somewhat similar batch dealing with maidens who shrink from or quarrel with marriage. But in all these cases the author is more or less indebted, for better for worse, to his subject.

Now perhaps the great charm of the Colloquies to a real lover of letters is the way in which their writer shews himself able to write engagingly and interestingly about anything from broomsticks to Grammar. The book begins with several scores of pages—something like a hundred and fifty in the pocket Tauchnitz edition—of intentionally school-book character, even descending to what in mid-nineteenth century English we used to call “Ollendorffian” forms of address at meeting people, sketches of probable subjects for conversation; titles of dignity; games; professional manner of things, ending with two long *Convivia*—one *Profanum*, one *Religiosum*—in which things in general that come under the two heads are discussed. And in all this there is nothing silly or caricaturable as there was in the excellent Ollendorff. You can get—if you keep your intelligence awake and have a little precedent knowledge to help you—a much more intimate acquaintance with that all-important time than you are likely to have had before. And if you are shameless enough not to care about learning or profiting by anything, there is plenty merely to delight and amuse you. Sometimes, indeed, he seems to be anticipating a sort of “Young Novelist’s and Dramatist’s Guide” as in his lists of possible speeches and replies between Master and Servant and the like.

If, as has perhaps been the case, rather disproportionate attention has been paid, especially in ordinary books of reference, to the religious element in the Life and Works of Erasmus, there is of course considerable excuse for this. The quarrels in which he took part half against his will, were quarrels than which it would be difficult to find any of more importance in the history of the modern world: and they are not “sopited”—put to sleep with a fair chance of not waking—even yet. Moreover, though this other fact is rather curious, there is hardly any aspect of a literary man upon which it is so difficult to concentrate public attention as his litera-

ture. Take the rather interesting colloquy, *Abbatis et Eruditae*, in which two persons answering to these descriptions and, further, as at that time they were almost certain to be, "persons of quality," figure. The abbot is shocked at what he finds in the lady's room. "Why?" she says, "Isn't the furniture elegant?" But the offending articles are not exactly furniture but books. "Why," she asks again, "mayn't a *heroïna* [the word appears to be used almost in the sense of "*Grande Dame*," if not even of "lady" in our best or implicit meaning] have books?" Perhaps, if they are French, but not if they're Greek and Latin as these are. Doesn't he himself read? "French, but not Greek and Latin," and so on. Now it is of course possible to take this as merely an excursion or skirmish in the continual battle against monkery and nunnery: and no doubt also it is this to some extent, perhaps mainly, in original intention. But it has far more interesting possibilities than this. It advises us of what is not the least interesting feature of the Renaissance at large, the prominence of the "learned lady" who was not a mere schoolmarm or bluestocking but "lady" as much as "learned." Perhaps the best thing in it comes from the mouth of the unblushingly illiterate and good-for-nothing abbot when he says, "With immense labour learning is obtained: and then you have to die," which is better still in its native Latin, "*Immensis laboribus comparatur eruditio: ac post moriendum est,*" and which, if not original remains consummate and unanswerable. But the lady scores fairly often: and the whole thing is alive. Moreover the combination of life and literature is seldom lacking for long in this miniature and colloquial encyclopaedia. Alchemy comes in: they say modern atomic theories may bring that back: and it is only to be hoped—though one fears that there is not much chance of it—that the new Alchemy will be as fortunate in English literature as the old was from Chaucer onwards. Although the queerly titled dialogue, *Ichthyophagia* or *Fish-Eating*, between a butcher and a saltfish-monger is obviously ecclesiastical in main tenor, all manner of oddments are brought in: and though the stranger *Funus* (an elaborate account of death-beds and so forth—which follows) might incur charges on the score both of taste and sentiment (Erasmus is vulnerable on both grounds) it has other attractions. He is indeed never

exactly kindly—kindliness was not the characteristic of the Renaissance either in the queer fashion which accompanied the occasional savagery of the Middle Ages, or in the homely one which at least our and the German eighteenth century provided.

But, here as elsewhere, he shews that he had many of the gifts which make a first-rate novelist. The famous Inn passage which has been already spoken of and other things of which Charles Reade made use in *The Cloister and the Hearth* show this sufficiently in one sense but quite inadequately in another. The half-hatched novelist, the Essayist almost or quite out of the novitiate, appear constantly; and perhaps something else at one time regarded as even less dignified than either—the miscellaneous journalist. Fleet Street when it saw him, which it had plenty of opportunities to do, and which then had or had not for its chief literary association Chaucer's beating or not beating (the beating would have pleased Erasmus much) the Franciscan friar, must have yearned for him with precocious instinct. His interest in things general; his gift of treating them; his almost entire freedom from "pontifying"—a proceeding sometimes indulged in by journalists and occasionally successful but never so for long—all called him there. Some pontifying itself and other weaknesses of the journalist may be found by the malicious: as for instance in the curious *Coronis*¹ *Apologetica* which was written in the month of September of the year 1524. But this only makes him more natural both as an individual and as a forerunner. He maintains the *persona* with his own personality throughout.

And in all this stuff there is, despite its deliberate and formal imitation of the ancients now and then, the distinctly modern "man of letters" tone. That there are approaches to this in the ancients themselves is of course true. There are passages in Plato and Xenophon which any intelligent editor of a monthly magazine or weekly review would be extremely glad to have to-day. Some people have regarded Cicero as (outside the orations) sometimes at least a model "contributor" and the Rhetoricians, both Greek and

¹ It is perhaps just desirable to remind readers that *Coronis*, like *Colophon* and sometimes its own kinsword, *Coryphe*, was used for the flourish at the end of a book.

Latin, are even better as such on occasion. But still there is the “unplumbed, estranging” difference between ancient and modern in all, and Erasmus (though he edited half their extant library and knew the rest) is on our not their side of it. The change in religion is only the most obvious and perhaps the largest constituent of the attraction: many others would take a good deal of trouble and more space than we can afford to single out and characterize. But a good example of the result is the *Colloquium Senile*—not in itself one of the most interesting perhaps, but really a specimen. Four old men meet like Oldbuck and Lovel in the beginning of *The Antiquary*, at the starting place of a coach, in this case destined for Antwerp. They turn out to be old friends who have seen little or nothing of each other since their student days in Paris. They agree to engage the whole of the vehicle that they may talk freely: and quite eighteenth or early nineteenth century details are given—such as that if you want a driver who isn’t drunk you had better come early to the stand. They take their seats and talk. The first subject is naturally their respective looks: and the widely different ways in which the forty-two years of post-collegiate life have treated them. Then they tell these lives. The first man had taken to business on leaving college; had married a wife with whom he lived happily for years till her death; had accepted public office of some but no great distinction and profit; and in his later years had contented himself with “retired leisure.” They all agree that it is no wonder he looks young. Next comes Polygamus who looks extraordinarily old, and who for any person acquainted with the Greek language has explained the cause of his senescence already, to at least some extent. *He* had never given up wine, play, et cetera: and though very sorry when any of his numerous wives died, he put things right again by never remaining more than ten days a widower.¹ The third who looks older still, has in part an unhappier lot to tell. He started excellently, furnished by his father with plenty of capital for foreign trade, and engaged to a beautiful girl with a big dowry. But a ship-

¹ I have sometimes wondered whether that odd person, Amory, took Mr John Buncler’s combination of deep grief and rapid consolation from this pattern.

wreck deprives him of all his wealth: and as he is now a beggar the girl's parents break off the match. After debating whether he shall hang himself or join a religious order he decides on the latter course and tries several. As any one who knows anything about Erasmus will expect, the accounts of his experience are not rosy. But at last his father dies; he goes back to trade, marries, and seems fairly satisfied. There remains only Eusebius whose name again tells stories. *He* accepted a prebend early, studied medicine as well as theology that he might better discharge his duties as a secular cleric, and passed a quiet and happy life in doing his duty. The piece ends with a little bit of farce between the drivers.

The thing as was said above is not exceptionally interesting or amazingly clever: but it shews the emergence of literature from certain more or less definite forms with again more or less definite subjects into a stage where the world is all before it to choose what it likes, treat this as it likes, and call itself what it likes. The drama had had this outgate and outlook from fairly early times; the Greek epigram had shared the privilege to some extent in verse and the Rhetoricians had availed themselves of it in prose. In the Dark and Middle Ages the spirit was making way for itself in odd burrowings and short flights such as those of which an admirable account at last exists in Miss Helen Waddell's *Wandering Scholars*. The opening wide of the gate and the multiplication of excursions from it was sure to be one of the chief points of the Renaissance: and the Chief Porter for opening and not barring the gate; the Chief Director not of residence but of excursions was Erasmus.

OF TUNG-TING LAKE I AM REMINDED

BY KWEI CHEN

Alone I sit by the lakeside,
By the side of Mendota, bright with illusion.
I gaze at the curves of the distant hills;
I listen to the many-coloured sounds; it is spring.

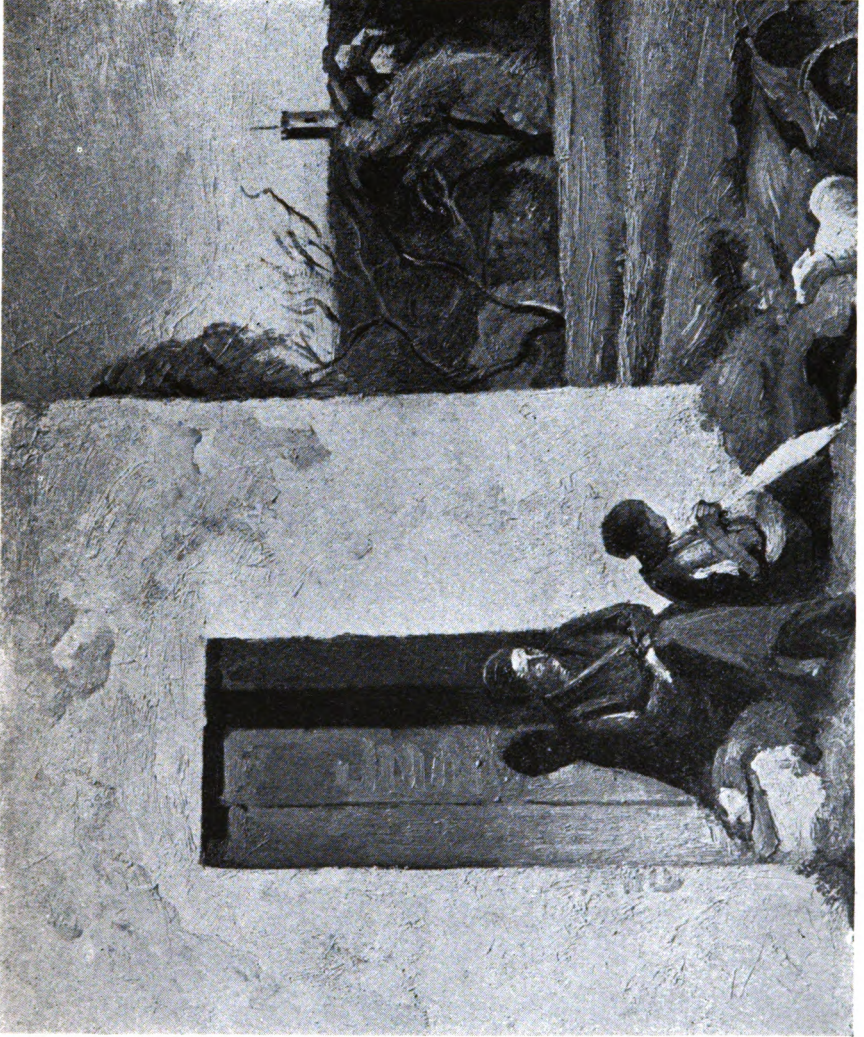
In the neighbouring wood they are chanting,
Birds and colours, on boughs yet hung with last year's leaves;
Not too slow, not hastening—birds, in their several kinds.
They do not sing to please my ear; yet all is pleasantness.

The pure water, the very clear water, the pearl water,
Striking against the rock—the grey, bull-neck rock.
The sound is like the dong of the jade-bell—
Or is it rain on the bamboo tile of the Sage's hut?

From beyond the thicket under the large poplar—
The morning sun gleams there, the Great Sun of morning!—
There I hear delicate voices, and at times laughter;
But no wraith of human folk do I see.

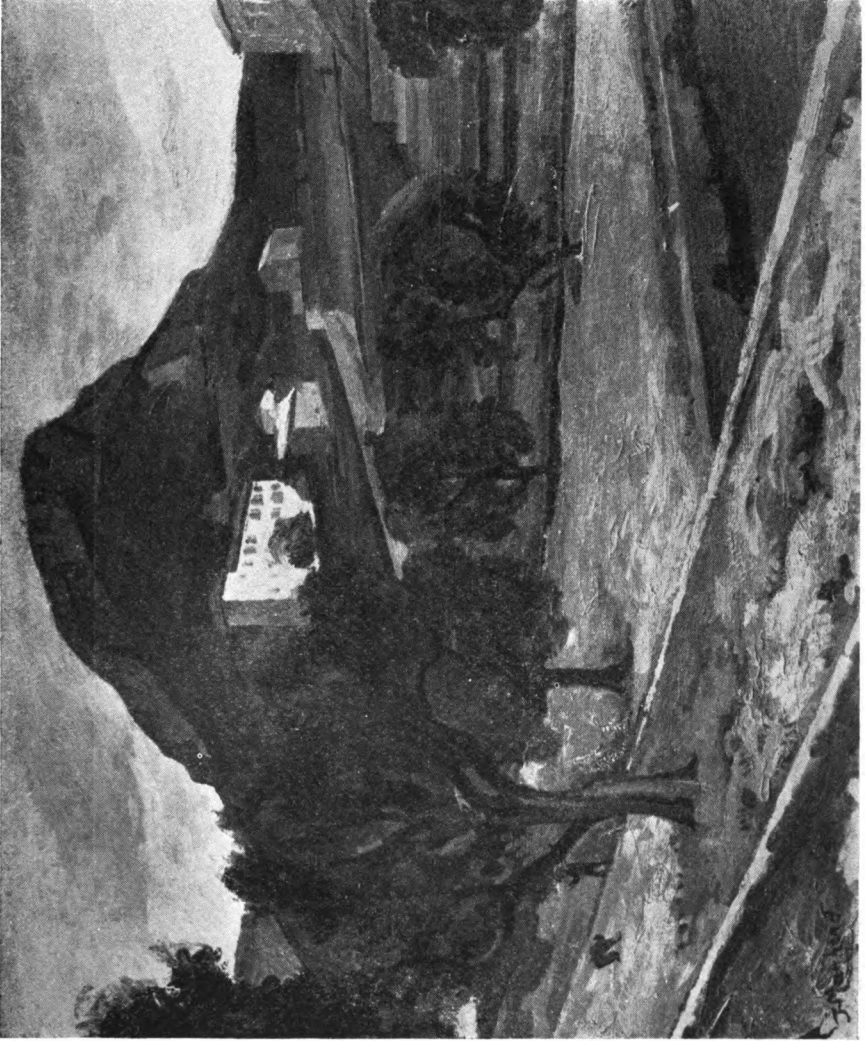
On the waves, riding forth, a pair of ducks!
Often I watched them on Tung-Ting Lake, often!
They rise; they fall with the wave, free and content—
Even away from their kind—yet they two never separate.

Alone I sit by the lakeside,
By the side of Mendota, bright with illusion.
I gaze at the curves of the distant hills;
I listen. . . . On Tung-Ting Lake, also, it is spring!



Collection Chevalier à Epinal

L'APRES-MIDI. BY JEAN MARCHAND



Collection E. Galoux

LE CHAMP D'ARTICHAUTS. BY JEAN MARCHAND

THE MUSIC TEACHER

BY ELSA WEIHL

IT was raining, so she stopped on the verandah to pull off her overshoes before ringing the bell. It wouldn't do to ring the bell first and keep a servant waiting while she struggled with her rubbers. The ends of her cotton gloves were thick, so she fumbled—and her hand-bag and music roll kept slipping—she had to lay them down in the end.

She had been giving piano lessons for twenty-five years. If she could have had a studio of her own! Going from house to house was dreadful, but parents wanted the children taught at home, it saved time—their time. Her pupils were too scattered, but she was glad to get any one she could. The last lesson had been in a neighbouring suburb, thirty-five minutes' travel by trolley. At best she could give four lessons in an afternoon. Four dollars—if none of them were sick. She didn't charge for lessons if the children were sick. And, naturally, if they went out of town she couldn't charge either. If only she could count on their keeping up, all of them, until the middle of June—it would tide her over the summer vacation. Most of them wanted to stop in May. The Rawlings hadn't paid last term's bill. But she mustn't press them, people didn't like to be dunned. And it would be so awkward. Besides, they might stop Jimmy's lessons!

Off at last. She rang the bell. How dismal everything was, and so cold. She shivered a little, wishing she had worn a sweater under her coat. The rain was making pulp of the sodden lawn, leaving pools in the little hollows of the cement path, seeping through the gravel in the driveway. There was a smell of earth and leaf-mould; her umbrella was wet, she had better leave it outside. She hoped no one would steal it.

The door opened. A maid in a black dress, white apron and cap, stood stolidly, giving no response to her smile.

“Will you tell Edith her teacher is here?”

The maid walked slowly down the wide hall to the stairway, her feet sinking into the pile of a rose-coloured Turkish rug. There

was protest in every line of the square, angular figure as it mounted the stairs.

The music teacher stood, waiting. Should she take off her coat? It was wet, and if she laid it across a chair it might leave a mark. The maid should have taken it from her, but poor thing—no education—and likely not intelligent to begin with. Servants were not what they had been in her own home, years ago.—It would be nice to sit down, after walking the length of Riverview Road. It was a wonderful location for a house if you had an automobile. She wished Edith would hurry—she would be late for her next lesson.

Upstairs there was a sudden slam and a child's voice exclaimed, "Oh bother! I have to wash my hands."

And then, drifting from another room, "You might as well change your dress, Edith. Then you'll be ready to go with me to meet your father."

"Oh goody!" Then the child called back, "But Miss Selina is waiting!"

"Let her wait—"

The rich drawling tones, indifferent, unhurried—not loud, but resonant—filled the hall, floating down the stairs to the teacher's ears, "Let her wait—" "Let her wait!" "Let her wait!"

Blood pounded in her veins, roared in her ears. Turkish rugs! Venetian glass! A console table! Jade paper-weight! Bronze andirons! She wanted to tear something—anything—

"Let her wait—" The insolence of that voice. I won't teach the child. So stupid, she can't understand the simplest explanation, with fat, spineless fingers that bend and collapse on the keys! How can she develop a technique with such hands! I'll say, 'Your child's too stupid to learn!'"

She began to tremble, her hands worked nervously in her damp cotton gloves. "I won't wait. Milly Carson. Joe Carson's wife. Nobody would look at her if she hadn't all that money. With no brains to teach anything, herself—and insolent to those who have."

But two dollars a week. Two dollars a week less.

Last month Mrs Robbins had said that Anne wouldn't be taking any more lessons, she had too much school work. But Anne was taking lessons the very next week, at the Conservatory.

She wasn't getting any new pupils. Fifty years old! Not old, but if you wanted to save—you couldn't afford to take chances—

Her heart beat loud, like a metronome. You could almost hear it. The house was very still now.

She pulled off her gloves slowly, and tugged at the buttons on her coat. "It's hot in the house after being outside."

Edith came in, dragging her feet. "I couldn't practise very much since Thursday," she said. "Friday I was sick, and Saturday—"

"Very well; we'll do the best we can." They sat down on the piano bench. "I've brought you a new piece, Spring Blossoms. You'll love it. But first we must have the exercises. One-and-two-and-three-and—the middle of the key—hit the middle. Now, *staccato!* No, you were playing it *legato*—no, this way."

She moved to the middle of the bench, her thin arms in line with the keys, fingers accurately crooked. "Now raise your thumbs, like this—hands slightly tilted outward—now you do it. That's better. Fine!"

LUCAS

BY S. BERT COOKSLEY

Lucas was a gentleman, one of taste
 And fastidious habit. At twilight
 You could see Lucas, sash about his waist,
 Velvet jacketed, high heeled, leading the slight
 Creature casually by a small silver chain,
 His blue haired monkey. He liked to finger
 The hilt of his slender knife where the grain
 Bordered the village and where would linger

A wounded sun, he liked to feed the green
 Tailed parrots flower seeds; but above all
 He liked to search the dark hills with a lean
 Ribbed hound in the grey autumn, search the tall
 Grasses and search the hidden wild clover
 And call her brief name over and over . . .

THE RIVER EPISODE FROM JAMES JOYCE'S UNCOMPLETED WORK

BY PADRAIC COLUM

A NNA LIVIA PLURABELLE is concerned with the flowing of a River. There have gone into it the things that make a people's inheritance: landscape, myth, and history; there have gone into it, too, what is characteristic of a people: jests and fables. It is epical in its largeness of meaning and its multiplicity of interest. And, to my mind, James Joyce's inventions and discoveries as an innovator in literary form are more beautifully shown in it than in any other part of his work.

But although it is epical it is an episode, a part and not a whole. It makes the conclusion of the first part of a work that has not yet been completed. The episode was first published in *Le Navire d'Argent* in September 1925. It was expanded and published in *Transition* in November 1927. Again expanded, a title has been given it: *Anna Livia Plurabelle*.

And so, like a river, it has gone on, and expanded, and gathered volume. . . . It is the same River that Stephen Dedalus of *The Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man* looked upon. "In the distance along the course of the slowflowing Liffey slender masts flecked the sky, and, more distant still, the dim fabric of the city lay prone in haze. Like a scene on some vague arras, old as man's weariness, the image of the seventh city of Christendom was visible to him across the timeless air, no older nor more weary nor less patient of subjection than in the days of the thingmote." . . . "O tell me about Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now." So the later prose begins, and at once we are in the water as it bubbles and hurries at its source. The first passage gives us the sight of the River, the second gives

NOTE: To *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, by James Joyce (12mo; 72 pages; Crosby Gaige, Publisher; limited edition; fifteen dollars) this essay constitutes the preface.

us the River as it is seen and heard and felt. The whole of the episode gives us something besides the sight and sound and feeling of water. . . . There are moments in our lifetime when, even although inarticulate, we are all poets, moments that are probably very frequent in childhood, moments when a bird hopping on the grass or a bush in blossom is something we could look upon for hours with a mind constantly stirred and forming images and thoughts that range through the visible world, through history, and through the experiences of one's own lifetime. Such moments might come to us in any place. They would come most appropriately whilst watching the flow of water. It is this range we get in this episode: over and above the sight and sound and feeling of water there is in Anna Livia Plurabelle that range of images and thoughts, those free combinations of words and ideas, that might arise in us, if with a mind inordinately full and on a day singularly happy we watched a river and thought upon a river and travelled along a river from its source to its mouth.

But in this episode the mind's range has its boundary: the range is never beyond the river banks nor away from the city towards which the river is making its slow-moving, sometimes hurrying way. Dublin, the city once seventh in Christendom, Dublin that was founded by sea-rovers, Dublin with its worthies, its sojourners, its odd characters, not as they are known to the readers of history-books, but as they live in the minds of some dwellers by the Liffey, is in this episode; Dublin, the Ford of Hurdles, the entrance into the plain of Ireland, the city so easily taken, so uneasily held. And the River itself, less in magnitude than the tributary of a tributary of one of the important rivers, becomes enlarged until it includes hundreds of the world's rivers. How many rivers have their names woven into the tale of Anna Livia Plurabelle? More than five hundred, I believe. "She thought she'd sankh neathe the ground with nymphant shame when he gave her the tigris eye." In that sentence three of the world's rivers are mentioned. How beautifully the sentence that goes before it gives the flow of water!

"She says herself that she hardly knows whon the annals her graveller was, a dynast of Leinster, a wolf of the sea, or what he

did or how blyth she played or when or where and how often he jumped her. She was just a young thin pale soft shy slim slip of a thing then, sauntering, and he was a heavy trudging lieabroad of a Curraghman, making his hay for the sun to shine on, as tough as the oaktrees (peats be with them!) used to rustle that time down the dykes of killing Kildare, that firstfellfoss with a splash across her."

There will be many interpretations of Anna Livia Plurabelle—as many as the ideas that might come to one who watched the flowing of the actual river. . . . To myself there comes the recollection of a feeling I had when, as a child, the first time in Dublin I crossed a bridge with an elder of mine beside me. I imagine other children's minds would have been occupied with such thoughts as occupied mine then. The city—who named it? The pavements—who laid them down? The statues—what had the men done that they should claim that men should look upon them now and that men should have looked upon them in one's father's and one's father's father's time? The River—who named it? Why that name and no other? And from what place did the River come? The mystery of beginnings filled the mind. And, combining with the questions that came, there were things that had to be noted—the elder one walked beside, now, strangely enough, become a man of the city, knowing its lore, being saluted by its inhabitants, the apple one bought and ate and the penny one paid for it, the beggar-woman on the bridge with her blinded eyes and her doleful voice. . . . I feel in this tale of Anna Livia Plurabelle the mystery of beginnings as it is felt through, as it combines with, a hundred stray, significant, trifling things.

Its author, the most daring of innovators, has decided to be as local as a hedge-poet. James Joyce writes as if it might be taken for granted that his readers know, not only the city he writes about, but its little shops and its little shows, the nick-names that have been given to its near-great, the cant-phrases that have been used on its side-streets. "The ghost-white horse of the Peppers," he writes, and some of us remember that there was an act in a circus called Pepper's Ghost, and that there is an Irish play called *The White Horse of the Peppers*—a play in which ancestral acres are

recovered through the speed of a horse. Through these memories a mythical shape appears on the banks of the River. This localness belongs to James Joyce's innovations: all his innovations are towards giving us what he writes about in its own atmosphere and with its own proper motion. And only those things which have been encountered day after day in some definite place can be given with their own atmosphere, their own motion.

Much should be said, and some time much will have to be said, about the de-formations and the re-formations of words in James Joyce's later work. Some of these de-formations and re-formations will not be questioned by readers who have an understanding of language: they will know that they succeed clearly in giving what the writer wants to give us.

"Can't hear with the waters of. The chittering waters of. Flittering bats, fieldmice bawk talk. Ho! Are you not gone ahome? What Tom Malone? Can't hear with bawk of bats, all the liffey-ing waters of. Ho, talk save us! My foos won't moos. I feel as old as yonder elm. A tale told of Shaun or Shem? All Livia's daughtersons. Dark hawks hear us. Night! Night! My ho head halls. I feel as heavy as yonder stone. Tell me of John or Shaun? Who were Shem and Shaun the living sons or daughters of? Night now! Tell me, tell me, tell me, elm! Night night! Tell me tale of stem or stone. Beside the rivering waters of, hitherand-thithering waters of. Night!"

Everything that belongs to the dusk and the gathering of the clouds of evening is in this passage: the de-formations and the re-formations of the words give us the murk of the evening. There are other innovations in the language that are really difficult to explain. Or, rather, that would require the exposition of a theory to be properly explanatory. Let us say that words are always taking on new meanings, that they take on new meanings more quickly than we realize, and that, in the case of English, as the language becomes more and more wide-spread, the change is being accelerated. Take the word "girl," for instance. Contrast the meaning of the word as a mother uses it of her growing child with the meaning it has when Miss Loos talks of "we girls," and, further, the meaning

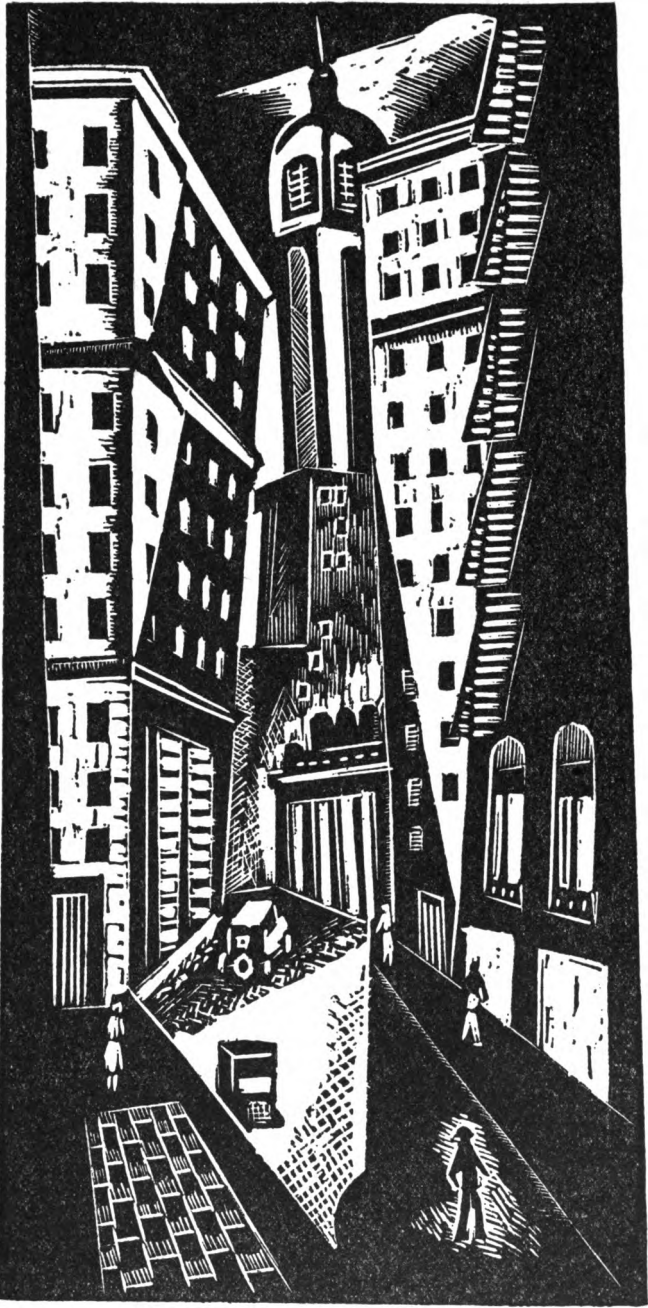
it has in those score of stories that tell us what "the girl" said, and the point of which is that one does not know whether the person who makes the remark is very simple-minded or very experienced. And remember that Chaucer, in one instance, uses the word as meaning a boy. Remember, too, that in "queen" and "quean" the same word has been given opposite meanings; the form of the word that held dignity is now losing it as any one knows who has listened to talk about "movie-queens." James Joyce treats words as having shifting meanings: he lets us read a score of meanings into the words he sets down in his later work.

Anna Livia Plurabelle—two washerwomen tell her story. As it begins, the sun, we fancy, is dabbling the water; as it closes night is closing in. Voices become remote. Metamorphosis comes upon all that has been looked upon and talked about. The women, when we look to see them again, have been changed, one into a stone, and the other into an elm-tree. It is any story that might have been babbled about anywhere . . . a tale of Shaun and Shem. . . .

IN MEDIOCRITY

BY GEORGE WHITSETT

Dimly stands the house by the hill
 That a wind passes over.
 Fain would I change my coat of leather
 For things of silk when the day is fairer,
 But who can call to a passing stranger—
 Who can run with a straying shadow?
 When will the wind blow the mist
 from the house by the hill?



LIBERTY STREET. BY HANNS SKOLLE

BOOKS

BY ROBERT LITTELL

THE proprietor has a beard, and he is bald. He has shrewd, but trusting eyes which, together with his head, so candidly bald, and his beard, so unaccustomed to attention, make you like him immediately. He sells books, newspapers, stationery: English detective stories for the summer visitors, cheap violet note-paper, and all the new French books. I would like to give our bookstore salesmen the chance to watch him—he is so much better than any of them. He never seems to care whether he sells me anything or not. Therefore I always buy something. He tells me exactly what he thinks and knows, no more, no less. “What have you heard about this?” “It’s very well spoken of. I’d try it.” “And what about these memoirs of Abd-el-Krim?” “I don’t know a thing about them. Haven’t heard a word.” “A book with that title might be very bad indeed.” “Yes, it might easily be absolute trash.”

He shows me the various series of reprints which sell at two or three francs a volume. A new novel costs from nine to twelve. These reprints rescue from the limbo of the last ten or twenty years novels which deserve to be modestly rediscovered. The proprietor tells me which series has the best titles, he shows me which has the best print. He never says of which series he sells the most: this does not seem to enter his mind.

It has been raining for a week. I complain to him about it. “Ah, well,” he answers, “I’ve seen so many ups and downs in my life that I’ve learnt to take things as they come.” And to this most ancient of remarks he somehow gives back the simple strength and flavour that it had on the lips which first made it forty or fifty thousand years ago.

Later I see him coming back from the station, driving furiously his little yellow car piled high with the evening papers. And the daily rain is falling on his bare bald head.

HARRIET MARTINEAU

BY JOHN EGLINTON .

EVERYONE has heard of Harriet Martineau: not everyone could tell precisely what is her title to fame. As Miss Bosanquet says: "To the younger generation, Harriet Martineau is little more than a name, but quite a number of middle-aged persons of the reading classes, if they were asked to say what they associated with the name, would be likely to answer that she was a writer of children's stories who lived in the Lake District. They may recall with real pleasure their own enjoyment of *Feats on the Fjord* or *The Crofton Boys*, which are good stories simply written and vividly imagined." The survivor of a yet earlier generation would remember that Miss Martineau was one of its most widely-known leaders of public opinion, a teacher to whom many thousands owed instruction, a "free spirit" known to be of the inner councils of those who were in fact changing the world of their time into one more congenial to us now. While yet a young woman, disabled by deafness and physical debility, she could, without being ridiculous, write of herself in language which almost reminds one of Luther: "Here I am, placed in an unparalleled position, left to maintain it by myself, and (believe me) able to maintain it; and by God's grace I will come out as the true servant of his truth. This language is not too high for the occasion." Kings and emperors were among her grateful pupils, nor did she abate by one tittle her instructions to them when she displeased them and they forbade her their territories. It is told that "grey-headed statesmen lost their presence of mind when they took her ear-trumpet from her hand." She was a clear-headed economist, a competent historian. She adapted the system of Positivism for English readers so successfully that Comte himself confessed that she had improved on his own exposition. She faced obloquy in the United States and in her own country when she became the champion of Abolition. As a novelist, she excited the admiration of Miss Edgeworth, Charlotte Brontë, and many others. Why then is she forgotten? Simply because she belonged wholly to the moment in which she lived. No

romantic affinity with the past graced her spirit; nor can it be said that in forgetting her we are guilty of ingratitude for any legacy of hers bequeathed to the future. Every period has its subconscious, unsuspected depths and currents, and Miss Martineau was of the surface.

It is this which makes her perhaps a legitimate subject for the Lytton Strachey method of biographic treatment, adopted very entertainingly by Miss Bosanquet in this study.¹ If I mistake not, the first decisive manifestation of Mr Strachey's talent in Eminent Victorians will be found by future literary historians to have constituted an epoch in English literature; and if it were permitted to foresee developments ten years hence, it would not surprise me to find that the art of fiction had passed to a very considerable extent into the art of biography. As it is, we know not how much of fiction is biography. Until lately, it was barely conceivable that any one should choose to write the life of a person whom he did not admire: no one thought of studying a personality merely for the sake of its psychologic interest. But now, any fervency of admiration in a biographer for his "hero" would be, artistically, a disadvantage. A vast field, particularly rich in the Victorian period, is opened up for any one who has an eye for character and something of the novelist's skill in unfolding it by a patient scrutiny of motive. The new organon begins with comparatively unimportant people, people whose main attraction is their foibles, but it will go on to embrace the heroes of the past in literature and action, and to present them with a new and disconcerting vividness. If there will no longer be heroes, there will be no more dummy figures.

The Lytton Strachey method is almost of necessity ironical, in that it claims to be conversant with those secret motives, of which the subject perhaps was barely conscious, but which have come within the perception of the new psychology; for the world of the subconscious is an irrational world, inhabited by ghoulish appetites leering up out of their crepuscular region at the specious sentiments of which the subject was conscious. There is no question of whether there was anything reprehensible in the secret life of Harriet Martineau: there is only the minor question, whether she can be

¹ Harriet Martineau: An Essay in Comprehension. By Theodora Bosanquet. 8vo. 256 pages. Etchells and Macdonald, London. 15 shillings.

represented legitimately as a ridiculous person. Almost any character, when scrutinized in isolated moral attitudes, may be made to look as odd as an instantaneous photograph makes the figure of a man in the act of walking. The Lytton Strachey method obtains many of its effects by catching the subject in such isolated attitudes, and by running a rapid succession of fixed impressions into a movie of the whole career. The result is always vivid and entertaining, but it is, I submit, by our conscious motives that we should be judged.

Here in outline is the story, and it is easy to see at what points it attracted Miss Bosanquet's satiric pen. A little, self-assertive, valetudinarian lady, with an implicit faith in the society of her time as a divine institution, has won a considerable reputation by tales and treatises "translating each article of the Ricardian creed into terms of human happiness." There is much more, however, in this "little deaf woman from Norwich" than Early-Victorian prejudices, as is proved when she sets off to study social conditions in the United States of America: the iniquity of slavery becomes apparent to her, and she alienates many of her friends in England and America by her active support of the movement for Abolition. She returns to England with renewed literary ambition, and produces her novel, *Deerbrook*, and some shorter and still fairly well-known tales. When she is about forty her health breaks down, the illness bringing with it the advantage of separation from her mother, with whom she did not agree; Miss Bosanquet's way of putting it is: "Her only respectable resource was to fall ill." There was no pretence about the illness, however, which proved many years afterwards to have been due to an abdominal tumour. She tried mesmerism, and the "passes" which relieved her opened up to her a new world of psychologic possibilities. It was amid the new interests of mesmerism and phrenology—the science of Gall and Spurzheim to which Balzac also succumbed—that she met the man of her destiny, Henry George Atkinson, a character represented to us as a kind of provincial Bazaroff. We know nothing of Atkinson beyond what Miss Martineau's biographers tell us, but the attraction of a man of imperturbable and reasoned conviction, though with little power or grace of expression, for one whose thoughts ran away from her tongue and pen from hour to hour, is easily understood. One is pleased by the little touch of

colour in an otherwise rather drab experience: for the life of me I can see nothing funny in it, nor any justification for the tone in which her biographer remarks: "She easily transferred her adoration from an invisible God to the more satisfying image of perfect gentlemanliness provided by her young friend." Under the new influence she abandons her God, her comfortable creed, her faith in the soul; she becomes a noted "Free-thinker," one of those who have added their testimony to the absence of any need in human experience for "God, freedom and immortality." In 1855 serious symptoms recurred, and it is not known whether the physicians whom she consulted informed her of the true nature of her malady, or allowed her to believe, what she henceforth proclaimed, that she was liable to death at any moment from heart-disease. With the help of opium she lived in fact for another twenty years, filled with incessant mental and literary activity. Miss Bosanquet notes, with a welcome abatement of her irony, that the work she did between 1855 and 1866 was "an astonishing triumph of natural capacity over the disabilities of her position, her health and her sex."

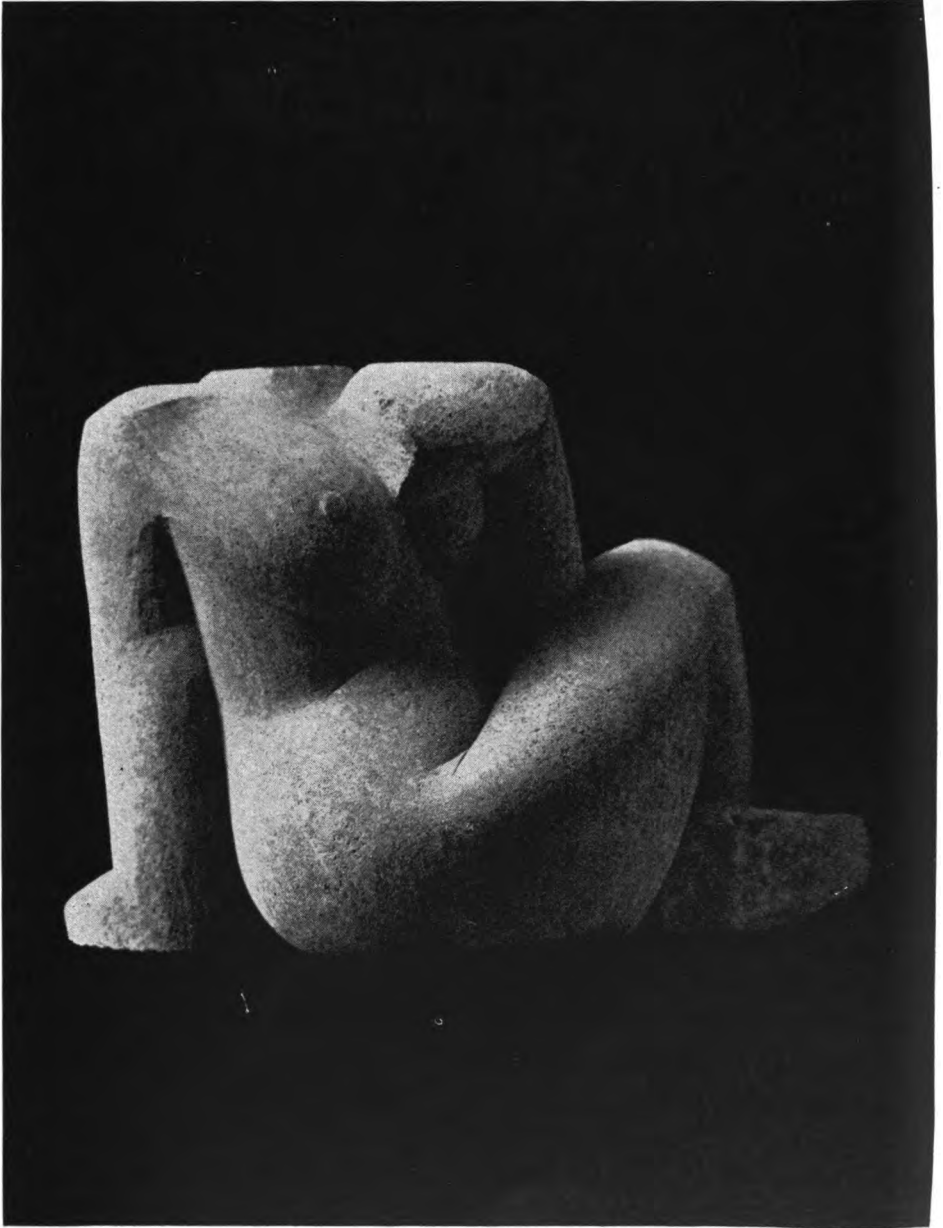
It is hardly likely that a book will ever again be written about Harriet Martineau, particularly after this brilliant study, so that we take leave of her with, I suppose, a half-smile upon our faces. Miss Bosanquet's book exhibits all the well-known characteristics of the Lytton Strachey method, a command of all facts germane to the subject and a careful clarity in their presentation. We feel that we know Miss Martineau: not perhaps a really attractive woman, not a woman whose soul had really flowered, yet a woman of indomitable courage and a nobility of intellect which I am not quite sure that it was Miss Bosanquet's precise intention to convey. For my part I shall remember her, not as the undutiful daughter whose nightly dreams betrayed a sinister "complex"; nor as a half-consciously deceptive *malade imaginaire*; nor as one whose thwarted instincts revenged themselves by wrecking her religious faith. With Sir Spencer Wells, her physician, I am disposed rather to "acknowledge how great were the doings of an invalid woman in comparison with what most of us who are strong and well are able to do." And I shall remember the words of a letter written shortly before her death, which is quoted by her biographer, disquieting in their unaffected serenity: "Now that the great event draws near, and

that I see how fully my household expect my death pretty soon, the universe opens so widely before my view, and I see the old notions of death and scenes to follow to be so merely human—so impossible to be true, when one glances through the range of science—that I see nothing to be done but to wait, without fear or hope or ignorant prejudice, for the expiration of life. I have no wish for further experience, nor have I any fear of it. Under the weariness of illness I long to be asleep; but I have not set my mind on any state.”

HANG FU

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
 Goes the clock of the rain in the eaves,
 Long are the hours of the rain and the moon is hidden,
 I would get up, I would put on my robe with silver sleeves,
 And creeping through a whining door, bridle my horse with a silver
 bridle,
 And ride out under the softly dripping leaves.
 But the rain holds me in a monotonous net of sound,
 Tick-tock, tick-tock,
 I will to go and I do not will it,
 And the opportunity passes as others pass, and the hours pass and
 are drowned,
 And the moon will go down and the sun will rise with wet locks
 But there will be no mark of my horse in the teeming ground.



TORSO. BY FRANK DOBSON

BOOK REVIEWS

MAGNIFYING THE MOMENT

NEW WORLD VISTAS. *By James Wood. 12mo. 317 pages. London: George Routledge; New York: Brentano's. \$2.50.*

IN this unpromising-looking book, illustrated with photographs, (including a frontispiece which shows the mayor of Southampton holding Jackie Coogan in his arms) the unexpectant reviewer gets one of those delicious surprises which make his life an adventure. Except for the remarks on the jacket by Mr I. A. Richards, one has never heard anything of Mr Wood; but one cannot read half a dozen pages of this book without becoming enviously aware of the fact that Mr Wood can write. As Mr Richards notes, these studies are not exactly or purely reminiscences, nor are they (strictly speaking) short stories, nor essays; it is a part of their unique quality that they succeed in combining, and with an odd felicity, the virtues of all three of these forms. They have the exciting revelatory or confessional quality of autobiography, the sharp or leisurely critical detachment of the essay, the narrative unfoldingness (to coin a word) of the story. Best of all, they give evidence, and give evidence everywhere (with no air of accident) of a mind that is highly individual and a sensibility as fresh and sparkling as it is subtle. Mr Wood is one of those people in whose writings we can experience the world anew—with the burning sensory acuteness of the child, on the one plane, and the extremity of a nice self-consciousness on the other.

There is a sense in which Mr Wood is akin to Mr Joyce—the Mr Joyce of *Ulysses*—and Marcel Proust; but to note the likeness will be also to note the different use to which the shared quality is put. A characteristic feature of *Ulysses* and of Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is what one might term an enlargement of the moment. In *Ulysses*, this effect is usually produced simply by an accumulation of factual detail, an accumulation which at times becomes monstrous. The commonplace, thus inordinately

expanded (as in the pub scene, for example, where the dull everyday conversation assumes Herculean proportions) suffers a curious refraction: as if seen through a magnifying-glass, it takes on a kind of distorted magic. One does not feel sure that Mr Joyce has any ulterior purpose in this, nor altogether sure that the effect was a calculated one. With Proust, one does feel that the effect is calculated—very much so; he knows exactly what he is about; he aims at giving us a saturated solution of the *moment* of consciousness, and does so by analysing sensation and feeling, in flux, with the utmost delicacy and completeness. But again, one feels that to achieve this was all of Proust's aim, that he had no further purpose, and that at least a part of the consequent distortion was, as it were, an aesthetic by-product.

Mr Wood uses this exaggerative method, but with this striking difference: he is *completely* conscious of what he is doing, and he has a special purpose in doing it. He is not willing, in this fashion, to enlarge *every* moment; the moment must be, for his purpose, a moment of crisis, a moment in which there is a kind of emotional or spiritual development. Superficially considered, this development may appear very slight. It may be, for instance, simply the child's first experience of death—the visit to the sick-bed, the air of mystery and doom that hangs over the household, the return to the house after a stay with relatives, the public funeral, the ride in the carriage, the throwing of earth into the grave. This is given us minutely and beautifully, and at the same time casually, without any oratorical heightening or tension: it is a sort of poetry in which there is no element of hurry or time. The child has no real or explicit understanding of what it is all about; but none the less the experience is profound for him, he apprehends more than he sees, he is on the brink of something tremendous, and he feels himself to be on the point of making some gigantic discovery.¹ Something huge hangs there—a wonder, a mystery, another dimension. And in his capture of this state of mind, with its inextricable blending of emotional and conceptual and sensory elements, Mr Wood has achieved a unique fulness and perfection. The moment is magnified before us, takes on an extraordinary brilliance of light and colour and intensity, gives us an astonishing feeling of identity

¹ The Funeral: published in *THE DIAL*, September 1926.

with the protagonist, and then, by a natural step, a sharp renovation of the experience of identity itself. What Mr Wood ultimately aims at, therefore, is a rendering of something very like mystic consciousness: the sense of mystery in the diurnal, of horizon in the quotidian; or, to quote Mr Santayana, the feeling of "sweep in the concise, and depth in the clear."

Each of the episodes thus treated by Mr Wood is complete in itself; but as they are, roughly speaking, arranged in chronological order, we get from them a rich psychological sense of continuity and development. The same symbols recur, but in a form more explicitly conscious; the child's experience at the bazaar is repeated by the soldier on leave, who visits the Bristol zoo; the use of "America," as a symbol for the remote and strange, occurs frequently. And with what easy complexity, unhurrying and calm, all this is done! Mr Wood's eye for detail is uncanny. Has any one ever given us such a magical description of firelight as he gives us in *Influenza*—? And here is what he says of a rainbow: "A gigantic rainbow spans the darkening fields, just glimmering while the soaking green remains, but as the sky darkens, its beaming colours growing more quietly terrible and the wet grass more awesome." Who before has noted the importance of the "soaking green" or the awesomeness of the wet grass? Mr Wood's prose is here and there a little careless; but it is brim-full of such searching felicities as these.

CONRAD AIKEN

“LITERATURE MADE AUDIBLE”

THE COPELAND READER, An Anthology of English Prose and Poetry. *Chosen and edited and with an introduction by Charles Townsend Copeland.* 8vo. 1687 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$10.

LATER AMERICAN WRITERS, Part Two of Selections from American Literature. *By Leonidas Warren Payne, Jr.* 12mo. 359 pages. Rand McNally and Company. \$1.50.

THESE volumes are certainly not without virtues in their appointed office as anthologies: there are, for example, the substance, the compass of humours, the individuality of Mr Copeland's collection: there is the courage to be of to-day which Mr Payne's volume exhibits. Yet perhaps it is less their virtues as anthologies than their aspect as the assertion of an ideal that a reader tends to prefer.

Probably no peruser of the abundant pages of Mr Copeland, certainly no peruser who has also been a hearer of them, even in small part, can fail to appreciate the personality which appears to bind easily into relation, as pages pre-eminently hearable or richly heard, such disparities as the tale of Ruth, one of the earlier choices, and *The Philosophy of Ceilings* with which undergraduate *jeu d'esprit* the anthology is concluded. But it would scarcely seem simply individuality which gives these rather miscellaneous selections so integral a unity: obviously they are literature, as their editor suggests, and obviously they have read well aloud. And in a unity of this sort one is disposed to feel something more than simply obviousness. Might there not be involved an ideal of appreciation, a conception of literature as something for the ear as well as for the eye? Neither Mr Copeland nor Mr Payne has, it is true, made specifically a great deal of this conception—perhaps properly; yet it seems in certain ways to have prevailed with one of them at least, and might well have prevailed with the other. “I should not like,” writes Mr Copeland in his introduction, “to have the Bible as much dramatized in church as I incline to

dramatize it. The clergy should, however, be audible." This may be a foot-note to considerations of importance. Possibly more of us than the clergy are involved. If the scriptures, justly read, can possess the ear, what of the rest of literature? Ought it not likewise to be made audible in proportion as it is literature? Is reading merely an ocular exercise? Are great pages simply to be seen, or are they to be uttered, listened to, heard?

One is, in fact, disposed to feel a gratitude for the stand made by such collections as these in such an age as this, wherein mass-publishing has appeared to multiply the perusers of print in a ratio inverse to the adequacy of their response to what they read. Mr Payne's choices have included such poets as H. D., T. S. Eliot, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, and E. E. Cummings, who, while they reward in proportion as they demand, demand in the reading and of the reader, more than custom-stagnant reading attitudes could ever give. And Mr Copeland's anthology, by its genesis, its title, its unique presence, insists upon the spell of literature for the ear, and by so doing aids, perhaps underwrites, an important means and a searching test of appreciation.

To think of reading is, of course, to think of the printed page. But any one who can remember barren first hours with a major classic, will hardly feel impelled to assert that reading is nothing more than the perusal of words. To compare such an experience with the experience of listening to literature made generously and justly audible, to feel the contrast between the painful stumbling blankness on the one hand and the warmth of recognitions on the other, the consciousness of heights of matter, depths of pertinence for oneself, a consciousness brought about, seemingly, by the simple tones and changes, the mere flow and pause of an adequate reading voice—is not this to discern something of the creative nature of reading, its character as collaboration, as a translation of thought from the language of the author's being to the language of the reader's or hearer's? The conventions of the printed page, elaborate as they may be, give only the slenderest hint of the complexities of interpretation involved in any sufficient reading. How are we to learn such complexities? Prose and verse are not scored for utterance.

Possibly we do not learn, being rarely taught, this delicate art of interpreting the printed page in the terms of ourselves, giving it a certain body and being in our personal biographies by inter-

related mental achievements of which expressive utterance may be both the test and the type. Reading could very well be a defunct art were there not still readers like Mr Copeland, to insist by their example that while it is not elocution it is more than a staring at words. And it is in this direction, perhaps, that the importance of the present anthologies lies. Mr Copeland has not described his purposes except generally; yet it seems evident that the present Reader is intended not merely for those who already know what it is to listen to literature, but for those also who are to find some opportunity of learning. These one thousand six hundred fifty-six handsome pages are for class use, it might seem, as well as for the generality. And there can be no doubt about Mr Payne's collection: it is frankly and officially for school-rooms.

Thus here, one must feel, we are at the crux of significant matters. No one could dispute the power and effect of very many of these selections when made fittingly audible. But what if they fall, as other literature has fallen, is falling, to those who know merely how to parse and analyse? One may wonder indeed how often pure literature is taught. The substitutes that masquerade in its name are depressingly numerous—grammar, philology, ethics, anecdote, critical small beer. . . . The teaching of literature as the height of utterance, the mere attempt to re-utter which may demand and enrich the whole scale of mental being of those who master even a few of the degrees of expressiveness—this seems an infrequent phenomenon. The great attributes of literature are seldom at present a sure possession of the ear. Yet is literature, as literature, ever taught except as it is thus made in fair measure audible?

This is doubtless not the place for digressions into the question of education. But perhaps digression is not needed, since a great part of that great matter seems certainly visible in the particular questions raised by the present anthologies, raised by their very character and merit as anthologies. For though here, as with all such compilations, one can easily quarrel with both inclusions and exclusions, both collections evidently contain much literature to be appreciated by readers—or not, as they are able. We could justifiably perhaps attach blame to teachers when young humanity entrusted to them did not, as often it does not, gain appreciation of literature, or other of the things of the spirit; yet the ultimate fault would be in ourselves as wielders of the opinion that governs.

The gift of making literature heard, and so appreciated, is surely a particular gift of a particular kind of teacher, and it can be had if we will collectively have it. Like others of the great gifts in which all teachers should, and a miraculous few do proportionably share, it must, if it is to be general, be generally recognized and esteemed for what it magnificently is. How can we teach without teachers? Yet is it not this that we are attempting to do with our elaborate splendours of equipment, technique, and pedagogical theory, and our curiously steady neglect, at least in general opinion, of the teacher? The art and administration of teaching may indeed latterly have undergone many an energetic renovation. Methods and psychologies seem evidently enough advanced, apparatus revolutionized, concepts and practice refined, pedagoguery no doubt somewhat mitigated. But is not all this, interesting and to be commended as it is, merely Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark?

Thus in turning the pages of these anthologies, in considering particularly the monument which Mr Copeland's is to his successes in making literature heard, one cannot but feel that of all the various modes of cultivation which it is desirable that oncoming members of a modern great society should acquire, the appreciation of literature is surely the one least prosperously taught merely by method, administration, or apparatus. These things facilitate acquirement only when they are the instruments of personality and capacity in the teacher. Qualities and attainments capable of making education the most extendedly significant of our great social enterprises, are not so common as to be recognized by all, or to be appreciated when applied. Where they are applied, as they sometimes undoubtedly are, out of sheer love and capacity for the art, they deserve a recognition in proportion to their social significance, a recognition, it may be suggested, which they have not yet had, except in such far few cases as Mr Copeland's distinguished and deserved *succès d'estime* in exercising his gift of making literature justly heard. Such successes as his are more, surely, than amenities by the way. We could well be proud of having contributed to them.

CHARLES K. TRUEBLOOD

HEMINGWAY WHISTLES IN THE DARK

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN. *By Ernest Hemingway.*
12mo. 232 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

UNLESS I am very much mistaken, there is a good deal in the writing of Ernest Hemingway that is being overlooked, in the general commotion over his splendid technique. It seems to be the same penalty that men pay for writing in some startling, new fashion. The brilliance of the originality of expression so dazzles the eyes of the beholders that they see nothing of the source of the brilliance; they forget that the source of light is most often heat. One might easily suggest that this is at the bottom of most literary *débâcles*, for the audience for literary novelties is notoriously fickle, and rushes from author to author with the alacrity of the proverbial bee. Who lives by his style must perish by another's.

The fault lies with the spectators. They fail to see, as I have suggested, beyond the immediacy of an interesting presentation, and brand the writer with their own superficiality. It was from the critics that we learned that Ring Lardner was something besides funny, and that Scott Fitzgerald was more than historian of the jazz generation. More unfortunate, Michael Arlen has perished by his own charm. This is not the place to expostulate about Arlen's literary fate, for I am concerned now with the opposite end of literary style, one as brusque as Arlen is suave—as objective as Arlen is subjective.

The reviews of Hemingway's work have been profuse and enthusiastic. There are multitudinous references to his "hard, athletic style," his "clean, masculine prose," his modern economy of detail, his classic detachment from his characters. This compendium of tribute to Hemingway's instincts for form and fine writing leaves, it seems to me, much more to be said.

There is a certain understanding among small boys, and among men who retain their boyishness in the face of feminizing influences, that there is to be no squealing when you're hurt—no crying out in pain or defeat. "Keeping the stiff upper lip," "playing the man," are colloquial expressions of this Spartan instinct—"Stout fellow" is an English equivalent. Certainly here is a principle that has been carried to absurdity, in the mediocrity and bathos of the

applications which have been made of it. Out of it was born the "Grin and bear it" school of poetry, and the profusion of tales concerning touch-downs made on splintered ankles. I draw the curtain upon these, and propose that Hemingway has fashioned this essentially courageous stoicism into as tragic and unforgettable a mould as one can find anywhere in American writing.

We must realize, first, that there is no hope and no suspense in any of Hemingway's work. No suspense! cry modern readers, in dismay. May I remind them that there is precedent for such lack? They will search the tragedies of Shakespeare in vain, for a vestige of what we call suspense, in the sense of dubious outcome. There is never any doubt about the inexorable fate that looms large long before the last act. We know, almost at once, that there is no hope for Romeo and Juliet, no hope for Hamlet, none for Cordelia, none for Brutus. We are spectators at a pageant of continuous disaster, where no chance can vary the logical doom of men and women who fail to blend with the world. Once we have become reconciled to this awful certainty, the rest is beauty and calm—the beauty of souls that are unique and therefore especially alive—the calm of bravery approaching the precipice.

I find this in Hemingway, singing out under the constant beat of conversation and reiteration, the constant escape from solitude and soliloquy, for solitude could only be bitter, and soliloquy only an admission of defeat, some modern version of "to be or not to be." There must be no squealing, no quitting. Men must play at being undefeated. Consider Hemingway's short story of that title, *The Undefeated*, one of his finest. The bull-fighter knows he cannot vanquish this last bull, nor escape the horns. His *picadero* knows it. The crowd, above, knows it, and heaps the imprecations of the galleries upon him. Somehow, too, the bull has come to know it, and seems to await his victory with a grim ferocity. His energies slipping from him, Garcia holds his ground, snarls back at the crowd, and awaits the charge with sword pointed.

In another story, *The Killers*, a man, lying upon a bed, has news brought him of the arrival of two gunmen, hired assassins, who are out to kill him. He does not rise, there is no flight, no attempt at self-preservation. There is almost dignity in his quiescence as he stares dully at the ceiling, waiting. These men, the bull-fighter and the hunted man, are lost, and in their refusal to cry out they rise to a few extraordinary moments of significant living. This, I think, is high tragedy, and high art.

Or, they drink. How they drink! The pages of *The Sun Also Rises* reek with the heavy scent of raw gin—"We had another drink"—"Let's go around the corner for a bacardi"—"He was blind. . . ." To be sure, there is the temptation to protest, as have certain readers. "This is so monotonous—this drinking and drinking and drinking." Perhaps; yet I find nothing so moving and tragic in its implications as that tired, almost mechanical ritual of intoxication. It is their only surcease, a temporary staving off of consciousness, the best they can hope for. "You are all a lost generation," said Gertrude Stein to the expatriates in Paris, and they accepted her evaluation as their cross, their sign.

Consciousness means squarely facing an empty and purposeless existence. Jake is aware only of a life that can never, for him, be complete. He is robbed, irrevocably, of hope and purpose. Just as surely, Robert Cohn was robbed, at birth, of status in a Nordic world. Nothing can protect him from the merciless flailing of Michael, that splendid wastrel, who, drunk and sober, cuts with constant contempt, into the sensitive skin of Cohn. It is in the light of these dull pains, these quenchless miseries, that the apparently aimless sousing assumes a reason and a justification. Don't think—don't look—don't feel—forget about it. The only virtue is the stiff upper lip and the hard laugh.

Enough has been said about Hemingway's objectiveness to necessitate no further discussion of it here. If it is true that the spirit of a book is the writer, then Hemingway is partially revealed as one who whistles in a void of frustration. Nowhere does he come to the aid of his inarticulate characters, inarticulate in the sense that every word they utter is subsidiary rubble on the sides of a volcano. His is the reticence of Jake, who says, "I felt pretty rotten," when he was actually frantic.

In the last analysis, perhaps, this is as close as we can get to the actual Hemingway. That life is very much of a mess; that nothing can be done about it; that we had best not talk about how badly things are really going; that the only escape is in triviality that will consume time, laughing or drinking, prize-fights or bull-fights—these we may glean as probable tenets of his stoicism. He refuses to sympathize with his characters, and strips his stories of non-essential detail. I venture to say that he could write a great tragedy. He remains, I think, our outstanding realist.

N. L. ROTHMAN

BOY IN THE WIND

BOY IN THE WIND. *By George Dillon. 12mo.*
79 pages. *The Viking Press. \$1.50.*

THE younger poets in America have much to say, much that is new and that demands new ways of word and song. It may be that some have more important matter and greater ingenuity in devising form appropriate to it; but I feel that of them all George Dillon has come to clearest utterance. Bacon, who lived among poets whom in unexpected ways Mr Dillon recalls, said that poetry was submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind. By this definition George Dillon is beyond question a poet.

Clearness he has achieved by a reserve so guarded, a simplicity so austere, that one is moved to wonder at the rigour of exclusion or the severity of discipline by which it must have been attained. Many young poets make manifest through a prodigality of resources or a riot of experiment, glorying in the reach that exceeds their grasp, exulting in the promise of the imperfect. George Dillon's first volume of collected poems shows not a trace of this. And yet there is no timidity or evasion, no suggestion of frailty or wavering. His lines have always the assurance of authority, the finality of complete mastery. There is something of defiance in the measure with which the poet sets his metes and bounds, limiting his themes to his strict intention, shunning every temptation to stray beyond it. There is an abundance of individual energy, seeking expansion under the pressure of constant control. Thus we have a sense of power—of force not diffused and scattering, but sternly held to its appointed task. And thus the volume as a whole is a unit. It may be superfluous to point out that *Boy in the Wind* is to be read as a single poem. The several lyrics vary in mood and key and tempo, but they are members of one structure, and the dominant note is the same.

This dominant note in thought is, the relation of individual experience to a cosmic force felt in elemental things—in sun and

sea and sky and stars, in seasons, in night and day, in wind and snow and rain, in grass and trees and flowers. This is the suggestion of the title, which is re-enforced again and again by example and illustration. Dillon is full of a kind of awareness of the intimations in simple and necessary things of a world beneath our conscious experience and beyond our conscious apprehension, in which, nevertheless, we live.

“He walks in the windy night alone.

And who would know if he should sing
Whose song is less than the murmuring
Of the wind full of the ruin of spring?”

Enchantment is upon him.

“He goes aware of winds and thunders,
And sets a roof against the sky,
Or walks the world in search of wonders,
Or stands to watch the stars rush by.”

And then there is that perfect truth of the homely, trivial, intimate, that touches the very soul.

“For girls must wander pensive in the spring
When the green rain is over,
Doing some slow, inconsequential thing,
Plucking clover.”

In both imagination and expression, Mr Dillon has a certain affinity to the poets of the seventeenth century. His preoccupation with death is, like theirs, a recognition that in death we become one with those elemental things which have so strange a power to move us, a part of that earth whose life we so mysteriously and evanescently share. He has like Donne a laconic conciseness of phrase, a business-like precision of diction, set in lines of simplest rhythm, over which play sudden, strange flashes of disquieting fancy.

“Man’s earthliness which saints deplore
Suggests that his most potent worth
Is surely to refresh the store
Of diligent dead, compact with earth.

In their dull drudgery he shall
Enlist, save that he make his tomb
The sea where pallid fishes fall
Like slow snow down the tall green gloom.”

A poet to whom Mr Dillon has a genuine likeness is Henry Vaughan, the Silurist. Vaughan shows the same perception of the significance within man’s experience of his contact with elemental things, mingled with a sense of the vastness without. Vaughan’s picture of the “grey forefathers of the world” gathered to view the first rainbow, comes to my mind in Dillon’s Legend, which is too delicious not to quote.

“First thunders spoke at half-past one
On the sixth day; the new sun
Burned white behind great silver clouds;
And clattering softly in the crowds
Of trees and droning on the meadow
The first frail rain spread like a shadow
Till suddenly it was released
Upward within a wide white mist
Leaving sharp colors and new smells.
Pink snails looked out from their blue shells;
Two wide geese, brilliant from their bath,
Came rocking down a thumb-scooped path,
Their stiff steps shattering the bright
Green puddles there. The air flowed white.
The apple tree (just blossoming)
Became a strange, star-glittering thing. . . .

When the rain’s singing scarce was over
They stared irresolute from cover.
The man leaped forth and gave a cry

BOY IN THE WIND

And wallowed in the weeds to dry.
 But Eve stood tiptoe under a slim
 Wind-ruffled arc with a red rim
 And screamed in terror, seeing such
 A beautiful thing she could not touch."

Again the solemn pageantry of

"I saw Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright";

is recalled by Moment.

"When stars flew like bright leaves above
 The glittering sea, I sighed for love,
 And for a moment sensed—so kind
 Is love's delirium to the mind—
 The world as one enormous flower
 Sprung from the mind's tree hour by hour,
 That could not wither, but must blow
 For ever on that secret bough;
 And suddenly I stood so tall
 The moving earth seemed magical
 As April's first frail lily seems,
 And beautiful as briefest dreams
 That bloom about my silent bed,
 And sea and sky swung in my head."

These points of comparison may be traces of literary influence—they may be signs of a deeper resemblance due to a stream of kinship which flows beneath the surface of periods and schools. I am sure in any case that George Dillon will forgive my pedantry, as he has on other occasions. I like his poetry the better because it reminds me of these poets of the past; and because he belongs among them I believe the more firmly in his authentic and abundant inspiration.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

BRIEFER MENTION

THE DEEP END, by Patrick Miller (12mo, 318 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2.50) is a beautifully wrought novel, eloquent and ironic, composed with an inner harmony which pervades and makes responsive the mind of the attentive reader. The note on which it closes—"The discoveries people make of happiness are the miracles of the world"—is but the ultimate flowering of its theme. What Henry James might have done deviously, Mr Miller has done directly, without the loss of a single nuance or the least slurring of sensitivity.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1927 and the Yearbook of the American Short Story, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (12mo, 460 pages; Dodd, Mead: \$2.50). Mr O'Brien is, one fears, grievously handicapped by his material; for if any one thing jumps to the eye, in this selection from the magazine short stories of the past year, it is the comparative poverty of the fiction here presented. For the most part, these are "readable" enough stories. Technically adroit, and even, in some instances, expert, they move with sufficient spirit to a sufficiently gratifying climax. But of life—Life!—they contain scarcely a trace. Mr Hopper comes pretty close to it in *When It Happens*, and Miss Le Sueur has something of an individual understanding in *Persephone*. What strikes one about the other stories, however, is their singular remoteness from any of the essentials of the human spirit. The world they evoke is that special and, it must be admitted, singularly barren world which exists only for the superficial entertainment of the habitual reader of magazines.

DAYBREAK, by Arthur Schnitzler (12mo, 204 pages; Simon & Schuster: \$1.50). If we have any fault to find with the story by this Viennese master it is that the plot is too swift, too firmly and pitilessly executed, to allow us time to do anything but follow with increasing anxiety the fate of its unlovable hero. Mr Schnitzler's unique place in European literature has been once more confirmed.

In **HAPPY ENDING**, *The Collected Lyrics of Louise Imogen Guiney* (12mo, 195 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$2.50) first issued in 1909 and now re-issued with the addition of certain previously unpublished poems, a reader has the impression of lyric gifts well ordered and developed, but natively somewhat confined. There is much that is admirable here, much skill and style. Further, one is by no means prepared to think the poems not well felt. Yet it would seem that better than well the lyric should be felt both massively and intensely. And from this point of view limitations seem to start forward. As the poems are somewhat less than unique in language, so they appear somewhat less than sovereign in feeling.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1927, selected by Thomas Moulton, decorations by John Austen (12mo, 99 pages; Jonathan Cape: 6/; Harcourt, Brace: \$2.50). In spite of the fact that Mr Moulton's taste is "conventional" his anthologies serve a useful purpose in presenting us each year with the best current approved poetry. If many of us regard the biting intensity of "unorthodox" modern verse as of more importance just now that is our affair and not his.

THE WHEEL IN MIDSUMMER, by Janet Lewis (16mo, 25 pages; The Lone Gull, Lynn, Massachusetts: price not given). Extensile, hair-fine sensibility informs these poems, and their subject-matter—safely imperceptible to the profane—is to be revered; "violets minute and scarce where the great ants climb", "deer among the withered asters", "fish paler than stones", "the badger's children creeping sideways out", "sunlight and daylight fading upon the air like sound".

IVORY PALACES, by Wilfred Rowland Childé (8vo, 94 pages; Brentano's: \$2). Mr Childé shows considerable technical facility in these poems, and they are not without tenderness of feeling; but it is difficult to find in them much evidence of an original temperament.

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, with a foreword by George P. Baker (12mo, 790 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$3); **THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY**, with a foreword by Katherine Lee Bates (12mo, 535 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$3). For those who admire the "singing spirit" of Josephine Preston Peabody it should be gratifying to add the two present volumes to her recently published diaries and letters. Certainly they betray nothing that is unrefined. We discover, however, slight trace in them of the "true passion" associated with great poetry. This fact will hardly prevent them, we imagine, from receiving acclaim at the hands of a public well known for its enthusiastic acceptance of the wilfully idealistic.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL TO-DAY, A Social and Psychological Study, by Régis Michaud (10mo, 283 pages; Little, Brown: \$2.50). This author sees James Branch Cabell as "poet, satirist, conscious artist, man of letters," and "the only philosophical novelist in the United States to-day," Floyd Dell as "one of the most original writers of to-day," and Ben Hecht as having written two novels "which Stendhal would not disown." If one accepts so great a divergence in literary taste there is much in M Michaud's analysis to interest and instruct one.

HARPER ESSAYS, edited by Henry Seidel Canby (8vo, 314 pages; Harpers: \$2.50). In this collection of essays chosen from the old files of Harper's Magazine Dr Canby has considered the taste of a large, but not too discriminating audience. In spite of certain highly respected names the essays are, from a purely literary point of view, no more impressive and no more lasting than are the various "books of the month" which twelve times a year enliven the habitations of our countrymen.

GUIDE-POSTS TO CHINESE PAINTING, by Louise Wallace Hackney, edited by Dr Paul Pelliot (illus., 8vo, 221 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$10). That a delighted consideration of art should be less than delightful; that as writing and as thinking it should be occidentally "prompt" is in this survey compensated for by illustrations such as *Winter Landscape*, *Narcissus*, a *Ming Ancestral Portrait*; and one is as attentive as the author could wish one to be, to the "ideals and methods" of Chinese painting, to "influences and beliefs reflected in it," and the influence exerted by it. Any lover of beauty may well be grateful to a book which commemorates the blade of grass as model for the study of the straight line, the skill of calligraphers with "hog's hair on finely woven silk," "methods of treating mountain wrinkles," "tones of ink to 'give color,'" the thought of genii, winged tigers, an Emperor crossing "'weak waters' on a bridge made of turtles," or a theme so romantic as that of Yang Kuei-fei "going, 'lily-pale, between tall avenues of spears to die.'"

THE GREAT PAINTERS: A History of the European Tradition, by Edith R. Abbot (illus., 8vo, 416 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$5). The revolt of modern art Miss Abbot sees as a revolt from plagiarism and a "complacent inertia." She is, however, in the best sense of the word a traditionalist. Her book, tracing the development of painting from the beginning of the Christian era up to our own exciting and ingenious day, is full of sane and solid instruction.

NEW BACKGROUNDS FOR A NEW AGE, by Edwin Avery Park (8vo, 222 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$5). This writer catalogues almost everything that has been mentioned by anybody in regard to modern decorative art but does not trouble much to differentiate. He cites the shops on the avenue, the commercial artists, and Cézanne with about equal enthusiasm. There have been several such books issued lately and that they are issued at all is a sign, perhaps, of wholesome discontent with the inappropriate backgrounds left over from another period and certainly out of keeping with the aspirations of this one.

LANDMARKS IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING, by Clive Bell (10mo, 214 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$3.50). Like most non-French critics of art Mr Bell gives most of his time to interpreting French activities. He does it well. He has such excellent English and so clear a gift for definition that he easily sways the opinions of a considerable portion of the reading public. He sways but does not enfranchise. The readers who at last catch a ray of light do not venture far from the path that has been illuminated for them but return, at the first difficulty, to their guide. In the new volume they will be obliged to chuck poor Gabriel Rossetti out the window, because Mr Bell does; but this is just to make room for Cézanne, Seurat, and Van Gogh, who take possession of the end of the book. Turner remains, with Mr Bell's consent, but would it not be a greater triumph for him as a teacher, were one of his disciples now to pitch Turner also out the window? It would make Mr Bell blink, of course, but no one could say again that the Bell pupils were enslaved.

TRANSITION, A Mental Autobiography, by Will Durant (12mo, 352 pages; Simon & Schuster: \$3) is the fluent enough story of a varied life, and thus to a degree shares in the interest that always attaches to biographic concerns. It is, however, over-obvious, indeed banal. And in respect of its larger claim upon attention as being the intellectual and emotional record of a changing time it lacks importance.

CITIES AND MEN, by Ludwig Lewisohn (12mo, 273 pages; Harpers: \$2.50) ranges from Catullus to Thomas Mann, and from Baudelaire to Brandes—diversity without dispersion. For to every subject Mr Lewisohn brings the unity of a matured and unfailing standard of values derived in equal parts from philosophy and from experience. Having formulated it, he finds a constant zest in criticism by applying it to the writers and thinkers of both to-day and the past. Briefly, he holds that "the autobiographic tradition is the tradition of a humane culture," while as for pure art—"there is no such thing except in the realm of the merely decorative." Mr Lewisohn expounds his faith with almost evangelical fervour.

JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD, edited by J. Middleton Murry (8vo, 256 pages; Knopf: \$3.50). Mr Murry does wrong to his wife's slender reputation in causing to be printed, these fragments from her journals and letters. One finds in them little trace of a rich, mature nature. But one forgives her more than one forgives Mr Murry.

HORACE WALPOLE, by Dorothy Margaret Stuart (16mo, 217 pages; English Men of Letters Series, Macmillan: \$1.25). For any one desiring an impartial estimate of the life and writings of this vivacious, energetic, and discriminating courtier the present volume is excellent. On the whole it causes us to modify our somewhat stern judgement of one whom we had always supposed too susceptible to the artificial graces of society.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, by J. B. Priestley, English Men of Letters Series, edited by J. C. Squire (16mo, 215 pages; Macmillan: \$1.25). By this time all the pleasant facts in regard to Peacock are known, and the writing of an acceptable life of him ought not to have been difficult. Still there are writers who mar good material and Mr Priestley, who is not of their sort, should not be robbed of praise just because his "Peacock" appeared to write itself. His book will charm "the chosen spirits" that Shelley spoke of as likely to admire Peacock, and perhaps, will even add to their number, this being, doubtless, "the serener clime" in which the Peacock cult is to expand.

BYZANTINE PORTRAITS, by Charles Diehl, translated from the French by Harold Bell (8vo, 342 pages; Knopf: \$5). Professor Diehl is a scholar and an artist. He has read the Decline and Fall to great advantage and, like Gibbon, puts legend through the acid-test of wit and resolves it frequently to an appearance of truth. The mysterious great women of the Near East—Theodora, Irene, Athenais—almost live again in his facile pages. At any rate the beguiled reader heartily wishes these queens to have been as Professor Diehl says they were.

SOLITARIA, by V. V. Rozanov, with an Abridged Account of the Author's Life, by E. Göllerbach, and Other Biographical Material, and Matter from *The Apocalypse of Our Times*, translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliensky (8vo, 188 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$4). As an editor of a great conservative newspaper in Russia Mr Rozanov upheld certain orthodox ideas which under a pseudonym he eloquently contested elsewhere. This is perhaps indicative of his dual nature, for in these random observations he combines an exaltation feverish, illuminated, and dogmatic with a cynicism bitter and self-conscious.

A SHORT HISTORY OF WOMEN, by John Langdon-Davies (10mo, 382 pages; The Viking Press: \$3). This English author sees the history of women as the history of human ideas concerning the differences between the sexes. His excellent analysis takes us up to the end of the eighteenth century when Mary Wollstonecraft destroyed for ever the old, popular concept of the "Female Character." Until women are no longer over praised or under praised, given special privileges, or robbed of their legal, emotional, and moral equality with men, such books as that of Mr Langdon-Davies, scientific and cautious, should certainly be given a wide and a sympathetic reading.

THE LOCOMOTIVE GOD, by William Ellery Leonard (8vo, 434 pages; Century: \$4) is a personal confession, written in the faintly repellent idiom of psychoanalysis. The author, troubled by dreams and delusions, unable to travel more than half a mile from his house, endeavours to trace his abnormalities to their source in his early childhood, where he finds the memory of his first locomotive, "a fiercely shaking Face of infinite menace . . . with gaping Jaws, flanked by bulging jowls, to swallow me down, to eat me alive—and the Thing is God."

ORIENTAL ENCOUNTERS, by Marmaduke Pickthall (10mo, 277 pages; Knopf: \$3.50) reminds one of Syngé's *In Wicklow* and *Kerry* sketch-books—here are incidents and characters which, elaborated, appear in more imposing creations. Those of us who know Saïd the Fisherman and *The Valley of the Kings* will be able to detect in *Oriental Encounters* memories and adventures which are behind certain episodes in these books. These are the most engaging of the books about the Near East, and in his introduction to the present volume, their author tells us how he came to have such knowledge of and such sympathy with the life of the Arabs. Through a series of fortunate happenings he escaped a formal induction into Anglo-Syrian life; he ran wild for a couple of months in a manner altogether unbecoming to an Englishman and got to know the country and to love the Arabs. The European attitude to him—of disapproval—led him to see the Europeans in Syria as the Arabs saw them. It was one of those experiences that arouse something in the spirit, and that, if a man is a writer, give him material and a style. The encounters are far from being portentous—they just permit us to loiter with a people who know nothing of the sort of competition which we subject ourselves to, and who, with inequality, have a true fraternity.

THE THEATRE

MILESTONES whizzed through the journalistic air in the week following the production of Eugene O'Neill's *STRANGE INTERLUDE*.¹ It was felt that something of the highest order of importance had taken place; the play was called not only Mr O'Neill's greatest, but the greatest American drama, and Mr Gilbert Gabriel, unhappily forgetting what the psychoanalysts have been able to do with the Oedipus plays, hailed its innovations as a technique at last competent to cope with Freud.

My own opinion is that *STRANGE INTERLUDE* is a play of exceptional merits almost entirely spoiled by technical infelicities. Mr O'Neill has developed the aside and the soliloquy to a point where they correspond to the interior monologue, the stream of consciousness, as it is used by contemporary novelists; and it happens that he is so good a dramatist that possibly he alone, of all our playwrights, does not need the method. Frequently the soliloquizing of the characters told us something we might not otherwise have known; it was not always important, but it was informative. The complex asides (to use the old name) almost invariably repeated something which the excellent dialogue and the excellent acting had already made plain. Thus in one scene Edmund Darrell determines to claim the paternity of Sam Evans' child; Sam rushes in, full of happiness to embrace his old friend; Darrell stammers out the first words of his confession and claim, then breaks down and changes his phrases into a greeting. It is perfectly clear what has happened; the same technique has been used in comedy and tragedy for a hundred years or a thousand. And Mr O'Neill, mastered by his technique, asks us to sit by while Darrell, facing Evans, says, "I can't tell him," and goes on to explain that Sam's boisterous happiness, his assurance, his faith, have made the revelation impossible. The moment these asides become unnecessary, they become impertinent and one recognizes the absurdity of the technical device, for in all the time of the aside, the other character stands waiting. One compares these unnecessary interruptions to the course of the drama with the scenes where O'Neill has done his most dramatic writing, where the tremendous swing of his drama simply

¹ *Strange Interlude*. By Eugene O'Neill. 8vo. 352 pages. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

compelled him to drop his method, and where, if the method were legitimate, it would most suitably be employed.

One of these scenes is the conversation between Nina Evans and her husband's mother. The older woman tells the younger that she must not give life to the child which has already begun to quicken in her, because insanity runs through Sam's family; she tells how she made the discovery after she had conceived Sam and hadn't herself the courage to do what she now counsels the younger woman to do: destroy the unborn child and, keeping all things secret from the husband, in order to preserve his sanity, find a healthy father for a child which shall pass as the husband's. Here is one of the richest complications of motives our stage has given us; all through it the minds of the two women must be racing with thousands of half-formed thoughts, with overpowering emotions. And O'Neill has given them to us with hardly a break in the continuous statement and question and reply between the two; everything needful is directly spoken, although these two characters have less reason to be frank with each other than others in the play. They are driven to dramatic utterance by the intensity of emotion; where the others are intense, they fumble with O'Neill's tricks.

I do not wish to suggest that O'Neill has deliberately tried a stunt; there is nothing meretricious in him and he sincerely believed, I am sure, that he could not, in any other way, give the dimension of depth to his characters. He underestimated his own power. Mr Robert Littell has proposed to the Theatre Guild a production of *STRANGE INTERLUDE* with all the new devices omitted; his interest is in proving the desirability of the present method. I earnestly implore the Guild to make such a production because I am sure that the play will gain infinitely in dramatic power, in capacity to elevate the emotions of the audience, in sustained interest.

Because in his glum, humourless brooding over his characters O'Neill has endowed them with passions, and that isn't a common thing in the theatre. As they are now projected they are shadows on a wall, gigantic, but still shadows. In proper perspective they would have a vehemence of life, a tremendous energy. Even in the dreary reaches of the present production they maintain a certain hold on you; in the end, by dint of talking about themselves, they make themselves known. They are enmeshed in a philosophy which is almost meaningless to me, although I have met it in almost all

of O'Neill's later plays. "Life IS," even if the IS recognizes no WHYS, does not seem to me particularly meaningful or exceptional thematic material. The play, of course, runs away from the author's invocations to mystic forces; the characters in it engage in heroic battles with each other, with time, with themselves, with fate. They don't give a hang whether life is and the fact that God is a woman does not console them; they struggle to make life, create it, protect it, to give it meaning and nobility and beauty. If Mr O'Neill had only let them!

The production of this play was extraordinarily good. I have not been known as an uncritical admirer of Mr Philip Moeller; but I am unable to see how his direction could have been bettered. It was never mannered and it had a sound style; it was not tricky, but it was technically clever; it was utterly honest. The extremely difficult business of introducing the uttered thoughts of the characters in the midst of their conversations was handled with amazing deftness. It would have been easy merely to create a convention: whenever the speaker turns toward the audience and the other characters look fixedly into space—that means an interior expression. The monotony of such a convention is precisely what killed the old aside. Mr Moeller created a style of utterance for these monologues; sometimes a change in the tone gave the audience the cue, sometimes a variation in expression, or in pace; sometimes a look or a movement. This variety of means helped O'Neill enormously.

Mr Moeller had also to deal with some uncertainties in the author's mind (I guess from the result; I know nothing of O'Neill's intentions). The characters sometimes appear as embodied forces, abstract; sometimes they are implacably going through the common experiences of life with radio sets and yachts, enormously realistic. In the former case, O'Neill's mysticism is a danger to the production; in the latter, his *naïveté*. And welding the two is a work requiring some finesse. The woman who maunders a little about the Godhead must remain somehow associated with the woman who is darning socks—the fact that the same actress plays the two parts, that they are written under the single name of Nina in the text, is not a help unless the producer takes care of the modulations. Here again I think Mr Moeller has done remarkably well. The

cast he worked with is intelligent and alert; the four players who carry through the whole drama: Lynn Fontanne, Earle Larimore, Glenn Anders, and Tom Powers each do something fine at one time or another, and I thought Helen Westley, in her single scene, was exceptionally able because she had to launch the play into its true orbit, and did it with great power.

Mr Robert Emmet Sherwood has been blamed for pretentiousness in *THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND* and is, in my opinion, blameless since his play is a bagatelle in which he does not seek the secret of life, as he did in *THE ROAD TO ROME*; there has also been some censure for the vehemence with which a socialist agitator in the play persuades the King to protest against the murder of little children—which again seems to me quite all right. This play, about the King to such a Queen as Marie of Rumania, suffers from only one thing: the character of the King is not coherent; perhaps it would be better to say that the two characters given the King do not cohere. We are familiar enough with the silly-ass who under his apparent feebleness of mind and will lays deep satisfactory plots; but when the King in this play prefers a chess game to putting down a revolution we get, as *dénouement*, not something astute he has done in advance, but a mere accident by which the revolt ends. The King is neither wise enough nor foolish enough.

However, he is played by Roland Young with delicacy of address, with nimble wit, with completeness of portraiture. Seeing Mr Young on a night when everything went wrong with the stage management, I recognized the difference between watching a fine actor and "catching" a good performance. I am sure that when the guns go off at the right moment, Mr Young's performance has greater ease; and I am equally sure that all the ease in the world would not better the fundamental creation of the part, since in that Mr Young is perfect.

SALVATION is a superficial play about a girl evangelist. It is superficial because it tells nothing of the religion of the protagonist except that she believes. A course in William James would have given the authors, Sidney Howard and Charles MacArthur, the background against which the salvationist, Bethany, could give us

the movements of her soul; but it might have spoiled the melodrama of the financial harpies who prey on her. I am not sure that Miss Lord was better than in most of her performances; she was agreeably different. Osgood Perkins was agreeably the same. And Robert Edmond Jones's setting for a waiting-room behind the Tabernacle was a masterpiece.

In the course of this play occurs a tiny scene at a breakfast-table. The salvationist and her husband make small-town small-talk. It is pretty neatly done; but I suggest that all our dramatists get together and write one such scene in collaboration and that this scene be made obligatory, to be played without variation whenever it is necessary to fill in time or get a few laughs. At the first words of it, we could all get an extra smoke in the lobby.

Moissi in *THE LIVING CORPSE* was not, to my mind, a whit better than John Barrymore. The production had at times depth, intensity, and style; at times it lacked these elements. It left, for first place in the Reinhardt season, *THE DEATH OF DANTON* and *THE SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS*; and the director whose range covers these extreme types, is a master.

Joe Cook has returned to New York. By the time this is printed, the announcement will not be news; but it will still be good news.

GILBERT SELDES

MODERN ART

THE business of waking up to find yourself famous is still as mysterious to the beholder as it is gratifying to the protagonist. Mysterious, I mean, prior to the event. Immediately a new name is emblazoned against the sky science can prove that the apparent accident was, on the contrary, a logical happening; but science is still powerless to make all the little, and no doubt subtle, arrangements that can result, at a given moment, in spontaneous fame. No doubt, a great deal of quiet preparation is necessary, just as in nature, an enormous amount of living (and dying, and rotting, and other disagreeable processes) precedes the seepage of oil to the spot where a Mr Marland, in Oklahoma, can tap it blithely to the tune of millions of dollars. My metaphor, now that I look at it, instructs me that the hope that I had instantly begun to cherish at the mere mention of "science and sudden fame" is futile. Science, in spite of our unholy worship of it, cannot make something out of nothing. All science can do, all that wizardry can do, is to locate and tap the source. The oil, it appears, must be there first, and without doubt De Chirico had oil. Oh, of course, it was of De Chirico I was thinking. De Chirico burst instantly into flame immediately his New York show opened. You knew that, if you read the newspapers, but it is impossible to let the occasion pass without citing a few of the dry facts that are already known to have aided the conflagration.

But first I must admit that "waking up famous" is not precisely descriptive. De Chirico, for instance, already had a Paris reputation and what he woke up to was only a New York reputation! But the Paris *réclame* was a matter of slow growth and the New York excitement generated in a day. The phenomenon as a phenomenon is just as interesting when happening to one great city as when happening to an entire world; and for that matter when New York adds its strength to that of Paris the union is, for all practical purposes, the entire world. To bring it about—the phenomenon, I mean—not much preliminary thinking was done, for, as I have hinted, it is generally agreed that more than thinking is necessary, but in this case it was young Mr Dudensing's decision not to make

too much money out of the affair, to sell all rather than a few, that supplied the igniting spark. The effect created was that of "bargain day." A further effect, made by the pictures themselves, was that De Chirico was a much greater painter than anybody had supposed. The two effects together were irresistible. Something like a stampede of buying took place. One unfortunate collector (meaning myself) who made a little list of three desirable items and then walked out and around the block to think it over, returned to find all three irrevocably sold to more impetuous connoisseurs!

In saying De Chirico "had the oil," or as we say in business, "had the stuff," I imply that his values (money values) were self-evident. The slowly growing Parisian reputation was known to all Americans who take account of such matters, and the work upon which it was founded was also known. This work was mystifying at times but interesting. "He is a *fumiste*," said Mr Meier-Graefe, the German critic who had come to this country recently to study the younger American painters at close range and who had sauntered into the Valentine Gallery (Mr Dudensing's) ostensibly to see some Joseph Stellas and who confessed he had never seen such De Chiricos as these in Europe. *Fumiste*, perhaps; though I prefer the word "mockery" as suggesting a deeper impulse. A sensitive Italian, face to face with the modern world in Paris, can be excused, if any one can be, for putting his tongue in his cheek! Even if he becomes bitter it is nobody's business but his own—providing always that he remain the artist, which De Chirico does. The mystery indeed is how any of these artists remain simple in such a complex world and the answer is, no doubt, that they achieve it at the expense of blindness. De Chirico is neither blind nor forgetful. He remembers the formidable past and sees only too clearly the formidable present. The two things war within him and he does not pretend to solve the puzzle but inveigles you, too, into the conflict.

Les Plaisirs du Poète! A barren, forbidding, empty city square, of the kind that gave the horrors to "B.V." Thompson, and still gives them to millions of less articulate people—and into this repellent oasis between railway station and factory, there wanders, at dusk, a tiny poet! He is so small you scarcely see him at first. In fact, it is only when you have consulted your catalogue that you suspect his presence and know him, poor thing, for what he is.

Fumisterie? Indeed, it was not *fumisterie* to "B.V." Thompson whose *City of Dreadful Night* contains everything that the antique spirit urges against the new. It is something more than *fumisterie* to live in such a hard place, say, as New York and to have nothing more formidable than a sigh to combat it with. But a sigh, a genuine poet's sigh, outweighs, with the arbiters of eternal justice, the armaments of the mightiest cities and can yet be heard when they have become dust. *Les Plaisirs du Poète!* It is rather a new thing to incorporate a title so solidly into a picture. It is not being literary in the tabooed fashion of the salons. It is a new power that shines from the outside—decidedly a fourth dimension—that colours the whole aspect of the artist's vision and compels you to view it in the two ways. These titles—*Le Destin du Blasphémateur*, *Le Printemps du Destin*, *La Puniton de l'Omniscient*, et cetera—are part of the De Chirico wit that was already familiar to us, but what really made the exhibition sensational was the discovery that the new pictures—of 1926 and 1927—while losing nothing in the way of satire, had gained enormously as painting. It was with pleased surprise, therefore, that those who had hitherto considered this artist "interesting" now acknowledged him a master among the modernists.

HENRY McBRIDE

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

IT was on the two thousand, two hundred and seventy-second concert of the Philharmonic that Toscanini, having found in the course of his season certain pieces which had delighted beyond the others, played them all on the one evening. The Haydn symphony in G-major, to which Mozart, Beethoven, and even Stravinsky are shown to have contributed. The Elgar "Enigma" Variations, by a grave and cultured toast-master, a musician and a gentleman, here writing compliments and epistles, and manifesting the eclecticism of such. The Honegger Pastorale d'Été, and its denial, the Pacific 231, given much like two movements of a single piece. Ottorino Respighi's Pini di Roma, with celesta, watchman's rattle, New Year's blares, trumpet off stage, and the phonograph record of a nightingale.

Concerning the almost causal relationship between the two Honegger numbers: the summer day of the Pastorale d'Été was so atmospheric, and the composer so gentle in his sensitivity, that on the formula of the Pastoral Symphony one naturally awaits the storm-music. It came, four years later, in Pacific 231, which Signor Toscanini has telescoped into a single programme. The reversal is one of both mood and technique; for whereas the earlier composition is unusually simple thematically and in tonality, with its developments and recapitulations readily manifest, the second falls within the category of agglomerate sound. Yet in turning from the "*calme, vif et gai*" of his Alpine meadows to the cumbersome effects of the iron monster, we seem to have made no essential change whatsoever.¹ The locomotive is as lyrical as the summer's

¹ Or did Toscanini participate in the merger of these pieces? The Honegger Sonata for Violin and Piano, played recently at one of the New School's valuable Concerts of Modern Music, appeared to have little in common with either the Pastorale or the Pacific. Its great activity seemed of a purely manufactured sort, an arbitrary ranging up and down of piano and violin, with the avoidance of older harmonic and melodic procedures more in evidence than the discovery of new ones. The Kodaly Serenade for Two Violins and Viola, on the same programme, seemed more positive, with a nervousity and an insistence in the scraping fiddles which should have contributed but slightly to the reassurance of the serenaded lady. The evening closed with a Bloch Suite for Viola and Piano, a work which was shown to possess much of the variety and breadth, but less of the continuity, of major music.

day, presenting an anthology of the most erudite utterances of which a locomotive is capable—and there is nothing here to suggest the irritability underlying the Sacre.

The Respighi Pines profits by the strong contrasting of its four movements: most notably the sudden putting away of holiday noises at the intrusion of ecclesiastic gloom (as the second movement encroaches upon the first), and—in the transition from the third movement to the fourth—the ominous growth of the *tempo di marcia* out of the twittering of the honest little nightingale. The piece ends in a long, patiently mounting crescendo for which we are less indebted to the imaginativeness of the composer than to the tact of the conductor. Such a slow, inexorable increase of volume and tempo probably corresponds, in its sure efficacy, to the death-bed scene in drama. It works, particularly if there is a technician like Toscanini to govern the rheostat.

The third concert of the League of Composers (New American Music, by Marion Bauer, Marc Blitzstein, Quinto Maganini, and Roy Harris) contained many moments wherein the inventive had become the emotional, the music being not merely an exposition but a plea. The Maganini Sonata for Flute and Piano brought out appealingly the complementary textures of these two instruments: the piano a vague background of sound, the flute isolated and soliloquizing—a wandering and (on becoming slow) meditative flute. The artist assures us that he was careful to eschew “diminished sevenths, augmented triads, authentic cadences, endless thirds and sixths, the stereotype fugue and monotonous rhythms,” putting in their place “new sound combinations, contrapuntal effects and rhythmic devices.” . . . The Marc Blitzstein piano sonata began and ended as a kind of “stunt writing,” with an intervening *adagio lamentoso* which suggested considerably, and pleasantly, Chopin. The annoying tendency of the new idiom to become excessively episodic (this is as apparent in Joyce as in any music) is deliberately emphasized, sounds being encouraged to fall in sporadic bursts, followed by abrupt silences. The notes themselves, in their odd way of dropping, produced minor forms which were ingenious. . . . The Roy Harris Sextet, for string quartet, clarinet, and piano, was undoubtedly the firmest work on the programme, though the themes in their re-working were perhaps inferior to their first solemn utterance. The *andante*, with its clear,

solid accommodations of the parts to one another, was cautious and formal.

Fifteen minutes afterwards, we found ourselves translated—listening now to the Hall Johnson Jubilee Singers at the Embassy Club. Perhaps our difficulties at the League of Composers figured somewhat in the blossoming of our delight; but in any event the zest, the unction, the physical undulations, the naïve epicureanism of these singers overwhelmed us, like a revelation. There was much musicianship of the concert variety, there were many effects of mingled vaudeville and devotion—and there was a tall, gaunt woman who sang *Deep River* in a voice and a manner which no operatic trainer ever dreamed of, an epicene alternation of bass and falsetto. We speak with avidity, as it is late in the day to be discovering Harlem.

KENNETH BURKE

COMMENT

PROFUSENESS, magnificent special editions, and a campaign of conquest through activity, seem at times characteristic of present-day book-making. When Mr Henry McBride remarked not long ago in *The Sun* that "Americans at heart still love costumes but have less and less courage for them," it is obvious that he was referring to society rather than to publishing. New illustrations to old favourites seem uningenuous and illustrations to a book other than those made by the author, add usually rather than reiterate. But the manner of using illustration is more legitimately one's concern perhaps than a favouring or excluding of pictures.

The subtleties and atmospheric depth of naturalistic painting and drawing are disturbing in a book, says a writer on *Text and Illustration* in the *Printing Number* issued with a *London Times Literary Supplement*, since "in reading type you look 'at' the page; in looking at a realistic illustration you look 'through' it." That is to say formality of style is needed which will keep the work in relation with type; as in "the wonderful series of books designed and produced by William Blake, in which a method of engraving invented by himself produced a unity comparable to that of early illuminated manuscripts." In the *Nonesuch India* paper volume of Blake's poetry and prose,¹ the printing of illustrations on the same page with text is a pleasure and compactness compensates for a tenuousness which perhaps verges on transparency. Thin pages opaque enough to permit of printing on both sides are to the bibliophile without bookshelves by no means a bibliographic mistake.

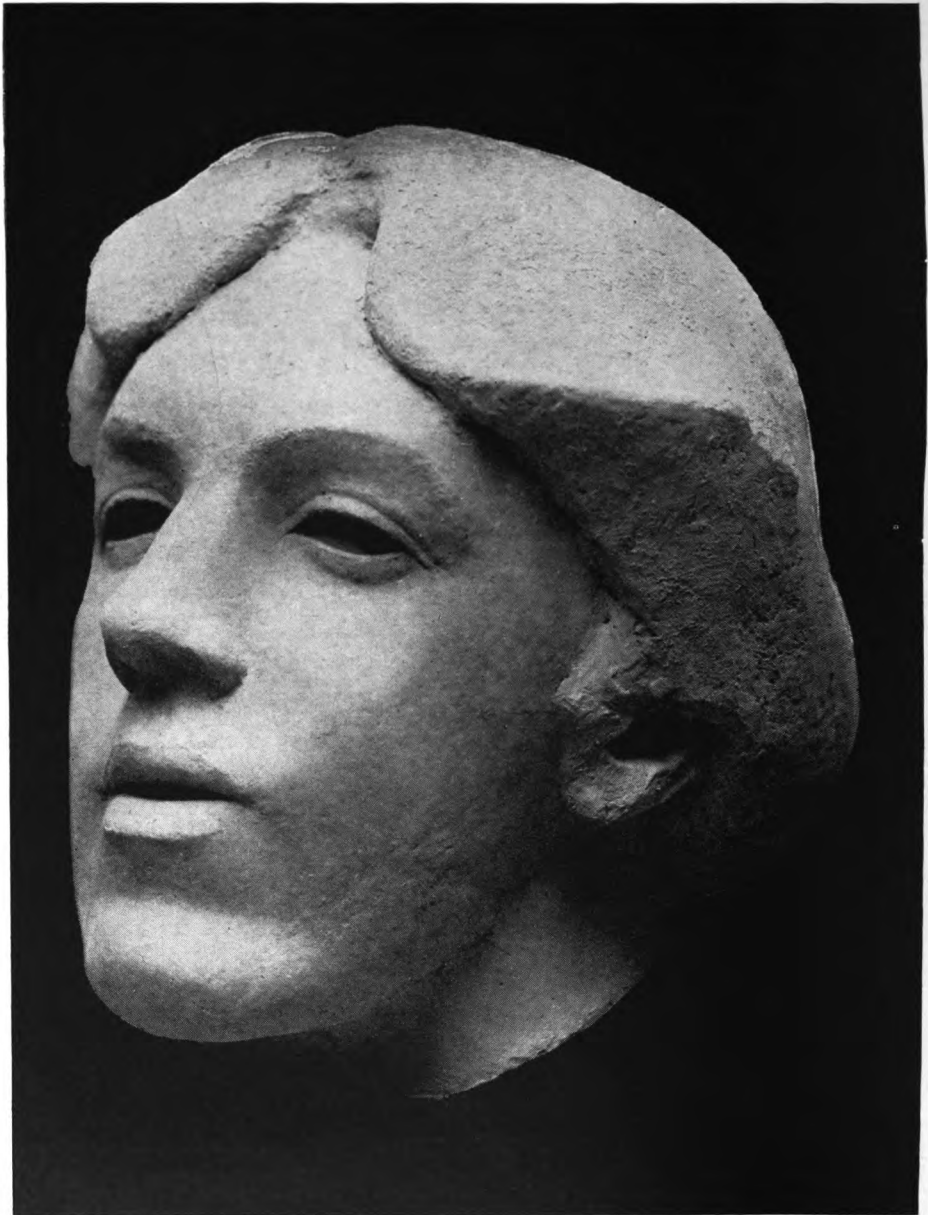
A PROGRESS in pictures commends itself and especially a progress in pictures so rare as certain engravings reproduced in Mr Randolph C. Adams' *The Gateway to American History*.²

¹ *The Centenary Edition of Blake's Poetry and Prose*. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. Complete in one volume. 12mo. 1152 pages. London: The Nonesuch Press; New York: Random House, Inc. \$5.

² *The Gateway to American History*. By Randolph C. Adams. Illustrated. 8vo. 176 pages. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

In assembling unique specimens, however, there is danger of incoherence; of incongruity of fount so to speak—since harmony is not merely a matter of printing on one kind of paper—on coated paper throughout, or on text paper throughout. The “right relation of illustration to text” has its counterpart, moreover, in the right relation of text to illustration, for old texts enhance old pictures. But a book which is good for children is far from childish and one values as much as children could, the symmetrical representation of stags in flight, of sea-monsters bewildered by barrels, of coats of arms accorded “piracy that has reached patriotic proportions,” of astrolabes, indigo-plantations, and the ceremonious savagery of savages and courtiers.

EARLY maps with emphasized shore-lines and rivers have much in common with the modern air-view. Though the photograph may seem as art somewhat “easier,” both styles of likeness confer unrealistic distinction, so that New York as foreshortened in a view taken recently by The Airmap Corporation of America, wears the delicately engraved aspect of a sand-dollar or cluster of barnacles. Our master-production, The Clifford Milburn Holland Vehicular Tunnel, is not visible. In close approach to entrance or exit it is scarcely more perceptible than a worm-hole, but pourings of traffic toward Broome Street or from Canal Street indicate sand-adder selfhelpfulness within and encourage one to feel that occupancy will presently have become indigenous i.e. that the tunnel will presently have paid for itself and be free to the public. We are glad to have civic prowess subjacent. Expenditure does not seem expenditure when the result is a benefit.



OSCAR WILDE. BY NUMA PATLAGEAN

THE DIAL

MAY 1928

ON SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSSÉ

BY GORDON CRAIG

ONE of the really difficult things for even a professional writer to do seems to be to write well about great actors and actresses.

I find in all my books on actors (and I have some hundreds of them) hardly one which is really worth while.

Yet Edmund Kean, Henry Irving, Talma, Salvini, Ristori, and Sarah Bernhardt were something to write about—one supposes so anyhow.

One supposed this when *in* the Theatre and aware of their presence: we were astounded, awakened, sure that the thing we were witnessing was one of the wonders of the world, and of course positive that the many writers we saw in the house could do justice to the actor—even quite convinced that we too could write about *that*.

Yet when we read the books written on these six men and women of theatrical genius, or indeed by them, and then ask someone who saw any of them act if the books give any proper notion of the performers or the performance, the answer will be the old admission, that the books are empty of all which counted. This is why I feel that it must be one of the difficult things to do to write well of a great performer.¹

It is this particular "greatness" which is so elusive, for when a performer is not so "great" he fares much better at the hands of the fine writer; the fine writer is happier, and the result is some perfect

¹ Heine's brief passages on Edmund Kean are among the few successful attempts.

little essays on Deburau, Ferravilla, Munden, Sada Yaco, Réjane, or Yvette Guilbert.

Why this is so I must leave for some profounder thinker to decide upon, for here I am to consider a book on one of the greatest of performers.

Eleonora Duse was one of the great figures. Apart from the fact that she was an exceptionally gifted, and possibly the most *perfect* actress of her age, she was a great figure in Europe.

And this is surprising, for she was not incessantly before the public. For years at a time she would retire; some say she sulked, others that the stage revolted her—people would say anything of an actress in those days.

What most people were unable to do was to recognize the real Eleonora Duse: they saw her and yet could not see her: they knew her and yet failed to understand her: she would speak to them and they would instantly fall under her power.

That is what she wanted—she was an actress, and the first thing the actress thinks of is to hold her audience. A great actress takes no chances and never fails to overwhelm her audience.

They were held and then they were carried away; their reason left them: that is what she both hated to see and yet longed to see herself doing: robbing them of all power.

This mesmeric trick is a necessary item in the performer's repertory.

II

I have heard it said that life is all a dream, a delusion. I am not able to give more time than I have already done to enquire further. I have wasted quite enough time already wondering about many things I was led to suppose were other than they seemed.

Life seems to me to be quite good enough as it is, so I will not bother to stop and meditate in the middle of the thoroughfare.

But perhaps some actors and actresses in contemplating and in portraying life, have been unconsciously led to look upon it as a big delusion and have believed that as acting is (or is supposed to be) life in little, the stage is a world since all the world's a stage.

The remark is placed in the mouth of none other than the melancholy Jaques.

You have heard of this melancholy man—you have never heard of him except as a melancholy man. "We all visualize Jaques to be draped . . . in a careful cloak of black" writes Sir A. Quiller-Couch. We suppose we see him—sad eyes, long face, dark and moody: he crawls, he doesn't walk: he sighs often—he never laughs but he screeches.

Oh, we all know Jaques.

Yet I will venture to hold that not one of us can say what manner of man he was, how he should be represented on the stage, what he looked like, and what was really the matter with him.

At any rate we have not, to my knowledge, ever seen any right representation of him on any stage, even as we have never yet seen a right representation of Hamlet. . . . Another melancholy man by the by . . . and in black: sighing, groaning, distinctly depressed.

If really all the world be a stage and if really the stage be a small world, then of course when we see a man looking gloomy twice in the course of a week we will at once put him down as a melancholy man. We need make no further effort to understand anything more or to look any further; we can take things as the label tells us to take them. And this is how we took Duse.

We took her to be a melancholy woman: and she with her infinite spirit of humour, took us as we labelled ourselves.

She saw us entering the theatre, she sized us up, she knew she was expected to be a dismal wonder, and so she made up carefully for that part.

When she entered in the first scene we all rose and greeted her profound grief, our emotions were stirred to their very depths—(after careful sounding . . . about half an inch)—and in those shallows she revelled.

There are few examples in history of so terrible a sense of humour as she displayed in forcing herself to be gay while three thousand spectators were calling to her "Make us cry—oh, do make us sob some more."

The good lady did her best; for years she would solemnly enter the playhouse, and there donning something grey, grey-white and floating, would explain by gestures and sounds all the sadness that is in life. "Oh thank you—thank you" we said. We could say no more—our feelings choked us: we felt that we could not be sure not

to break down. We left a flower—a lily or a white camelia—and went our way. “Wasn’t she wonderful”—“What an angel.”

III

I knew the Signora Duse slightly.

Never in my life have I met any one more merry . . . gayer, than she.

I was rather a shy young man. I’m not shy any more of course, but I remained young for a very long time, so for long I retained that shyness which seems to me to be so very stupid.

I was very shy when I first spoke to her, but she was exceedingly practical and kindly, and when some years later I met her again I remember she asked me to help her in some stage work.

I was to design some scenes for her . . . that was all.

She wrote down in fullest detail all the essential points which she thought could be of use to me.

I have these records still, and most interesting they are.

I will not re-copy them here for they are so technical that the public would be quite unable to understand what they mean. Like some sketch by Vazin or some notes by Probst they are not for the public but are solely intended for the eyes of the worker in the theatre; perhaps not even are they for him.

I ought by all the fashionable laws of profit and parade to produce them here and now, to reproduce them in facsimile; to draw attention to the way the i’s are dotted and show the significance of the dash at the end of the word “*rêve*.”

I ought to do this because I ought to possess some of that divine sense of humour which blazed in this fine lady and which permitted her to indulge her public.

I’ll prefer not to indulge mine. Curiosity is a bad habit which has been far too long cosseted.

The letters I received from Eleonora Duse will remain with me and will never be published—not one word. The diagrams, designs, and all shall remain with me—for the public would merely find them one more proof of her “sad sad life,” whereas I see in every word a fine amount of joy.

A legend was created around her by people not quite in their senses. I think I must have assisted at this in my youth.

People around me were ever so ready to cry out “Poor poor

woman" on every occasion that her name was mentioned: indeed they were rather too apt to do so about every woman.

I dare say I too took up the pose of one who felt quite sorry.

It became a legend, her sorrow. And this legend about Duse being a "poor woman" gathered force until all England was groaning "Oh the poor woman—oh, the poor dear creature" whenever she was mentioned: adding "that brute d'Annunzio."

What d'Annunzio had to do with it was not clear to me at the time, nor has it since become any clearer.

To judge from the wailing chorus, Signora Duse had met but one man in her life and he was called d'Annunzio: whereas we know that Signora Duse had met hundreds, and we are told that she lived near those she loved well enough to tolerate as lovers, and then, unfortunately, had tolerated none.

With her fellow-actors she was always a good comrade: although occasionally as a pick-me-up she would ask them all to die of the plague. Talma and Kean put it differently but said the same thing. Wagner said worse things. It's a way that artists have. Unfortunate to you, fortunate for us. You are the public, we are the artists and we are firmly persuaded that Wagner, Kean, Talma, and Duse are right. Let all the unlucky thirteen thousand place-seekers die of ten plagues if they are to continue to get in the way of all the good things which have a right to place.

And these curses so often hurled by artists of genius at these nonentities who won't wake up, who won't even be human, and who won't keep their place but who are eternally pushing and elbowing to get into places they are unfitted for, these curses are evils welcomed by the best actors and performers.

The best actors are wonderful dear creatures, and so they understand when another of the troupe says "Oh, go to Hell"; and when one of the most gifted of their number says it, like any ordinary admiral of the King's Navee, they rather like it.

Bernhardt was in the habit of a cussin' and a swearin' at the actors, carpenters, musicians, and all of them: that's understood. It means nothing: 'tis but a reminder that at that precise moment "*le diable au corps*" is getting a bit frisky.

I am, I note, writing in a rather too jaunty tone. But I am not exactly writing at all—you will, I am afraid, not call this writing: I am but what a friend of mine would call "thinking aloud."

IV

Let me go on thinking aloud . . . and now think a while of this book.¹

Mr Symons has always written well, and he writes of books even better, I think, than when he writes of actors and acting.

Books are such grand things.

When he comes to acting he falls in love with it. He loses his heart to the performer and he sometimes grows confused.

I have said how impossible it is to write on an actor's performance of a passion. So how write on the passion itself. Yet Mr Symons sometimes attempts to do this too.

He writes of Duse and her performances and he writes of Signora Duse and her lovers.

I don't see how it can be done, and so I am not surprised as I read to come across some slips.

To write that "Boito was Duse's only perfect and purely passionate lover"—to write of "the not quite final break or separation between Duse and Boito" is, I think, somehow to slip.

For who knows about such things, who can know? Not I, not you, and not he. Even Signora Duse, even Signor Boito may not have known. And I believe that the History of Man (ay, in the catalogue we go for men) deserves better of us all.

The history of actors too, deserves nothing less. . . .

Who is there can describe what Irving was in "The Bells" or even at supper after "The Bells"? I would that someone could. Who can show us Kean as Sir Giles Overreach? "It is not *possible*—it is not *possible*" whispered Munden the actor, as he was dragged almost in hysterics off the stage where Kean lay raving; and I find that is the best thing I know to describe *what it was*—this event of Kean as Overreach—and the impossible cannot be described. And the Kean scandals . . . or Rachel's amours . . . no, it is impossible to know . . . it is vulgar to repeat.

So that when reading about this fine actress Eleonora Duse we must put out of our heads much which has been put into them by those who never knew and cannot know.

Signora Duse's great sorrow is, begging your pardons, all fiddle-dee. Signora Duse's great good sense is quite another matter,

¹ Eleonora Duse. By Arthur Symons. 8vo. 164 pages. Duffield and Company. \$3.

and we may hope that a small brochure will some day be written upon this great good sense.

I never saw her but I was aware of it. I saw her seldom.

Once, without seeing her, I designed her some scenes and costumes when I was in Berlin. It was Hofmannsthal's "Electra" which I was told she wished me to design for. I did the drawings; I had the scenes, the costumes, made and these were sent to her. I never saw her about this; a German friend of the poet arranged everything, and from him I heard many reports . . . I forget what they were about but I believe she was not pleased . . . I think she did not play the piece.

The second time I designed for her she was in Berlin. I met her then. To me, when I was a young actor and in London 15 years earlier, she had always seemed something from another world—a kind of spirit—because it was at twenty years of age I first saw her act—one remembers well what one sees at twenty. Besides we young English men of that time were like that . . . often thinking of that other world.

So that when, later, I spoke to her in Berlin through her daughter who interpreted, and through one or two friends who interrupted, I spoke to her as to a Deity, as one wanting to know what it was she wished me to do. I felt that I was nobody and that she was a kind of dream.

These were very quiet talks, and her daughter was most kind and helpful.

With Signora Duse I was not, as I too often was with others, egoistical or impulsive, I was merely very anxious to help if I could. I felt more like a nephew than a co-worker.

She wrote down what she wanted. I was to go to Florence and do the work there, so although I knew no Italian I went to Florence and I did my best.

She had told me that no real scene-painter could be persuaded to carry out my designs, but she would find me "a little painter" whom I could instruct. She was not able to find me even "a little painter," so I walked around Florence to see what luck could find me and stopping at the open door of a furniture-dealer's shop which was being done up, I saw two house-painters decorating the walls with first-class whitewash: I looked up an Englishman who kindly acted for me as interpreter, and I engaged these two descendants of the Angelos' and the Vincis' to come and help me. The mere

detail of having to roam around in a strange town to buy the cloth (a rough sackcloth, for there was no scene-painters' canvas to be obtained in Florence, paper is used for sceneries and I was unfamiliar with paper sceneries) this and the other annoyances which can never be avoided if you are a stranger, were not what one expected one would have to encounter with the greatest actress of Italy to say the magic word to all those around her; one did imagine that all *that* would be made easy, but it didn't matter . . . my Italian workmen proved to be wonderfully quick, and we were soon at work in the teatro "La Pergola."

They gave me no trouble whatever: they slapped on the paint beautifully: it was a big scene so it took some 5 or 6 days to complete.

Then the scene had to be lighted. I was allowed an hour in which to do that. Some artists find a day barely enough time in which to light a rather difficult scene properly.

I too found an hour wasn't quite enough time, but I found we did it in an hour.

That is because the men at the Pergola were very able.

Then Duse came in to see the scene.

She showed great good sense.

Please do not suppose that she clapped her hands, began to weep, made speeches, or anything of that kind.

She was admirable. She saw at a glance that I was mad. She said to herself, "This is not a scene for an Ibsen play—it's a scene for—something big but it's not Ibsen because I know my Ibsen" and here her mouth grew a trifle hard.

But with astonishing good sense she pulled herself together and acted the part of a great actress who is dealing with a madman and who sees it's quite useless to protest.

"It is wonderful" she said.

Now could anything more sound in its common sense have been uttered?

Finding that this gave me and my men pleasure (for *we* saw nothing at all wonderful in it) she began to say a number of nice things—one more sensible it seemed to us than the other; she then went home to think it over.

I followed her in her thoughts so I know what those thoughts were. Here they are:

"This man, though mad, has done the work in time: he is dear

Ellen's son; that alone decides me that we must go through with it."

"It will quite astonish the Florentines who will call me all sorts of names"—here her thoughts grew twinkling and hot at the idea of puzzling her audience.

"This man pleases me" her thoughts went on: "he really *did* do the work in time—and I never thought he'd be ready. But it's a big empty scene. Yes, very big and so empty—I shall know what to do to be seen, but poor Signora—and Signor——, they will be lost." Here her thoughts were so complicated, became such a brown study, that I found it impossible to read them.

By the time they began to twinkle again she was already through with her lunch which was on a tray placed on a chair before which she sat in an arm-chair.

"Yes," she twinkled, "it will be really difficult and interesting to play in that scene."

Her thoughts here turned to Verona and to those early days when she had acted in the huge Arena there, on a not very large stage but with a certain sense of immensity around both her and the spectators.

She twinkled like a radio machine to think of the delight of having something difficult to do.

"When I snap the wooden paper knife in the second Act, will the sound be lost?" the twinkling became incessant now. "Lost!—what fun—why, it will sound like the crack of a rifle in that empty hall. Yes it will tell."

She rose up, went through bits of the scene—linking them together with a thought. Then she lay down to rest a little, and as she lay there her good sense decided that never again would she ask me or any other crazy artist to design her any other scene. "You must do me new scenes for 'Lady from the Sea,' 'Borkman,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Dame aux Camélias,' all my repertoire" she had cried out to me and my merry men when she had seen that immense but (*I* think) quite unpractical scene.

And that too was rare common sense in her—to be so full of kindness—to want to say she *would* do anything . . . meaning to and yet not meaning to.

And now at home quietly resting on her bed to register in the pages of her mind just as quietly, just as sensibly, this thought,—
"Never again."

I who read her thoughts though I was at the other end of Florence, saw all these kind and sensible entries recorded there.

She rested, and then she acted—then she wrote me—still full of ardour for the future which she had so sensibly decided should never be. You see she thought I was quite mad.

You call such women wild, unpractical, emotional, carried away, uncertain.

You have a phrase in America which many of us in England like because it is expressive, "Not on your life." Well, I now say "Not on your life."

Duse was a remarkable being. She deserved to be prime minister of Italy—she was fitted to be that by genius if you like to call it that. I shall call it by great good sense.

V

And how commanding she was.

In my London days when I was only twenty and she came there to play, I made adoration, as to some power which could command all that is good to the good of the world, even the stage world.

Instead of adoration, let us call it downright fear. It's plainer.

Later on it was the same—Duse was always tremendous to me. She seemed to be the Queen of the European Theatre. I felt that at any moment she might give an order and 300 people would leap forward from the spot where I supposed them to lie hid by her express wish. . . . I waited to see that spectacle—that miracle—at Florence. I must admit I was ready to leap with them.

They never leapt: perhaps they didn't hear her: perhaps she never called them: all I know is I worked for the Queen of the European Stage when she seemed to have no courtiers, no staff, and no one willing to raise a hand to do anything. It was most exhilarating. One was in a state to join in with ecstasy—to follow obediently, anywhere.

She gave no *outward* sign of that immense good sense of which I have spoken—and so I did not discover this at the time; I read her thoughts, was puzzled, but still I did not discover what it all signified, its practical, its almost worldly wisdom.

When, after Rosmersholm at Florence, people began to say "Craig is to produce a dozen plays with the great Duse" there was quite a little stir. When none of these were produced there was

another little stir. But I never dreamed the extent of the nonsense which was being spread around about a terrible quarrel between this Queen of the Stage and one of her most willing assistants.

Some years later I overheard two people talking loudly about me in a café. I chuckled and listened on.

“Yes he was very furious—banged the table.”

“What did she do?”

“Poor dear . . . she cried”—“after that she rose in her majesty and said ‘Craig, leave me, go! forth!! I never wish to see you again.’”

“Really, how interesting, and why was he so cross?”

“Well you see he hated all women meddling in the profession—”

“Yes, yes, I heard he had treated her badly.”

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the nonsense (Shakespeare calls it “leperous distilment”) which they pour into your ear, these odd folk, day and night.

This was supposed to refer to me and Eleonora Duse. Fancy any one treating the mighty Duse badly, being cross, banging a table, *I* of all people too . . . I who in her presence always dwindled to the age of eighteen or nineteen, thought her a kind of divinity, barely uttered two words in her presence—and never would have dared to say *Bo* to her shadow.

But I will let you into a secret.

When, after seeing my work for Rosmersholm, she had asked me to help her with all those plays, some of which I have named, I did certainly feel happy, for I really was thoroughly deceived—she did it so naturally.

Then when she began to send me telegrams, cancelling this play, and then telegrams cancelling that play—then I was also deceived. This time I certainly felt most unhappy. And I was to be heard saying, “In work all women are alike—a pack of whims; first yes; then no. Alone they work wonderfully; to work with them is a downright torture.”

It was only later, after pondering on it for some years, that I saw what I had taken for whim was great good sense.

And then it was that I began to see the immensity of her colossal life performance off the stage, and my big scene for Rosmersholm dwindled to the size of a penny match-box.

CERVANTES' HOUSE

BY AZORIN

Translated From the Spanish by Katie Lush

ESQUIVIAS is a town with a seigniorial and warlike tradition. Turn to the Topographical Data not yet published, that were demanded by Philip II. "Esquivias," says the Chapter of Replies to the Monarch in 1576, eight years before Cervantes' marriage, "Esquivias contained 250 inhabitants; of these, 37 hidalgos of ancient lineage." These hidalgos bore names such as: Bivares, Salazares—the name of the father of Cervantes' bride—Avalos, Mejías, Ordoñez, Barrosos, Palacios—the name of the mother of Cervantes' bride—Carriazos—the name of one of the heroes of La Ilustre Fregona—Argandoñas, Guevaras, Vozmedianos, Quijadas—the name of the good Don Alonso. "In letters," the Council goes on to say, "there is no record that any persons of pre-eminent merit had come from Esquivias; but in arms there have been many captains, ensigns and men of valour."

I walk again through the narrow streets and *plazas*; I go from one side to the other, aware of the languor with which the breath of the wakening spring has filled me. Doorways are open, affording now and then glimpses of a gravelled *patizuelo* with its twisted vine and pompous euonymus bush. From the Calle de la Fé I turn into the Calle de San Sebastián, from the Calle de San Sebastián into the Calle de la Palma, from the Calle de la Palma into the Calle de los Caballeros; the street-names of these old Spanish towns have an indescribable fascination and power to detain one. I stop for a moment in the Calle de la Daga. Could anything be more charged with enchantment and allusiveness in an old house than these wide dismantled corridors, unfurnished, silent, these small doors? Is there anything more suggestive in an old city than these short little streets—like this Calle de la Daga—where no one lives,

NOTE: By permission of Azorín, this portion of Cervantes' Bride has been translated from Provincial Towns of Spain and will be followed by four other selections.

where the walls are stable walls, broken perhaps by a wide gate, always shut, which leads into a patio, with a background of open country, perhaps a rising slope on which seed is germinating.

I gaze for a moment or two; and walk on through the narrow little streets. "The houses in this part of the town," say the citizens in 1576, "are of the following description: they contain patios, and some of them are of a considerable elevation; they are built of mud and *gessu*." Great iron lattices tower gloomily above one's head; the huge screens of the old porches in the patios jut out, uneven, worn by the years. As I walk I read the names of the streets on the little name-plates with blue-tiled lettering. One of these gives me a sudden shock of surprise. Imagine it! I read: Calle de Doña Celestina. . . . I turn the corner and find on another little plate the name: Plazuela de Cervantes. This is arresting, momentous; I must be standing in front of the novelist's very house. Stationed before the gateway, I peer in at this extraordinary, portentous house. But an old woman—one of those wordless old countrywomen in black—comes from the background towards me. "Perhaps," I say to myself, "someone like me—quite unknown—would be committing a grave indiscretion if he were to enter a strange house." I take off my hat, bow, and say: "Excuse me; I am just looking at the house." The lady in black invites me in. And hereupon—by some psychological process that you are familiar with—just as it had previously seemed extravagant for me to go into a strange house, it now seems perfectly logical, the most natural thing in the world, that this lady should have invited me in. Everything, since the first nebular swarming of atoms, had been so disposed that a wordless woman should invite into her house a philosopher no less wordless. And I go with an easy mind. And when I encounter two men servants who seem to me unaffected and sensible, it is with the same simplicity and inevitableness that I exchange a few words with them. In front of the house is a patio with high walls and in the patio are a vine and a well; the pavement is of small round stones. Behind the patio stands the house; it has two wide doorways opening on a vestibule that runs the length of the façade. Billows of bright sunlight pour into this vestibule; a canary sings. I examine the two dark canvases on the wall: they portray Biblical scenes. Then we ascend a wide staircase on our right and find ourselves in a salon of the same size and

shape as the vestibule on the floor below; the windows on the two large balconies are ajar; in the bright squares of sunlight on the floor stand plants in tubs symmetrically arranged. I divine the tender, busy hands of a woman. Everything is clean; everything is orderly; the orderliness is ingenuous, frank, but, it must be admitted, tyrannical—the orderliness one so constantly finds in provincial homes. We go through little doors and great panelled doors; it is a veritable labyrinth of reception-rooms, living-rooms, passages, bedrooms, one after the other, irregular and picturesque. Here is a quadrangular salon with its red furniture, in which a gentleman of 1830 looks at you from his frame over the sofa. Here is a narrow little doorway with a short passage leading to an iron balustrade over which Cervantes used to lean and gaze at the boundless, lonely, silent, monotonous, gloomy plain. Here is a bedroom with low doorway and glass chandelier: here Cervantes used to sleep with his bride. These whitewashed walls that I am staring at saw the passing of the ironist's happy hours.

I find myself downstairs again in the *zaguán*, sitting in the sunlight, among the green leaves of the shrubs. The canary sings, the sky is blue. I have already proclaimed it: everything, from the first nebular swarming of atoms, was disposed so that a philosopher might savour this moment's intimate contentment, in the vestibule of the house in which a great man's bride once lived. But something alarming—perhaps it too was pre-ordained—is invading my life. The inhabitants of this house have an exquisite courtesy: a few words were spoken in an adjoining room, and now I see coming towards me a charming girl. I rise, my emotions touched at the sight of her: she is the daughter of the house. And for the moment I see in this slender, self-contained girl—who among us is always master of his fancies?—the very daughter of Don Hernando Salazar, the very bride of Miguel de Cervantes. You see now that my emotion is justified? But something overpowering, rather frightening, curbs my imagination. The charming girl carries in one hand as she approaches me, a tray of cakes; in the other, a tray on which is a goblet of golden Esquivian wine; and at this point the small, tremendous conflict declares itself; this sort of thing is always happening in country-houses; my experience of provincial life—as you have guessed already—extricated me from the difficulty. “If I take one of these large cakes they make in the country,” I told myself, “while I am eating it, since I cannot

take the wine till I have finished it, this charming girl—Cervantes' bride—must wait before me—an insignificant stranger." It would be an extravagance, would it not? Perhaps I did not notice the faint blush on her face as she came through the doorway? I took the smallest I could, of the broad household cakes, and gulped the wine quickly. The girl stood motionless, with cheeks aflame—eyes cast down. And my thoughts, during the few moments of talk with this gracious courteous family, were with Catalina Salazar Palacios—the lady of this house in 1584, the year of Cervantes' marriage—and with Rosita Santos Aguado—the lady of the house in 1904, one of the most sympathetic figures of the new century. My fancy identified the two, and when the moment came for me to take my leave, I looked once more, for the last time, as I stood in the doorway under the blue sky among the flowers, at the pretty girl—Cervantes' bride.

That evening I wanted to go to the fountain of Ombídales, near the town, where the woman Cervantes loved had had her vineyards. It had been ordained that I should go in company with the *curé*—a worthy successor to Pérez, the priest who married Cervantes—and with Don Andrés, the *Mayorazgo*. The vineyards once owned by the Salazar family no longer exist; the young vines of the Herrador, the Albillo, and the Espino vineyards have all been uprooted; the well has its source in a ravine; a tiny thread of water falls from a long iron pipe fixed to a flagstone, and lies in two pools. Wide slopes scratched by the plough fall in gentle undulations on either side. The distance is closed in by a blue pencilling of mountains. Twilight overtakes us. "This," said the *curé*, "is the lovers' walk of Esquivias." "Along here," added the *Mayorazgo*, with ironic emphasis, "when the crops are high, I have seen very many things, very strange things."

Night is drawing on; in the west the sky glows with the softness of mother-of-pearl. The immense, monotonous, grey, gloomy plain lies silent: behind a slope the dark roofs of a village can be seen. The stars shine as they shone the night before and through the whole bygone eternity of nights. And I think of the words which, in twilights such as these, among these melancholy plains, the master of irony spoke to the woman he loved—simple, common words, grander words than any in his books.

POEM

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

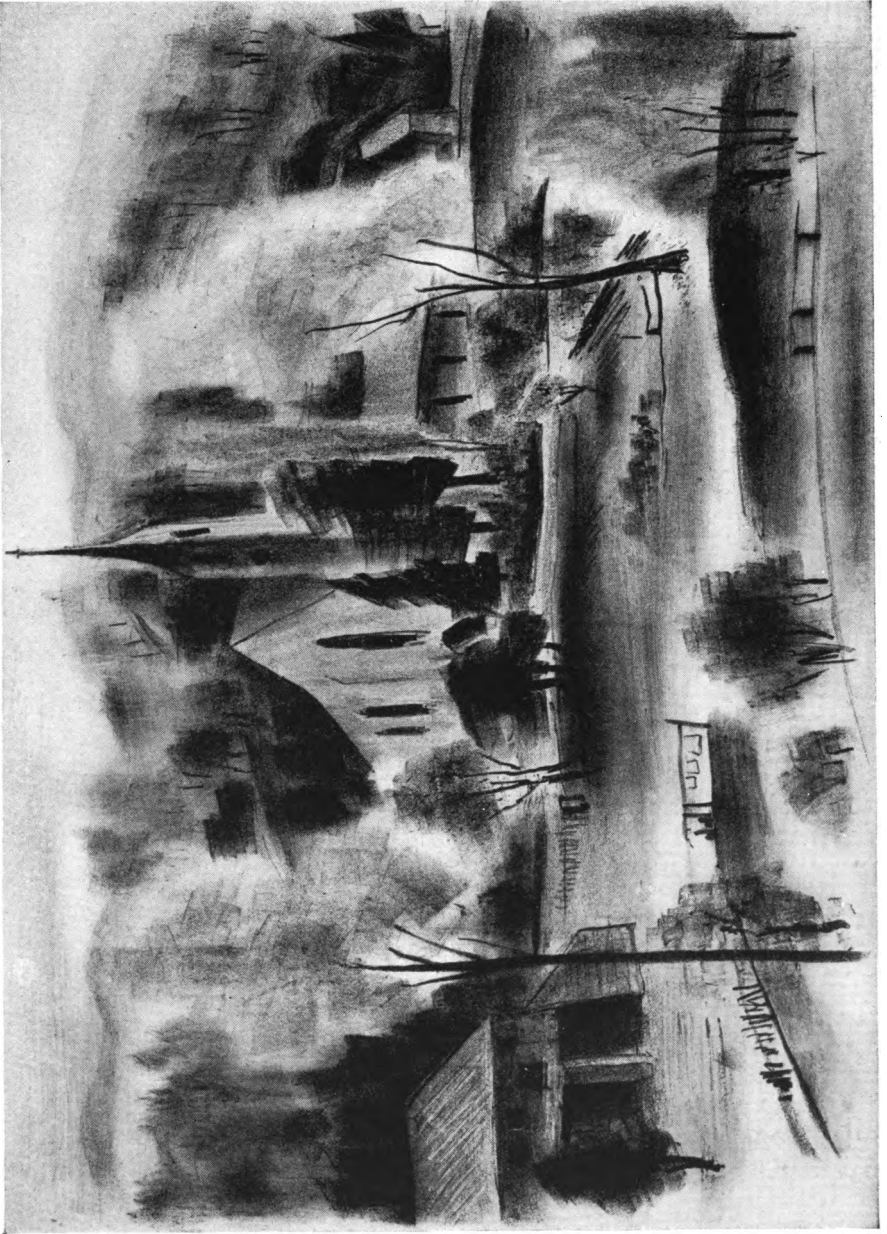
O Sun, instigator of cocks, Thou . . .

Quickener! Maker of sound in the leaves
and of running
Stir over the curve of the earth like the ripple of
Scarlet under the skin of the lizard! Hunter!
Starter of westward birds!

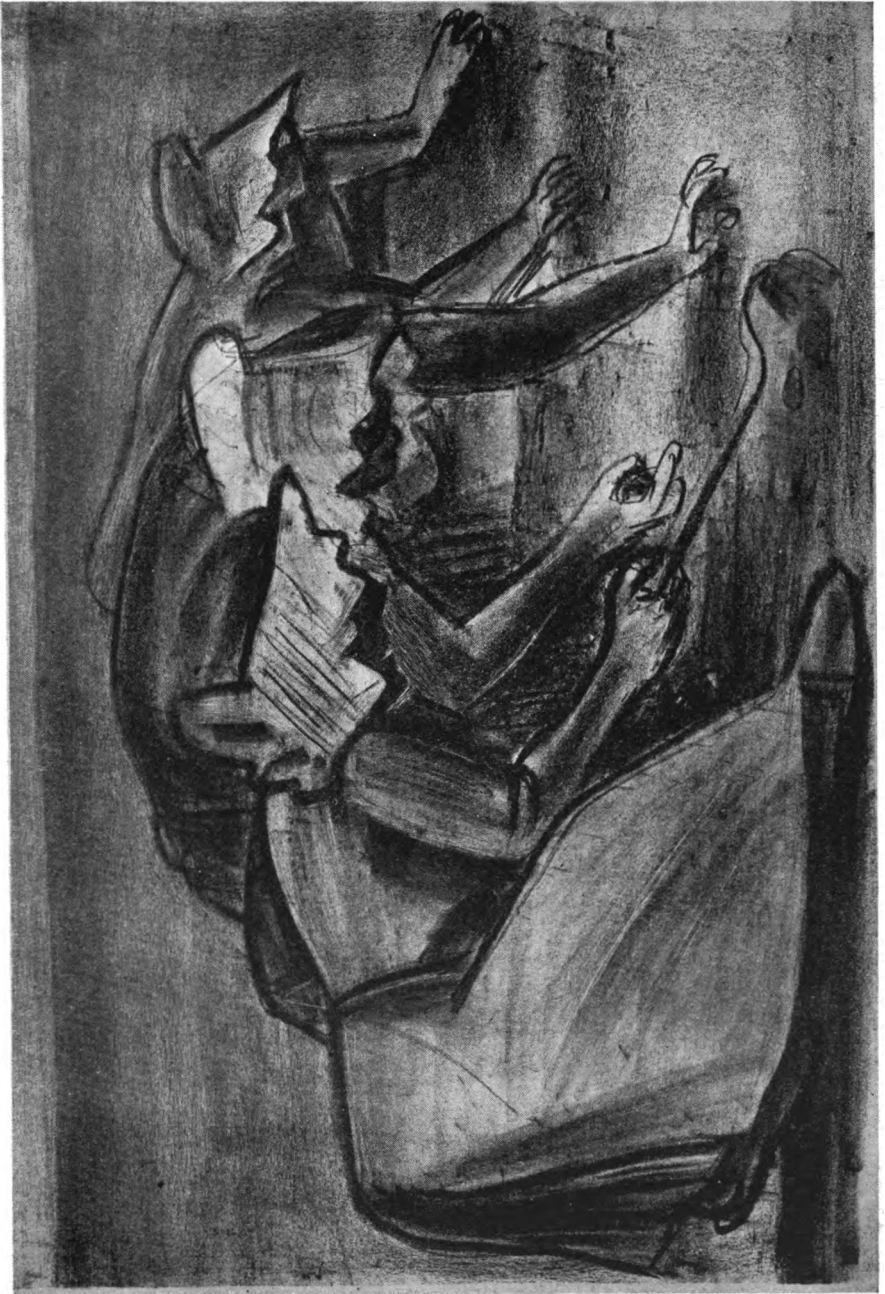
Be heard,
Sun, on our mountains! O be now
Loud with us! Wakener, let the wings
Descend of dawn on our roof-trees! Bring
Bees now! Let the cicadas sing
In the heat on the gummed trunks of the pine!
Make now the winds! Take thou the orchards!

(We who have heard our hearts beat in the silence
And the count of the clock all night at our listening ears)

Be near!
Shake the branches of day on our roofs! O
Be over us!



CHURCH IN THE VALLEY OF THE CHEVREUSE. BY ADOLF DEHN



POMERANIAN POTATO DIGGERS. BY ADOLF DEHN

EAST AND WEST IN RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE

BY HENRI PEYRE

IN his preface to *The Dance of Siva*, a collection of essays by Ananda Coomaraswamy,¹ Romain Rolland declared: "There are a number of us in Europe for whom European civilisation no longer suffices—dissatisfied children of the Spirit of the West, who feel ourselves cramped in our old abode. . . . We few look towards Asia." Romain Rolland was thus giving expression to a quest for new ideals, and to confident belief that those new ideals may be found in Asia—a possibility which seems to have become within the last two years the main topic of discussion in French letters. The opposition between East and West is not, of course, a new one; we have been familiar, since the war, with a whole mass of apocalyptic literature prophesying the decline and fall of our Western civilization. But if we look back upon the recent literary production in France, we shall be struck by the number of articles in reviews and the many books dealing with that problem. Most of them, we need hardly say, are mere "fad" and due to a superficial and snobbish fashion; and the vogue of the subject has naturally been enhanced by the political events which have brought China into the headlines of our newspapers. Yet, and when all is said, deeper reasons must be sought for that universal preoccupation with, and attraction of, the East, stronger now in France than ever before.

The outstanding book in the debate, and the one which best sums up the whole discussion, was published last spring by Henri

NOTE: This article was first read at the General Meeting of The Modern Language Association of America, at Louisville, Kentucky, on December 30, 1927.

¹ *The Dance of Siva*. By Ananda Coomaraswamy. 8vo. 139 pages. The Sunwise Turn, Inc. \$3.

Massis and is entitled *Défense de l'Occident*.¹ Massis is well known to all students of French letters and his influence is great among certain circles of the French youth of to-day. He is a literary critic and a philosopher, he is even a prophet, but a "prophet of the past." And he must be a very happy man indeed, for he has found a solution to all problems, a solution which lies in a strict Roman Catholic orthodoxy and a return to the scholastic philosophy of St Thomas.

His *Défense de l'Occident* is a direct and straightforward book, constructed with great architectural skill. The first sentence gives the keynote to the whole work: "*Le destin de la civilisation d'occident, le destin de l'homme tout court, sont aujourd'hui menacés.*"² We live now in a crisis; Europe is demoralized; we have doubts about ourselves and our mission; a dangerous disorder has crept into our thought as well as into the political situation. Since the war, we have lost our faith in civilization, and many look to the East for new ideals and a new message. Massis is not concerned with the political, but only with the philosophical aspect of the question. He is the champion of what he calls the *idées-mères de l'Occident*. Those main ideas of the West he sums up in five words: personality, unity, stability, authority, and continuity³; five essential elements of Western thought that are now threatened by a certain ascetic idealism, a strange mysticism in which personality is dissolved and a return to nothingness advocated. The Graeco-Roman culture we have inherited is thus in danger of destruction. From Asia the danger is looming; but, for Massis, the frontier of the East begins on the Rhine, and he deals with the enemies of the West in three separate chapters: Germany—Russia—Asia.

According to Massis, there have always been close affinities between German and Eastern thought. "*L'Allemagne, cette Inde de l'Europe,*" as Victor Hugo had already said. The Germans, throughout history, have personated opposition to Rome, and German philosophy has always distilled and spread the most venomous poisons of the East. Hegel, Schopenhauer, Kant himself are allied

¹ Cf. *Defence of the West*. By Henri Massis. Translated from the French by F. S. Flint. With a Preface by G. K. Chesterton. 8vo. 260 pages. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

² *Défense de l'Occident*, Plon, 1927, page 1.

³ *Ibid.*, page 16.

in Massis' opinion with Hindoo metaphysics. But that permanent affinity has been made more obvious by recent doctrines. As is well known, in 1918 and in the terrible years of discouragement that followed the war, Germany went through the same crisis which France seems to be undergoing. In the despair of defeat, and because their own organizing had failed, the Germans concluded that with them the whole fabric of civilization and of Western culture had failed. They turned to the East to find there a new Messiah, and sources of renewal. Hence the vogue of Keyserling's doctrines, of Spengler's vast apocalypse which provided a would-be rational justification for the existing despair. Hence the great fame of Tagore, Dostoevsky, and innumerable translations from the sacred books of the East. That crisis, Massis contends, was not accidental; it revealed the true bent of the German people, for whom Greek and Latin culture has always been a mere varnish; their Eastern tendencies, held in check by the Empire, shone with a new radiance when the imperial organization crumbled.

Massis then passes to Russia, and to a still more sweeping arraignment. Bolshevism is, to him, a return to Russia's Asiatic origins and destiny. Peter the Great had turned the country towards Europe, but such a change was too violent and artificial to last for ever. Dostoevsky is quoted as having proclaimed that "self-destruction is natural to Russia"; and Herzen, another nineteenth-century novelist and philosopher, who declared that "the starting-point of modern Russia is the negation of tradition."

Lastly, we reach Asia herself, and there our Catholic philosopher finds complete anarchy. Buddhism, according to his authorities, has become an intellectual and moral chaos. Everywhere appears the identity of the subject and the object, of man and of God. Perfection is defined there as the suppression of action, whereas for Christians it should be action, and an active love for God.

And the fourth part of the book offers the remedy to those poisons and ailments. That remedy is not to be found in our rationalists and our humanitarian ideologists, in our free-thinking doctrines which have only increased the evil (for Asiatic students back from American and European universities often seem afterwards our bitterest enemies). Hope lies in the treasures of antiquity alone, as preserved by the Catholic Church. Let us go back to the mediaeval ideal of perfection and unity as opposed to our modern

ideal of force and progress; let us return to the Middle Ages and the doctrine of St Thomas.

It would be vain, and would take too long, to dwell upon the many objections that have been made or might be made to a thesis so dogmatic. Not a few of us, besides, would perhaps be tempted to ask: Does the West indeed need such a defence? and would not a return to St Thomas be as perilous as an acceptance of Asiatic ideals?

Moreover, many of the so-called facts on which Massis founds his thesis, and even many of the quotations of that ardent apostle, could not withstand severe examination. The connexions between Germany and Asia, to begin with, and even of German metaphysics with Hindoo thought, are a frail basis to build upon. How a country which has produced a Goethe, a Kant, and a Nietzsche, to mention no others, can be called Eastern, many of us will not readily see.

In his chapter on Russia, moreover, Massis grossly overdoes his indictment of Russian religion and of Russian thought. His whole philosophy of history seems open to question. It is true and well known that Peter the Great had imposed his reforms through violence. But historians pointed out long ago that before his reign there was not a mere *table rase*; he brought into clear relief merely, tendencies which had been apparent before him: commercial, intellectual, artistic, religious relations, had already existed between Russia and Western Europe. And there is scarcely more truth in his view of Bolshevism as a return to Asia. In fact, has not Lenin himself declared that he meant, on the contrary, to complete the task of Peter the Great by "westernizing the peasants"? Bolshevism might more aptly be described as an attempted "Americanizing" of Russia; as a worship of matter, radically opposed to Eastern doctrines.

More could be added, to justify the East in opposition to Massis' arguments, and the central thesis of the book has itself been questioned. Are unity, stability, continuity, attributes of Western civilization alone? Has not China possessed them to an even greater degree? —But the point we should like to bring out is rather that the great success of this book and the discussion to which it gave rise throw a curious light upon certain aspects of recent French literature. Few are the volumes published this year in France

which do not contain some allusion to the debate between East and West. One of the most intelligent is *La Tentation de l'Occident*, by André Malraux, a young Frenchman who has lived for some time in China. He imagines a Frenchman and a Chinese exchanging impressions of each other's country. In that form renewed from the *Lettres Persanes*, Malraux writes a severe attack on our Western civilization, purely exterior and material: whilst "civilisation is not a social, but a psychological thing; one only is true, that of the soul"¹—and this the West still lacks. His conclusion is one of utter pessimism, coldly and forcibly expressed. Scarcely more hopeful is *Bouddha Vivant*, Paul Morand's most recent novel.² Every page expresses preoccupation with the same topic. The hero is a young Asiatic prince who leaves his country, out of curiosity about the West. We are told the story of his first contact with English civilization, in London and in Cambridge; then of his efforts to preach Buddhism to the white race, and to live, in turn, as a second Buddha. His varied experiences and disappointments are recorded with the usual liveliness of Paul Morand, until at last the prince goes to France to be a hermit in the Meudon woods. There an American girl whom he has met, wants to join him ("You are so magnetic!" she exclaims enraptured). But the unfortunate Buddha falls in love with her, goes later to New York to see her again, and thus realizes that he has been unable to free himself from desire. A final adventure in a New York restaurant where he is made to understand that "the gentleman from Asia" is not a very welcome guest disgusts him with the West altogether, and he starts for his native country, rich in destroyed illusions. The book, as a novel, is not entirely successful, although its success as witnessed by the number of copies sold, has been stupendous; but the intention of the author is clear: it is to show the faults of our material civilization. The conclusion is that East and West must each work out its own salvation, for each will ever be impermeable to the other's secrets. The author does not conceal his sympathy for the East, but is convinced of the incompatibility of Eastern and Western ideas.

¹ *La Tentation de l'Occident*, Grasset, 1926, page 30.

² Cf. *The Living Buddha*. By Paul Morand. Translated from the French by Madeleine Boyd with the assistance of Gertrude Linnell. 12mo. 287 pages. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

Even the delicate and fanciful Jean Giraudoux could not refrain from mentioning the debate between East and West in his novel of last year, *Eglantine*. *Eglantine*, his charming young heroine, hesitates between the love of two men; one is a member of the French nobility, the offspring of a very old family; the other is of the Jewish faith and represents the East. Rivalry between the two is emphasized in some very clever passages, especially in their different ways of making salad. Of course no solution is offered. We shall not, in our turn, presume to offer one. But all these volumes¹ point to a preoccupation which, once we have disentangled it from certain elements of empty and superficial vogue, remains serious and striking in the younger French literature. Many people in France seem to have developed a new taste for mysticism, suffer from a lack of confidence in our rational methods, our frenzy of haste, and our material pleasures. It is not surprising that, in such a predicament, they should have turned to the East and repeated with Romain Rolland: "Europe has, for centuries . . . trampled Asia under foot, without once a suspicion that she was playing the part of Alaric on the ruins of Rome. But Rome has vanquished the conquering barbarians, as Greece has vanquished Rome, as India and China will finally vanquish Europe—a victory for the soul."²

Such a crisis, of course, might be only momentary and a lingering consequence of the world war. The same uncertainty and uneasiness prevailed for a time in 1919-20 when it became the fashion to speak of a new "*mal du siècle*." Then the tide turned and French youth found a cure for this new romantic malady—some in sports and a spirit of adventure, others in travel, others still in the discipline of the Catholic Church. Then two of the most promising among the young writers, Henri de Montherlant and Drieu la Rochelle wrote *Chant Funèbre pour les Morts de Verdun* and *Mesure de la France*—hopeful books. But the year 1927 has witnessed a new outburst of lyrical confessions in prose whose theme is a monotonous, all-pervading despair. Drieu la Rochelle has given *Le Jeune Européen*, the very title of which denotes that he

¹ And more might be added, such as *Dépayement Oriental*, by Robert de Traz; *Partir*, by Roland d'Orgelès; et cetera. . . .

² Preface to *The Dance of Siva*, pages ii-iii.

regards his moral sickness as but one case among many. Montherlant's last volume, *Aux Fontaines du Désir*, expresses the same mood with the same extreme and sometimes boyish vanity, but also with the same sincerity. The moral result of the war, he now declares, is zero—religion is vain—literary distinction, desire for power, interest in oneself, love, all futile remedies. Even travel, that means of escape advocated by Paul Morand, is scornfully rejected, since it does not provide real escape, escape from ourselves, and only makes us resemble a donkey in a circus, always running after a carrot maintained in front of him by the clown. The whole book is a long cry of despair. Others still among the young writers display the same mood without the same talent; Daniel Rops recently studied in *Notre Inquiétude*¹ that post-war generation to which he himself belongs. It seems as if we were indeed in the presence of a new "*mal du siècle*," and one deeper than a century ago, since the mechanistic development of civilization and what the French call the "Americanization of Europe" provide new reasons for anxiety. Paul Valéry himself is going to bring out early in 1928 *Notes sur la Grandeur et la Décadence de l'Europe*, which, coming from that subtle and profound mind, are sure to add a new interest to the subject in his country and abroad. The conflict between East and West thus expresses, in a forcible way, the hesitations of many a mind in France—hesitations between an industrial and material production copied from America, and a respect for the individual himself, as an independent creature. The conflict, in this regard, becomes, as André Siegfried puts it in his penetrating study, *America Comes of Age*,² "a dialogue between Ford and Gandhi."

¹ Perrin, 1927.

² *America Comes of Age*. By André Siegfried. Translated from the French by H. H. Hemming and Doris Hemming. 8vo. 358 pages. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

VIRGINAL

BY RUTH PITTER

I thought not on love's mystery
On any day, nor dreamed at night;
Those royal riches moved not me,
I made no rime on that delight.

But mighty as a wind from sea
The old rimes roared in the wild dawn!
Like to white stallions, royally
The Ballads thundered: like a fawn,

Like to a silver fawn (O blessed
Creature, and O the holy place)
The gentle and the moonlight-tressed
Pastoral melodies did pace.

And a stag-royal, a stag of ten,
Drank at the waters of my mind:
Why should I dream of lovers, when
He wandered followed by no hind?

Up to the concave of my sky
Burst like the daystar from the wave
The eagle; and the turtle's sigh
Fell like a dew on beauty's grave.

For she lies buried in my heart,
Though in my soul she has her throne;
For ever present and apart,
Both paradox and paragon.

She is to be, she is long past,
Shall not be taken, never was;
Ever the ancient, still the last,
The night, the veil, the darkling glass.

Up to her throne I cannot climb,
Though on her grave I often lie;
Her triumph fits not with my rime,
But I can weep that she should die.

Let the dove sigh, the eagle fly,
Strong may the stag and stallion range!
They eat the flower no man can buy,
The bud miraculous and strange:

And of the deathless waters drink.
Fair let them rove and ever free!
They lead me to the abysses' brink,
They turn their morning eyes on me.

The cloud doth clothe their golden sides,
The rock is bare beneath their feet;
Far off the smoke of cities hides
All that the heart of man finds sweet.

In an imperial solitude
They are as sole as gods can be,
Born of a strange, a heavenly brood,
And gazing on eternity.

So on love's mystery I dream
Neither by night nor yet by day;
Poor is his crown and pale his gleam
Where the bright stags and stallions play:

Where in the gale from the white north
The wild fowl crows in the wild dawn!
And from the woodland cometh forth
The pastoral like a silver fawn:

Where in the highest concave swims
The eagle; and the turtle's moan
With a still dying cadence hymns
The death of beauty all alone.

THE AFTERNOON

BY MERIDEL LE SUEUR

THE river shone through the budding trees; the opposite bank flared upwards and out over the moving water. The trees rose up in a thick forest, rose up like an army of Ethiopians with turbans of bright green. The man and the woman threaded their way over the black soft turf, carpeted delicately by the first May flowers that grew deep and secretly in the moss and underbrush. Ahead of them, around the bend of black-stemmed trees came a sound of falling water; it dropped thin and singing through the air and struck the ground with a sound as of flesh upon flesh. A damp odour rose from the ground; a dampness touched the hands serpent-like when the woman thrust hers deep in the secret leaves of the flower plants to pluck the white stems of May flowers; a blue mist rose stinging and steaming from the river; the trees looked wet with the turbulent rush of flowing sap mounting within them, as in veins when the blood is fast; the fragile heads of the flowers were anointed and upon pressure, dripped at their beheaded bodies a white juice. The buds the woman carried in her hands were golden and moist with a bitter honey which held them close, sealed them against too hasty disclosure and the new green looked wet as jade that is dipped in the sea. Everything, the entire magic world through which they walked, threading their way through the upstanding trees, looked like a reflection within water, as if born into being upon the body of water.

“Yashenka, why are you unhappy?” said the woman bending her head over the flowers, that cut from their course drooped over her hands.

He walked on, his eyes bent on the ground.

“I carry myself on my back, Meretchka, that is why I am unhappy.”

They walked on between the trees. . . .

“Look!” cried the woman suddenly. They stopped, alert as animals and peered through the perpendicular black bodies of the

trees. Down the road in double file, with their heads bent and their black garments swinging about them, austere as the trees, marched the monks.

"They make me tremble, I don't like them. I am unhappy to look at them." She turned quickly to him.

"Why?"

"The church, Meretchka, and its oppression. All down the ages it has stood for falsehood, against science, against progress, even against life." She watched him, standing against the tree like some satyr, flaming and dark, his eyelids cutting down over his pupils sardonically. His brown hands were clenched.

"Yashenka, you're beautiful," she cried and moved against him.

Bewildered, he enclosed her in his arms, smiling vaguely. Thus they stood listening to the rhythmic feet of the monks as they wound out of sight between the trees.

Their departure left the forest space with a quiet that rose from the ground, with the rising of the trees, with the rising of the flowers and the first spring foliage. The man and woman stood, upright with the upright things, held within the quiet up-moving force.

"Yashenka, the tree is like a primaeval animal," Meretchka whispered in his ear which was close to her. She was reaching over his shoulder touching with singularly white hands the body of the tree. "It has ebony scales like a dragon. Put your hands on its body with mine."

He turned quickly and thrust her against the tree. She cried out sharply and clung to him, he threw back his head and startled the silence by his loud sudden laughter. He dropped his hands, and the woman moved away from him in alarm, scattering the flowers she carried, in the green lichen which her feet pressed. The man stopped his laughter suddenly and moved to the tree.

"Why are you afraid? Come here and look." He stooped beside the tree, touching the roots that swelled and swirled from the ground, distended beneath the black soil, swirling upward directly from the ground, rising steadily from the darkness and radiating outward. She came near in wonder and stooped beside him.

"Someone has wounded it here. Some little savage boy." He looked at her intently. "See its golden blood, congealed at the surface, and its white fibrous flesh."

"Yes, yes," she said. "Yes," she breathed, "could I touch it?" She put her fingers on the white and gold wound, gashed in the black bark; they both looked at the internal body of the tree without speaking, without even thinking.

Then both stood upright and silently looked at each other. They smiled and arm in arm walked on, turning in and out between the black-stemmed trees.

"Why are you laden with yourself?" Meretchka asked softly.

"What am I to do, what is there to do, what is one to do in America?"

"America," she answered, "is young, and crude yet, but how do you know that it does not offer the best opportunities for expression? Surely it is better than the decadence of Europe. . . . It is raw wine, but it is from good stock and it is not at any rate, too old."

He looked at her hopelessly and dropped his hands in dejection.

The dark ground gave under their feet, and from its damp side sprang the tiny May flowers, the first wild orchids; the fern was turning green; and from the dark tips of the trees shone and glistened the breaking buds. Across the gleaming river the black bodies of the trees slanted and rayed upward and outward, like distended veins; the bursting buds, caught and frail in the sunlight, seemed not to belong to the tree, but to surround it like a mist and to have descended upon the stumps of the trees like a flock of transparent wings.

"What do trees, these trees, remind you of?" Meretchka asked. The irritation of the last speeches still stung within them. He walked on, his gaze on the ground, and did not answer. She walked on holding the flowers and gazing at him half humorously though with full understanding, from beneath her dark brows.

"Do you know what they remind me of?"

"What?" he said in a deep voice.

"Look at that unbelievable bright brass green. It looks like a design of hammered brass, very delicately done, with inlay of ebony to mark the trunks and branches."

His eyes brightened, his shoulders moved as they always did when his sensibilities were touched. "That's fine," he said. It was almost as if it pained him. "It's fine. It's good to say things right, isn't it? Isn't it good?"

They came to a bridge.

"Are we going over the bridge?" the woman asked, looking across, with the bright reflection of the water playing over her face.

He looked at her keenly. "Yes, does that too mean something extraordinary to you? You endow everything with meaning."

"It has meaning." She spoke with fervour. "I do not like you to say that. I do not endow things. They are endowed already. Before I am they were. I can only look at them deeply." He took her hand and they walked across the bridge, the water, placid, reflecting them when they leaned over, reflecting mystically the trees, the floating clouds, the birds flying over.

A breeze blew upon them, a breeze that smelled of water. When it struck them they became exhilarated and breathed deeply, and laughed. The woman stopped and turned her face straight to the sun and stretched her arms over her head. He watched her smiling.

"Yashenka," she said, stretching her neck and feeling the gold heat on her closed lids, "must you save the world? Must you?"

His face darkened, his lids lowered over his eyes.

"I cannot be happy, while there is injustice, poverty in the world." She could see him through the gold heat in her half closed eyes—his red lips tightened, his hair, growing on his head wiry and black like a wolf's, moved in the wind, over his proud head, full over the eyes; low on his cheeks there appeared a flush of colour. . . . He stood looking down, awkward with the force of his emotions.

Suddenly she took his hands and they ran over the bridge, onto the opposite bank and went clattering over the white stones, in the winding path which led to the water's edge. He caught her on the path in front of a cave and they went on down the path breathing hard. . . .

The trees in the river marshes were large, rising upward on giant stems, showering the sky with their bright green delicate foliage.

"Yasha, what do trees remind you of?" He looked at them silently, almost timidly, but did not answer. "What do they remind you of? Why don't you tell me? Can't you tell me? . . . You don't really see them unless you know what they are like, unless you can say them."

"I don't know what they are like," he said simply.

She was impatient. "Oh, you do. Try to say them."

He hesitated. "What do you think they are like?"

"They are oriental," she said lavishly. "They are like designs by

Léon Bakst for a Russian Ballet, for let us say, Schéhérazade, black, jet black, swathed trunks, bright, brass oriental green foliage . . . like Ethiopians with turbans of verdigris. . . .”

He did not look at them. “I do not know whether they are oriental. I do not know that.” After a silence he said shyly, “You know what they make me think of? I’m just saying this . . . this is just my opinion. . . . Of course trees make me think of this. Trees make me think that they are all there, you know. That they stand up of themselves. For a long time, longer than I stand up.” She took his hand in gratitude for that; they wandered down a road which ran between the enormous rising black fountains of trees.

“We wander quite carelessly, don’t we? As if the world were all quite right.” He smiled at her not sure that she wasn’t making fun of him. “It’s as if there were justice. One can believe in justice here. Even you?”

He did not answer. There was no solace in nature for him. She felt that too. It was almost as if he believed in injustice, as if he were a fanatic of injustice.

“Yasha, when you came out of the penitentiary, how did the world look—it must be like being born again.”

“Shall we cross the ferry here? I want to take you down the other side. When I came out of the gates the world was pretty wide I can tell you, so much sky and so much earth was like a benediction. I never believed in benediction before.” He cupped his hands to his mouth and in a deep voice, that resounded down the river, he hallooed for the ferryman. She sat down on the damp bank.

“I suppose that is the voice you used to use on the soap-box.”

“Get up off the damp ground, Meretchka.”

The ferryman was a young boy with fat red cheeks who before they got across was puffing and panting and sweating. The water swirled and eddied beneath them and sucked around the edges of the boat. On the opposite bank the road sprang up from the river bed, mounted a hill, and rambled away into a stretch of woods, on the river bluff. . . .

To their right, the land was in the process of being cleared. The trees lay on the ground, leaving the stumps of their roots, white, circling in hard fibre around the pith. The trees lay sadly on the ground, their half-sprung buds drying on them. They passed the felled trees and came to a forest standing upright, far as one could

see, receding back and away into impenetrable shadow, coming directly upward, and from their sides sprang the limbs, and from the limbs, arching against the sky above, and over the shadow beneath, was springing the tiny substance of the leaf. The shadow beneath these arteries, and existing between them was so palpable as to almost suggest a body. The ground was damp and bare and cold, the stripped body of the tree rose directly from it. They stood silently, a forest of these bodies retreating into shadow, advancing to the road, standing by the road.

They trembled and went hurriedly through, and out into the sunlight again, and into the sight of the gleaming river, and the verdigris trees.

A young boy ahead of them ran after his father and mother. He had a bow made of a river reed, and arrows made of the white hollow reeds; he shot them upwards, they arched and fell in the grasses by the road, and he went shouting after them.

A soldier came out of the forest behind them startling them when they turned suddenly—he had a young girl in a bright cap in his arms, and turned and kissed her loudly; then they both laughed, the girl shrieked and ran back into the forest, he hesitated a moment, looked around and followed her, his heavy boots clattering and receding as they lost sight of him in the black forest.

A hill rose perpendicular against the road. . . . Small trees pressed against its sides, high up at its crest the white flowers of the blood-root leaned out of the shadow into the slant of sunlight, which fell from the west. On the wide summit of the hill stood an old stone church.

They followed the road, which turned and mounted the side of the hill to the village which lay in the ravine. When they saw a path cut off and ascend through the brush, they followed it, being plunged immediately into damp shadow; the wet ends of the brush whipped against them, the tanglements of the brush, with their slender stems and tendrils, wound together in the shadow in thick design and descended to the earth, where they tangled and wound about each other as they entered the ground. They bent their backs and, one in front of the other, went through the tunnel of tangled brush silently and emerged on the other side at the foot of a flight of granite steps which ascended the hill directly to the stone church.

Half way up Yasha turned, full of admiration. He liked vistas.

"Isn't that fine?" He pointed to the country, the tilled ground, the forests, the river moving through the blind earth, and beyond it, the steel city, jutting into the sunny sky. "It's fine."

"But why is it? Why is life?" he said. "I don't understand it. I don't see any reason for it. Do you know?" She saw he was fervent and real. He was not being either merely young, or merely dramatic. Strange Russian temperament, she thought. There was sadness in his question. . . . He didn't know. Did it delight him to taste the flavour of this sad bewilderment, this mysterious secret of life?

"Why ask what it is about?" She threw the wilted flowers she had been carrying onto the ground. "It's enough to be, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't. One must do something, become something, know for certain where one is going!"

"Don't you really see the goal, Yasha? I mean outside of the attitude, there is a certain pleasure in sadness, in that futility about life."

"I'm not being dramatic, Meretchka. That's the way I feel."

After they had neared the summit he said, "What is the goal?"

She thought of several things to say, but walked on instead, swinging the budding branch she carried.

The church stood on the hill before them, a simple stone building with a steeple above the little door. The hill was very high, the air was clear, and the sun seemed near there. Far below the river appeared from the fields and disappeared into the bluff of the black forest. The white flowers of the blood-root grew on the precipice, and around the church in the broad clearing the grass was new and bright green. In front of the door of the church a group of children stood. . . . Two little girls in big hats that fell to the back of their necks were murmuring catechism from little black dirty books they clutched in their hands. . . . Three boys, in black shining suits, stood nervously by. Another little girl in a polka-dot dress, stood on one foot while she held the other behind her, in her cupped hands. She hobbled around in the sun, her pigtails flapping against her back. They had stopped together.

Around the corner of the church, dressed in long black monk's habit, came the priest. He was very tall, and his body curved delicately, while his head was set graciously. His hands were ascetic and veined sharply, where they hung at his sides and he raised the right one to bless the children. The two little girls got

up and put their fingers in their mouths. His face was narrow with deep-shadowed eyes, and his head was bald and high except for a furze of white hair which rimmed his skull. His garments swung around him as he rapidly approached the children.

"Look at his head and face," Meretchka whispered; "Titian was right. I have never seen that warm flesh tint on men, that pure flesh tint."

The children gathered round him, looking up at him. To see him they had to look straight up, bend their necks far back as if they were looking at the sky.

They could not hear what he said to the children. Only the deep chant of his voice reached them, and the children's answers, in chorus, loud and shrill. Yes. No. The sun shone on his bare head, and he was bending and gracious to the children. At last he turned, and held the wooden door of the church open and the children raised themselves on tiptoe, looked at him apprehensively, and went under his arm into the church.

"Come, let us go in too." Her face was flushed, her lips parted, and she pulled him to the door on tiptoe too, like the children.

"No, no," he said, "I'll wait for you. I don't like to go in churches."

"Oh, yes, come, don't be foolish. Utter foolishness! The church is very old—it will be strange inside."

"Do I have to throw away my walking-stick?"

"No, no, come."

"I don't belong in churches, Meretchka, they embarrass me."

They had already entered the vestibule, which was of wood and smelled musty. Meretchka, with the same strange apprehension and awe that had been on the children's faces, opened the second wooden door that led into the church. And they stepped inside.

It was a small church with wooden ribs. The altar was bright. The figures were small and in light colours of red and blue and pink. . . . There were stars behind the altar. A bland statue of the virgin, with a small, pink face, was nearest them. The stations of the cross were rather gay figures, despite the anguish of the faces. Here was not a sad religion, of anguish and passion, but a beneficent, even gay one. The altar cloths were tatted, and crocheted, edged with home-made lace; the crucifix at the right of the altar was in white with a bland figure on it with a bright red scarf

around his thighs; the face was in anguish but it was a symbolic anguish, quite without pain. The sunlight came in through the windows and fell on the children who sat bolt upright in a line, in a pew in the centre of the church. The girls peered round at them as they came in and whispered to each other and resumed their stiff little attitudes. The priest had gone to the parish-house, which was a big wooden house behind the church.

He came back from behind the altar. There was a kind of excitement about him. . . . He had some papers in his hands, and came towards them. He bent over them. They could see his face and head against the stained glass window behind him. The skin was unbelievably delicate, and the veins arched within his temples. The eyes, in the shadowed recesses, were small and kindly, but a little vacant. His mouth was quite old. His habit was stained down the front and his hands were dirty as if he had been digging in soil.

"Are you Catholic?" he asked, gazing past them and waiting for no answer. "I will give you some of these. They are very interesting reading. I can see the young man is an abstainer." Meretchka stole a glance at Yasha. He blushed gracefully.

The priest handed them some yellow ancient-looking manifestoes, fumbled with those he had left, mumbled that he had only a few of that certain kind, and took away from Yasha two that he had given him. Then he straightened up, folding his hands instinctively, and went to the children. They all strained up their necks towards him and he began to hear their catechism. Yasha and Meretchka rose and shut the door on the excited chanting of the children, in "Hail Mary, full of grace."

Out in the brilliant light the manifestoes looked very quaint and ancient. They strolled over the edge of the hill and sat down on the grass.

On one of the manifestoes was an engraving of a mediaeval saint, with a dotted halo around his head, and underneath was a mediaeval convert—how he broke himself of drink; his life; his visions; the story of the little cup he carried out of which he must always drink.

Yashenka withdrew from the papers and sat looking out over the river vista.

"Do you believe all that, Meretchka?" he finally asked despairingly.

"Monks believe in something. I believe in any belief, Yasha. It's as authentic as your revolutionary passion. Don't you say so? There may be monks who are charlatans just as there are revolutionary henchmen. Why not? Don't be bitter."

He moved his shoulders impatiently and sat beating the ground with his walking-stick.

Meretchka leaned over and put her hand on his. "Don't beat the earth."

He looked at her intently. "Don't you believe in anything?" She did not answer and turned her face away.

He questioned her further. "What is the goal then?"

It was such a vast question. She hesitated. Then she took the budding branch she carried and held it before him.

"That is the goal," she said pointing to the buds. His face was still dull, dark with hate and wrong. "Take it in your hands."

"I don't want to," he muttered, looking at the thick ground.

"Yasha, take it in your hands. Yasha, you are afraid of creation." There was silence between them as she held before him the branch springing from itself, breaking itself into myriad life. At last without looking he held out his hand, and she gave him the budding branch. He did not raise his eyes but held it from him.

"Look at it."

At last he raised his eyes to her.

The malice had gone from him and he laid his head against her. She touched his hair.

At last he muttered from the grass, "I don't know how to believe in creation." She did not answer but touched his hair, put her hands deep within his hair, and felt the blood throb into the scalp.

The sun burned on them, penetrated them. After the winter pallor, the lustiness of the heat almost made them sick. They sat quite still, the heat sinking into them. As if the very body of the sun set in them, moved within them from horizon to horizon. The woman thrust her hands through his hair and he lay quite still. How dark he was, she thought, with his face buried in the earth. After all what a subterranean dark creature he was. Burrowing through the passages of bewilderment and hate. Dark. Dark. Like a stubborn animal, fighting the world. Valiant dark animal.

"What are you thinking?" she asked him.

He raised his face to her; it was flushed from the heat and printed with the stains of the grass. "Don't let's talk—just this dark body

of the earth . . . the heat. . . ." He dropped his head again. Far below them on the mystic surface of the river she watched a fisherman row out and lay his net, circling about back to the black soft shore; then he pulled it in slowly, laden with fish, and they flashed their sinuous water bodies in the sun; once he picked up a giant turtle and with all his strength flung it back into the water and for a moment it was like an ancient design upon the sky, an old hieroglyph of Egyptians or Toltecs. . . . The sun naked in the sky threw out terrific heat. The flesh was now heated to unbelievable sensation. The brain took on the same sensation of heat waves . . . the whole organism was burned to this heat. The river was placid and reflected the sun. The leaves of the trees seemed to have opened out. On the hillside below them a man lay with a paper over his face, and a woman in a bright blouse lay asleep in the curve of his out-flung arm. Children's voices came up from the village which lay secure from the primaeval heat, in the moist curve of the hills.

"Yasha, the heat of the sun turns the vision black," Meretchka said very low. "It chars the body." He raised his head and put it in her lap.

"I am so happy," he said. "You believe, don't you, that I want to believe in creation?" She kissed his forehead.

"We had better go. It's four miles to the mushroom caves." They rose, with difficulty defining the lines of their being, the familiar movements of the body in stretching, standing, and walking.

"A very little more," Meretchka said, laughing comically, "and we should have been sun ecstasies, utterly mad."

Their path home led along the river bluffs. With the city ahead of them in its mist, the river below and the fields beyond the river, and the forests marching alongside. Meretchka went up all the ravines, plucking flowers. Yasha went straight along standing stock-still when she darted off on excursions, remaining in thought until she returned with flowers which she gave him to smell.

"If I could get enough money to be free so that I could study. Do you think one could play the commercial game, with all the crooked rules and not be contaminated by it, do you?"

"I don't know. Have you been able to do it, any of you? Some of you in jail, your valuations broken."

“Yet I am not going to work eight hours a day as I did when I was a kid, when I first came to America. I’ll starve first.”

She took his hand and they walked on.

“What can we do?” She didn’t know.

“When I am alone, I am so happy, or with you. Then to make adaptations to that city.” He pointed out to the smoke mist that rose from the city. They stopped hand in hand.

“You are something entirely different down there. . . . When we first came from Russia to that city, we lived in the river bottoms; then we moved up in the Jewish neighbourhood, and I sold papers, and Russian tea, and blacked boots, and sold violets to the prostitutes on the river front. I had to learn the vulgarities. I had to learn how to be American. How to bluff. How to lie, to cheat, to overcharge, to steal. I don’t know what it all means. I lose myself there. Do you think I like getting drunk, Meretchka? But we all get drunk. Getting drunk is the only privilege we have. Getting drunk and bawling about the revolution.”

The old sullen sardonic look was on his face. The sun flushed it.

“Suffering is a beautiful heritage of your race, Yasha. Your race are geniuses when they can turn their suffering to creation instead of destruction.”

“Can you imagine, Meretchka? You can’t, you’re so sure of your love, of your friendly universe; but imagine being pitted against a world. You feel it’s you or the other guy. There isn’t any good thing left in you. . . .”

He continued after they had walked towards the city for some minutes. “I got so I didn’t believe in myself. I wouldn’t be caught uttering a beautiful phrase. We learned poetry and used to walk all night, after we got a little liquor in us, reciting poetry to ourselves. We lived at night. Like the Jews in the pogroms or in their underground dives in Spain. Did you ever hear the Jewish chants?” He stopped and turned to the river away from her, with his head lowered. He felt self-conscious, singing. So she didn’t look at him. The sun was just setting. Shadows lay across the river.

There came from him the low moans and chants, dirges from centuries of suffering. The rolling strange words, the minor chords, the eerie half notes. When he finished a cold ascended from the river. The sun had entirely disappeared.

He turned and came close to her. "They are so low and minor because they had to be sung in secret. That is why they are so dark."

The sky seemed to open for them—the space below and above too vast—so they turned into the dark ways of the forest. . . . The dark secret odour of the earth came up around them—the bodies of the trees rose into the air at every hand. The sky was shut out, the black limbs creaked and moved slowly above them.

He drew her down at the roots of a large tree that rose up in impenetrable twilight. The city was hidden from them. They sat close together, quite silent. A bird flew past them now and then—or a bat—and the shadows deepened.

He whispered to her, "When we were leaving Russia our baggage was on the carriage, we were going to America, it was early in the morning, so that the dew still hung from everything. I was a little boy and my father had a great beard. We went out over the fields past the Volga, past everything I had known since my birth. It was as if I were dying to be born again in some strange country. And then from across the river, from a distance came the sound of a flute, clear and high. And my heart turned inside me, melted, moved out. . . . It was a shepherd from the hills with his flock, my father told me, yet I cried, tears ran down my face. And my mother scolded me and my father bellowed at me. . . . I feel like that now . . . I feel like weeping. As if you played to me a flute, a strange thing that made my heart, after its long sourness, turn sweetly and move and weep. Come near me, Meretchka. Move into me."

They lay weeping in each other's arms as the afternoon faded and the night, like a flock of beneficent birds, flew above them, came down upon them, nested over them, so they rested in the shadow of its dark and winded wings.



JACK IN THE PULPIT. BY BERTRAM HARTMAN



A LADY-SLIPPER. BY BERTRAM HARTMAN

TWO POEMS

BY JOHN DAVENPORT

FIRST ADDRESS

Lady, I shall not dare the telephone
Until the appointed hour. Yet were you
Walking now this morning avenue,
Eyed by these windows, keyed by the tone
Of luxury's exhausts, we should not walk alone
In separate prides that build to make us two;
They would with single stride pierce through
The walls of hesitation we have shown:

So pirouette, my cane, this tortured hour
Before the shops! Be confident of Spring
When my lapel will bear the rose, her flower,
And on her lips a verse of mine will cling.

You shall walk with me down this thoroughfare
Toward final walls that gate, infinite air.

ETUDE

Speech fails—
words scatter as chaff
on the turbulent wind,
the kernels fall
thought falls wingless
into frosty clod
tight,
close, infertile

TWO POEMS

“What is—what does he think that he is saying?”

Will words reflect the verve
Glowing from purple glaze
Of clay that strains to curve
Into the perfect vase?

Or how shall optic π
So shutter as not blur
The sides that multiply
Into the circular?

“It almost seems at times that he is praying.”

A RHETORIC OF INTUITION

BY CHARLES K. TRUEBLOOD

HERE is another system of philosophy," are the words with which, in *Scepticism and Animal Faith*,¹ his introductory volume, Mr Santayana opens his present philosophical considerations. It is a somewhat ironical deprecation, doubtless, in more than one respect. The system, as he goes on to suggest, is less "another" than one we already know, to a degree. His attempt is to resolve and elucidate that great tacit body of philosophy which in every age civilized men have been able, more or less, to make out for themselves, according to their degrees of competence and courage, and to hold to—a system, parts of which are the stable common elements of innumerable formal philosophies otherwise at odds. His declaration is surely to be attentively received, even though he may be speaking of his own offerings, for he has more than once shown himself to be his own most detached and observant critic. If he has aimed here at a human orthodoxy which should be fundamental and final in its relation both to the ideal and the actual, he would seem to have done so with a clear and thorough consciousness of all that the varieties of modern thought in every sphere imply in the direction of human change and possibility.

The philosopher, he suggests, must attain and must maintain himself upon the crest of a great divide in his own human nature, a watershed overlooking his natural animal faith on the one hand, and on the other the scepticism that must arise from the conflict of his various animal beliefs in the world of matter. The mass of men probably do not of themselves much dwell in this upper solitude of introspection. They inhabit rather, the contentious valleys of belief; are lapped about with one credo or another, dwellers in "the flux of substance," knowing nothing, indeed dreaming nothing of the realm of essence—in which all the possibilities of being are individual and eternal—except as the accidents of matter call

NOTE: *The Realm of Essence: Book First of Realms of Being.* By George Santayana. 8vo. 183 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

¹ Reviewed in *THE DIAL*, September, 1923.

forth one essence or other for their intuition. Achievement of this divide in mental being is signalized by recognizing all one's knowledge as no more than various forms of faith; and yet it is accompanied by the realization that complete scepticism is incompatible with our nature as spiritual beings in a material world, for as living spirits we touch at once two realms, the realm of matter and the realm of essence.

Yet there is nothing mystical about such a concept: "The realm of essence is not peopled by choice forms or magic powers. It is simply the unwritten catalog, prosaic and infinite, of all the characters possessed by such things as happen to exist." . . . "Essence is anything that might be found, every quality of being." . . . "Distinction, infinitely minute and indelible distinction of everything from everything else, is what essence is." That these statements possess, indeed, potentiality *in extenso*, the reader will be aware who follows out their specific, dispassionate, and magnificent elaboration. Mr Santayana's system is perhaps less a system than a great (and difficult) attitude, a regimen of intuition; it is less a pronouncement than a principle of criticism. Least of all, surely, is it anything which can be set down as dogma. And if the axioms upon which it is founded are to be thought of as verbal, then the word *verbal* must be recognized as having a massive significance in our human development, biologically, it must seem—as intellectually. Distinction and expression, necessarily verbal performances, are inextricably involved in those powers of wonder and thought which have parted man so abruptly off from the rest of the animal world. The realm of essence may be no more than a universe of terms or characters, but it is also no less than the *sine qua non* which makes man more than a simple creature of hunger and matter. The appreciation of essences is an act of spirit, and this present philosophy by distinction—which is modern though not new—becomes a great rhetoric of intuition, guided in the first instance, as a reader of Scepticism and Animal Faith must be aware, by the principle that man can be no better secured against illusion and its consequences than by recognizing and allowing for the fact that so long as his mind dwells in the realm of matter, it is the fool of its senses and its animal brain.

If a philosophy is modern which has pertinence to our current

states of spirit, then Mr Santayana's philosophy is modern in a significant sense. We have not often required philosophy so generally as we require it now, philosophy especially in the sense of something by means of which the finer vistas of our interior being may be reasserted. Perhaps humanity was never before so sharply dislodged from its existing mental habit as it has been in the last half of the nineteenth century by that ever augmenting avalanche of thought in which Darwin rolled so tremendous a first stone. As a consequence we have come to think we shall not want again, philosophies that wall us in by means of our egoism, and so we fly to the dogmas of science, of which we know nothing—as shortsighted possibly as any we have left. Surely at this present juncture we have need for philosophers cognizant of the armoury of thought that science makes possible, yet not of such easy intellectual virtue as to yield them utterly to the blandishments of the scientific dogma. That such a need could be satisfied in the philosophy here before us seems evident both from the critical genius of Mr Santayana's excursions and from the specific orientations he accomplishes while about them.

Mr Santayana has been a soliloquist his life long, it would appear, and he still is one. Thus the great opulence of his present thought may very possibly impress the reader as being addressed subtly and splendidly to itself alone. As one could before, one may again, simply overhear an iridescent monologue, except that what were certainly never journeyman contemplations, are now presented in a final maturity and mastery. Mr Santayana's inaccessibility has sometimes been laid at the door of his style, which, shaped and matchless though it is, seems at times to interpose the supremacy of its phrasing between the meaning and the reader. The import is often remote, but in the way only that philosophy generally is remote—from the casual, customary, and more or less "animal" concerns to which our minds are habituated. Rather than his style it might well be the unprepared reader who is ill-assorted to his purposes. For if one consider philosophy not merely as the exercise of dialectic, but as a profound discipline in contemplation and intuition, then few modern spokesmen of the spirit are as absolutely philosophical as Mr Santayana. His effect may be, as it has been, in inverse ratio to the number of his readers; yet one

CHANGE

cannot but continue to believe that this great poet of the rational will long be a major influence on thought. Doubtless he could have been more accessible—by becoming more customary and casual—but it would probably have been at the expense of the disciplines which produced *The Life of Reason* and the present *Realms of Being*. It may not be soon that we shall have another reconciliation of the ideal and the actual as firm and clear and far as this is; or a reassertion as just, of the powers and prowess of spirit.

CHANGE

BY J. I. N. NEUGAS

The afternoon is late, and the snow in the park
is melting, although the sunlight has lost its
heat

Everyone is enjoying the snow in the people's
park before it melts; and the time-light of day,
before it changes

The vertical sky in disappointed colours is an
above sea sky and they have lighted the arc-lamps
too early

Soon it will be dark.
I do not wish this. For if it stayed . . .



Courtesy of the Daniel Gallery

TWO BABIES. BY YASUO KUNIYOSHI

FROM THE CLOD

BY FRANCES HATHAWAY

THE brown earth lay open. She slapped the lines over the horse and settled to the steady drive of the furrow. Up and down she strode, with a dignity that draws from the soil. Cords stood out on her arms as she gripped the plough-handles and pointed steel into sod.

The click of a tractor brought her to a stand.

"So Paul"—she pronounced it "powl"—"go after that when I tell him it is no good. He will see. He cannot plough like with a horse."

A kerchief bound her head. She wore men's shoes that clapped as she walked, and an apron of gunnysack, but her eyes were keen with light as her son came toward her across the river-bottom. He was tall—almost too tall—and was pale for a country boy.

"So you bring that dam tractor, eh? I bet old man Lemphi two dollars you would get one sure. Now you see how you can plough with no horse."

"I wish I could show you, Mother, but I've got to have old Grey to get gasoline. Let the ploughing go. I'll do it to-morrow in half the time."

As he was fumbling with the traces, his mother unhitched the horse from the other side with practised hands.

"I should stop my ploughing again while you go to town to get gasoline. I got my work to do. Maybe you will bring Annie home so I get some help, eh?"

Paul buckled a strap before replying.

"Annie doesn't go with me any more."

"So? For a long time I do not see her. Who you take out for a girl now, Paul?"

"Oh—I go round a little with Miss Landon."

He replied with studied carelessness but his eyes spoke.

"Miss—the teacher," his mother burst out. "Not the school-teacher, Paul?"

"Yes. I thought I told you."

"How should I know? I got no time to ask for foolishness."

"You needn't work like this, Mother. I'll do the ploughing. And you must let things go. We can get along."

"Sure we can get along. But I make my garden and raise my ducks and chickens just the same."

She looked at him, proud of the sum his bees had brought during the year. He had not been able to work hard yet had achieved success. What would he do when he became strong? She went toward the house while he led the horse to the barn.

Paul going with the school-teacher! A pang of regret came over her that it was not with Annie who could clean and cook. How many times she had come with Paul, washed the windows, hung fresh curtains, and put in order the little house that eluded all Mrs Koski's effort to make it livable. She had been so busy with the spring work that it looked pretty bad, but Paul had been just as busy, coming in only for meals and was too preoccupied to complain.

The house was low with ramblers climbing over it. An odd smell made one wonder if Mrs Koski disposed of her garbage by throwing it out of the window. Newspapers, rags, and old shoes littered the back porch. A flutter and cheeping halted her as she opened the door. That very morning she had promised to move the chickens. They had been incubated and hatched in her bedroom, brooded in the kitchen, and now grown to wing and tail feathers, were a filth and a nuisance. She shooed them into their box and moved a broom around the floor.

She thought at first she would scrub, but remembered that the cow was ailing. She must give her a pound of epsom salts and a warm mash. Apprehension obliterated all thought of house-cleaning, though it did not take her mind off Paul. That he should be keeping company with the teacher was not surprising. She had always known that he was destined for the best. But the career she had planned for him had failed. She remembered the doctor's look as she said to him,

"I did not want for Paul to work so hard like I do. When he got twelve years old I sent him to learn a nice easy trade with Krause, the baker."

How could she know that it was outdoor work he needed? "For three years Paul do nothing but fry doughnuts," she broke out. "Then I go after that Krause. I tell him he must learn Paul to make bread."

Flour dust. The weight of the dough. Night work. Late hours, the doctor said. Yes, she knew. A dance here, a dance there. But what would you? Paul was young. Then he had had to give up his trade, come back to the farm, and work with her.

Perhaps he need not. He did well with the bees, but she mistrusted his innovations. That tractor, for instance. He had put money in it when he could plough better with a horse. Passion to save him made her want to break the tractor.

"I soon fix that machine," she said. But as she spoke there was a moan from the cow and she seized a pail and hurried to the barn.

At last she thought she could leave the cow. Her clothes were spattered with wet mash and smelled of the stable—and of course, her shoes; she had done the drenching with her own hands.

It was late afternoon and Paul should be home. His horse was standing by the gate, hitched to the light wagon and there was the sound of voices in the orchard. Yes, he was there, among his hives, with Miss—could it be the teacher—Miss Landon?

The girl was listening eagerly as he talked. Manifestly a girl of refinement, young and lonely. Mrs Koski studied the two figures intently.

"I think I lose my Paul this time for sure," she said to herself. "He is catch for good. And she like Paul too. I can see that. No more Annie. I would like better it was Annie."

They were coming in her direction and she could see the girl's face.

"Yes, she like Paul for sure. She look like nice girl. Maybe I like her too for Paul. I try hard to make nice welcome."

Fired with this motive she stepped from her hiding-place and confronted the young people. Her hair had escaped from the kerchief during her labours with the cow and hung in wisps. But she was unconscious of her clothes and shoes and thought only of Paul.

"Mother!" he exclaimed with horror; then recovering himself Paul introduced Miss Landon.

"I be glad to meet you. Excuse my hand, Miss." His mother's teeth were bared in a smile. "I work so long with the cow I am not clean up yet."

This was strongly apparent. Miss Landon rallied however and took the grimed hand.

"So my Paul show you his bees, eh? He make money with them but I not like them. The dam bees they sting my horse and make him run away." Recollection became stronger.

"No, I got no use for bees. To hell with the bees. I keep my cow and ducks and chickens."

An odd expression crossed Miss Landon's face. Paul blushed and looked uncomfortable, and sensible of a *faux pas* Mrs Koski said quickly,

"I show you my garden, Miss. You like flowers, eh?"

"You should see Mother's flowers, Miss Landon," Paul broke in with relief. "There are no flowers like hers."

They followed her to the garden where daffodil and narcissus rose rank on rank from spears of green, and there were crocuses, tulips, and hyacinths. Miss Landon was ecstatic.

"What flowers! Aren't they lovely! I don't see how you grow them!"

"That is easy. In the fall I wheel manure and fork it into the beds. I work it with my hands so I do not break the roots. In the spring they grow quick."

Mrs Koski plunged in among the tulips, daffodils, and narcissus and built a sheaf of them.

"For you, Miss. You have some to take to school to-morrow. Now we go in the house."

It was an unfortunate suggestion and Paul followed reluctantly. But Mrs Koski was bent on hospitality.

"Sit down, Miss Landon. I make you cup of tea."

Powerless to remonstrate, Miss Landon seated herself on a dusty chair. An odour of neglect pervaded the house. The week's wash was piled in one corner. Dusty curtains hung at specked panes. Mud and fine litter strewed the floor.

The tea was poured into cracked cups and great pieces of bread accompanied it, on which Mrs Koski had spread clarified butter.

"I make my butter always into lard," she explained. "It keeps better so."

Mrs Koski's butter would. Miss Landon swallowed the strong tea but found it impossible to eat sour dough and plead no appetite. Mrs Koski became concerned.

"You should take some medicine, Miss Landon. Look, I show you." She searched about in a stack of newspapers. "Ha, I find it. See where it say, 'You, my sister.' That is what you take and you be all right."

The girl flushed as she saw the advertisement of medicine purporting to cure female ills, and to divert his mother, Paul suggested that he take Miss Landon to see the chickens.

"Sure. Yes. But first I show her the little ones," said Mrs Koski.

She threw open the door to the kitchen and scattered crumbs. In a moment the floor was white with a fluttering, pecking brood, making a sound like rain. Paul choked.

"Haven't you moved them yet? You said this morning—"

"Oh, God, I forget. I am so busy, Miss Landon, I got no time to keep house. Some day Paul get him a wife. Then I have no more to do in the house."

A spasm contracted the girl's face.

"Thank you, Mrs Koski. The chickens are darling and thank you for the flowers. But I must go. Yes, indeed, you have a wonderful place. Good-bye, Mrs Koski. Good-bye."

She was gone. Mrs Koski drew a long breath. It was over and had been done nicely. She congratulated herself that she had made tea.

"For Annie I make just coffee. But for the teacher, no. I bet she laugh when I tell her about the bees."

Then she saw her spattered clothes.

"By gracious, I forget to take off my apron. I forget to wash my hands. I keep my shoes on what I wear in the barn. I lose my head next time Paul bring the teacher."

With contrition she began to make herself neat. A faint low

from the barn reached her ear. Catching the gunnysack apron she rushed out.

"By gracious, I get the doctor. If I don't watch I lose that cow."

Paul did not come home that evening but she was not disturbed. He often stopped to have meals with the neighbours, and the people with whom Miss Landon was boarding had probably urged him to stay. She ate her own supper of fried duck eggs, carried hot water to the sick cow, and then satisfied that the animal was resting, went to bed. Paul must have come in toward morning for when she got up once during the night he had not returned. He was lying face down on his pillow when she looked in on him. As soon as she heard him stirring she laid his breakfast, but instead of coming into the kitchen he went out the other way and she saw him go toward the orchard. He was walking slowly, hunched and miserable. Mrs Koski stared.

"My Paul! He is sick. Paul! Paul!"

He did not look back and she went after him. Although he was close to the hives where Mrs Koski never ventured, she rushed up to him.

"Paul! You not feel good? Come in, I make you hot coffee."

He turned away that she might not see his eyes and said gruffly he would come when he was hungry. She understood somehow that his suffering was not physical and left him. In the orchard he sat down on a bench, his head bowed on his hands.

Tears blinded Mrs Koski's eyes. She knew. It was Paul and the teacher. She could not quite visualize what had passed between them, but she knew what he was feeling. Her Paul had dreamed of marrying this girl who held the key to a world for which he yearned. Yes, Paul was made for better things. She had tried to help him but was too stupid, too ignorant. She had failed.

Anger toward the girl blazed up in her, but it died down. The girl was not to blame. It was not snobbishness but instinct. The gulf that lay between him and Miss Landon could not be bridged in one generation. Paul and Annie perhaps. His children would come into the heritage that Paul was denied. He was young.

He would forget. But how comfort him? What would interest him?

At last she had it. The tractor! There it stood in the driveway. She would propose the ploughing to Paul as if nothing had happened and go with him to admire and praise. Managing levers and pedals would absorb his whole attention. They went together to the bottom ground, Paul driving the tractor, Mrs Koski running beside it. Slowly and carefully they descended the hill, then rigged the plough behind. Paul was holding the plough; the engine was running itself.

"Such a good work I never did see, Paul," exclaimed Mrs Koski when they had ploughed one furrow. "I tell old man Lemphi he is a fool not to get one right away. You make the farm pay, Paul."

This was so entirely Paul's opinion that he looked almost cheerful. When they came to the end of the furrow the tractor had to be turned. Paul let go the handles to take the wheel. Mrs Koski caught at the plough to keep it from dragging. The long wavy furrow satisfied Paul and inspired Mrs Koski. The next was harder. Try as he would, Paul could not keep the tractor in line to make the earth turn close to the first furrow and bare spots showed. Paul shook his head.

"I'm not up on steering," he said. "I've got to get used to the levers. If I could ride—"

"Sure, Paul. You got to learn. I help you."

Paul clambered into the seat and started the engine. Grasping the plough-handles, Mrs Koski followed, up and down, up and down, guiding the plough-point deep into the brown earth.

JOURNEY

BY A. J. M. SMITH

One and by one
Under a drooping sun
His footsteps fall.

With heavy tread
And unbowed head
He goes alone:

The end unknown,
On either hand a wall.

Death walks behind
With pace designed—
An overtaking tread.

He asks of heart
To bear a braver part
When Death draws nigh:

And for reply—
Heart moveth not. And all is said.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT

BY ALEXANDER BAKSHY

THOSE who induced Charlie Chaplin to try the movies, did not suspect him of being more than a "funny man," though he came from the vaudeville stage—the stage which still preserves some of the great traditions of "pure" acting. In vaudeville he learned how to create an image and convey emotion by a movement of the body, a twist of the head, or a doll-like fixedness of expression; from vaudeville also he has carried the sense of dramatic composition; the use of emphasis in a portrait portrayal, the appreciation of rhythmic pattern, the knowledge of the exact location for the dramatic accent. Had he stopped with this and remained merely a master of technique, he would have achieved something rare in the motion picture. But he went farther. He created a character—a creature entirely fantastic, utterly impossible in real life, yet so human, so lovable in its childish naïveté and pathetic helplessness, so uproariously humorous in its grotesque ingenuities that it has acquired significance equal to that of any of the historic types of the stage.

And now *The Circus*. The poor tramp; fame and fortune; hunger for food; hunger for friendliness and love.

He has unwittingly got into trouble with the police, attempts to escape, and loses them and himself in a mirror-maze. He disguises himself as one of the front-side specimens of a Noah's Ark, but is discovered and chased into a circus. In saving himself from the police he has incidentally become a member of the troupe and has caught an egg for breakfast by chasing a hen, when a fair lady in distress, a circus equestrian, puts him in his proper stride as the gallant knight-errant that he truly is. A knight-errant, a love-lorn Pierrot, an impish harlequin, our hero then proceeds to reveal himself in a series of episodes among which are two feats of inspiration: a scene in a lion's cage and a scene in which he walks a tight-rope with the help of a disguised cable. This latter scene, however, includes a struggle with monkeys which strikes a somewhat alien, discordant note. Its scarcely premeditated effect may be ascribed to the change in the dramatic style of the scene which

FROM A DECK CHAIR

from a situation artificial and farcical passes into realism and borders upon tragedy.

Descent from the tight-rope—the climax of the story—and the downward slide of fortune are simultaneous and he “is gradually fired”—a gross exaggeration. Poor and helpless he will not allow the fair lady of his heart to join her fortunes with his but restores her instead, to his more prosperous rival and quietly withdrawing from the selfish people who no longer need him, resumes his lonely wanderings through the world.

The sad ending of the play is significant. The tragic mask is increasingly apparent in the comic make-up of the waif whom the world has so tenderly taken to its heart. The irresponsible harlequin is receding. The tendency may or may not enrich Mr Chaplin’s art. But if it is true that each new film reveals an ever growing maturity of thought, one would welcome similar progress in the “direction.” The Circus is neat and competent but here as previously, its author has failed fully to rise to the opportunity placed before him by the extraordinarily fantastic world of the character he has created. The great screen genius of our time should not be afraid to find for the play as a whole, the fully expressive visual form he has found for himself.

FROM A DECK CHAIR

BY MELVILLE CANE

Whenever the steamer dips
 Within its careening ellipse
 It leans on the slope of the sea,
 The sliding hill of the sea.

Whenever the steamer lifts,
 The hillside flattens and shifts,
 Descends, and drags a sail
 Down with it, under the rail.



FISHER WOMEN. BY HENRY J. GLINTENKAMP

ITALIAN LETTER

April, 1928

RICCARDO BACCHELLI is one of the writers of the Roman Ronda who soon after the war tried to found a new literary movement, establishing it on Italian literary tradition, as recognized by them especially in certain aspects of Leopardi's work. The movement of which some of my readers may remember that I have spoken in a former letter was soon stiled, mainly by its adversaries, Neo-classic, and seemed one of the many reactions or revulsions of that confused period—a reaction in particular against all the ideals for which Futurism stood.

A common programme often masks rather than reveals the character of individual writers, since emphasis laid on the voluntary, programmatic elements of art conceals that individual quality which can find expression only in the unconscious, involuntary substance of the work. For a long time only Cecchi and Baldini seemed really worthy of attention among the writers of the Ronda. Bacchelli's recent novel, however, *Il Diavolo al Pontelungo*, places its author in the front of the group, if it is still possible to regard as a group that which may have been little more than a passing coincidence of polemic interests.

Through his laborious and tormented work as a critic of literature and of the arts, Emilio Cecchi has created for himself out of his very scruples and perplexities, a style fastidious and involved, delicate and at the same time vehement and has not been without influence on a whole generation of younger writers. His hesitating and tentative use of words, a way all his own of saying and unsaying, as if he were afraid continually of revealing and abandoning too much of himself, and were never quite sure of his own thought beyond that point which suggests a reasonable reticence; his disdain for clear and definite expression, as if words outworn by a long literary tradition could not reconquer their expressive virginity except through the most subtle and complicated alchemy; all these characteristics of his style are to be found, transmuted into fashions and mannerisms, in a good many of

the writers who began their career after the war; and as this stylistic attitude is similar, if not in its forms, at least in its roots and motives, to some of the recent literary fashions of France—one might say that Cecchi is in modern Italian literature analogous to Giraudoux—Cecchi's influence ends by merging with that of the younger French writers whose prose rhythms are inspiring a whole eyrie of half-writers and half-journalists of our own. As for Cecchi himself, that which gives its peculiar flavour to his style, that which in fact makes a true writer of him, is even that same inhibition which more often keeps him from writing: his best pages are to be looked for in his short essays and fantasies, pauses, as it were, and interludes in his critical labours, such as are collected in his *Pesci Rossi* of a few years ago, and in the *Osteria del Cattivo Tempo*, which is his last book (1927). Times like ours are great devourers of possible poets—where a watchful (too watchful) critical sense, and a vast experience of European literatures from the Greek poets to Proust and Joyce, produce, as is the case with Cecchi, such high exigencies, such an insatiable consciousness of aesthetic values, that every initial rhythm or music is broken and discarded even before it has had time to describe its parabola and be wholly itself. Cecchi's prose style draws its minute and many-coloured splendour from a multitude of fragments and remnants of poetry not realized as song, representing and testifying to this torment of inhibition.

Baldini, at least at first sight, is as confident and felicitous and open-hearted as Cecchi is tormented and laborious and reticent. Beyond Leopardi and his lucid and solemn, thoughtful and musical prose, he has more or less consciously joined hands with certain exquisitely polished but not entirely artificial writers of the seventeenth century, like Padre Daniello Bartoli and Lorenzo Magalotti, and, further back, with our story-tellers and minor poets of the late Trecento and of the Renaissance—in search of a style voluntarily simple and debonair; of a vision of life thoroughly Italian, provincial and discreet; shy of great words as of great thoughts; free from every excess both of virtue and of vice; epicurean in practice and delicately refined in the consciousness of its self-imposed simplicity. In such a vision of life as well as in certain formal aspects of his art, the immediate predecessor of Baldini is Alfredo Panzini—with Pirandello, one of the older men

who have found their way and their fortune in the last few years, issuing from that mediocrity which had been a seal upon the greater part of their literary life. Having kept faith with the old tradition and with the inheritance of Carducci, but in a minor tone, through the years and revolutionary fashions preceding the war, Panzini came at last into his own when that which in him was still nature and continuation, began to appear to the young as a conscious artifice and a reactionary innovation. This particular moment coincided for him with the full maturity of a mind naturally kind and candid and witty, in love with the smaller and humbler things of life, and capable of a pathos neither vast nor deep, but intimate and sometimes intense. Some of his books, like *Santippe* and *La Lanterna di Diogene*, belonging to this happy period, have endeared him even to unsophisticated readers. But his more recent work seems to reveal a kind of languor, as of a writer to whom his own style has become a model and a pattern; and the natural wit which was quite adequate to a narrow and provincial *milieu*, loses its flavour and becomes an affectation of naïveté when applied to that different and wider life among which his very fortune as a writer has brought him. Panzini is a characteristic instance of the *laudator temporis acti*, and the unaccountable behaviour of the girl of to-day, so different from that of the girls of his own youth, fills him with an indignation too insistent to conceal the traces of frustrated desires and vain regrets. Apart from these personal and practical elements in his art, elements of weakness and uncertainty, as are all desires not sublimated into a poetic vision, the later Panzini is more and more detaching himself from his original inspiration, and changing into a follower of the school which he himself inaugurated.

Baldini's work, like Cecchi's, though much more abundant, consists of but short essays and fantasies, which in his case however are not remnants or interludes of poetry, but poetry itself. There lives again in him, together with the style, the character also of the old Italian *letterato*, who addressed himself to his subject, ambitious of adorning it with every grace. You might say that for him no subject is imposed by internal necessity, no subject is intrinsic to him, and that between one and another of these short prose poems, of these plaquettes or painted tiles, there is no other relation than is given by a hand acquiring greater and greater skill; which, having stamped a given portion of matter with its impress, is continually

seeking new matter on which it may employ its dexterity. For a writer of this kind, the journalistic profession cannot help being harmful, since, as the reasonable exercise of a technical capacity makes it more expert and refined, so the excessive use tends to make it duller and blunter. Many Italian writers once professors are now journalists. But Baldini's war-diary, *Nostro Purgatorio*, and the two volumes containing his earlier essays and fantasies, *Umori di Gioventù* and *Salti di Gomitolo*, are well worth reading, and so is Michelaccio, his most ambitious work; a short novel which reminds one of *Bertoldo* by Giulio Cesare della Croce, the masterpiece of our folk-literature of the seventeenth century. Michelaccio embodies in a proverbial type of plebeian and unheroic epicurean, that vision of old Italian life to which we have alluded. Even this book however is substantially but a collection of detached fantasies, among which one at least is truly happy and unforgettable, the imaginary meeting of Michelaccio with Ludovico Ariosto on a journey through the Apennines.

While speaking of Cecchi and Baldini, and endeavouring to define the nature of their minds as also of their art, we seem to be occupied mainly with considerations of a formal, stylistic order. It almost appears as if in times of doubt and transition, a kind of division of labour should become the rule of literary life, some writers concentrating their efforts on the pure problems of expression, and working merely to create the means by which others, more fortunate or less tormented, shall actually succeed in expressing themselves. But no writer, after such adventures and experiments, ought to be accorded recognition unless the quality of his work shows that, either through assimilation or consciously, he has digested the fruit of these apparently sterile labours. In this light, the function of Cecchi, Baldini, and a few other such "experimental" writers will have been that of a generation which, appearing on the stage when the clamour and the blaze of the dazzling and high-pitched d'Annunzian performance were already waning, has tried to make itself heard and seen through a lowering of the literary tone and through the presentation of more humble, concrete, and intimate aspects of reality. Thus it happens that, while d'Annunzio is still the officially recognized Laureate of Italy, in these younger writers as well as in Panzini and in Pirandello, we meet with moral and literary tendencies thoroughly different from,

when not actually opposed to, the tendencies prevailing in the practical life of their country: and this is after all as it should be, since the practical world is a mirror receiving delayed and diminished images from the higher worlds of thought and poetry.

But at last, out of the circle of the Ronda, a book has come, a real book which is one of the most notable novels published in Italy in recent times. With Riccardo Bacchelli we associate an ambitious, laborious, sophisticated recasting of Hamlet, published in the Ronda in 1919; and those *Poemi Lirici* of which I spoke in my last letter, minute and laborious also, and intimately unlyrical: quaint experiments in which the old Italian hendecasyllable, the most venerable among the living metres of European poetry, and therefore the one which exacts the greatest poetical energy in order to be made to live effectually, was decomposed and as it were loosened into its essential accents and, when not of purely descriptive and psychological prose, reduced to a kind of *vers libre*. These early attempts had been followed by other dramatic essays and by a volume of imaginative prose, *Lo Sa il Tonno*, in none of which however had we been able to discover a writer more than pertinaciously devoted to his art or one able to express his personality with an accent and voice indubitably his own. The *Diavolo al Pontelungo* is a long novel, the scene of which is laid partly in Switzerland and partly in Italy, around the figure of the aged Bakunin and the first internationalistic movements after the realization of Italian unity; and it is in manipulating such unexpected and uninviting materials that Bacchelli succeeds at last in reaping the harvest of a long and patient literary apprenticeship. With Bakunin and his young Italian friend and disciple Cafiero, a whole world of cranks and fanatics from all the ends of Europe, from the prisons of the Czars or from the barricades of the Comune, lives and talks and plots in a perpetual oscillation between wildest hope and darkest despair—Cafiero having devoted his entire fortune to an unsuccessful communist experiment and to Bakunin, its leader. The atmosphere of those grey, uncertain times, of that dawn of the long peace which was to be concluded in the *Dämmerung* of the great war, is caught with an alert and sensitive intelligence, and with an art capable of individualizing all its multiple and confused elements in a crowd of sharply defined personalities and characters. The deterioration of the ideal in the daily

uses of life is studied and represented against the idyllic background of Swiss landscape—a setting which constitutes a kind of continuous lyrical accompaniment to a story in itself sad and prosaic. But the whole first part of the novel is but a prologue to the second, in which Bakunin's voyage to Italy and the preparation and failure of the Bologna insurrection of 1873 are told. Being himself a Bolognese, Bacchelli is now truly at home and the characters which are already so clean cut in the first part acquire here a deeper relief, as if he had worked at them with love not only for his art, but with love for his native place, both intimate and knowing. The old streets and squares of Bologna, the interminable sunny highroads, the brown and the green fields, the rocky hills of Emilia and Romagna, the markets and the farm-houses; the politicians, the peasants, the women, the workingmen of a narrow and solid and diffident world swept momentarily by a storm of apocalyptic hopes; the sordid, comical, and tragical reality of things, contrasted with the magniloquence of abstract plans; all this makes of the second volume of the *Diavolo* a thing of life and colour in which poetry is no longer a mere background or accompaniment, but the soul of the story. The style of the first volume is unequal and certain lyrical descriptions of places and skies stand out against the plain, almost grey narrative; they have here adapted themselves, however, to the variety and succession of human and natural images, losing nothing of syntactic simplicity. It is a style which conceals a vast literary experience in its short rapid sentences; in its fastidious, though apparently careless, choice of words and constructions which though not deliberately archaic, are yet subtly suggestive of the air and feeling of Italy fifty years ago. Phrases like the following: "*La notte splendeva nell' alto cielo morbido e sereno fra le vecchie grondaie e fra le mura profonde come la pazienza effimera degli uomini, che le aveva costruite,*" belong to the noblest Latin tradition but are not out of tune with this tale of humble facts. I should love to transcribe in their entirety some episodes of Bolognese life, in which the fusion of the word with the thing is complete, but shall content myself with attempting to translate this description of a typical couple from the underworld, caught at the moment when it makes its appearance on the scene of a semi-tragical riot.

“There looked on these happenings, with an air of condescension, a *Bullo*, that is a ruffian of the underworld of those times. Showy and well trimmed, he wore an apricot coloured swallow-tail, with trousers fitting tightly at the ankle and swollen in an infinite number of small folds at the hip, of a fashion which twenty years before was called *Ypsilanti*. He had at his neck a long and high lace tie; his waistcoat was dazzling with colours and with gold trinkets hanging from his pockets. Rings, genuine and false, covered his dirty fingers; he had a flavour of filth and of perfumery. The enormous silk-hat hung somewhat askance, with a knavish gracefulness, on his artificially curled hair. His fingers impressed a quick and careless rotation to a light, thin, Indian cane containing probably a blade capable of cutting a throat or snapping a back if properly handled. With him, and resembling him, in a crinoline sumptuous and out of fashion, covered with frills and finery from her ears and down her corsage to her satin slippers, was she who with her earnings paid for those stylish luxuries. But the chief ambition in the pompous elegance of a *Bulla* lay in her head-dress: it derived from old fashions abandoned by society; it summarized on that head a whole century in the history of hairdressing. She leaned on the arm of her protector and exploiter: all kinds of curls, of ringlets, of frizzles adorned her head and hung from her temples, on her cheeks, and from the nape of her neck to her shoulders which were fat, wide, and savoury. There was in them a taste of barbarity and of corrupt and degenerate exquisiteness such as belongs to lost races. The *Bulla* was shapely, still young, with her dark and troubled eyes full of cruel vice and of wearisome wickedness. Worn out and diseased, she was beautiful, of an infamous beauty, as all things are beautiful that have character.”

RAFFAELLO PICCOLI

BOOK REVIEWS

HEAVENLY HARMONY

BENEDETTO CROCE, *An Autobiography*. Translated From the Italian by R. G. Collingwood. With a preface by J. A. Smith. 12mo. 116 pages. Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$2.

IN a preface to this slender book—published in 1918, new edition 1926, no English translation before Mr Collingwood's—Professor Smith says "it was a piece of good fortune for us that in 1915" Signor Croce "paused to look back and around and before in order to see clearly where he had come to stand." Our good fortune would perhaps have been better yet if Signor Croce had waited a few more years before pausing, for then he might have had time to assimilate, and have found occasion to mention, his marriage in 1914 to Signorina Adèle Rossi, *docteur ès lettres*. Something he says here about death rather whets one's curiosity to hear him on marriage: "My domestic life suffered a violent catastrophe and a profound breach of continuity by the earthquake of Casamicciola in 1883, in which I lost both my parents and my only sister, and lay buried for some hours beneath the ruins, injured in several places."

Except for this breach of continuity Senator Croce seems to have led one of our happier lives. The gods may approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul, but to a philosopher, when they wish him well, they send now and then just tumult enough to set his soul in motion. Nor is this the only sign that they have kept friendly eyes on Signor Croce. Many thinkers, once they have put their thoughts into a book, feel for a while that they shall have no more thoughts, ever, and are sad. He has been luckier. It was for example borne in upon him, while reading the proofs of his *Aesthetic*, "that this book, into which I imagined that I had emptied all the philosophy which had accumulated in my head, had in fact filled my head with fresh philosophy." Envidable, decidedly envidable, is the philosopher who has the widow's cruse on his shoulders.

Although this Autobiography—whose more hesitating Italian title is merely *Contributo alla Critica di Me Stesso*, which leaves posterity freer to finish the undertaking, if posterity can—is primarily a history of mental motion toward “the period of maturity or harmony between myself and reality,” and although it is short, it includes some successful school-days: “In the class-room I was always among the best performers,” an eminence due to the fact that “it cost me no effort to grasp and remember what I was taught.” Other prize pupils have been known to think the price paid for such eminence rather stiff. Signor Croce did not have to pay a price of this kind, for “in the rough-and-tumble of school life I found that those who had claws with which to defend themselves were always able to win respect.” In other words, still Signor Croce’s, “I was a spirited boy.” Was this reference to his boyhood suggested by a familiar sentence in the *Book of Wisdom*—“For I was a witty child, and had a good spirit”? Probably not. Probably a coincidence.

Later in life these claws, winners of respect and of self-respect, seem to have taken the form of logical power, an identification which may have struck one who is as fond of identifications as Signor Croce. At twenty-seven, “after much hesitation and a whole series of provisional solutions . . . after a whole day of intense thought, I sketched in the evening an essay which I called *History* subsumed under the general concept of *Art*.” In “the discussions to which it gave rise . . . I felt more than once that I had my opponents at my mercy.” Again in 1895, when “I broke off . . . my researches upon Spain in Italian life, and threw myself for several months, with inexpressible fervour, into the study of economics, of which till then I knew nothing,” the result surprised Labriola, whose “surprise was shared by friends of mine, economists by profession, who were thunderstruck to find themselves more than once overmatched in conversing with me; for I had a firm hold on fundamental conceptions and extracted their consequences with an uncompromising logic. . . .” It is pleasant to linger over the three words which are repeated in the above quotations, the words “more than once.” Nowhere else in this Autobiography are there as good examples of *meiosis*.

Logic has always been Signor Croce’s friend. It helps him to make short work of those who continue to assert, even after “the utter overthrow of Hegelianism” by “philosophy as the science of

spirit," that Hegel is the father of the science of spirit. "Clearly," as Signor Croce says, "it can have no father except its own author." And to logical power, I think, should be ascribed that which he ascribes to briskness and impatience: "For however conceited a philosopher is (and I have never been conceited, in spite of certain movements of impatience and a certain briskness in controversy which others may have mistaken for conceit) . . ." Others, as we know, are always mistaking some inferior substitute for the genuine article.

All things considered, I have only two things to say against this book. Though it describes the movement of the author's mind up to and into "harmony between myself and reality," it does not tell us how far, for the sake of achieving this desirable harmony, reality has consented to move. That a philosopher's mind should in such cases do all the moving, and that reality should do none, this strikes a reader as unfair and a little unlikely. I wonder why neither the unfairness nor the improbability seems ever to worry philosophic autobiographers? My other criticism is, I hope, of Mr Collingwood, for making his author say he studied economics with "inexpressible fervour." Can Signor Croce have admitted that anything can be both inexpressible and something?

PHILIP LITTELL

THOSE UNKNOWN SINGERS

THE AMERICAN SONGBAG. By Carl Sandburg. 8vo.
495 pages. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$7.50.

MR SANDBURG has performed a very useful cultural service in assembling for us, in this hugely diverting volume, a vast array of what might be called American folk-songs and folk-tunes. Almost everything that one can think of is here. If there is a relatively small selection from the negro spirituals, there is, I suppose, sufficient excuse for that in the fact that these are easily obtainable elsewhere, and, on the whole, better known, because more frequently heard. For the rest, Mr Sandburg has erred, if at all, on the side of compendiousness. Some of these songs—in fact, a good many—are pretty “small beer”; with little value either as verse or as tune. One would willingly lose fifty or a hundred of them in exchange for the omitted *I’ve Been Working on the Railroad*, or *Grasshopper Sittin’ on a Railroad Track*. But omissions, in a work of this sort, are inevitable. And on the whole one must congratulate Mr Sandburg on his thoroughness: perhaps only finding fault with him for his inclusion of a group of Mexican songs, and a good many English ballads and popular songs (for example, *It’s the Syme the Whole World Over*) merely on the ground that they are popular, in America, and frequently sung. The criterion, here, seems to be a little awry. It would as well justify the inclusion of *Annie Laurie* or *Ach du lieber Augustin*. And if mere popularity is to be the criterion, why should one exclude such popular songs as are *not* anonymous—for example, the *Sewanee River*? These too, in effect, have become folk-songs; and reflect, as well as anything else, the *Zeitgeist*.

Nevertheless, Mr Sandburg’s compendium is extraordinarily entertaining. In a sense, it is a social document of brilliant, and perhaps horrifying, force. Here—as Mr Sandburg intimates in his preface—is America. Here are the songs of working-gangs, the songs of hoboes, the songs of jail-birds and dope-fiends, the songs of farmers and cowpunchers and railroad men, the “blues” of negroes. It is an America which Mr Sandburg loves: he makes

this sufficiently clear in the somewhat sentimental prefatory notes with which he introduces each item. He dedicates his book, indeed, "To Those Unknown Singers—Who Made Songs—Out Of Love, Fun, Grief." These are the folk-songs and folk-tunes of a great democracy; and if one loves democracy, shouldn't one love the songs it sings? . . .

Perhaps one should; but in the face of the present evidence, to do so would tax one's generosity to the breaking-point. As pure entertainment, there can be no question about the value of this collection. If one is interested in the manners and customs, and the intellectual and emotional level, of the American masses in the period from 1840 to 1920, then one will find plenty of light on that subject in this huge book, and light of a paralysing intensity. Here is indeed a rich folk material, of a sort—and like all folk material it is racily suggestive of its time and place. But—may democracy forgive us—how crude it is! It is folk-poetry—and folk-song—at its lowest level. Its humour is coarse farce or burlesque; its pathos is the dreariest and most threadbare of sentimentalities. Its poverty, whether of language or of idea, is almost terrifying. One finds it difficult to conceive how the Anglo-Saxon, with his extraordinary genius for the ballad, and with a ballad tradition which is unparalleled, could descend to such ludicrous fumbblings as these. His gift of phrase, and of succinct emotional utterance, seems here to have abandoned him entirely. One has only to compare this folk literature with that of almost any other civilized nation to feel at once its abysmal spiritual bankruptcy. It is, in fact, a folk literature without genius.

No doubt many excellent reasons could be given for this. One is accustomed to falling back on the time-honoured notion that "there had not yet been time," and that the pioneer life was too hard to permit of any cultural amenities. Whatever the excuse, one must resign oneself to the fact. These songs are delightful, not because of any real excellence as folk art, but simply *because* they are crude. There are, of course, exceptions to this, notably among the burlesques. The tragic ditties of Cocaine Lil and Willie the Weeper, and such semi-burlesque pathetic ballads as those that compose the Frankie and Johnny cycle, are delicious, as long as one does not ask too much of them. And one can, moreover, discover in many of the cowboy songs or working-gang songs a note of genuine enough feeling: genuine, but not successfully expressed.

Eventually, one comes back to the curious circumstance that only in the negro songs has America produced a folk-literature of any real beauty. In these, one does find a definite genius, both for phrase and melody. The fact that the phrase is frequently nonsense makes no difference: the negro showed an instinctive understanding of the *emotional* values of his adopted language which his white rivals in the art of balladry have nowhere matched. And the same thing is true also of the tunes. Only in the negro songs do we find any profundity of feeling. Compared with the average negro spiritual, or even with some of the "blues," the best of these "American" ballads appear superficial, or tawdry, or mawkish, or simply cheap. They can be, and are, occasionally, very funny, with their characteristic laconic exaggerations or droll understatements: but as poetry they are almost nil. The tunes seldom rise above the mediocre, and are usually best when simplest. It is to be regretted that in a good many instances, in this book, these simple airs have been too elaborately "arranged." What is wanted is a good "running" accompaniment of the plainest sort.

CONRAD AIKEN

INVESTIGATIONS

THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT IN FRANCE AND AMERICA. *By Bernard Faj.* Translated from the French by Ramon Guthrie. 8vo. 613 pages. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.

AMERICA AND FRENCH CULTURE: 1750-1848. *By Howard Mumford Jones.* 8vo. 615 pages. The University of North Carolina Press. \$5.

TO indicate the differences between these two books is not to disparage one or uplift the other, for they are both works of exceptional merit. They differ in scope, in purpose, and in method; but together they form a contribution to a study which remains to be made in completeness—the study of the sources of the American mentality and psychology. I am aware of the existence of many books indicating our debt to Greece, Italy, Hungary, Samoa, and other places; most of these content themselves with telling us that forty-six per cent of our inventors are of Finno-Ugrian stock and therefore we owe our inventiveness to the Finno-Ugrians. What has been needed is a study in the sources of American habits of mind.

I have elsewhere carried on a small and, I hope, not tedious propaganda for a survey of these sources. Not to involve it in current controversy, it may be stated in this way: the people of the United States display characteristics *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d*. Then the questions to be answered are: Do *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* fail to occur in other countries? Are they natural developments in the American environment? Or are they developments of qualities *m*, *n*, *o*, and *p* which we find in Turkey, France, and Denmark? In the last case, did *m* develop into *a* because of specifically American factors (and what are they?) or was *m* fatally meant to become *a* in the course of time, is *m*, in fact, already on its way to becoming *a* in the country of its origin?

When Disraeli accused the European of the nineteenth century of confounding comfort and civilization, he said, specifically, what Europeans always say of the American of the twentieth century. This suggests that the crass materialism of America ought to be analysed. First, does it exist? Second, is it exclusively American? Third, if it can be traced to the post-Napoleonic era in France and

to the economists of the Manchester school in England and to the British industrialists of the first half of the last century and to the scientists of all Europe in the second half, what are its specially American features? And are these American qualities only the foreordained end of European materialism, arrived at a little more rapidly in America, are they showing themselves in Europe, or have they received a special impress from us? The same process ought to be applied to our ideas of liberty, our practice of censorious prohibition, our belief in speed, publicity, size, the sanctity of institutions, the sacredness of the American mission to make the world democratic, and all the other elements in our credo. It might even be applied to the Mencken-Nathan version of the credo where, I know by experiment, the result would be disastrous.

I suggest these researches because the amount of loose talk now being heard about the Americanization of Europe is a menace—possibly not a direct menace to peace between us and Europe, but certainly a peril to those friendly intellectual relations which civilized Americans always count on. It is quite possible that it is our destiny to ruin Europe and in that case investigation will reveal to Europe precisely the elements in the American character which they have most to fear; and it is also possible that it is our mission to regenerate Europe, and here again knowing what is American will help us. There is an alternative. Perhaps America ought to become infinitely less dependent upon Europe than it has ever been, to create its own standards, its own philosophical habits, its own arts. In that case we ought to be alarmed over the centuries during which America has been Europeanized and ought to cast out these alien elements. The knowledge we shall gain from our researches can be put to many uses. The one I think of is rather abstract. We shall simply know what America is and what Europe is.

The Franco-American relation at the time of the two Revolutions is a perfect subject. Dramatically we have Lafayette and Rochambeau aiding the rebel arms on this side, and Franklin at Court, Thomas Paine elected to the Convention on the other. M Fay's work is a study in inter-relations, in the development of that body of doctrine which held the emotions of Europe for half a century. The two countries dazzled one another; M Fay is dealing with a love-affair of the first rank, an affair which resulted in a liaison and ended in a rupture with disappointment on both sides. It is an amazing connexion with a Quaker as the middle term between Vol-

taire and Robespierre and an Indian as the link between Rousseau and Chateaubriand. Mr Jones who began with the idea of studying the reception of French literature in America during the Romantic Period was compelled to make the vast preliminary study he has now published because the connexions are so intricate and minute; M Faÿ, studying moral and intellectual relations, is compelled to call in literature, elopements, and political scandals.

These books might serve also as a guide to internationalism of a sort which neither statesmen nor patriots need fear. The idea of the rights of man and the idea of democracy against royal prerogative, were concentrated in France—the sources were in many lands; so it was France which stimulated the American colonists to the first political expression of these ideas. Yet America turned against the French Revolution in time and what M Faÿ calls “the great schism” followed the spiritual unity of the two countries. To the austere conservatives of the 1800’s, France was a menace and Jefferson, the upholder of French notions, a traitor; yet America was not swept away—it held to its own philosophy even after the French Revolution had carried that philosophy to an entirely French conclusion. And, to take a parallel case from Mr Jones: “. . . when Jefferson brought back from Paris a fastidious taste for French wines and cookery, Patrick Henry denounced him on the stump as a recreant to roast beef—one who ‘abjured his native victuals’.” But the American cuisine never became wholly French and a taste for French wines remains the symbol of an entirely proper internationalism, one which is willing to allow the superiority of other countries in certain respects and wishes each country to develop its best qualities without hindrance. The internationalism which civilized people fear is that of the *wagons-lits*. The great expresses run from Calais to Constantinople and in the dreadful day to come the food will be identical on every day of the trip, identically bad.

I fear that I have given a wrong impression of the two books I am reviewing—since I have said little of their actual content and manner. They are, in themselves, significant works; they have scholarship, construction, vividness; their special subjects are of the highest importance. But I cannot help feeling that the questions they suggest are even more important. I think of them both as pioneer work in an analysis of America.

GILBERT SELDES

GETHSEMANE

THE LETTERS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH TO HIS BROTHER. *With a Memoir by his Sister-in-law, J. van Gogh-Bonger. Illustrated. Two volumes. 8vo. 554 and 646 pages. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$15.*

THERE are certain agonies that are too much for human nature. The soul rebels. It is impossible to pile pain upon pain—at a certain point the victim loses consciousness—and even a Lord High Inquisitioner desists. In art these excesses of tribulation seem unaesthetic just for that reason—that they are not measured to the human standard. I shed tears, years ago, at the reading of James Stephens' extraordinary little study of starvation in the Dublin tenements¹ but they were not, I confess, so much tears of sympathy with the tragedy depicted as anger at the author for daring to reveal such a flaw in the thing we call life. One such horror seems to deny God. I recall very well leaning back in my chair for a quarter of an hour going through a process of deliberately stamping the story off my brain before daring to rise again to confront the world.

Just such a feeling of repulsion came over me when reading the Van Gogh letters. One of them in particular was so heart-breaking I had to put the book aside for a while, postponing the little summary I intended making of them.

The main facts of the miserable life I already knew. I had seen the paintings and knew them to be great. I had read a number of biographic and other essays, some of them for and some of them against the artist. Those that were "against," enlarged upon the insanities, upon the sordid background to the life, and finally upon the shocking episode at the very end, when the wretched Vincent, in an aberration, sliced off one of his own ears and sent it to the Magdalen of the village where he lived. These things proved the art to be bad, it was held. In reality, and as usual, it was the

¹ As originally published, *Hunger* by James Esse; now reprinted as one of the stories by James Stephens, which comprise the volume, *Etched in Moonlight*, 12mo, 199 pages, The Macmillan Company, \$2.50.

new way of presenting truth that shocked these critics. Intense sincerity in any art is sure to scandalize the small-minded but it is seldom that the Philistines alight so quickly as they did in this case upon biographic data so calculated to confirm them in their notion that Van Gogh was a bad man and therefore a bad painter. For that matter, the sensational items that were noised abroad were disconcerting enough in all conscience to those who admired the pictures; but they who judged them with their eyes and shut their ears to gossip, triumphed in the end over the rabble. Vincent van Gogh was a great painter and it now appears he was extraordinarily good as well. Even the late Count Tolstoy could accept this art on his own terms of "morality first" and painting afterward. Not that I am a Tolstoyan. On the contrary, I find it easier to judge morals by aesthetics than to judge aesthetics by morals.

Vincent, apparently, was doomed from the beginning. These two volumes of letters to the beloved brother Theodore are vividly revealing, and in the earliest accents there is something troubling to the sympathetic reader who already knows he is peeping into the secrets of a genius. Vincent was too simple, too honest, too undeviatingly attached to his own inner guide, to cope with a world that is built upon compromise. Born into a poor clergyman's family, and breathing naturally in the pious atmosphere of his simple home, he at first thought to be a clergyman himself. Difficulties at once announced themselves. Vincent had practically nothing but what little he had he straightway gave to the poor. He had an overwhelming pity for the poverty-stricken miners and wished to consecrate himself to aiding them. His spiritual advisers were horrified by such wholesale Christianity. "A person who neglects himself so," they found, "could not be an example to other people." Rejected by the clergy, there followed a long period of distress, during which, and vaguely at first, his true vocation made itself felt. With ten francs in his pocket he undertook an expedition to Courrières, the dwelling-place of Jules Breton, whose pictures and poems he admired, and whom he secretly hoped to meet, in some fashion. But the newly built studio of Breton looked inhospitable and he lacked the courage to enter. Discouraged, he set out upon the long journey home. His money being spent, he slept in the open air or in hay-lofts. At times he managed to exchange a drawing for a piece of bread but there was so much fatigue and hardship that his health ever afterward suffered. Once definitely committed to being an artist,

however, his mental serenity returned and never again did he doubt his calling. "Everything changed for him," he wrote, but that it was still the old Vincent, deeply concerned with suffering humanity, is apparent in another line: "And in a picture I wish to say something that would console as music does."

But by this time the torments were loosed in earnest. No one believed in him comprehendingly, save the brother Theodore to whom the letters went; and he had extraordinary need for comprehension and love. On the contrary everybody interfered with him. All were sceptical as to his talent, and indeed the little drawings that accompany the letters are not the sort that bowl people over. They are awkward and uncouth, like Vincent, and the best that may be said of them is that they are earnest. In particular, there was a man named Tersteeg, an art dealer, who lost all patience with him, rebelled at the weekly drain on poor Theodore for fifty or one hundred francs, and finally poisoned Anton Mauve—the one artist that Vincent had impressed—with distrust. This man Tersteeg was doubtless an honest enough individual but to Vincent he seemed a demon. The horrid part of the affair is the realization now that nine out of ten ordinarily intelligent people would act precisely as he did in similar circumstances. The climax arrived when Vincent, living in a hut, upon a pittance supplied by his brother, took up with a young woman of low character who had been acting as his model, and gave her domicile. This supplied the finishing touch for Tersteeg and Mauve. The letters in defence of his action, by the unfortunate artist, are among the most moving in the annals of art. The young woman, it seemed, had been abandoned, pregnant, to gain her living on the streets as best she could. She was as miserable as Vincent and he saw no inequality where Christ would have seen none.

When he asked Mauve to come look at his drawings, the latter said: "I will certainly not come to see you. All that is over," and then added, "You have a vicious character." . . . "I turned around and went back alone, but with a heavy heart because Mauve had dared to say that to me. I shall not ask him to explain it, neither shall I excuse myself. And still—and still—and still—I wish Mauve were sorry for it."

It was at that point I laid aside the letters for a while.

HENRY McBRIDE

BRIEFER MENTION

JUGGLER'S KISS, by Manuel Komroff (12mo, 288 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$2.50) swings back and forth from philosophic fantasy to romantic realism in obedience to no law save the author's own magic. Pages which suggest Conrad merge without warning into pages which harmonize with Joyce; Mr Komroff reveals a temperamental kinship with many minds without blurring the outlines of his own poetic originality. Out of bizarre fragments he has built a beautiful pattern of story—the pattern of another Peer Gynt.

OBERLAND, by Dorothy Richardson (12mo, 240 pages; Knopf: \$2.50). In this, the tenth volume of Miriam Henderson's Pilgrimage, we accompany her to a hotel in Switzerland and are there participant with her in a thousand sensitive insights. Miss Richardson is Victorian in sentiment and errs frequently in style, but where else do we find so dedicated a reverence for the implications of each passing moment, so scrupulous an attention to every tap of experience sounding outside an ear always attuned for such messages?

THE GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES, A Chronological Anthology, compiled and edited with an introduction by Willard Huntington Wright (12mo, 483 pages; Scribner's: \$2.50) has an exceptionally fine introduction, which includes a running history of the development of detective fiction (stories and novels—the editor holds that detective novels are not fiction, strictly, but riddles in fictional form) and an analysis of the elements in the type. About half of the stories are disappointing; they are not detective, but mystery fiction—in which detectives do not detect, but are passive while secret passages are revealed to them or other accidents betray a crime. Among the devices which, according to Mr Wright, are "no longer used except by the inept or uninformed author" he lists "the phonograph alibi" and mentions two notable writers who have used it. Neither of these writers, by a coincidence, is S. S. Van Dine, the author of the Philo Vance stories, who uses the device and, Mr Wright ought to know, is neither inept nor uninformed—or at least is not uninformed.

FROM GALLEGHER TO THE DESERTER, by Richard Harding Davis, selected with an introduction by Roger Burlingame (12mo, 733 pages; Scribner's: \$2.50) is a feast of fiction for those who still have an appetite for the old-fashioned short story diet. Davis belongs to the pie-for-breakfast era; to read him one must have a stomach for the substantial. His plots are solid and warm-blooded, and his handling of his materials is spirited and observant. He has left behind a splendid array of quick-moving yarns, significant of the times in which he wrote, despite the fact that his style begins to appear more or less antiquated.

BALLADS OF ALL NATIONS, translated by George Borrow, A Selection, edited by R. Brimley Johnson (8vo, 342 pages; Knopf: \$5). Mr Brimley Johnson's introduction to this selection is entirely free from any attempt to over-estimate the literary quality of these translations by the author of *Lavengro*; some of which certainly do, as the editor admits, sink into very rough doggerel; but more perhaps might have been said in illumination of the temperamental psychology of this strange, wayward, conceited genius. Borrow's peculiar *penchant* for the rough-and-tumble aspects of romance is curiously betrayed here in the immense superiority of his Scandinavian translations over all the rest. After the Scandinavian versions the Gypsy Songs, as one might have expected, strike the most poetical and vivid notes.

ENGLAND RECLAIMED: A Book of Eclogues, by Osbert Sitwell (8vo, 99 pages; Doubleday, Doran: \$2). The Sitwells are so confident, secure, and complete in their family relationships that compliments or scorns from the outside world are alike indifferent to them; so much so, that if an outside admirer were to say, apropos of this new book, *England Reclaimed*, that it makes Osbert the Pope of modern times (Alexander Pope naturally; not Pius X) one of the other Sitwells would be sure to reply, if they replied at all, "Why drag in Pope?" . . . But Sitwells apart, there really is, in this Osbertian blend of lofty condescension and intimate admiration of the lower Victorians, something that is delightfully bewigged.

MIN-YO: Folk-Songs of Japan, selected, translated, and with introduction by Iwao Matsuhara (illus., 16mo, 227 pages; Shin-Sei Do, Tokyo: price not given). These songs—with introductory classification and a word as to composition—are presented in three versions; English, Japanese, and an English phonetic equivalent. Certain songs are, as English rhyme, not quite satisfactory, but the collection as a whole leads one to reflect that compression, mastery of the single tone, of the muted tone, of silence, are cardinal accomplishments.

THE JUDGMENT OF FRANÇOIS VILLON, A Pageant-Episode Play in Five Acts, by Herbert Edward Palmer (8vo, 143 pages; The Hogarth Press: 25s). Mr Palmer's preface reveals an admirable devotion to the personality of Villon and evidence of much industry in the assembling of "documents." The dramatic elements in this stirring theme are, however, so overlaid by that swashbuckling kind of pseudo-antique bravura, popularly supposed to represent the *argot* of the epoch, that they lose all simple, human appeal.

Old Calabria, by Norman Douglas, with special introduction by the author (16mo, 440 pages; The Modern Library: 95 cents) possesses that undiminished freshness so essential to the long life of a book of travel. One is indifferent to the fact that what these pages describe may have changed in the intervening years, since time plays no part in the zest with which one partakes of the writer's wit and insight. Better the ripe wisdom of a Norman Douglas than the green manifestoes of a Mussolini.

PREFACES, INTRODUCTIONS, AND OTHER UNCOLLECTED PAPERS, by Anatole France, translated and with foreword and notes by J. Lewis May (8vo, 235 pages; Dodd, Mead: \$2.50). The very reaction proceeding from Dada-ist and Sur-réaliste quarters against the Olympian "irony" and the detached "pity" of Anatole France provokes a counter-reaction in the reader's mind as he peruses this collection of characteristic fragments. The whole life-culture of the epicurean sage can be skimmed in these honeyed morsels. His patronizing interest in Hugo and Stendhal, his vibrant devotion to Renan, his shame over his "patriotic" lapses at the beginning of the war, his humanistic ideal of a United States of Europe, his sad Lucretian vision of our dismaying astronomical predicament, and his roguish championship of a Theocritean voluptuousness as man's wisest retort to an unsympathetic universe, all are represented in these pages.

THOMAS HARDY, by Lascelles Abercrombie (12mo, 196 pages; Viking Press: \$2). Death has a way, very often, of pointing public opinion, and the general insistence, at Hardy's death, that he was great among the poets, must certainly have stayed Mr Abercrombie's pen had he been writing then—but he wrote before that moment of illumination. . . . Mr Abercrombie has a fine intellectual approach to the novels but the excess of his reason stands between him and the quality that has to be felt rather than measured in the poems. Nevertheless he does see that *The Dynasts* is great, but thinks it is its greatness as a whole that overcomes the prosody of the lines. Mr Abercrombie will live to give, since after all he is intelligent, less grudging praise to this great epic.

FRANCIS THOMPSON, *The Poet of Earth and Heaven*, by R. L. Mégroz (10mo, 288 pages; Scribner's: \$3.50). Mr Mégroz is evidently one of those persons, more frequently met with, alas, in England than in these States, who constantly carry books of poems in their pockets to consult at every convenient moment. He has a consummate knowledge of Francis Thompson and has burned the midnight oil in quest of other poets as well. His book will please students greatly but may not be for the general. . . . This, too, in spite of the fact that it lacks consecutiveness and that the main argument is difficult to follow. In fact it is not certain there is a main argument. But it leaves even the Thompson enthusiast with an increased opinion of his poet's powers.

EDMUND BURKE, by Bertram Newman (12mo, 348 pages; Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press: \$2.50). This well-balanced little book supplies a need often poignantly felt by our less erudite reader; the clear statement, namely, of what might be called "the philosophy of conservatism." Recent events in Russia and the Orient throw into significant relief the peculiar "paradox" of Burke's position, his hatred of rationalistic Jacobinism, and his appreciation of the ancient cults of India. Mr Newman, while quoting aptly from his speeches, never loses sight of that deep metaphysical idiosyncrasy, "true to its ground but changing its front," which gives to Burke's doctrines something of the flair for the irrational unconsciousness of organic cultures which we admire in Spengler.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, 1639-1701, by V. De Sola Pinto (8vo, 400 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$6). That Charles II followed Cromwell makes all the difference in the world. Had he preceded him we should regard him as a moral leper sans excuse. As it is, his license passes as a natural reaction against repression. So, too, Sir Charles Sedley, the gay king's gay friend. It was all just high spirits! And unquestionably he was always the gentleman. There is something in that, is there not? And he undoubtedly reformed and trod the straight and narrow path towards the end and it makes exceedingly pleasant reading. And he was quite a good poet, too—for a gentleman!

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON AND THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND, by Lucius Beebe (8vo, 30 pages; Dunster House Bookshop, Cambridge, Massachusetts: price not given). There is an adulation of Edwin Arlington Robinson's poetry in this little brochure which is commendable, but not infectious. The poet's unblushing alterations in the events of the Tristram Legend, contrasted with the more traditional handling of Malory, Tennyson, Swinburne, Arnold, and Hardy, are not set down as explicitly and circumstantially as one could wish. There is no reference to the mythological aspects of the Arthurian cycle as are suggested by the Welsh Mabinogion; and the references to the poet's personal philosophy are too vague to be illuminating. Admirers of the psychological-analytical method of revising old romance will find little here to focus or clarify their enjoyment; while the unconverted will remain hardened in their prejudices.

MY LIFE, by Isadora Duncan (8vo, 359 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$5). Though confession may be good for the soul, it is difficult for one who has lived for many years on the front page of newspapers. The awareness that she was always "good copy" guided the pen of the autobiographer, displacing sincerity with artfulness. Episodes which may have been beautiful in reality are rendered tawdry in the telling; instead of the figure of a great artist there emerges the effigy of an Elinor Glyn heroine. The impulsiveness and the restless energy which made Isadora Duncan a world-renowned artist are reflected in these chapters, but something finer and more fundamental remains unexplained.

DISRAELI: A Picture of the Victorian Age, by André Maurois, translated from the French by Hamish Miles (8vo, 379 pages; Appleton: \$3). Adjustingly and as he feels justly M Maurois has set his garland above "this sad and clever face;" if it is not a saint's halo, and M Maurois says not, it is a species of crown. We are glad to have been acquainted before with those not congenial to M Maurois's temperament—Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, and the Earl of Derby—but we rejoice that our old favourite, who was possessed not only of charm but of greatness, should be fortunate in his biographer. The entertainingly and perfectly fused excellences of the *Life* are indelible. "Wizardry and power," "gratitude," the "symbol of what can be accomplished, in a cold and hostile universe, by a long youthfulness of heart"—these are Disraeli.

THE THEATRE

MORE puzzled than excited or annoyed by the theatre last month, I have to note again that the movies when they are good are extraordinary. The good one of the moment is **THE CROWD**, directed by King Vidor who is developing a purely cinematic technique in accordance with the American temper and using European methods, so often superior in intelligence and weaker in execution, in just the right way—as instigations to his own inventiveness and creativeness. **THE CROWD** has some weak and vulgar moments; but it has extraordinary tact, emotion, and control of the medium. As a contrast, there is **THE LAST MOMENT**. The sponsors of the first showing of this film associated it with Léger and Comte de Beaumont and **POTEMKIN**; the director had also seen **CALIGARI**. The scenes in the artistic manner of the films were therefore largely imitative; and the rest—the skilful running off of sequences, the business of keeping the story alive, the presentation of things through movement, were all pretty badly done. The story was inflated and silly. I regret this because it is the work of an amateur who has managed to interest professionals without having to sacrifice anything to them. Mr Paul Fejos wrote the story and conveyed it to the film; and it wasn't good.

The *Movie Makers* magazine has recently published a few stills of an amateur production of **THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER**; they are entirely remarkable. Readers of the fine type on certain pages of this magazine will recognize the name of one of the responsible creators of this film; and everyone interested in the movies will hope that somewhere the whole film will be shown.

About my bewilderments: there is Miss *Zoe Akins*' new play, **THE FURIES**. A whole act is charged with the lushest language I have ever heard from the stage, Miss *Estelle Winwood* delivering speeches composed entirely of similes and metaphors without image or emotion behind them. At the end of this act Miss *Laurette Taylor* enters carrying lilies for no reason whatever and when she gets disentangled from her flowers, her dress, her hair, and her lines, gives a rather exceptional portrayal of an excited woman. At that point the play swings into a murder mystery which is carried through the second act, and quite well, too. For Miss *Akins* is

actually a dramatist. The mechanics of casting suspicion which is nearly always a broken alibi with insinuated motive, is here emotional; the spectator *imagines* the various suspects as murderers. Having done this, Miss Akins shuts up various principals in a room on the forty-second floor of an apartment house and creates an entirely off-stage character who indicates madness by playing the Liebestod on the violin (it may be an erratic fancy, but it seemed to me that the fiddler was accompanying herself on the piano) injects an unnecessary strain of lunacy into the composition of the murderer, and ends with suicide and last-minute rescue. Miss Taylor, listening to the murderer's avowal of love, was quite marvellous. The play had interest and thrill—and was so cluttered with unnecessary characters and highfaluting language that the whole meaning is just this side of zero. A real instinct for the theatre has been corrupted by an equally real instinct for tosh; I only wonder why the first hasn't been able, in many years, to destroy the second.

Further questionings: **OUR BETTERS** was revived. There seemed to be no special reason, since it is one of Maugham's second-best plays and the subject (expatriates and light adulteries) has staled. But if revived, why bother to change the tone from the slashing bitterness of the original to a complacent comedy? Miss Ina Claire did the comedy very well and Miss Constance Collier played in farce opposite her. The whole thing lacked importance; and merely to keep my head above water, I note that **THE COMMAND TO LOVE** also lacks importance and is an extremely clever and amusing piece of business with new and devious twistings of the triangle theme, and apparently not so frank (or suggestive) as it was when it was first produced.

I gather, incidentally, that there were threats against this play and it underwent revision to avert a padlock. This is interesting because **MAYA** could not be revised and **MAYA** had to close because if it didn't, the Messrs Shubert, who were not interested in the play, would have to suffer a dark house for a year. The Actor-Managers took a very dignified and decent line; the Shuberts were honest about their apprehensions; and everybody came off well except the authorities who blundered into the statement that the subject of prostitution *per se* was unavailable for dramatic treatment in New York City. Here, it seems to me, is a wide gap in the armour of censorship. I do not know whether the owners of a play which had

to stop can seek redress; but I am sorry that some way was not found to bring the business to court, to fight it out on the single question whether *any* subject can make a play improper. For obviously if it can, infidelity, incest, murder, theft, and eventually flirtation will follow. I confess that I did not think the censorship situation could get any worse than it was last year when the failing courage of managers gave over so much to the enemy; but it has become worse. It has become intolerable; and there seems to be no active intelligence left to fight it.

Some years ago I wrote that when the compass pointed due north, Mr Florenz Ziegfeld would be found comfortably sitting on the top of the world of musical show production; some months ago Mr George Jean Nathan (who recognized the impresario's virtues while I was still spelling out my Croce) was heavily quoted in the papers to the same effect. And now Mr Ziegfeld has produced **THE THREE MUSKETEERS**, as lavish and as dull a light grand opera as I've ever seen. The production has all the skill which made the **FOLLIES** so grand; but the material is heavy as lead. I recognized grand opera instantly when a tenor sang that "Love is a chan For roman ", as it is the duty of all operatic singers (and concert vocalizers) to cut off final consonants and generally make English words unintelligible. Mr Friml's duets and trios had skill, there were some pretty good tunes; but in a first act which ran for nearly two hours, the notable things were the good comedy of Lester Allen, the sickly matinée-idol posturings of Dennis King, and the general imitation of the worst of grand operatics. For guidance I note that if our producers of musical shows want to approach grand opera there are a few good models: **FALSTAFF**, **THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO**, **DIE MEISTERSINGER**; for style I suggest that even these three are best considered as light opera—I mean that Mr Ziegfeld could probably do better by them than most opera-house régisseurs.

The Albertina Rasch dancers performed a *ballet romantique* which was extraordinary because it used sixteen girls of exceptional tallness and used the lines created by their arms as an essential in the composed picture.

And in **RAIN OR SHINE** (Joe Cook's show) Russell E. Markert's Sixteen American Rockets performed a marvellous dance which is called a hand drill. The girls sat close together in a row; their

hands were gloved in green; and they moved them in unison, in various directions. That is all the dance held—and it was as surely dancing as any acrobatics. (Havelock Ellis has warned us not to limit dancing to the legs.) Or call it a drill, it remains one of the most agreeable things current on the stage.

Mr Cook has two supreme moments: one is the story of his single attempt to eat a dry cereal without milk and the lesson he learned; the other is his 1928 invention. Most of the rest of his stuff is good, but not superior to his earlier work, and in the second act he appears hardly at all. He remains one of the most ingratiating presences on the stage and I like to see him always; but prefer to see him more steadily engaged on the things he does best. To have Joe Cook and keep him in the wings seems to me pure swank.

Mr Robert Warwick was not a good choice for SHERLOCK HOLMES; but his unsuitability marked only the more clearly the goodness of the melodrama itself. It doesn't hang together; confront it with two or three questions and it falls to pieces. Yet it remains exciting. It lacks all the finish and smash of our current melodrama; but it has lived thirty years and asks few concessions to age. It needs the right man.

THESE MODERN WOMEN failed to please. I allow myself to wonder whether some of the critics who wrote most impersonally about it were not aware of the impersonation of a well-known New Yorker in the creation of the central figure and were as sternly regarding the play on its merits as they gave their readers to believe. I do not think that Mr Langner played fair with his protagonists; the modern woman especially was loaded down with old prejudices and with insignificant detail. The rattling off of pseudo- and actual scientific phrases may be a habit in certain *milieux*; I don't know. On the stage verisimilitude is better than accuracy, and this quality was lacking. Nevertheless, the play held dramatic interest in the first two acts; and if the conclusion hadn't been a little forced, the whole play would have deserved sober consideration—not sneers, which, it is my prejudice, do not constitute dramatic criticism. Mr Michael Gold (in connexion with the New Playwrights Theatre) has made the same point; having suffered, he knows.

GILBERT SELDES

MODERN ART

DELIGHTED to be associated in any way with Gaston Lachaise I willingly wrote a preface for the catalogue of sculpture recently shown in the Brummer Gallery and transcribe a portion of it here for the sake of a wider audience. I had discovered the work—as far as I personally was concerned—a dozen years before in a little show in the Bourgeois Gallery—and instantly felt it to be original and distinguished.

“What astonished me most in the little collection was a female nude that may or may not have been larger than life but seemed so. There was an air of exuberance, of exaltation, of expansiveness about the figure that meant only one thing. It represented an ideal. This ideal was not the usual one. In fact the usualness of the usual ideal had been for a long time the especial trait that critics in America had most contended with. This one had nothing to do with fashion, nothing to do with the sort of thing that is taught in schools. To eyes that had grown somewhat habituated to the platitudinous carvings of the day the Lachaise Woman was so different that at first she seemed a priestess from another planet than this. She must have been at least early-Egyptian, early-Arabian, or at least pre-Greek! But that was only at first. In a minute or two the strangeness disappeared, the authoritative satisfaction of the sculptor in his work made itself felt and a mere critic could see a beauty that though new was dateless and therefore as contemporary as it was ‘early.’ I left the gallery firmly convinced I had seen a masterpiece.

“Outside, on Fifth Avenue, the parade of fashion seemed unaware that anything of importance had occurred. The concession to the modes of Paris remained in full force. It did, indeed, make an effect of being permanently established. Could they whom I beheld, undoubtedly the élite of the land of the brave and the free, accept an idea of beauty that was unconcerned with the modes? Apparently they could not. I made as much of an outcry about my discovery as I could, but with no appreciable results. The new Woman was talked about in the studios with a certain

degree of respect but in the salons it was held that she was too fat. I even heard the term 'indecently fat' applied to her—and by an individual whom I had once heard praising the now expensive art of Lorenzo di Credi. Had he actually ever seen a painting by Lorenzo di Credi? Not really seen one or he would have remembered that mere amplitude of person is not and never was one of the cardinal sins. There are quite as many ample personages among the antique gods as meagre. But this new goddess was born too late—or too soon. Failing to meet the admirer with the wherewithal to put her in permanent form—she was still in plaster, poor thing—she was carted ignominiously back to the studio, there to languish among the cobwebs. . . . Lachaise himself had a success—with the artists. They all knew him, even the mediocre ones, to be rare. His contributions to the current exhibitions always elicited praise but that aspiring tendency of his to see things in the large was invariably frowned upon by patrons. The one artist among us whose visions towered mountingly in sizes comparable with our architecture was the artist New York chose to ignore."

That was, as I said, a dozen years ago. Give New York time and it generally "comes around." I expect her now to come around to the Lachaise Woman. I was immensely surprised when calling upon the sculptor just before the exhibition, to find this goddess that I had been writing about, there—and in the bronze, the shiny surfaces of which were prodigiously becoming to her. In the Brummer Gallery, a few days later, I saw that she had the same place and the same splendid light that belonged, only a few weeks previously, to Despiau's Grande Eve, and I rejoiced to note that she was entirely worthy of the association and could not resist the wish that she might follow that masterpiece to the Musée du Luxembourg. She would create a stir there, believe me! She is certainly creating one in New York. But just at the moment when it seems likely that she is to be accepted as a matter of course, Lachaise poses another Venus in the pathway of progressive New Yorkers, a Venus still larger and more stylized than the first one. She appears to float in the air, this large lady, who still in plaster, with legs outstretched, like a Pavlova, defies the laws of gravity. But she already has her admirers, myself included—for when I accept an artist I accept him—and "we" are already longing to

see her poised aloft in the air somewhere, all in gilt, defying the Philistines. In addition, there is something new for Lachaise, in this exhibition, a nude figure of a young man, in marble—quite the finest male nude that America has yet put to her credit. It is, in the first place, the American type of the period, the war period. There is something in the simple attitude of attention that has a sacrificial aspect. Every mother in the land, for instance, will see in him something of the young man she lately sent across seas. There is also the purity that was so much misunderstood in Europe! In spite of the capitulation to Col. Lindbergh they did make jokes about him over there. But thinking it over, we've decided the joke's not on us.

Yasuo Kuniyoshi applied to the Guggenheim Foundation which did not, however, honour itself by giving him an award. This little item may figure in the Kuniyoshi biography later on. It ought also to figure in the history of the Guggenheim awards. I think a committee that deliberately "passes up" a man like Kuniyoshi ought to be known for what it is. The sins of omission, in such an institution are significant, and should be listed. . . . Kuniyoshi now is in a position to smile at what at first seemed to him a misfortune. Since the decisions of the Guggenheim Foundation have been made known, his exhibition in the Daniel Gallery has occurred and it has been a pronounced success, financial and otherwise. His style is not one that wins collectors at first sight, it is too new and vigorous for that, but it grows upon acquaintance; and the enthusiasm of the amateurs this year was such that Mr Kuniyoshi, no doubt, will dismiss all thoughts of travelling scholarships from his mind henceforth. That was in fact the dubious element in the benefit that failed to materialize. It implied study abroad at a time when study at home is much more rewarding.

HENRY MCBRIDE

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

TH**ERE** is cause to regret, in hearing the *Oedipus Rex*, that one has during the course of the year branded any other work as possessing more than passing interest. For unless some fresh and greater glow can be contrived which does not too much endanger the style, any previous enthusiasms must be felt to invalidate the present one. The sole possible procedure is lame, but necessary: first to insist that the earlier praises arose, to some extent, *faute de mieux*; to abjure, to become a new man. And next to admit one's discomfiture at lauding Strawinsky anyhow. On this second point we have the precedent of the voice of God itself—the audience. For they too, despite their obvious affection, applauded but little and sporadically, doubtless feeling the inadequacy of duck-talk to express gratitude for this solemn and corrosive work.

Igor Strawinsky's Opera-Oratorio, *Oedipus Rex*. The performance of this by the Boston Symphony in New York.

There is a mode of torment, most often accredited to China, whereby the victim is kept from relapsing into sleep by an incessant goading. Presumably, by even the subtlest and most economical of movements, one could come to induce in his man a state of fiendish exasperation, until the slightest tickle might cause him to thrash about, like some happily captured fish thrown upon the sand. The Strawinsky method of appeal was somewhat similar. The obsessive element of the music was continuous, maintained by an extreme shrewdness and parsimony in both repetition and variation. The power was not derived from the multiplication of the voices, nor from the bulk of the instruments; it was a thing of texture and form. The rhythmic effects were subtilized beyond perception—the great orchestral hiccoughs of the *Sacre* were gone, rhythmic changes residing not in the upheaval of the total mass, but in internal adjustments and timings. It is the brasses that are pugnacious and rousing; it is the woodwinds that are odd and unnerving—and to these latter instruments (where the *fortissimo* is almost an impossibility) the burden of the attack seems to have fallen.

Surely we may observe in this work the first clear crystallization

of what will be, if any, the new art. We feel this to such an extent that we should wish to hail the music as a standard even had we found it disappointing as sound, a position which we are emphatically spared. Here the production of art is made difficult, and no other kind of art, in our present weedy plenty, has a justification for existence. People presumably still search for some mechanism—Freudian, gymnastic, or anaesthetic—to loosen their utterance, forgetful of how many, how ghastly many, have found such. How can one, without humility that takes the breath away, still dare to peddle some tiny corner of sensibility, after an accumulation which the prowess of a Saintsbury and the years of a Jewish patriarch could not encompass? Who has found a metaphor, a new toot, that can proudly go and sit with all the other metaphors, the other toots?

A work such as this, written with a sense of stricter obligation, makes even the composer's own past seem irresponsible. It possibly clears away a considerable area of the artist's development, leaves him with new blank walls to stare at. It does provide its own intolerance. Here, the very readiness of colour, the range of possible sounds, have brought with them the duty of distrusting all such ubiquitous opportunity. We seemed to feel some element of the hushed, the thwarted—if we may mean by this not the difficulties of weakness or distress, but the prerogatives of superior understanding. For that sense of the impending, of overhanging fate which pervades the music—was it indeed the future of Aeschylus, or was it the constant admonition which the author had imposed upon his own methods?

The libretto (what we saw of it was the English translation of the Latin version of Cocteau's French original) was a mixture of extreme sophistication and—in keeping—mock clumsiness. It would be hard, for instance, to decide under which category we should place the blunt *résumé* of the plot as explained by the Speaker; or the indeterminate fluctuation in attitude whereby the story is sometimes told as a mere summarizing of another man's text and at other times advances in its own right. In its woodenness, it contains sufficient drama: Oedipus remains boastful at solving the riddle of the Sphinx, while the successive disclosures which are to entail his destruction accumulate about him. Thus, the mood of apprehension is built not upon surprise, but upon foreknowledge;

and as is natural to this procedure, a certain amount of dramatic irony is called into service.

In other matters, the satisfactions of the month were mostly of the retrospective variety. We think primarily of Toscanini, and—with Toscanini—of his conducting of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony. In this work, where loveliness is so husbanded, and hammered, and dwelt upon as to become magnificent, Toscanini discloses a wealth of effects which it would be disquieting to hear happen and vanish so quickly did we not have the naïve assurance that the same sequence could be repeated. . . . Maurice Ravel, conducting the New York Symphony in an all-Ravel programme, did little to champion the qualities of his own music. The Valse, which we had liked extremely under Mengelberg, was clearly tamed, leading us to wonder whether the composer might profit by a certain affirmativeness in his readings which is not present in his writings. . . . With the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Pierre Monteux, we heard Gabriel Pierné's Music Hall Impressions. Despite a certain night-light joyousness, with some "catchy" motives, the instrumental clownings of this piece, which had its *première* as far back as 1927, seemed quite obsolete. . . . And, imperfectly returning, we should include in such an enumeration the exalted playing of the fifth Handel Concerto Grosso, for String Orchestra, with which Koussevitsky had preceded his performance of the Oedipus.

KENNETH BURKE

COMMENT

My intentions are all directed to worthy ends, to do good to all and evil to none. And now let your graces judge whether a man who means this, does this, and makes it his only study to practise all this, deserves to be called a fool.

Don Quixote

CERVANTES is not in need of being rescued from oblivion. Though he calls Don Quixote a legend as dry as a rush, destitute of invention, in a wretched style, poor in conception and void of learning, no one has agreed with him. Monuments such as the colossal Dulcinea to be erected at Toboso are evidence merely that a world going the opposite way declares his, admirable. With much patience Signor Unamuno remarks in his eloquent commentary: ¹

“The best listeners are the goatherds, accustomed to the voices of woods and fields. The others do not receive your words with inner silence and virgin attention; however you sharpen your explanations, they will not sharpen their understandings; not they.”

In an age of philanthropy and self-entrenchment as squire to philanthropy, however, the co-operation of the knight and squire usefully suggest “for the comfort of our discomfort,” “goodness and humanness.” The knight’s prowess was mystical—without thought of defeat or reward. While Sancho was crouching under Dapple for protection, or “awaiting death in its cruelest form, hunger,” Don Quixote was at attention or composing a poem; “born in an age of iron, to revive in it that of gold,” he was not sometime to rest in a silver coffin on seventy-eight crowns of khans and princes; or to outshine in death Jelalu-d-din, or the King of Ur. His

¹ The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho, according to Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Expounded with Comment by Miguel de Unamuno. Translated from the Spanish by Homer P. Earle. 8vo. 327 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

courteously fraternal dying—with Sancho, the priest, the notary, the niece, the housekeeper, and the bachelor beside him, is conspicuously incomparable with the punctilio of the “hecatomb” and its arranged rows of wives, appropriately in attendance but without belongings of their own since “it was not their grave but the king’s.”

Don Quixote seems proverbial of extremes—the measure of impracticality; typical also, of right as more sovereign than rights. When the “short-winged and sharp-beaked” “domestic impediment of his heroism” asks her uncle why he should try to make himself out vigorous when old, strong when sickly, and able to put straight what is crooked when he himself was bent by age, he admits the body to be withered and the armour rusty. Put to the test, however, he exclaims, in defiance of “Panza”’s prejudice against an attack upon the twenty Yanguesans by a pair who were “not more than one and a half,” “I count for a hundred.” Sublime inferences are inevitable.

By the properties of the novel—courtly, confiding, Asiatically detailed yet “not swerving a jot from the truth”—the attention is enticed and involved in the mystery of a continuously imaginary verisimilitude, the smaller included in greater and the greater as Heine has said, like a tree of India. We are familiar with the intimidating sheep—the mighty Duke of Nerbia whose device was an asparagus-bed, and Brandabarbaran of Boliche armed with a serpent’s skin and a gate of the temple which Samson pulled down; and with the funeral cortège amid “about a dozen of tall beeches,” “not one of them without the name of Marcela written and engraved on its smooth bark”—the “twenty shepherds clad in jerkins of black wool, crowned with garlands, some of which were of yew and some of cypress,” and the Lycidas-like hero; the flowers, the books and “great number of papers, some open and some folded,” that “lay round him on the bier.” And most important perhaps, is the exploit in which Don Quixote falls with drawn sword on the puppet Moors, decapitating, maiming, and demolishing. In every age there are regalia and insignia that are nothingness.

The humble grandeur which Don Quixote achieved through “good sense and good conduct,” “modesty, liberality, courtesy,”

“chaste ears and compassionate deeds,” has somehow acquired an angelic quality—akin to what Mr Henry McBride finds in the painting of El Greco—a “curiously lambent inner glow” that gives it “an unearthly impressiveness.” The world has been unwilling to pay the tribute of imitation but has offered its admiration. In Unamuno’s commentary, knight and squire signify love for humanity, its spirit and body; “not the two halves of a whole, but a single being viewed from either side.” And this your graces cannot question, having read “the History of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, who in the opinion of all the inhabitants of Campo de Montiel, was the chastest lover and most valiant knight that had appeared in those parts for many years.”



Courtesy the Independent Gallery

LANDSCAPE. BY ANDRE DERAÏN

THE DIAL

JUNE 1928

MANORBIER

(To Mr and Mrs Arthur Machen)

BY ROBERT HILLYER

It is green with ivy
But the stones are criss-crossed
With cracks and crannies,
Tooth-marks of the frost;
The roofless tower,
The sundered wall,
The gaping lancet,
Frost gnaws them all.
Time in transit
Measured by years
Has emptied the hall,
Rusted the spears.
The long rains fall
Where the marriage bed
Saw the virgin a wife
And the mother dead,
Saw the birth of the son
And the warrior head
White on the pillow
Stained with red.

Now it is summer
The swans float
Each with its double
On the scummy moat.
If you hear the fiddler

1015

MANORBIER

Playing his fiddle
 It's the wind in the crannies
 With dust in its throat.
 If you hear the drummer
 Tapping his drum
 It's a dead branch hanging
 Swinging and banging,
 Summoning no one,
 There is no one to come.

I was born in a chamber
 Under the eaves;
 The room I remember
 And the sound of leaves
 And the sound of ocean
 And ships come home
 When we ran with our welcome
 Knee-deep through foam.

In the garden by moonlight
 Each leaf on the rose-bush
 A silver flake,
 A ghost of a flame!
 Hearing voices, the loveless one
 Fired by their passion
 Fled down to the lake
 Where a tall lady came.

"To-morrow at sunset,"
 She said to her lover,
 "Look up to my window
 And I will be there."
 She glimmered away,
 And faint like a halo
 The moon on her hair.

Most beautiful lady,
 How slowly the snail

Through the grey dust lengthens
His rainbow trail.
On the steps of the sunset
Did I find you—or not?
How should you remember
When your lover forgot?

Is there nobody now
Who can speak with my speech
But the wind in the ruin,
The waves on the beach?
There are hundreds of cities
Out there beyond reach,
Three thousand miles over
The sea whence I came.
I built them myself,
I left this to the weather
And forgot my own name.

I will go up the stairway
That ends in the air,
I will stand in the chapel
And offer a prayer
To saints who for ages
Have not been there.
I will lean out of windows
That have no top
And look far below me
A dizzy drop
To the moat and the cliff
And beyond to the beach
And beyond to the ocean
Where the eyes stop.

Why did I leave
 this house like a Viking?
Why did I leave it
 for frosts to crack?

MANORBIER

Did the stairway lead me
 then to disaster?
 Did a door ajar
 show the flame and the rack?
 I have forgotten the cause of my going,
 And even the cause of my coming back.

Some things with me
 are the never-dying,
 All of us cursèd
 with time's effacement;
 The ivy-vine grown
 so black has forgotten
 The beginning tendril
 that clung to the basement;
 The gap in the wall has forgotten the window,
 And I, the face that looked down from the casement.

Now is the season when the whole world over
 The herds are munching the ripe clover;
 The green baby-hair of the crops to come
 Is ruffled by the wind; the may-flies hum
 In the air, and the bees intermittenly humming
 Dive to one flower and drone to a sweeter;
 This is the mating-song season, at evening
 When the lover listens his love will be coming.

But summer like winter
 Conspiring slowly
 To throw down the mighty
 And exalt the lowly
 Is gnawing at walls
 All but time held holy.
 By tendrils of ivy
 The stones are split;
 Trees shoulder the ingles
 Where earls would sit,

And the ants drag the mortar
Away, bit by bit.

Who is my brother?
Who is my friend?
The song does not falter
Though the singer end.
But I, the last singer,
Forgetting my song
One summer morning
A thousand years long,
Have gone up the stairway
That ends in the air,
Surprising dead saints
With the ghost of a prayer,
And looked out of windows
That have no top,
To the beach, to the ocean,
Where the eyes stop.
But the mind will not stop.
The heart will not stop.

FIVE PROSE SKETCHES

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

THE VOYAGE

THE ship was rolling heavily with a steady list to starboard from the force of the wind which carried her lower to the side on which his cabin lay. Down, down she went without a great amount of pitching but down, down, down till the trunk near the door squeaked in its lashings and all the loose objects in the cabin shuttled and slid about the floor. Then with a slight shudder the ship rose slowly leaning again for a brief moment to windward—and with this motion and joy in his heart, he slept like an angel.

His parents had come from the other side to America in ships. His uncle had died in a ship and been buried from one. To him the sea was the grave of all his cares, the one power hopelessly subtle and uncontrolled, unbridged, unbeaten—

“I am beginning to think we should have no mercy for any one—unless we love him. Get all you can out of the other fellow before he takes it out of you.” Curious bits of conversation. “*J’étais un homme très vulgaire—j’étais un voleur*”—“the twist of the years”—“Truth and Beauty married and the child was love.” “*Deux cognacs, s’il vous plaît. Je suis poli, moi.*” French once more! His ear drank it in with avidity. Benedictine 10c. *Fine* 10c. That’s something!

Then the wet and cold of the storm passed but the great waves continued, causing the ship from time to time to give three or four lurches deeper than the rest. The sky was blue overhead, the decks sanded. Evans stood by the weather rail watching the sea-gulls flying near the ship’s side, especially one, a beautifully marked Mackerel gull, larger than the rest, which with motionless wings was gliding, keeping pace with the ship not ten feet from his hand resting on the rail. He watched its eye watching him—and its head shifting slightly from time to time.

There was a hailstorm that afternoon. The wind was now due north, the weather cold and squally.

NOTE: These five sketches will be included in a novel entitled *A Voyage to Pagany* to be published shortly by The Macaulay Company.

Then swiftly, the sea, limitless, filling the imagination roundly on all sides, supporting, buoyant, satisfying—was damaged. Forward, as if the work of birds flying out from beyond the horizon, the thought of land! land! The seahold upon the imaginations of the company had been broken.

England was there, little as a boat. One felt all England, all one had ever heard or felt of England, from old Mother Cobb to the last pantings of discomfort in the daily press. There it was, pathetic, an island in the sea, powerless and naïve as the small strength of a lion, or the boom of a big cannon. From the sea one could come to hold it as a god might hold an infant on his arm, for a moment. Later, the twin lights of the Scilly Islands gave an inkling, the only inkling, of the world beyond them, silent under the night sky.

CARCASSONNE

Carcassonne, a rock ruined by tears. It had to be rock-rimmed to give it credence, rock-chapeled. It tapped the rock and the sweet water flew out—a hidden gentleness which had no certain name, in them without excuse—but like rain on armour. A brief advantage for which they panted. Water! Christ. Water all within themselves. Themselves. Their defences broken, out it comes. Tears. Which have now melted the rock which conserved it and caused it to run and disappear in the sand.

Forfeitures, murders, replacements—a passionate fountain—whose passion, coloured with the ground, was ready to be coloured from the air also, giving steel to that, and getting—air, sometimes full of light, and again full of mist and cloudiness—

The chapel was cold. On the uneven floor they walked about whispering. Very old it seemed but full of a strange assurance, because possibly, they were young and felt no part in it.

The garden was better, though best was to stand in the southwest wind that tore at their garments as they went to the ramparts and looked out toward the snow mountains across the valley to the southwest, mounting the archers' galleries, peering through the slits of the *meurtrières*.

Do you remember anything of the history—

Not a word, never heard of it—

They looked long and silently, muffled from the past, at the far Pyrenees, hiding themselves from the invincible wind. They leaped down long steps from the ramparts—

Boso and Irmingard, brothers of Richard le Justicier.

The Arabs. Pippin the Short.

It can't have been an important place; I should have come across it in my mediaeval history—

Hand in hand the two ran in the *lice* between the outer and inner fortifications and found tiny daisies pressed close to the ground, as earliest flowers always are, for warmth.

They saw much of the place but their minds became stiffened and their faces, too, with the force of the wind and the cold. They hid in sunny nooks of the walls but sunless corners were desolate and they fled at last, up through a postern, out again oppressed by the stones and the death of the place—the cold—hating the obstinacy of the defences—too strong—senseless.

THE ARNO

By dawn they were at Pisa. The train was still, in a freight-yard. The stars were not yet gone. There was a moon in what Evans thought must be the west. He got up and looked about as the train began to move again softly, slowly in the grey light, thinking he might see the famous tower. Nothing. They left Pisa behind. So much for Pisa. Again he slept.

Once more he woke. The sun was up.

Leaning into the window he saw the world of form once more. He saw vineyards, trees in rows to which wires were fastened supporting grape-vines newly pruned, long reddish tendrils awaiting the sun of summer to grow new shoots and grapes. Peasants were coming into the fields. There were magpies, a bird he knew, in the young trees, magpies and crows in the furrows. Now grain and garden truck and orchards, pruned and ready. Fields of mustard in flower there were and cows and goats, by the light of the early blinding sun. Italy! He did not think of an ancient splendour but of morning and fields and vines.

Steadily the train took him into his delight.

The train which understands but a very few words and in the modern dialect only, was approaching that ancient Tuscan city of Florence but without being impressed. Evans, however, was impressed and began to decorate his spirit with fitting clothes—saying, They speak of these cities as if they were dusty or dead; or with scholarly, abated voices—

The train was running beside a narrow winding rivulet. It was the Arno, flooding its banks, from whose liquorous bounty an army of sunbeams were drinking so that the air was luminous with mist and the grass and herbage everywhere were dripping. It was the Arno preparing to bring all its country charm to pass under the old bridge.

It was the Arno, before Florence, gathering tribute from the fields—a workaday river—countryman, maker, poet—poetic river. River, make new, always new—using rain, subterranean springs to make a great bounty.

Florence, city of makers—

Sooner or later, they call us in, to make up choir benches out of oak-trees, make lace out of daisies, the circles out of roses, the white out of our despair—white as despair—totally colourless—

River, you make “the Arno” every day fresher than the greatest artists can make painted flowers: they may come to you every day for a lesson remembering only the sea that is greater.

Flow. Flow under the old bridge forever new and say to it that only that which is made out of nothing at all is forever new. Make new, make new.

And all the time he was watching the sun clearing the mists over the wild Arno and seeing it up to the top of its banks as if with ready fingers seeking to feel in among the grass. I know that feeling, he said, to be full of pleasure.

Flow new under the old bridge. . . .

And all the time he was going to Florence, Dante’s city, city of the old bridge, city of “the David,” of Raphael—he wanted to say Giotto—instead he called it: City of the Arno, and the Arno before there was a city, teaching from the fields of Proserpine, the fields of the Vernal gods. Botticelli, Donatello—now it was nearer. But he did not care for history. He knew only a river flowing through March in the sun, making, making, inviting the recreators—asking to be recreated.

It is the river god singing, that I hear, singing in the morning, asking if all making is ended. What to do?

He saw peasants leading animals, in the cold. Clickety click, clickety clack. People going into Florence began to get into his compartment. Be there by 8:30. They bowed to him, for the most part, with a momentary glance at his strangeness—perhaps; a foreigner. Then they looked out of the window or talked, or read a paper.

NAPLES

Naples did not interest him. The second day he was there, he took the *funicolare* up the hill back of the city for a view of the bay. All he wanted of Naples was—the bay.

He paused before the frescoes from Pompeii, fauns, satyrs—indifferent work, some of it. But the archaic Athena—the fluted gown stretched taut between her knees as she strode smiling forward, the spear lifted to strike. Before such understanding, he looked shamefacedly at the ground. . . . Then Cava.

The son of the hotel proprietor went with him for a walk to show him about the place before supper. Softly the quiet evening entered Evans' disturbed mind. The young chap was hoarse from yelling at a soccer game that afternoon when Cava had beaten Torre del Greco, 2 to 1.

They started to walk back of the little hotel where there was a heap of willow withes lying ready for the vine-tying. They walked on down a narrow path between small fields where women were dropping potato cuttings in rows fresh opened by men with mattocks going before them. They jumped a ditch with violets growing on its sides and came to the bed of a stream with a small sand-bar in it and so on for an hour.

Evans peered into the doors of peasant cottages as they passed. Churns, tubs, and the like lay about the back doors. The houses seemed wide open but deserted. It was growing late when they returned to the hotel for supper. The place was small, cold, and with but two or three guests in it. A solitary English woman of forty or more was sitting reading in the old-fashioned reading-room of the place, unmindful of the cold.

That night in his sweetly musty bedroom, the window wide open, Evans could hear the silence of the cold night as he lay quietly staring up at the dark ceiling, faintly lit nevertheless by a light from somewhere—from the night itself it seemed. Death it seemed to him might be sweetly like this, lying there for ever.

THE TYROL

. . . . As if coming from a shell he saw the cold, jagged, withered mountains cut out on the blue sky, snowcapped and with wind making a play of the snow on the high glissades. The train hugged the valleys.

He saw slanting ledges where his mind walked at ease aloof from the crawling world; V-shaped gorges he saw and inverted fans of fallen rock and sand by the cliff's face. Into his spirit he drew, along with his breaths, the stillness and the cold which his body could not have reached. Or he saw a great knob of even granite, shaped like a rock to hold smoothly in the hand and to stroke. Rocks precipitous, perpendicular, measured only by a few thousand feet but straight up, to man most difficult. Now he saw the pine, the evergreen woods, starting up the slopes and stopping, or from the recent rains, finger-like spouts of water fell from the tops of the visible mountain walls, showing cliffs higher, and melting snow. The sun is growing warmer. Or on flat rocks, black stains of running water spread out lacquerlike on the rock's face. To the north with the sun on them were great pinnacles, sparkling, snapping, cut out with its sharp knife on the lakes of hard blue. The minute features of the rock drew Dev from point to point, the particular conformation of some slowly turning pinnacle. Eagerly he watched it turn, revealing its person. So arose the personalities of the Gods, aloof, particular, visible, deathlike, near but far, nothing between us and them but air, space—frozen. . . .

So he sat for an hour, two hours, his face pressed upon the window-pane absorbed in the mountains, while the train laboured, and wound and stopped and started again at the little hamlet stations. To the south side of the car he shifted and saw a more gradual rise across pastures, green and flowery. But to the north a stream ran by the railway, tributary to the Rhine. Its head-waters; I don't know. Rhine and Danube, head-waters hereabouts, about the same parentage. One goes to Budapest; the other to Holland. Parting of the ways.

He went back to the mountains, once more rock-ledges where no snow clings, a great snow field, then up, up to the forbidding summit, snapping sunlight painting it orange, purple, black—A hawk there, a hawk!

In the bark crevices of the trees, Evans could see ants running, their slight antennae working nervously in and out—running perpendicularly—

Fish, trout—chamois too and ibex must be up there. On the railroad folder there was a scene, an Alpine hunter with an ibex over the nape of his neck. In the centre of culture there is a wild park—Switzerland—

He could see and he knew the details of the flowers, from

within the train, the minute perfection of spot and fibril, the cold details of the mountains; though he could see but the gross contours—yet the details came to him. Far off he recognized the aching sense of a woman, far off, a woman whom he had known, outside, far outside, going, not inside anywhere any more. A memory. Memory is the affirmation of genius; a fast-fading memory. Once he thought he saw her in the car, a pair of green satin slippers, and back he came with a start. Out of memory. She is in this train! Who? Should I know her if I saw her now? He tried to remember her features and remembering he had been trying, he found himself looking at the ridge of a frostcold distant peak—having forgotten what he was trying to recall. . . .

To forget the pain, we lose memory itself until there is nothing more. Nothing should be forgotten, yet we must forget. The hooks of memory are worn smooth with the weight of pain that has slipped from them. I remember nothing. I see and it is forgotten. Only that is brilliant which is there, there. Everything else, good and bad, is slipping away, taught by the anguish. But that which is there—it is without memory and without pain. My life is an effort to avoid memory; an escape. Fasten I will upon the thing, there outside the window, that lives without pain and without memory.

All day they were in the train, going. It took a solidity away from them all, train goes. They became fluid from the excess of their passage and flowed together—the lines between them as individuals melting only to be redefined later.

Those that got out at noon were not in the same cast with those going on. The panorama of the day. More than half Switzerland, east to west, they saw. . . .

All day, since five in the morning, the struggling and rolling train had moved with the sun through valley after valley, in mountainous passes until the mountains had seemed to enter the train possessing it so that it became a mountain train, a thing belonging to the rocks and snows— All, nearly all day, the window pelted with these sights, he felt almost a mountaineer; he grew used to the melting winter of the Alps and the implication: Thus the world is and I am part of it.



THE FISHERMAN. BY LOWELL HOUSER



GUADALUPE DANCERS. BY LOWELL HOUSER

THE MEN

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Wherein is Moscow's dignity
more than Passaic's dignity?
A few men have added colour better
to the canvas, that's all.

The river is the same
the bridge is the same
there is the same to be discovered
of the sun—

Look how cold, steelgrey
runs the water of the Passaic.
The Church-of-the-Polacks'
russian towers, bulbous

kiss the sky just so sternly
dreamily, futilely
as in Warsaw—as in Moscow.
Violet smoke rises

from the factory chimneys—only
the men are different who see it
draw it down in their minds—
or might be different.

MAXIM GORKI

1868–1928

BY ALEXANDER KAUN

OF a July afternoon you are likely to discover Maxim Gorki on the edge of a precipitous bluff above the gulf of Capo di Sorrento. From the ducal villa you wind between hot cluster-laden vines till you emerge suddenly on a clearing some twenty feet from Lamartine's favourite ilex, and catch sight of a gaunt figure doubled against the shimmering blue of sky and water. You are greeted by a curve of smoke, by a long hand with a cigarette sweeping toward you—then pointingly, to the ground. You follow the silent invitation and seat yourself on the rocky earth next to Kuzka, the terrier, who acknowledges your discretion by a quiver of the tail. Directly ahead, on the opposite shore looms Vesuvius, his plume limp in the windless heat; to the left you discern an amethyst mass—Capri. . . . The long hand, the impertinently aggressive nose and sad grey eyes of Gorki look straight down, perpendicularly. Midway of the almost sheer cliff, on a narrow ledge several hundred feet above the sea, you observe two specks—rock-hewers. Clinging to the wall for hours, these nimble southerners peck and hammer, now and then producing a deafening crash as they manage to hurl down a goodly rock. At the reverberation Gorki's nose turns toward you, screws up on one side, twisting the whole face into the grimace of a sly *muzhik*.

Kuzka rises, stretches himself, and starts toward the villa. His master breaks the silence: tea-time. They are waiting for us at the table. We walk back single file, Kuzka leading—Gorki striding widely, with the slight stoop of a tall man, half turning his mobile nose to accentuate the resounding bass of his words. His discourse—and it is to go on for hours—is rhapsodic. After praising the dexterity and courage of the stone-hewers, he passes to his favourite theme, human labour—magnificent factor in the creation of a better world. Full of scintillating generalities, his speech exchanges its directness and coarseness for a garb of refinement, of bookishness, acquiring an *ex cathedra* tone. But not for long. He

recalls his own experiences as a labourer. Now he is in his element! Among convexly vivid shapes of stevedores and bakers, scullions and cobblers, apple-vendors and cider-pedlars, bird-catchers and night-watchmen, errand-boys and knight-errants of the road—men and ex-men, in whose midst he spent his childhood and youth. Having emerged from the “lower depths” to fame and culture, Gorki recalls his past neither with vindictiveness nor with sentimentality. In a language robust and precise; with mobile emphasis, by nose, forehead, eyebrows, and mustachios, he hews out figure after figure, scene after scene, in strokes as telling and dexterous as those of the nimble Italians suspended over the waters of Capo di Sorrento. One listens enraptured. The visiting prima donna seizes his hand and presses it to her lips.

It is characteristic of him that he should shift his vision from remote beauty and grandeur to the perpendicular and the near. “I am a man of the earth,” is his refrain, in conversation and letter. For him the pivot of the universe is man. With consistency, despite disheartening experiences, he has for thirty-five years sung a hymn to Man. “All for Man. All through Man.” It is a voice *de profundis*, but no plaintive wail, no plea for pity; it sounds contempt for weakness, it rises as a challenge to man to conquer life and cleanse it from its pettiness.

There may have been moments when in singing that hymn his voice sounded shrill and unsure, for as soon as he departs from the soil and what is tangible, he flounders. When he speaks of the rock-hewers and stevedores, when he writes of his grandmother and of Tolstoy, of conflagrations and drunken orgies, of men and phenomena that he has observed and absorbed, he has few equals. When he generalizes or invents, he is highfaluting and ineffective; he gropes.

He is aware of his limitations; he admits that by contrast with Andreyev’s extraordinary power of imagination and intuition he resembles a dray-horse beside an Arabian steed. The first volume of *The Life of Klim Samgin*, the ambitious novel which he is writing at present, deals chiefly with the Intelligentsia of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The unacclimated Gorki has treated this nondescript, apparently comprehensive yet subtly exclusive body either with resentment or with reverence, as one who does not “belong.” It in turn regarded him at first as a freakish curiosity; then later, with the growth of his power and influence, as

an upstart. To the intellectual aristocracy of the Merezhkovsky-Hippius circle, he has been "a negro in a silk hat." We may anticipate a multitude of powerful portraits and scenes, however, in the subsequent parts of this novel when the author proceeds to work in his native element.

As journalist, editor, and too obliging granter of interviews, Gorki has possibly erred not a few times against tact and prudence. His political statements, pronounced with Wilsonian solemnity of the "May I not" variety, have frequently provoked a furore akin to scandal, necessitating further statements and explanations, which as a rule have failed to mend matters. He is prone to contradict himself awkwardly, to change his stand in a brief space of time, and to wish he might unsay the things he has said.

An explanation may be found in the condition of Russia itself. In the absence of parliamentary institutions, of a free press, of free organization and assembly, the Russian public however hampered by censorship, has found in literature during the last hundred years, its national utterance. As spokesman for the inarticulate millions, the writer has been expected to give voice to their pent-up aspirations, hopes, sorrows, doubts; to be an artist and also, perhaps primarily, a preacher. Few of Russia's great authors have had the temerity—that Chekhov had—to disappoint these expectations. Even in these United States, with abundant outlet for public opinion, some writers of fiction cannot resist the temptation to chant midamericanism and discuss serious issues with the cocksureness of ignorance. In Russia, where as late as the end of the nineteenth century those who could read and write did not exceed fifteen per cent of the population, it was not unnatural for authors to believe they had a pastoral mission. Gorki succumbed early to that belief and as soon as he could read, was obsessed with a desire to instruct his neighbours—in the image factory, or in the bake-shop, or among the knights of the road, or when with his first love. With the publication of his stories which met instant popular acclaim, he was prompted to heighten the monitorial tone of his writings—commensurate with responsibility—and with very few exceptions his fiction is marred here and there by didactic asides. Even in his best works he lapses into sermonizing, the reader being forewarned usually by a transition from robust language to a kind of banal bookishness. One gains the impression of a duality in style and personality.

We could not expect Gorki to be a monolith. Only professional logicians may have the appearance of uniformity, consistency, and consequentiality. Mortals, and artists in particular, are a duality, even a multiplicity of Self. In Gorki, however, the elements of personality hardly blend—coexisting antipodally. An Ormazd and an Ahriman. Reject the one; accept the other. The preacher, the propagandist, the ratiocinator, the victim of books and of the Russian disease of philosophizing. Eliminating these we have the essential Gorki, keen of eye, precise of stroke, opulent of memory and experience.

Memory and experience. Here Gorki's strength lies. He is a memoirist, his best productions appearing in the second period, with *My Childhood*. In his early romantic tales, in the tramp sketches, in his descriptions of the lower and middle classes, in his post-revolutionary studies of grotesque Russians, in his plays, novels, and autobiographic works proper, he uses not inventive imagination but imaginative memory. With a prodigious exactness he recalls and can make you visualize the curve of a nose, the shape of a mouth, the colour of a beard, a gait or intonation caught twenty years ago in the Adirondacks, or during his childhood at Nizhni-Novgorod. In conversation he amazes you with this facility of retaining and picturing essential detail. In his written portraits, you must distinguish between such clever sketches as those drawn in New York or in Italy, and solid, Cézannesque images of his countrymen.

Again a crack in the bell. In conversation and in articles he has vehemently championed the West, its civilization, its science, its technical achievements—steps toward Man's conquest of the physical world. Thus he has repeatedly attacked the Asiatic elements in his countrymen; their sluggishness, rusticity, passivity, cruelty, ugliness, lack of culture. On such subjects, in conversation, in essays, or in *Tales of Italy*, he becomes that same bookish Gorki descanting on political issues, heavily dealing with the *Intelligentsia*, with Anatole France or Romain Rolland. Gorki is a Russian *muzhik*, a sturdy Volgar, a Slav with Asiatic cheek-bones. His Westernism is purely of the head, as is evident by his transformed face and gestures, should the visiting accordionist strike up a Volga tune, a gipsy plaint, a recitative of the Steppes.

He is powerful when he combines memory with experience—not merely with tourist impressions. His mastery is thus limited

to the description of Russia and Russians, a field of no modest dimensions. What a tremendous gallery of portraits—those Volga hoboos, provincial eccentrics, temperamental merchants, perpetual seekers, petty, vulgar, stolid, sadistic individuals endowed with charm which the author cannot deny them despite the interfering dictates of his head. And those other Russians whom he has known and “experienced”—Tolstoy, Chekhov, Korolenko, Andreyev, Lenin, Krasin. . . . This vast and variegated world Gorki has absorbed and portrayed with unexcelled power. Limiting of the field in no way limits mastery. On the contrary. *In der Beschränkung* . . .

YET WATER RUNS AGAIN

BY EDWARD SAPIR

Water congeals, and wheels run down. So man
 Has floats of ice upon his drowsing blood
 Whereof the bottom cakes in winter mud.
 Such times winds of direction will not fan
 His spirit down the stream in that strange plan
 Which he devised in humble hardihood,
 But, holding nothingness well understood,
 He's lost the hint of what he once began.

Yet water runs again, and wheels are wound.
 So man forthwith will have himself unbound,
 And with a sudden gust of certainty
 Familiar winds will blow the ice aground
 And the full deep of the blood's channel free
 For spirit sailing down in gallantry.

THE BULLS

(To the Painter Zuloaga)

BY AZORIN

Translated From the Spanish by Katie Lush

AS I enter the house a dog begins to bark.

"Lie down, Carlín!" Doña Isabel commands.

"Good afternoon, Doña Isabel," I greet her. "How is Don Tomás? Has he gone out yet?"

The dog comes up to me, his head down, growling uncertainly. A voice from the office calls: "Is that you, Azorín? Come in."

I go into the office. Don Tomás is standing on a chair, his arms stretched up to the top of a cupboard on which eight or ten hats are piled. Don Tomás brings one down; before he is satisfied he has brought them all down.

"I'm looking for a hat up here," he explains.

"But these are tall hats," I reply, looking at them attentively.

"Yes, they are tall hats; I'm looking for a broad-brimmed one that I thought was here."

"Do all these hats belong to you?"

"Yes, they are all mine; the history of my life is here."

"Now I know something of the dandy you must have been."

"You could be well dressed in those days," he says, "but to-day there isn't a tailor who could cut a coat like one of these."

Don Tomás takes a broad-brimmed hat from a hat-box. "You see this hat?" he demands. "I wore this to the Romerist meeting in the Teatro de la Comedia in the year . . ."

He thinks for a moment and then turns to me: "Do you remember, Azorín, what year the Romerists held that meeting in the Teatro de la Comedia?"

"I'm not sure, Don Tomás, I think it must have been about 1898."

"Are you sure? Wasn't it before that other meeting at Barcelona, in the Exposición Universal?"

At the mention of it, Don Tomás takes another hat from another box.

"This," he says, "is the hat I wore to that Barcelona meeting."

"What made you buy new ones every time, when you had so many at home?"

"I'll tell you," he replied. "Now and then I had to go to Madrid. While I was there I would buy a hat and wear it home. The next time I went the fashion had changed, so I had to buy another."

From another hat-box Don Tomás took another hat. "This one," he said, holding it to the light, "is fairly right still. I bought it for the last meeting we held at the Fives' Court of Jai-Alai, in the year . . ."

He thought for a moment: "Do you recall, Azorín, when that Jai-Alai meeting was?"

"Not exactly, Don Tomás, but it seems to me it was in 1900 or 1899."

"Oh no! It must have been earlier than that. The coat ought to be here that I was wearing that time."

Don Tomás opens a wardrobe and begins to rummage among coats and trousers, overcoats and jackets. Doña Isabel stands in the doorway.

"Look, Tomás!" she calls, "It's getting late . . ."

Don Tomás turns with a frock-coat on his shoulder. "I'm coming! I'm coming now!" Don Tomás cries. "Is everybody ready? It would be too bad if the storm breaks this afternoon."

With Don Tomás hurriedly putting on a white hat, we go into the hall and catch the rustle of silk, the clear rhythm of tapping heels, a light cough. Juanita appears, lively, high-strung. She wears a white mantilla and has some carnations in her hand.

"Mama!" Juanita had called to Doña Isabel, but stopped abruptly, as if she could not find the words for what she wanted to say. Juanita's face is an oval, soft olive, with bronze lights and reflections, the delicate, subtle bronze one rarely sees, and sees always with surprise, in the skin of dark women.

Juanita's eyes are large and dark; a mysterious fire shines from them, kindling and glowing and then suddenly gone. Her lips are full and red. Her feet are small, slender, arched, curving sweetly from high, narrow heels; the openwork of her silk stocking reveals the rose-tinted skin. And—this last stroke of the brush will complete her portrait—fine, silky hair curling on the temples adds the

note of black required by the amber skin. A painter of the things of Spain would swear that Juanita could not have been otherwise.

"Mama!" Juanita demands again, showing the carnations to Doña Isabel. Thunder rumbles, muffled and distant.

"Is that thunder?" Doña Isabel asks.

"I'm afraid we are going to have a storm," says Don Tomás.

Impatient now and nervous, Juanita asks for the third time: "Mama, how am I to wear the carnations?"

"The secretary said they could be worn in the hair and in the bodice of the dress," Doña Isabel answers smiling.

"Yes, yes!" Juanita laughs gaily, the curve of her bosom rising and falling softly.

"What secretary?" I ask.

"The secretary of La Ultima Moda. The subscribers consult her and she answers their questions."

"I'll show you!" Juanita says. And with a quick movement, a rustle of silk, and a rhythm of tapping heels, she disappears, returning a minute later with a magazine in her hand.

"We asked how carnations should be worn for a bull-fight," Doña Isabel tells me.

"And she replied," Juanita continues: "The carnations may be worn in the hair; or they may be fastened in the corsage. These carnations are generally red, but white may of course be used as well. The two colours make a pretty contrast."

"The information has been received," Don Tomás comments, and strikes his stick on the floor.

It grows darker; thunder breaks again, terrifying, tremendous.

"There's the storm," observes Don Tomás.

Consternation holds us dumb; we peer through the doorway at the leaden sky. A phaeton—one of those lumbering, old-fashioned, comfortable, provincial phaetons—pulls up at the door.

"Ramón," Don Tomás calls to the groom who drives it, "Ramón, what do you think of the weather? Are we going to get a wetting this afternoon?"

Ramón answers smiling: "It looks a bit like it, *señor!*"

Lightning flashes vividly, thunder crashes with a dry, terrific noise. Heavy, dense rain begins to fall. Down there at the Feria, people are running about in a panic and hurriedly putting up umbrellas.

PRELUDE

BY CONRAD AIKEN

I

Winter for a moment takes the mind; the snow
Falls past the arlight; icicles guard a wall,
The wind moans through a crack in the window,
A keen sparkle of frost is on the sill.
Only for a moment; as spring too might engage it,
With a single crocus in the loam, or a pair of birds;
Or summer with hot grass; or autumn with a yellow leaf.
Winter is there, outside, is here in me:
Drapes the planets with snows, deepens the ice on the moon,
Darkens the darkness that was already darkness.
The mind too has its snows, its slippery paths,
Walls bayoneted with ice, leaves ice-encased.
Here is the in-drawn room to which you return
When the wind blows from Arcturus: here is the fire
At which you warm your hands and glaze your eyes;
The piano, on which you touch the cold treble;
Five notes like breaking icicles; and then silence.

II

The alarm-clock ticks, the pulse keeps time with it,
Night and the mind are full of sounds. I walk
From the fireplace, with its imaginary fire,
To the window, with its imaginary view.
Darkness, and snow ticking the window: silence,
And the knocking of chains on a motor-car, the tolling
Of a bronze bell, dedicated to Christ.
And then the uprush of angelic wings, the beating
Of wings demonic, from the abyss of the mind:
The darkness filled with a feathery whistling, wings
Numberless as the flakes of angelic snow,

The deep void swarming with wings and sound of wings.
 The winnowing of chaos, the aliveness
 Of depth and depth and depth dedicated to death.

III

Here are the bickerings of the inconsequential,
 The chatterings of the ridiculous, the iterations
 Of the meaningless. Memory, like a juggler,
 Tosses its coloured balls into the light, and again
 Receives them into darkness. Here is the absurd,
 Grinning like an idiot, and the omnivorous quotidian,
 Which will have its day. A handful of coins,
 Tickets, items from the news, a soiled handkerchief,
 A letter to be answered, notice of a telephone call,
 The petal of a flower in a volume of Shakespeare,
 The program of a concert. The photograph, too,
 Propped on the mantel, and beneath it a dry rosebud;
 The laundry bill, matches, an ash-tray, Utamaro's
 Pearl-fishers. And the rug, on which are still the crumbs
 Of yesterday's feast. These are the void, the night,
 And the angelic wings that make it sound.

IV

What is the flower? It is not a sigh of colour,
 Suspiration of purple, sibilation of saffron,
 Nor aureate exhalation from the tomb.
 Yet it is these because you think of these,
 An emanation of emanations, fragile
 As light, or glisten, or gleam, or coruscation,
 Creature of brightness, and as brightness brief.
 What is the frost? it is not the sparkle of death,
 The flash of time's wing, seeds of eternity;
 Yet it is these because you think of these.
 And you, because you think of these, are both
 Frost and flower, the bright ambiguous syllable
 Of which the meaning is both no and yes.

PRELUDE

V

Here is the tragic, the distorting mirror
In which your gesture becomes grandiose ;
Tears form and fall from your magnificent eyes,
The brow is noble, and the mouth is God's.
Here is the God who seeks his mother, Chaos—
Confusion seeking solution, and life seeking death.
Here is the rose that woos the icicle ; the icicle
That woos the rose. Here is the silence of silences
Which dreams of becoming a sound, and the sound
Which will perfect itself in silence. And all
These things are only the uprush from the void,
The wings angelic and demonic, the sound of the abyss
Dedicated to death. And this is you.

ALASTOR

BY MALCOLM COWLEY

PROFESSOR PECK, in writing his recent life of Shelley,¹ has performed a labour of disinterested scholarship. He has studied sources; he has consulted all the printed authorities; he has travelled from Los Angeles to London in search of unpublished documents; he has collated texts and traced the complicated history of metaphors; he has, in a word, devoted laborious years to collecting all the facts which bear on the poet's career. It is not likely that many of these facts will ever be questioned, nor that the present work will shortly be superseded. Until an even more patient scholar has devoted an even longer period of study to the same material, these two monumental volumes will remain, in factual matters, the authoritative life of Shelley.

However, the equipment of a great biographer should include something more than pure scholarship and a mastery of fact: it should include a sort of creative sympathy which is not to be confused with adulation, and which is strangely lacking in the present work. Indeed, it is absent to such a degree that we wonder why Professor Peck, out of the whole field of letters, should have chosen this particular subject for his distinguished researches. His attitude is neither friendly nor wholly impartial; it is that of a hostile judge, who, having weighed the evidence and balanced probabilities, now rises to pronounce his sentence. He decides that Shelley was ungrateful, was guilty of unmanly conduct, was a corruptor of morals; and finally, forgetting that a great poet has the right to be judged by his peers, he announces that Shelley's sins "of fickleness, of rhapsodies over many women, and his occasional surrenders to desire, may be in part, at least, forgiven, because of his genuine fondness for children." The critical ineptitude of this judgement could scarcely be exceeded.

Moreover, in addition to this special weakness of the present

¹ Shelley: His Life and Work. By Walter Edwin Peck. Two volumes. 8vo. 1022 pages. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$12.50.

work, there is a general weakness inherent in the whole category of factual or "definitive" biographies. They are, in reality, neither definitive nor self-sufficient. They exist in relation to an imaginary work, which consists, in this instance, of our whole body of knowledge concerning Shelley. In part, Professor Peck restates or condenses this imaginary work, and in part he offers marginal corrections based on his own discoveries. Inevitably these discoveries, which may or may not be important, are so enlarged as to be out of focus with the rest of the narrative. A single example will suffice. Professor Peck devotes a whole paragraph to proving exhaustively that Shelley, in the midst of an incidental voyage, left an unimportant town on Saturday, June 29, and not on Sunday, June 30.

Fortunately, not all of the author's discoveries are equally insignificant. There are cases in which they help to dispel a false and rather prevalent attitude toward Shelley. They prove, for example, that he was not entirely divorced from earth, that he was often a capable man of affairs, and that his sense of humour was fully developed. They show his close relationship with the thought of his time. Moreover, they illustrate his borrowings from and his lendings to contemporary writers—for, as Shelley himself remarked, "Poets, even the best of them, are a very chameleon-like race; they take the colour not only of what they feed on, but of the very leaves under which they pass."

As a whole, the present volumes are occupied less with his outward life than with his work. They are fully justified in this emphasis, for, among modern authors, Shelley was pre-eminently a man of works, a man who lived in his poems. During the years from 1812, when he began *Queen Mab*, till his death in 1822, working sometimes with ease and sometimes with desperate slowness, he produced a quantity of verse which has not often been equalled by poets whose life-span far exceeded his—and a quantity of verse, moreover, which has perhaps interfered with our full appreciation of its quality. During the same years, he was writing a number of noble essays; he was learning Italian, Spanish, and German; he was translating from five languages, and sharing in the highest intellectual life of his period. His biography, during these crowded years, is a sort of mental history, to which his various love-affairs

were only interludes, and in which the real events were the successive production of great poems.

M Paul Valéry has recently referred to the existence, in literary matters, of what might be called a law of supply and demand. "The readers of a given era," he remarks, "always obtain the quality of literature which they desire and which is in keeping with their culture and capacity for attention." One is tempted to cite the period of Shelley and Keats as an exception to this rule; the readers of that era received far more than they desired, far more than they were fitted to absorb, and the mass of them reacted—brutally in the case of Keats; hysterically in the case of Shelley. The leading publisher of the day, which was that of Castlereagh and Peterloo, called him "the vilest wretch now living." An English soldier in Pisa heard the name of "that damned atheist," and suddenly knocked him down. The reaction of the quarterly reviews was almost as physical, and it is no longer a paradox to say that it was not Adonais himself, but the author of Adonais, whose life was snuffed out by his critics.

Their most violent comments reached him at a dangerous crisis in his career. By 1822, Shelley had given the final, the most perfect expression, to a generous and impractical attitude which still persists. He was now preparing to enter new fields of poetry, but, for these difficult expeditions, he required the sympathy or support of at least a limited public. This sympathy seemed lacking. He began to question his powers, to wonder whether the reviewers were justified, to ask whether the verdict of a severe posterity would not be "Guilty—death!" Like a hunted animal, he was contemplating flight to some island "beyond the reach of mercantile communications." He requested Trelawney, three weeks before his own final cruise, to procure him a small quantity of "prussic acid, or essential oil of bitter almonds." He had almost lost the desire to live. And his sudden death, in spite of the dramatic circumstances with which it was surrounded—the departure in a squall with the husband of his mistress, the long wait of two women on the beach, the body cast up by the sea, the funeral pyre, the heart that refused to be consumed—cannot fail to impress us as being, from the standpoint of history, far less accidental than that of Keats.

For, it was written that Shelley should be drowned. An eager and foolhardy boatman, he had narrowly escaped death in half the waters of western Europe—the English lakes, the Thames, the Channel, the Arno, the Mediterranean. On the Lake of Geneva, when his boat threatened to capsize in a storm, he had seated himself on a locker, “and grasping the rings of each end firmly in his hands, declared his intention to go down in that position.” He never learned to swim, and explained to Trelawney that “in case of wreck he would vanish instantly.” He was half expecting this end, this passage over troubled waters to an acquiescent death. The image occurs not only in his life; it is one which he employs in his finest poems. And so, when he was drowned in a voyage like that of his own Alastor—when he deserted a world in which, like Alastor, he had found scant pasture for his dreams—he was offering himself as a sacrifice, “a rare and regal prey,” not to the waves alone, but to a symbol.



Collection Rutherston

PAHOIN RITUALISTIC HEAD (GABON)

THE CREEK

BY STERLING NORTH

WE must have been very poor the year that I was seven. The room that served as a kitchen and dining-room had a floor of wide pine boards scrubbed smooth and white. A bright rag rug covered the floor near the pump stand. An iron range in an alcove kept an oak fire day and night. We ate at a table covered with oil-cloth. If there were other things in the room I have forgotten them.

I think that my older sister must have been away most of the time for I never remember seeing her. Perhaps she came home Sundays and sat stiffly about the kitchen, but I am not sure. There is little else that I remember about the family except that my father's hair was already white, and he seemed to be tired after the day's ploughing. I have only the faintest image of Mother, although she was kind to me.

A creek ran under a stone bridge a half a mile down the little dirt road, and it is an image of that creek that fills my mind. A boy of my own age would meet me at the bridge and fish with me. I do not remember his name but I remember that he had sun-browned skin and heavy brown hair and that he could run faster than I could. Shiners and chubs and sun-fish swam in the creek. We caught them on long, peeled, willow poles, with black string. When I rubbed my fingers on the smooth surface of the willow pole it gave me a pleasant, chilly feeling up and down my spine. We fished together all through the warm months, and when we grew tired of fishing we would wander along the creek. There was a little piece of marsh land where the creek ran into the lake, and there was coarse marsh-grass that turned brown in the fall. Muskrats built brown houses from the grass and wild ducks dropped into the little pool that the creek made.

In the morning I would swing on my swing under the oak-tree or play in the dust of the driveway. Sometimes I would climb on the low roof of the house and lie in the sun for an hour or more. In the afternoon I went to the creek.

But often I was lonesome. The boy that I met at the bridge did not understand about many things. We used to look for little stones on the beach along the edge of the lake. I found round, white or cloudy, quartz pebbles. Others were smooth and oval, and clear like water. He would hunt for little jagged bright stones. I told him that the stones he found were not pretty at all, that stones had to be round and smooth or they were not pretty. But I knew that he did not understand.

It was the same way with fish. Shiners and chubs are silver-coloured and swift in the water, so I kept all that I caught and took them home in a pail to put in the round tank near the barn. But the boy that fished with me liked the little sun-fish that were all colours. The sun-fish had prickly fins on their backs and they were not as smooth as minnows. I did not care for them at all.

So there was no use telling him that the days were little circles and the years big ones, or that God looked like the reflection of an old man on the surface of water. Like a reflection on water because you could see right through the face into the clearness beyond. The boy that I fished with would not have understood. I was not sure of these things myself so I thought I would ask Mother about them.

The room where I slept had two windows that opened toward the lake. The wind filled the white curtains till they curved like sails. I liked the white curtains, but I think that I liked the white sheets on my bed even more. When I woke in the morning I would move one of my legs between the smooth sheets and shiver. I would never come down to breakfast until Mother came to get me.

I had forgotten to ask whether a year was a big circle or not, it did not trouble me any more. But I did want to know about God. I told Mother all that I thought about God and how his beard waved when the reflection on the surface was disturbed. She said that I should not say such things about God.

Then I asked her about Heaven, and if it had little streams filled with shiners and chubs. She said that she did not know, but that she thought there were streams. Her voice sounded like the wind that blew around the house at night. She was tired because she had to work in the fields.

I generally ate oatmeal out of a big blue bowl and then took

crumbs out to the door-step to feed the sparrows. They flocked down about me wherever I went. Mother said I was like Saint Francis; but when I asked her to tell me about Saint Francis she said that she had read about him a long time ago but had forgotten everything except that he could call the birds down about him.

One morning Mother did not come to wake me and when I went downstairs Father was getting breakfast. He took me to Blue Mounds with the horse and buggy. It had rained the night before and the water stood in pools and in the ruts. When the wheels ran through the pools it upset their shining surfaces. I asked him why we were going to Blue Mounds. He said that Mother was sick and that he was taking me to my aunt's house for a few days. I wanted to know what it meant to be sick but Father could not tell me very well.

There were no streams in the town, nor any pools with minnows in them. I only saw a very few sparrows there. There were no places to find smooth white stones nor any boys like the one I fished with in the creek below the stone bridge. I just sat on the steps and wanted to go home. My aunt was good to me and gave me everything that I wanted to eat, but she had no blue bowl for my oatmeal. The first fall days had come and there was a fire in the fire-place some of the time. I would lie on my elbows looking into the fire, trying to see the flocks of fire-sparrows that started up from the burning log. A few leaves had turned yellow and were falling from the elm-trees. They blew up and down the streets of the little town. I thought the leaves seemed almost like birds when I saw them falling.

When Father came for me his face seemed more tired than I had ever seen it. I said nothing while we were driving home because I was always a little afraid of him. I thought of the things I would do. I would swing under the oak-tree all morning; and then I would find my fish-pole where I had hidden it and go fishing after dinner. We had reached home before I asked if Mother were still sick. He made no answer, but when we went into the house he led me to the front bedroom where she lay so quietly it seemed as if she were not breathing. I could stand it no longer and I ran out of the house and down the road past the sumac hedge. No one called after me so I went as far as the bridge.

There was nobody at the bridge so I just sat on a big stone and looked down into the creek. It was flooded with brown water from the rains and had overrun its banks. A rainy wind blew through the willows and the coarse marsh-grass. I shut my eyes and tried to think of Heaven where Mother had said there might very well be streams with shiners and smooth white stones in them. All at once I was lonesome, and I started to go home up the wet, earthy-smelling road.

I walked into the kitchen where my sister sat gazing at the wall and yet beyond it.

“Aren’t we going to have any dinner?” I asked.

She sat without moving; as if she did not know I had entered the room.

Then I lay down on the floor and cried and cried.

ODE

BY CHARLES NORMAN

The water bulged, swelled the green-arching waves
that drowned the shadows of lean gulls;
ploughing the sea the galleons swayed
burrowing, and the huge hulls
plunged from perilous heights.
Around them moved the army of the sea
the undulating green-clad knights
shooting a million arrows of sharp spray.



PROMENADE. BY ADOLF DEHN

THE POETRY OF RACINE

BY BENEDETTO CROCE

Translated From the Italian by Raffaello Piccoli

THERE is good reason to-day for reverting to the poetry of Racine; not as poetry merely, founded upon an incomparable purifying power, but because qualities in it uniquely provide an antidote to loose, noisy tendencies in contemporary pseudo-poetry.

Karl Vossler in a somewhat recent study of Racine's poetry,¹ asserts that it is difficult to induce English and Germans to like it but that Italians seem to find it accessible; and according first place to Fubini's remarkable book, *J. Racine e la Critica delle sue Tragedie* (Torino, 1925) he mentions a number of recent works by Italians. Vossler is right in regarding Shakespeare as an obstacle to the full understanding of Racine; for despite the fact that love and knowledge of Shakespeare foster a purer idea of poetry, they have at times, through mistaken or superficial interpretation, given birth to a new kind of realistic academy with characteristic standards and models, different from the old classicist academy though not less arbitrary in method. This little book constitutes in concise form Vossler's wide experience as historian, philologist, and critic, and is an apt instrument for those preparing to read and meditate upon the tragedies of Racine. We have here a portrait not less delicate than penetrating, of Racine the man, his character, his life and relations with contemporary society; and Herr Vossler's comments on the way in which Racine studied and utilized Euripides, upon the physiognomy of his language and versification, are invaluable. Not less significant is his reiterated interpretation of that so-called "psychological self-analysis" which Racine's characters seem to present. It is, he says, in no sense the product of aesthetic impotence, of intellectualism in contrast to representations of actual life, but a drama of conscience, searching, deepening, clarifying itself; even the subordinates not being idle, but aiding that clarification. On the other hand, does anybody really believe that Shakes-

¹ Karl Vossler: *Jean Racine*. München, 1926.

peare's characters are actual flesh and blood, not souls; or, better still, varied and dialectic expressions of the poet's soul? Have not even they—unjustifiably—been accused of being too lyrical and emphatic? Persons and actions in poetry have always, in a sense, the value of symbols—not of visible historical images; and between one poet and another there is no qualitative difference, only that difference in mode which is answerable to age, temper, and varied emotions.

Looking for a "point of view" from which Racine's poetry should be considered in order to determine its constitution, the law peculiar to it, and its motive, Vossler first makes it clear to us that it is essentially an interior force—an active principle or will, but not of the kind that exhausts itself in external action, for then it would shine in its successes as in epic poetry or in history, where deeds and works are more important than individuals. It would be broken, driven back or withdrawn, hindered, curbed, repentant. Instead of achieving its aim and dying, it rebounds to its author and kindles a consuming flame in his breast. It is, in a way, always failure that is celebrated in these tragedies; not failure in the abstract, however, as we know it in pessimistic lyric or satire; and its virtue lies in that self-evaluation, that getting hold of self, which it induces in the characters. This is Racine's true inspiration. Thus Vossler examines and interprets the tragedies, from the *Thébaïde* to *Athalie*, not omitting the comedy of the *Plaideurs*, in which the same fundamental situation reappears. Only in the two last plays, the two religious plays, *Esther* and *Athalie*, do the characters achieve success, and in them not through the exercise of the personal and particular will, but by submitting to one which is higher and is universal; and these two plays are also the only ones in which unity of place is not observed—exceptions which confirm the rule.

This is subtle and ingenious although slightly artificial and perhaps too subtle, too ingenious since still bound up with the concepts of "drama," "epos," and "lyric," as things that can be rigorously distinguished; and it cannot be applied to the whole of Racine's work, for there are various exceptions, notably in the instance of the last tragedies; especially the last and greatest one. It seems to me that critical interpretation might proceed more simply and satisfactorily by considering again the common verdict which makes Racine—in opposition to Corneille—the "poet of the passions":

a verdict which is rather vague but deserving of attention because, like all popular verdicts on poetry, it conveys the impression which the poetry made for the most part, and is still making. To be more explicit we might say that Racine's inspiration is the mysterious and rapacious character of passion—delighting itself or tormenting itself. Passion in a pure or impure, in a mild or fierce, in a noble or evil heart; passion relapsing in ruin and death, or issuing triumphant; passion aided or crushed: by powers human; by powers divine: by the principle of good, leading to salvation; by the power of evil oppressing and destroying: such are the protagonists of Racine's plays; but the constant centre of each is always passion, and it is passion transfused into poetry that invests them with charm. It is passion in Andromaque who, loyal to the memory of Troy and Hector, eager for solitude and oblivion for herself and her surviving son, is ready to find peace in death, but determined to preserve untainted that fidelity to the past which is her secret source of strength; it is passion in Bérénice who struggles persistently for the possession of the man she loves, and who—unwilling to surrender—finally, in the very strength of her passion, finds strength to overcome it and make it subordinate in the complexity of human interests. She becomes aware that Bérénice "*ne vaut pas tant d'alarmes,*" that personal affection must not overthrow the social order and make "*l'univers malheureux.*" In Eriphile, the lonely, furtive child of guilt, it is burning passion—a turbid, unwholesome mania, irremediable till destroyed in the ill-born creature's self-destruction; and the passion of Phèdre is in origin and growth a little similar to, and a little different from Eriphile's, accompanied as it is by consciousness of sin and feelings of self-abhorrence. But it is also Acomat's wholly political and ambitious passion for power and revenge, undeviating, careful, and deliberate but instantaneous in action, contemptuous of love except as the tool of strategy, and annoyed by it only as it interferes with higher game; it is passion in Mithridate, an illimitable dream of empire, of beneficent salvage, and of the conquest of Rome; and by way of conclusion, it is passion in Joad and in Athalie—a manifestation in the former from the depths of traditional Jewish priestly dominance; aroused in the latter by the shedding of her kindred's blood, in avenging which with blood, she founds on bloodshed a tyrannic power which intoxicates yet frightens her. Critics who have interpreted passion in these

plays as purely erotic, delimit Racine's soul, unless eroticism be synecdoche for passion in general; on the other hand I should say that Vossler also narrows the concept by emphasis on renunciation, which is but a single aspect or transmutation of passion. Nor can I entirely disagree with those critics who deny religious feeling to Racine, even in his religious plays; not that he is not earnestly religious, or that the religious accent in his plays seems false, but because the impact predominately is that of passion as such, not that of religious exaltation. One remembers what Madame de Sévigné said of those plays: "*Il aime Dieu comme il aimait ses maîtresses; il est pour les choses saintes comme il était pour les prophanes.*"

If we keep in mind this poetic centre in Racine's work, we can understand why the tragedies seem rich poetically, in proportion as they become the song of passion, and why those passages which speak most directly to our souls, which become part of our souls, are the situations and moments of passion, the passionate and emotional characters—the greater ones which we have cited and lesser ones like Junie in *Britannicus*, and Monime in *Mithridate*. But almost invariably in the tragedies there is also something else: there is the dramatic tissue, with the characters and actions that weave it and stretch it; and such actions and characters are often from the point of view of poetry merely decorative, though dramatically essential. Which characters and actions, one may ask? And I should say, the ones that do not speak, or that speak not so directly to our souls—that we do not cherish in memory equally with the rest. Racine studies them always with very great care and with a fine power of psychological analysis; but they spring rather from intellect than from imagination; from requirements of plot, not at the voice of the emotions. Such elements are to be found in all the tragedies, in differing proportions and degree: Oreste and Pylade, even Pyrrhus, and Oenone in *Andromaque*, have this aspect of the made character if we may call it such. This may also be said of Hippolyte and Thésée in *Phèdre*, and of one or other character in each play. Their language tends to be madrigalesque, flowery, polite, and courtly, while *Andromaque* knows how to speak the simple words: "*Quel charme ont pour vous des yeux infortunés!*" and thus Bérénice: "*Mais parliez-vous de moi quand je vous ai surpris?*" and Acomat: "*Moi, jaloux! Plût au ciel qu'en me manquant de foi, L'imprudent Bajazet n'eût offensé que moi!*" A critical examina-

tion of single tragedies cannot but establish this varying relationship between personal-fantastic creation on the one hand, and construction on the other; the naïve reader is conscious of it and it constitutes indeed the critical problem in Racine as in other poets. This relationship must be dealt with delicately for the two things often pass into each other, and Racine is always the exquisite artist, permitting himself no unconsidered separation of the poetic from the non-poetic; but it is a thing we must take into account and Vossler does this with sure taste, in certain observations apropos of single characters, as when he declines to acknowledge the consistency of *Britannicus* and *Bajazet*.

There are two plays, however, in which the critical problem no longer consists in that relationship since its terms are not found in them, or at any rate are not distinct and contrasting: namely, those two plays of religious argument composed by Racine after his twelve years' silence, *Esther* and *Athalie*. In the former the contrast is lost in the fairy-tale intonation, that something of *lächelnder Märchenzauber* which is so well perceived by Vossler, whose analysis I accept entirely; in the latter it is submerged in the wholly passionate, wholly mysterious intonation, full of *horror sacer*, which gives life to that admirable play and creates its characters, its plot, its scenes. Vossler, like all critics, feels the greatness of this work, the greatness of the masterpiece; but in consequence of his definition of Racine's dramatic sentiment—as of the relationship between *Misserfolg* and *Selbstbesinnung*—he remains bewildered in its presence; so much so that, in order to elude his perplexity, he adopts Imbriani's definition of *Faust*: a mistaken masterpiece, with the emphasis on the second word. For him, *Athalie* “transcends dramatic form,” and the action loses itself “in epic grandeur and in prophetic distance”; “the style of Racine's times was not prepared for, and fortified against, the vigour of that poetry.” To tell the truth *Athalie* transcends the pre-established criterion, the somewhat scholastic concept of dramatic action, but does not transcend poetry—the only thing that matters. *Athalie* does not belong to a Racine attempting the impossible, but rather to a Racine who has reached the perfection of his passionate expressive tendency. The hero of the play, the priest Joad, is not “a hero after Racine's heart,” says Vossler, “but Racine need not on this account belittle him, suspect him, or disapprove of him: it is impossible to speak either of in-

clination or of repulsion in the presence of a mere *phenomenon* such as this is." And it is true that this *phenomenon*, the phenomenon of passion, the "phenomenal passion," dark, religious, sanguinary, all will and all obedience to the will of God, which attracts Racine— attracts him to Joad as, somewhat differently coloured, it attracts him to Athalie, impious and tyrannical, to Mathan, corrupt and sacrilegious, and to the predestined child Eliacin-Joas: we do not know what he will be in the future, after taking power in his hands; so respectful and pious and so perfectly educated by the priest, concentrating in himself the heritage of so much blood and of so many evil deeds, having, as Vossler observes with great penetration, a Janus head. In the light of prophetic hints, against the background of his preceptor's preoccupations the lovely child's face presents to us *das abgewandte Verbrechergesicht*, the averted profile of a criminal.

RELICS

BY LU YU

Translated From the Chinese by Kwei Chen

Opening my satchel, I cannot refrain from grieving!
 On the broken pieces of faint silk the fragments of old paintings—
 I yet know all their names.
 The willow-trees are amply shady—the bright days of spring
 still linger;
 The peach-blossoms, uncommonly lovable—just after rain; the
 sun anew;
 Light, swift, the orioles play here and talk to one another;
 There, rolling, mountain-like, the surprising waves—we hear
 them roaring!

Ah, such relics, works of the centuries; few survive!
 Insects consume them and dust fouls them—
 Beholding them, I have but tears; tears flow and flow . . .

LIGHTS

BY HOWARD HAYES

HIS rooming-house was across the city and in getting there he kept to the streets near the wharves; he liked those deserted waterfront streets. He had swung along for several blocks when he heard ahead of him the rattle of winches and the shouts of stevedores. Evidently a ship putting in the last of her cargo; the seemingly chaotic, orderly bustle had an almost hypnotic effect on him—even more fascinating at night with flood-lights glaring.

He rounded the corner of a warehouse and stopped. Under the streaming brilliance from hooded lights, stevedores with glistening arms and faces guided great rope nets to piles of goods. Other sweating men loaded them, then cables which vanished in the darkness above, raised the loads, then with winches running wild, the goods disappeared through the hatches of the ship.

In this illuminated spot on the blackness of the harbour there was a rhythmic swing of activity. Yellow booms extended up at crazy angles; bulky blackness was everywhere below.

Harrison noticed that he was on Pier 16, to which the West Star tied up. He and Merton Ramsey, the radio operator, had been together at school, but had seen each other since, only at long intervals when the West Star was in port. Ramsey always had some stories to tell that you couldn't quite believe. They had remained close friends.

The black ship with the lights on her decks might be the West Star. Harrison eagerly picked his way along the wharf to the ladder and as he came over the rail a voice shouted, "Say, are you the new Ordinary?"

"No," said Harrison, "I came aboard to see Mr Ramsey, the radio operator."

"I thought it was that ordinary seaman we are waiting for," said the Chief Mate, smiling at Harrison as Ramsey came up. The three turned to watch a netful of new wooden packing-cases descend quickly into the hold.

"We're making Liverpool, Hamburg, Bremen, and a few more this trip," said Ramsey as the three leaned over the rail and watched the collapsed net fly up from the hatch.

Harrison could scarcely explain it to himself, but he knew that he was boarding a street-car and was hurrying home to "get his stuff." He was sailing on the West Star. A fever, a tremendous rush of energy swept over him. Although he was perfectly still he seemed to be conscious of great movement in every part of his body and in his brain. The street-car barely seemed to move and he sat forward as if to urge it along. Sailing in two hours to be gone three months. A vision came to him of the cargo going into the hold. He was going with that cargo; he would see now where it went.

New strength in his legs carried him quickly up the stairs to his room. How strange it looked! He wondered how he had ever lived in it. He tied his old pants and wool shirt into a bundle. His good clothes for going ashore went into the travelling bag. A hurried note to his landlady:

"Dear Mrs Phelps, I am taking a sea voyage with a friend. I am sorry I could not give you more notice so that you could advertise the room. I will appreciate it if you will put the remainder of my things into my trunk and store it until my return which will be in about three months. I am leaving a week's rent in advance, and I will pay you for the trunk when I return."

He reread what he had written; it astounded him—frightened him. Three months was a long time. Anything could happen. Suppose he should get sick in a foreign port? He would be left. These thoughts and others raced through his brain as he sat at the little desk-like table. He looked at his watch. Time was passing. He bounded up, fears gone. In a moment he was in the street with his bundle and travelling-bag. He was escaping, looking back at the house. It was gone now and there was lightness in his step. In the street-car he stared straight ahead, his eyes turned inward.

"What on earth can be the matter with you, Mr Harrison? I've spoken to you twice."

It was like coming up after swimming under water. He looked at her and smiled quickly. It was that girl at the office.

“When you get back to the office to-morrow, will you do me a favour, Miss James?” The girl looked at him in surprise, she had never—in the workrooms of Pound, Henchman and Wineberg, Architects and Engineers—seen him look so boyish, so bursting with energy.

“Will you tell Mr Wineberg to-morrow that I have left for Europe for the purpose of studying architecture, and that I won’t be able to figure those floor capacities for him or lay out those drains?”

He was aboard the ship now, changing his clothes. The steel box, the white painted walls decorated with rivet-heads in square patterns, iron bunks stacked up, this was to be his home for three months. It didn’t look bad and he had a bunk right under a port-hole. The noise of speeded activity came through the open port and hurried his dressing.

On deck he was told to look for the Bos’n and soon everything was forgotten in the rush to learn new, unfamiliar work. How expert the others were and how clumsy he was, on the narrow steel ladders. Already his back was tired and his hands hurt, but inside he was conscious of a new freedom, a flowing power that drove him forward. There seemed to be energy in the very air.

Before he realized it they had pulled away from the pier, had dropped the tugs, and were in broad water under their own steam. A breathing spell now. Sailors were leaning against the rail, making comments in a low voice.

“All right, that’s all for to-night.” The Bos’n was letting them go. Harrison started aft, but as he passed under the boat-deck he heard Ramsey whistle and soon he was beside him at the radio shack. They stood together in the doorway, an occasional word passed back and forth; there seemed not much use for words. Two cigarettes were glowing points in the darkness.

The moon was small and high. It shone on miles and miles of water that glistened with silver dashes as far as you could see. Near the horizon there were great patches of unbroken silver.

A soft wind ruffled their hair as they turned and looked in the direction of the city and harbour. Nothing but a yellow glow was

to be seen. That way—behind them—were cluttered houses; ahead were the sea, the wind, and darkness. The ship had a deep-sea motion now and the air was strong with salt. Leaving Ramsey, Harrison went below. The fo'c'sle was deserted, but he could hear voices and laughing in the mess-room. He picked up his good suit to put it in the locker. He'd not be wearing it for a while now.

THE HERMIT CRAB

BY ROBERT HYDE

With the sound of the sea
 I fill my shell
 I fill my shell
 My shell
 My shell. . .
 The sea can sing so solemnly,
 Can sing so well,
 So well
 So well. . .
 The storm winds sing their songs to me,
 What they sing belongs to me,
 To me who dwell
 Below the swell,
 And with their songs I fill my shell
 Beneath the sea,
 Beneath the sea;
 And with their songs I fill my shell
 Below the swell
 Beneath the sea.



MANAO TUPAPAU. BY PAUL GAUGUIN



Photograph by Driest

LA FUIITE. BY PAUL GAUGUIN

BASQUE LAND

BY STEFAAN COUWENBERG

Translated From the Dutch by Bertus Hendrik Van Breemen.

“**W**HAT is it Piarrès says to the oxen?” asks Madeleine.
“He shouts, ‘*Bee-a!*’ That is Basque.”
“Yes, Father.”

If Piarrès had called “*Allez,*” she would have understood. She has travelled with me in France. But the Basque shouts, “*Bee-a!*”

I have heard it many times to-day, for in this country it is the traditional day to move and scores of families have left their Basque dwellings—have sold them in exchange for powerful persuasive dollars and pounds. Heaped high, the antique wagons, on creaking disc wheels, have followed one after the other in long lines over the sunny roads; farther inland. The Basque is forced to move. Money will modernize the age-old houses, build garages, and make tennis-courts where the archaic pelota game used to be played against the white fronton wall on the far stretching *cancha*. Slowly the Basque is retiring; deeper inland, before land-hawks, always farther from the Silver Shore, the beautiful Côte d’Argent. A few to Mexico and the Argentine, to Brazil, and Canada. The smaller farms, unworthy the attention of Yankee or Anglo-Saxon, are bought by Spaniards, with pesetas, and local colour is in a way kept alive.

This day at noon I saw such a Spanish invasion. The going ones: sober, tall, sturdy Basques. He, swart; she, light; a baby, some calves, a few chickens and rabbits in baskets between the furniture, on the single ox-wagon. The man halloed, “*Bee-a!*” The oxen pulled—their huge halter and yoke fastened to the horns with strong creaking belts. The old disc wheels grated painfully as the high loaded wagons swayed slowly downward over the stony mountain-path. A miniature exodus.

And again I observed that the Basque resembles the Israelite. Possibly they are of the same race; for the Basque looks somewhat Egyptian and I instinctively feel that he is Semitic.

Up the mountain-path between rosy ferns and the yellowish blooming *ajonje* shrubs the new owners climb. New their harness, trimmed with sheep-skin and glittering brass; new the wagon on rattling spoke wheels, new the vari-coloured quilt on top.

As types. The man: small, sturdy, Spanish, with strong well-formed face, purple holiday shirt, small stiff barret pressed against his round head. She: powdered, high-heeled, petite, deep red cheeks, thick locklets—holding a bird-cage. Chickens and rabbits in baskets between the furniture.

The Spaniard doesn't cry "*Bee-a*," but a light "*Caramba*." For the new wheels sink deep into the yard near the manure-pile. The little woman with the bird-cage looks down—grumbling. Then she smiles.

They have arrived. Somewhere far off in the valley it sounds twelve. A little later I see her tripping back and forth in her new yard like a nervous chicken, from the wagon to the door, from the door to the wagon. But to-night the chimney will smoke cheerfully and in the low-ceilinged faintly lighted room spicy steam will rise from the favourite dish—pork and pimentoes. And the Spaniard, who is a pretty nice fellow, sits down and eats slowly, elbows resting on the wiggling table; and the little woman keeps pattering round, stopping now and then to pat the bright-coloured checked pillows. . . . Next year a baby, slightly dirtier and darker eyed than the one that died, will rest in the lap of the petite powdered Spanish woman. Her long brass ear-rings will tinkle joyously in the feeble lamplight. But I must write about the Basques.

The exotic Basque people, who will soon be only a relic—as yet, living, loving, labouring. Another century and the pure Euscarian blood will have outpoured itself among that of the younger surrounding nations—the race withered, exhausted by tuberculosis and all the other maladies common to ancient, isolated races.

One of the singular things is the language. Professor Uhlenbeck sees a relationship with the Caucasian group. The grammar has traits common to Chinese it is said.

I don't know much about this. I do know that this day early in January I got up and greedily inhaled the stimulus of healthy air flowing through my open window from whose sill a winter rose waved meekly; while far off the mountains of Spain, rose gold-

brown to the clearing sky. I know that then I heard my neighbour, the boy Gachaurra—his voice high and fleeting like the fading gold of old idols—blithely sing:

*“Ene izar maitia
Ene charmagarria
Ichilic zur’ ikhustera
Jiten nitreuxi leihcra . . .”*

He sang his love-song full and free for he thought himself unobserved. His father, Manech, like his serene mother, the Etcheco-Andrea, was sleeping yet in the high four-post bed. After an hour, when they are drinking their morning coffee near the fireside in the living-room and Gachaurra is binding branches near the front door, he will softly, devoutly sing: “*Agur Maya*,” ave Maria, mother of Jesus. For that his slender Maitia his beloved sang on Christmas Eve when all thought of love-making in the platan-bush behind the Elissaldea was far . . . far. That night all that Maitia’s big almond eyes saw was incense floating around many candles. Glowing like a mystic flower in a dark golden nimbus, so Gachaurra watched Maitia stare at the Holiest of Holies.

Each Christmas night little lights descend from the mountains to the valley. In the dark open portico where holy candle-light sparsely penetrates and there is the faint sound of many voices, the unlighted lanterns with their copper-rimmed glass stand humbly waiting. On following nights they will be put to common use, when at milking-time their yellow shine will light bulky backs or glow softly on the mother of a wailing calf.

Always on New Year’s Eve we are serenaded by our neighbour the old Improvisator and his choir of young men, singing at our door with the soft accompaniment of *chulas* and *chirulas*, small harps and flutes. The choir sings the warmly witty nightingale tune, Chorietan Burazagi and the naughty Salvatore, closing with the tender Plañu Niz. Next, the Improvisator’s voice is heard, high like that of Gachaurra and all Basque singers. In pure mellow playful Euscarian he praises maliciously the women and girls of the neighbourhood, calling them “*Loriac*” which means flowers. “Blooming but lightly fading ones”—he salutes them in the vari-

ous inflections of his "*voix flutée*," the choir taking up the old refrain which sounds like a Russian drinking-song. Also praise of my wife is sung by the Improvisator, who declares that she is "*izar zilareskga*," silver star. For he is full of appreciation of the kindness wherewith she all year round has greeted him in the Basque language and has taught our little one to wish him good-night with the words "*agur piartsume*." Even the beauty of the Spanish woman, our neighbour, he exalts, though the fairest in the eyes of the Basque is she whose well-formed neck rests on a strong body crowned by a wealth of blond hair, set off by dark eyebrows.

After a day of laughter and kisses, work is taken up with force and vim. The corn has been in the barn since November; the winter rye is sown. But the soil has to be kept loose by means of the *bêche* for after one day of heavy rain the warm winter sun makes it as hard as clay.

And now hunters go out after birds and foxes, or, high on the mountains, after falcons and flocks of migrating wood-pigeons—the light grey *palombes*—caught by hundreds with large nets while flying in groups.

Now also it is slaughter time, connected with which are old traditions and venerations. According to custom the next neighbour does the butchering; the stately oldest Andrea prepares the carefully spiced *farcies*; after which, the traditional meal ceremony. On the snow-white, dark-blue striped damask cloth stand octagonal platters filled with Old Testamentic food. The women, sober and dignified as always, hardly touch the food, but keep serving. The men are stirred by ancient instinct, and long solid jaws attack great quantities of highly-seasoned food: chickens; veal cutlets with spiced gravy; *purées* of tomatoes and onions; baked *farcies* with garlic; stewed cabbage; and for dessert, whipped cream with nougat, and heavy Basque tart filled with pear-sauce or honey. Wine is not lacking, neither is brandy; the table-talk is spiced and animated, but not sugared.

Such is the Basque: a barbarian under his mask of calm dignity. But he also is the lonesome singer. "*Ene izar maitia*," he sings dreamily at dawn . . . "be greeted, dear one, my little star . . ."

And in the window of his sleeping-room, as in the times of Julian, he grows a basil and a lone heliotrope.

AT GLENAN CROSS

BY L. A. G. STRONG

WEST WIND

O white austerity,
Less cloud than flying air,
Light more than bird:

Under this sky how lost
The word that dowers form
Or prisons quality:

For what we see we know,
Yet know not with our eyes;
Cannot discern

Bird, light, or cloud
In the pure vision blown
Over our heads, and gone.

HAUNTED GLEN

This is the glen that ghosted me
Under the eye of day.
I had lost my road by Loch Nan Uamh,
And asked the way

Of an old man mending tarry nets.
He gave it me, and then
"Dance to your shadow, lad," he grinned,
"Passing the glen."

'Dance to your shadow, lad,' is a song,
But I understood no more.

AT GLENAN CROSS

Light rose the glen a mile beyond
That graceful shore.

The sun stepped gallantly between
Its tall and fingered trees,
Like virgins, leaning. Half the length
I trod at ease,

Then I remembered, and was cold,
For my feet struck no sound,
And where I stood no shadow fell
Upon the ground.

O, how I ran, I'm not ashamed,
To seek my human own
On ground that rang and verified
Breathless ten stone!

DROWNÉD HONOUR

The yellow weed like Judas' beard
Waves in the ebb and flow
Of treacherous seas too little feared
Three dead hours ago:

That yellow beard that wagged and mocked
Though first it promised fair:
Then promise-ridden, halter-shocked,
Stuck in the bleak air

Lost and ignoble, as a weed
Left sprawling by the tide.
The whole world's guilty of this deed:
And where shall Honour bide

When all our rocks are furred and flawed
With yellow beards like these,
And there is Treachery abroad
Hedless as the sea's?

THE END OF THE WORLD

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

THE sun was shining without a cloud, setting all the water in the bay to shimmering, and polishing the arching breakers till they shone like glass. Through the cracks of the wharf small sparkles of light were flashing, and the shadow of Grace Hubbard's hat on the pages of her open book seemed hardly a shadow at all. She sat drawn up on a box with her shoulder to the beach, squinting her eyes at the words, and now and then marking one with a pencil. From time to time she looked up to make sure that none of the boats were fouling their lines. There was the big forty-foot Sea-Gull painted grey and white and new this season; next to it rode the Amanda, small but the most trustworthy of the fleet; then came the green hull of the Grace Darling, and the narrow Flash which Mr Hubbard always told prospective parties was not meant for fishing but only for speed; and then the three fifteen-footers: the Sea-Lion, the Sea-Horse, and the Season. When Mr Hubbard first told Grace the name of the last launch she had thought it very clever, but after a few weeks it seemed to her silly, and now she was ashamed of it and felt embarrassed when any one read it aloud. She would have liked to ask her father to change that one name, but she hardly knew what to say. It was difficult to make her father understand how she felt about many things. He would not let her dress like the other girls on the beach. After her swim she was not to pull a pair of white duck sailor trousers over her bathing-suit, and stick a yachting-cap on her head as so many of them did. She was not even allowed to get a Japanese coolie coat, for they cost six dollars—"too expensive," said Mr Hubbard, "and anyway it isn't business-like. When you've had your swim, get into your clothes and don't hang around half-dressed like a lot of these young idiots."

"But if I want to go in swimming again later, Father? You know the water's so cold you can't stay in long," Grace insisted.

"If a swim's worth taking, it's worth getting into a bathing-suit for," was all that Mr Hubbard had to say about that. But he

had still something to say about a beach umbrella for the end of the wharf.

"I'd look nice, wouldn't I? sitting under a thing like that?" he asked, "and you, a sensible-looking girl"—he hesitated for a fraction of a second—"with glasses—"

Grace would have died rather than say another word. She sat on her box and shaded her book with her hat—although her father had suggested that she use his black umbrella—and kept her shoulder to the beach and the groups that lounged along it, and broke away to throw themselves into the breakers or play with great rubber balls. She took turns with her father: one sat inside the stand on the boardwalk behind a counter displaying brightly-coloured drinks in small bottles, ice-cream cones, and all those candies and crackers which come wrapped in transparent papers and sell for five cents; while the other sat on the wharf, a living reminder to those seeking their pleasure, that here might be rented launches and live bait by the hour or the day.

As Grace waited, slowly turning over the pages of her book, she was far away in another land by another sea. The sun was warm on her shoulders and would grow warmer as the morning breeze died down. She knew that no one was likely to come on business at that time in the morning, and the first of the fishing parties would probably not be back before one o'clock at the earliest. She could count on two hours to herself uninterrupted by the embarrassing problems that faced her at the stand, problems as to which passers-by she knew or didn't know, and what constituted knowing a person anyway, and who should speak first. Here on the wharf she was by herself with nothing to bother her.

It was therefore with a sense of interruption that she heard the sound of a step on the planks and turned to say good-morning to a customer. She thought she had not seen him before although his tan showed he had been much around the water. There was nothing noticeable in his appearance except perhaps the pale blue of his eyes looking out from his brown face, and later she noticed that his forehead showed white where it was protected by the brim of his hat, so she knew he had got his tan in boats rather than by swimming. He said he wanted a small launch and she went with him while he picked one out. The Sea-Lion would do, and could he rent bait and tackle? She took him over to the shed at the end

of the wharf, unlocking the door upon a strong smell of fish. While she brought out the bait he asked her what she was studying.

If only he had said "reading"!

She told him it was a French book, she was trying to skip a grade, and she liked the book anyway. It was about Corsica and was very exciting.

"I can speak some Spanish," the man said. "I just string the words along anyhow, but they make out to understand me. I get along."

Then he asked if he should pay now or when he brought the boat back, pulling out as he spoke a purse that seemed full of bills. She said either way and he said, all right, he'd pay when he got back. Then they could tell how many hours he'd had it. A shadow slid over the wharf and the man remarked, "That's a big gull." He seemed to look at everything he saw, and study it, and come to some decision about it.

While he pulled in the launch, she stood on the wharf watching him put in his bait and tackle. "Well, so long," he remarked, slipping down into the Sea-Lion so smoothly that it scarcely rocked. He cast loose, turned the engine over, and backed from the wharf. As he headed the boat out for the sea, he glanced over his shoulder at her, and raised one hand high in a gesture of farewell. She responded and returned to her book.

The morning went as usual. Grace finished twenty pages of *Colomba*, received and helped moor the launches of two or three returning fishing parties, exchanged perfunctory remarks with her clients upon their luck, and spelled her father during his lunch hour. At about two o'clock her father, whose turn it was at the wharf, drifted back to the stand, expecting no one for the time being and bored with the solitude of his newspaper. Grace was serving a group of bathers led by a stout woman apparently dressed in nothing but a pink sweater and a child's straw hat, when she heard someone asking her father if he had charge of the wharf. Mr Hubbard said yes, he guessed so. "I just wondered, mister, if a gentleman, a friend of mine, took out a boat sometime about eleven-twelve o'clock? I was to meet him and couldn't get down here. He'd be a kind of medium-size fellow with light blue eyes and wearing a brown suit."

"I don't remember any such party," said Mr Hubbard.

"He had an anchor tattooed on his hand," continued the man.

"No, I guess he didn't come down here this morning."

The other started to turn away. Grace could bear it no longer. Her father couldn't expect to see everything that went on from the stand when she was tending the boats. On an uncontrollable impulse she left her own customers.

"Excuse me!" she called after the man.

At first he did not hear her but at the second call he turned and surprised her by the flatness of his face.

"It must have been your friend who took the Sea-Lion this morning about eleven. I noticed his eyes."

"Was he alone?" asked the man.

"Yes. I thought he was going out late."

"Which way was he headed for?"

No, she hadn't noticed that and he hadn't said what time he'd be back.

"Well, thanks," said the man and continued along the walk.

The afternoons at the stand were apt to be busy. There were more people than in the mornings, lounging by in pairs or groups, carrying rugs, parasols, and cushions. Grace grew tired of watching them. She knew many of them by sight and had seen them running with conscious springiness along the sand at low tide, or resting sprawled for hours on their stomachs in the shade of their beach umbrellas. In the late afternoon her father went again to the wharf to meet the return of the Dixieland, the Santa Anita, and the Fisherman's Luck. His figure came and went on the dock, going to the sentry-box storehouse for supplies, and climbing down into the returned launches, swabbing out the stains of fish blood, filling the tanks with gasoline, and throwing overboard remnants of picnic lunches. The air grew cooler, the sun drew a red column of light across the water, and turned the churning of the waves to rose-colour. The reflections on the sand were now green. With the increasing lateness the tide of people turned back from the beach and began ebbing into the hotels and cottages. Most of the parasols and bright colours were gone. The beach was like a garden of morning-glories that close with the going down of the sun.

Grace put on a sweater and found time to open The Saturday Evening Post. At six her father came back to the stand.

"Are the boats all in?" she asked.

"All except the Sea-Lion," said her father. "Did he pay?"

Grace went back over the morning in her mind:

"No, he was going to pay when he came in."

"Then we'd better hang around a while longer," said her father.

"You go and get something to eat." Grace brought him back a hot-dog sandwich and a cup of coffee. The sky and sea darkened and all the lights of the town came out behind them. For a long time a bar of watermelon pink lay across the west. The evening star made a path like a small moon. Sometimes they thought they heard the chug-chug of a motor-boat, but it never grew any nearer and they decided that they must be mistaken. By seven everyone had left the beach except some boys who had built a small fire and were cooking over it.

"There's no use waiting any longer," said Mr Hubbard about eight o'clock. "You say this man acted used to a boat?"

"Yes," said Grace who felt chilled and dreary.

"It hasn't been rough," her father went on, "and on the other hand it wouldn't be worth the risk to try to run a small launch up this coast. There's not another harbour for fifty miles. Did he look honest? I can't say I thought much of his friend."

"Yes," said Grace again, and then amended it, "well, maybe not—he looked exciting."

"I'll speak to the sheriff on the way back," decided Mr Hubbard, "better safe than sorry. And to-morrow I'll cruise around a little and see if his gasoline tank maybe sprung a leak. He's got a good anchor and a night out won't hurt him."

However, it was not Mr Hubbard but an Italian fisherman who found the Sea-Lion in the fog, early next morning, drifting with the tide. What he discovered in it seemed so important to him that he gave up his day's fishing to tow the boat back to the town. There it caused a babble of excitement that spread from group to group up and down the beach—"in twelve places," "had been dead hours," "no, no one knows." Somewhere on that wide expanse of ocean, a man had been killed, when, or by whom, no one had an idea. Some inclined to the theory of robbery, referring to the thick purse he was said to have carried; others thought the crime had a look of some more personal enmity about it; the larger number believed the dead man had been a bootlegger killed by hi-jackers.

SONG OF THE TREES

There were no letters in his pockets, and no name on his clothing to identify him. The whole matter was a mystery. It took hold of everyone's imagination and for the rest of the day no one could look at the serene curve of the ocean without trying to imagine the scene—the solitude—the rocking boats—

Grace cried and cried. It seemed as though she could never come to the end of her tears. Mr Hubbard thought it natural that she should cry a little after having a thing like that happen in one of their own boats, but her grief appeared immoderate.

“What's the matter?” he asked at last patting her shoulder once or twice. “You'd never seen him before, had you?”

But Grace went on crying, and she herself could not have said why everything seemed so finished for her—so like the end of the world.

SONG OF THE TREES

BY YVÖR WINTERS

Belief is blind. Bees scream!
Gongs! Thronged with light!

And I take
into light, hold light,
in light I live, I,
pooled and broken here,
to watch, to wake above you.

Sun
no seeming but savage
simplicity breaks running
for an aeon, stops, shuddering, here.

PARIS LETTER

May, 1928

I MUST apologize for being obliged to date this Paris Letter from Timbuktu. Having in fact devoted my winter to the study of the black race, in five months I have been to the French, Dutch, American, and English Antilles, the island of Guinea, the Sudan, the Niger, and the Ivory Coast. As to Liberia, I was so tired, and it was so hot, that I remained on board, without venturing to leave the boat. From Harlem to Timbuktu, from Port-au-Prince to the Gold Coast, I have visited the tribe of Ham—by pirogue, hammock, camel, horse, auto, and even by rail, for modern Africa has railways as direct as those of America, and much finer roads. But everyone knows the vogue which the blacks are enjoying now in Paris and London; accordingly, I did not have the impression of being exiled. What is Timbuktu but an older Harlem, a Harlem where one retires and rises early? And there are fewer “plantations” and “cocoanut groves” in Guinea than at Montmartre, and they bring in less to the settlers. In Paris, Nigger Heaven by Carl Van Vechten has just appeared in a French translation, completing the world career of this excellent book. Philippe Soupault has published *Le Nègre*, the Parisian autobiography of an American negro in Montmartre, touched by the grace of surrealism, and in love with a prostitute named Europe. (This unhappy Europe is being greatly badgered in literature by the partisans of the black race, the yellow race, or the white race in the New World; it were time that someone in the United States itself came to her rescue.)

And nevertheless a young Europe does exist. The present Renaissance is undeniable, but it can best become conscious of itself outside of Europe—just as, a hundred years ago, the man who was most qualified to understand the world rising to replace the *ancien régime* was Chateaubriand, because he had observed the situation from America. In *Jaune, Bleu, Blanc*, Valéry Larbaud continues to give us the benefit of his calm wisdom, competent to derive from all sources—be they woman or philology—a refined and so to speak hand-made pleasure which is even now a rarity in our age of mechanical specialization, and which will in time become the

last strange legacy of an epoch that had known gentler ways of living. Less formal than *Amants*, *Heureux Amants*, which appeared in 1924, the stories of this new work by Larbaud are more like the preliminary sketches for books, like incomplete novels in which things are indicated and suggested, and allowed to remain in the limbo of a sensitive mentality.

Another evasion is *Vasco*, the first book and novel of a new writer, Marc Chadourne, whose *début* must be ranked with that of Julian Green as the finest promise of recent years. Chadourne learned his craft from Conrad and Somerset Maugham. He is indebted to them for his art as a narrator and his sense of mystery; but he can claim as his own the accent of profound gravity, of sincere and restrained anguish, which marks the true atmosphere of the book. We do find this tendency towards evasion, this treatment of adventure as an ultimate end, in the whole generation to which Chadourne belongs—now in its early thirties; but none of the others who have attempted to express it could approach the mastery which this young author has derived from silence, exile, and gloomy meditation—"a sundry contemplation of my travels," as Jaques says in *As You Like It*. M Pierre Humbourg, in *Escales*, unfolds his somewhat ordinary plot with the western shore of Africa as a setting—from Marseilles to the Congo. M Humbourg, who has often made this voyage, describes the life on a freighter with a remarkable force and precision. *Continent Perdu*, by M Henri Hoppenot, expresses the same attitude under a more lyrical form, the adventure here being rigorously interior and poetic.

. . . "*continent perdu*
sous les sables de l'âme,
l'Asie intérieure
qui la découvrira?"

After this abstract conflict, this journey through the soul, where the station or the steamer are but symbols, we turn to a writer who, to my mind, has not yet secured the recognition that he merits: G. Ribemont-Dessaignes. His *Bar du Lendemain* contains pages which make their author one of the most powerful satirists of our times. It is a constant source of astonishment to me that in an epoch so picturesque as our own, where contrasts of tragedy and

comedy are prevalent, where the medley of races and the confusion of customs, traditions, and individual experiences are so pronounced, there are not more satirists. I use the term in its "eighteenth-century" connotation. With his destructiveness, his flair for scandal, and his familiarity with all the audacities which the advanced schools have claimed for literature since the war, will Ribemont-Dessaigues be tempted to duplicate the career of a Swift?

From America let us return to 60° north latitude, where a new writer, M Bedel, tells us the adventures of Jérôme, his hero, the conventional type of clever, impertinent Frenchman, fancier of women and false sentimentalist. This skilful and very amusing book has received the Prix Goncourt; it is a brilliant beginning. But we have ceased to count such; these brilliant beginnings, these flashing starts, these sudden appearances of new stars greeted by salvos of publicity are a sign of the time, and one which is I believe to be found now in all countries. The public falls into line; criticism despite its old age follows stormily; everything is prepared and the *débutant* has but to install himself in his new-made glory. But that is where the difficulty begins. . . . If the Académie Goncourt, anxious not to appear outmoded, had not given its prize to M Bedel, I believe that it would have crowned either Vasco, of which I have spoken above, or *Les Hommes de la Route* by M Chamson, a beautiful and serious story, a kind of novelized poem in prose, the monograph of a highway from its birth to the moment when it is opened to traffic, detailing the transformations which it entails in the region through which it passes and in the lives of the inhabitants and the workers who have constructed it.

L'Amour à l'Américaine had been attracting the attention of the French public, with their growing interest in the various modes of sensibility overseas, when M Bernard Faÿ published *Faites Vos Jeux*. Whatever the talent of American authors may be, the best of them are so American, and are so little concerned with explaining their intentions to the rest of the world (either through scorn of composition or horror of generalizations) that, far from enabling us to understand the customs which they describe, they make these landscapes of the mind still more obscure to the eyes of an uninformed foreign public by adding the opacity of their own personalities. Thus each country must finally look to its own

writers for assistance in understanding neighbouring nations. In this respect, the United States could not have a better interpreter among the French than M Bernard Faÿ, who knows the country and loves it. Each of M Faÿ's stories bears the name of a game of cards, from the most childish to the most complex. The style of the young professor, who here tries his hand at fiction for the first time, is pliant, smooth, and witty. His characters are chosen principally from the *milieu* of the large American universities. They are drawn with accuracy and sensitiveness, a sensitiveness which is new and fresh, and which the cynical and sophisticated of Paris would be quick to find absurd if M Bernard Faÿ did not possess, along with his ability as a story-teller, the art of affecting the emotions. M Julian Green, who has gained rapid fame in the United States, and whose international fortune I am happy to have predicted in these pages when his first book appeared, has just issued *Les Clefs de la Mort*, a long story, somewhat Russian in tone, filled with mysterious beauty.

Le Microbe de l'Or by M Ivan Goll is a character study on the theme of avarice; it is an excellent novel, refurbished with all the recent acquisitions of German expressionism. I also advise reading the *Merlin* of M Jean Prévost, published by the N. R. F., a swift audacious picture of post-war love, treated with the grace of a Crébillon or of a Restif de la Bretonne. I could not recommend too highly the *Petite Histoire des Juifs* which MM Jean and Jérôme Tharaud have just published with Plon. These writers, it will be remembered, have devoted the greater part of their novels to Jewish problems. They were recently in Asia Minor—and will soon be in New York, where I promise them a rich harvest. Their little history is purely a book of vulgarization; it is the lightest and most entertaining reading that one could imagine, without any of the dryness that usually goes with such overhasty résumés. The pages on the schisms of Israel, on Mendelssohn, the Zohar, and the false prophets, are extremely attractive.

Much has been written on the Russian refugees abroad, particularly at Paris. The temptation is great, since the novelist sees beneath his very eyes a wealth of completed characters and perfected situations. No one has brought to this theme the ease and craftsmanship of the young novelist, J. Kessel, a naturalized Frenchman who is Russian by birth. His *Nuits de Prince*, with its excellent

title, was one of the best-sellers of the winter. Still on the subject of Russia, or at least of Russian mentality, I should mention the very appealing pages in which Feodor Chaliapine, the celebrated singer, recounts his youth and childhood; I do not know whether this book¹ has appeared in the United States, but it is much liked in France. Finally, whoever desires to penetrate the contemporary realm of the Soviets should read *Russie 1927* by M Fabre Luce. The brilliant young author of *La Victoire* was known for his left-wing views, in this respect even setting the fashion for some of his generation. Many of the younger men waited to learn of his opinion before declaring themselves on Bolshevism, as they recognized his fairness and progressiveness and his ability to face realities. As in our own case, M Fabre Luce went to Soviet Russia with no prepossessions hostile to the new order, and without attachments of any sort to Czarism; yet his book is clearly unfavourable to the Soviets. The author observes that Bolshevism has not lived up to its promises, in the sphere of politics, ideology, art, or literature. First having incurred the condemnation of the moderate factions by his earlier books, and now in his latest volume severing his connexions with the extreme left, M Fabre Luce has maintained a courageous attitude which does honour to his probity and his judgement.

In art, I should mention a new *Histoire de l'Art Chinois*, the work of a sinologist of good reputation, M Soulié de Morant. He is known for his translations of Chinese novels and for his Chinese literature, the best that we possess in France. M Jacques Guenne, in *Portraits d'Artistes*, speaks with competence and authority of great living artists such as Vlaminck, Matisse, Kisling, et cetera. I recommend this book as an excellent initiation into the art of our time. A taste for old travel documents is developing along with the interest in maps, ancient charts, sextants, and astrolabes. Of course, this is more frequently the province of antiques than literature, but until recently in France we have been granted few re-éditions of early voyages. There was no collection comparable, for example, to the collection MacKluyt. We should also praise the efforts of the young scholar, M Duchâtre, whose valuable book, *L'Imagerie Populaire*, I have mentioned previously.² His *Voyages*

¹ Pages from *My Life*; reviewed in *THE DIAL*, January 1928, page 71.

² *THE DIAL*, June 1926, page 508.

Anciens, though an edition *de luxe*, is of moderate price, and is already much sought after.

La République de Professeurs by M Albert Thibaudet, the foremost critic in France, is not the work of a literary critic, but of a political one. It is a book of the highest quality, so deep and sound in its thinking that it leaves nothing more of importance to be said on its subject. The author's great independence and caustic eloquence disclose in him the savour of pure French provincial soil. Though Thibaudet has to his credit many years of teaching in Central or Nordic Europe, he has preserved his fine Burgundian traits in all their sharpness and strength. Since the *Politiques et Moralistes du XIX-ème Siècle* of Faguet, no one has given us such pungent pages of political exegesis.

In biography I should mention the Alfred de Vigny of M Paul Brach, and especially the *Itinéraire de Paris à Buenos Ayres* by Jean Jacques Brousson, which is the sequel to the Anatole France *en Pantoufles* published with so much success at New York. Let us say forthwith that we even prefer this book to the preceding one. It is better than biography; it is the creation of a type as true and as developed as those of our best novels. With all respect to the illustrious author of the *Jardin d'Epicure*, we may venture to say that none of the novelist's own characters, which are often as dry as catalogue cards, will have for posterity the swarming, crafty, egoistical, and sensual intensity of Anatole France himself as portrayed by Brousson.

PAUL MORAND

BOOK REVIEWS

“THE POSSESSED SEA-CAPTAIN”

HENRY HUDSON. *By Llewelyn Powys. Illustrated with one plate and maps. 8vo. 213 pages. Harper and Brothers. \$4.*

THERE is in the writing of this book a quality which suggests both the sea and the excitement of discovery—a kind of Protean envelopment. All sorts of far-brought things appear on its pages—the Czar Ivan the Terrible and the Virgin Queen; the mermaid who was seen from Hudson’s ship by two sailors and whose appearance was recorded by the master-mariner; the Indians along the New York river who let fly the arrow which killed John Colman “at the hour when the duck come down to feed on the wild celery”; the horn, “perfectly straight, some five or six feet long, made of ivory, hollow and heavy and marvellously decorated with natural spiral twists,” picked up on the barren seashore of Vaigach, taken to be a unicorn’s horn and the finding of which was an argument in favour of there being a way out of “the sayde Orientall Ocean into our Septentrionall seas”; there are the tankards and the books and the six-holed German flute which were left by William Barentz in Nova Zembla and recovered in our time. These curious glimpses which we are given on almost every page of Henry Hudson suggest the teeming sea and also that moment in history when the earth and its seas seemed to be filled with treasures which merchants and adventurous captains and lucky mariners might possess themselves of. It was in the first hundred and fifty years after Columbus’ sailing. Columbus, as I have heard Stefansson say, planted an idea that was to engage the minds of merchants and mariners for another three hundred years. If by sailing through the Western you came into the Eastern Seas, then, by sailing through the Northern you could come into the Southern Seas. The whole balance of geographical knowledge was upset by Columbus; all sorts of speculations were seriously taken, and the minds of European men were being filled with the idea of discovery.

According to Llewelyn Powys it is to John Cabot that the honour must be given for having first suggested the idea that a short passage to the East might be found by way of the North. The idea immediately became invested with a sort of mysticism—the proximity to the Pole, "that place of greatest dignity on earth," would bring warmth and relief from the hardships of Arctic sailing. And then, in a way that brings home to us how far-spread was the adventure that resulted in such discoveries as Hudson's, the writer of Henry Hudson tells us about John Cabot, "a merchant of Bristol, by birth a Genoese and by adoption a Venetian":

"As a young man, he had visited Mecca and had spoken to certain Arab traders, newly arrived from across the desert, who, as they unloaded from off the galled backs of their tired camels bales of oriental merchandise, had told him stories of the fabulous wealth of the places from which they had come, stories that had inflamed his imagination and had set him meditating upon the possible existence of a more expedient way of bringing to Europe those treasured commodities."

Henry Hudson was the real hero of the quest for this short passage to the orient. As Llewelyn Powys reveals him, Hudson was by no means the bluff and tough serving-mariner of the merchants of Amsterdam and London. He was, before everything else, a visionary:

"The finding of a passage to the East had become for him an intellectual obsession. For this reason he not only had spent his time trying to interest the merchant financiers in his schemes, but had also passed many hours with learned cartographers and geographical students, thumbing maps and poring over old tattered marine manuscripts."

He was drawn to Peter Plancius, who apparently, "detested nothing so much, both in the physical and metaphysical world, as vague outlines."

"Ever since his arrival in Holland, two matters had occupied his attention, the discovery of a northern passage to the Indies, and

the refutation of the doctrines of that great man, the son of a common cutler, Jacobus Arminius, the founder of the Remonstrant Church, who, in direct contradiction of that 'Saint Calvin of Geneva,' was inclined in the field of theology, 'to limit the range of the unconditional decrees of God.' "

Although he was one of the most daring and persistent of the mariners of that great era of discovery, he had weaknesses:

"It is evident that Hudson was not what is generally known as a strong man, was not, that is to say, a captain whose self-confidence was vigorous enough to dominate unruly spirits in the fore-castle."

It was this lack of power of domination in the man, a lack which adds much to the human interest of his story, that brought him to his pitiful end.

The story of his third and fourth voyages occupies half Llewelyn Powys' book. "Rubens was a young man of thirty-three, Rembrandt an unwitting baby, Teniers had not yet been born," when Hudson started from Holland on his third voyage, the voyage that was to bring him up the river that flows into New York harbour. This part of his voyage Mr Powys describes with great relish. It is an idyll coming before the tragedy of the fourth voyage. We see Hudson in friendly relations with the Indians of the place:

"One likes to think of Hudson thus, indulgent, good-humoured, sitting on a bulrush mat, at ease in the simple habitation of these people, the memory of whom haunts our minds whenever we escape from the shrill importunity of modern American life into the wild woods. They have vanished, gone from the mountains, gone from the forests, but never can we see a solitary rock, moss-grown and secluded, under the wintry trees, but our imagination is touched with a whisper of their presence."

The last attempt of Hudson to realize his dream and the dream of so many men of that time, the dream of "a deep, wide, warm channel, an imperial waterway to Cathay," has, in Llewelyn Powys' narrative of it, the interest of a well-organized piece of drama. There against the background of granite and ice, are men

facing a desperate scarcity of bread; there is Hudson more and more convinced that he is about to enter the passage that leads into the warm seas, and there are the men who refuse to go further with him—that depraved young man, Greene; Juet, the old man filled with resentments against Hudson, who gives heart to the mutineers; and the pietistical Abacuk Prickett, once the serving-man of Sir Dudley Digges; and Philip Staffe, the carpenter who chose rather to commit himself to God's mercy and "for the love of the Master go down into the shallop, than with such villaines to accept of likelier hopes." What follows the mutiny is an epilogue, but an epilogue that is of the greatest historical interest. But when we have read the document which Llewelyn Powys has discovered, the document that records the acquittal of the mutineers, our minds go back to that last glimpse of Hudson:

"And now, the shallop still being in tow, they stood out of the ice; and when they were nearly out of it, 'they cut her head fast from the stern of the ship,' and with top-sails up, steered away into an open sea, leaving their captain and his son, with seven poor sailors, abandoned and exposed, 'without food, drink, fire, clothing, or other necessaries,' in that great unexplored bay. There he sat in the tiny boat, dressed 'in a motley gown,' the possessed sea-captain who had sailed to the North, and sailed to the East, and sailed to the West in his endeavour to find a passage through the ice-bound ramparts of the planet itself. There he sat, this dreamer, in his coat of many colours, until to the eyes of the mutineers, who watched the shallop grow smaller and smaller in the wake of their stolen vessel, he became a mote, a speck, a nothing, lost to sight on the unresting waves of the wharfless wilderness that had been by him, so resolutely, so desperately discovered."

Henry Hudson is a book that is full of interests that were stirring in the world, and the sort of characters that were to the fore when William Shakespeare wrote *The Tempest*.

PADRAIC COLUM

BIOLOGICAL PANTHEISM

THE CAUSE OF EVIL, Or the Values of Nature and the Values of Religion. By I. G. Bartholomew. 8vo. 194 pages. Heath Cranton, Ltd. 6s.

SCRUTINY of the inscrutable should not be easy, and one could suppose the present volume not very readily written, for its subject seems nothing less than the general significance of life, set forth in a perspective of modern biology and psychology. In so inclusive an enterprise merits must obviously be more general or personal than immediately specific, and this is the case. Now naïve, now trenchant, but constantly ambitious and courageous, the book is evidently more than a register of commonplaces. And yet quite as clearly it is not a book of discoveries, for the ordinarily informed reader must already be amply aware of most of the facts it indicates (and sometimes doubtful of the bearing given them) while a principal guarantee of the more important views presented is that they have been long and well held in warrantable quarters, though not till now, perhaps, framed in so broadly biological a rationale. The principle of the continuity of men, for instance—"ye are members one with another"—is surely no new or undeclared idea. Yet it possibly has not before been specifically related to the biological concept of symbiosis, or the latter signalized as an instance of the principle that neither man nor animal can be utterly self-contained and live. And again we seem to have heard often enough that the life of goodness is to be desired not for its supposed rewards henceforth, but simply because it is, here and now, the most consistently happy life—a life such that once we have discovered it we will love no other. But we are doubtless not so familiar with the notion that this happiness of virtue is the biological happiness of adaptation, of a perfect ecology, of protoplasm harmonized within and without. And if such subsidiary axioms of the essay are not especially novel, except in setting, neither is the chief thesis. This thesis is simply that the only secure footing of human values, intellectual, emotional, spiritual, lies in the values of nature. Our noblest motives are race-wrought, our highest experiences simply the finer passages of the general sentience within us, and within which we are. Reli-

gions and philosophies live and serve men only as they are true to the facts of man's being as a part of nature.

The reader should not, perhaps, anticipate too much pragmatic application in such a biologism as this. If premises are not distinct conclusions can be interesting and suggestive, but neither very specific nor very coercive. And while biology and psychology may eventually prove sciences of infinite import, they are obviously, in their current phase, insufficiently developed and integral to supply premises for extended inference, except as such inference is recognized to be proximate indeed. This doubtless is the attitude in which the essay is to be read, for the author specifically deprecates "completeness" in systems, and implies that his own effort will tend toward the establishment of a point of view rather than the elaboration of categories. At all events this is the aspect of the essay in which its strength is seen. It is discursive rather than precise, and establishes its directions less by logical execution or scientific sophistication than by simple duration of earnestness.

It does, indeed, establish its directions—and not merely by earnestness, but by a certain moderation of mind, which does a good deal to support the particular themes presented—presented but not impregably established—such dicta as the too meagrely developed opinion that the cause of evil is "mismanagement, lack of adaptation," or the theory that man is not yet fully human and to become so must learn the complete use of his now largely fallow brain, or the truly golden view that as individuals we take ourselves too seriously. It is not simply that in this essay on moral philosophy *via* biology there is an abundance of intelligent insistence upon the wonder as well as the mechanics of the machinery of being, upon the sweep and scope of spirit throughout the world of life, an insistence sufficiently in contrast with the moral and intellectual destitution of the behaviorist-mechanist mythologies. It is that there is present also a general fund of sense, grown up perhaps out of such honourable and substantial considerations as the old one that our human values and virtues perhaps do not urgently require derivative justification; that it may be unimportant, except pedagogically, whether they are from heaven or the mnemonic protoplasm of our animal predecessors. The point is they are here—self-evident, self-authenticating. "We have recognized," says the author, justly, "not invented our ideals."

CHARLES K. TRUEBLOOD

THE SEVENTH HILL

THE SEVENTH HILL. *By Robert Hillyer. 10mo. 85 pages. The Viking Press. \$1.50.*

THERE are two difficulties in reviewing volumes of verse, two opposite dangers, either of which is absurd: the system of generalities and the system of samples. In the first case, a review becomes nothing but a clothes-line for airing theories in the spring or autumn; in the second, the poet is cut up into specimen cross-sections for the microscope. In either case the reviewer makes a fool of himself, or his reader. Poets, too, are apt to fret in the one instance, feeling that telescopes or opera-glasses would be more appropriate. With a first volume, again, a reviewer can always prophesy or patronize—according to personal relations or digestion. But this is Mr Hillyer's seventh book of verse, and even for an artist, he must feel himself secure. He has not exploded any bombs of unexpected form or substance—maturity achieved and the mould of manner having determined the shape and content of his work some time since.

Charm and ease are there, and all the qualities which have won shrewd praise in England and America—but one is sorry to remark certain of the familiar minor vices. Although hard and fast divisions between thought and feeling have bedeviled modern criticism, Mr Hillyer, if one thinks that way, is a poet of intellect rather than emotion: sentiment, with him, is apt to blur. Teasingly, as in so many instances, the artist's best is what he calls his second-best. Every poet has his ups and downs, and sooner or later his fatal disease, to wit, loss of self-criticism, is followed by the fatty degeneration of his books. Thus far Mr Hillyer has always recovered.

This book is not better than his last—indeed, there was no good reason to suppose it could be. Moreover, poets should not be encouraged, because authors develop an appetite for praise, and are only too easily persuaded of their progress and improvement when common experience proves quite the contrary. Once let a poet convince himself that his art is “a living, growing thing,” and

he, too, promptly tries to grow—with the usual consequence that he ends self-conscious and dull. Mr Hillyer has maintained himself: of the nine sonnets in *The Seventh Hill* at least four are as fine as the best of the first volume, *Sonnets and Other Lyrics*, of eleven years ago. The school is that of the wisest—Mr Santayana.

Of the other poems, *Tierra del Fuego* and *For Ever*, the first two in the volume, and the thirteenth (Mr Hillyer has discarded all titles for numbers and made his list of contents of first lines) are the most notable. These three Mr Hillyer has not ever excelled, although the metrical experiment of *Fading Moon* is the most interesting for the artisan. To discard titles was good: one wishes the author might do likewise with certain words and turns of phrase conventional only with poetry. For melody, for verbal felicity, and not infrequently for quick description, there is only praise; here and there, however, are little patches one might fairly call pink.

A cynic has said that no one ever hears himself complimented with sufficient discrimination, but perhaps not the least virtue of this verse is negative: the absence, that is, of qualities which make modern poetry so frequently foolish and offensive—insincerity, strut, and strain.

STEWART MITCHELL

EXTRA GOOD ONES

FOURTEEN GREAT DETECTIVE STORIES. *Edited, with an Introduction, by Vincent Starrett. 16mo. 400 pages. The Modern Library. 95 cents.*

FIRST, Mr Starrett has done a good job. So have the publishers in avoiding the title, "The Fourteen Best . . .", because that leads to irritation. All the stories included are good and half of them certainly rank with another half dozen or so, as the best of the lot. Especially to the editor's credit is his capacity to pick a good story out of a lot of bad ones; the little man with a piece of string who serves as the detective in stories by Baroness Orczy has always bored me; and Mr Starrett has found *The Fenchurch Street Mystery* which is extraordinarily good and shows the detector who reconstructs cases out of newspaper clippings at his most ingenious. On the other hand, he has put in *The Problem of Cell 13* which is only a detective story because a detective is the principal character; it tells how he escaped from a cell on a bet. Davis's famous *In the Fog* is really a spoof detective story, but is legitimate; and one of the best yarns, *The Absent-Minded Coterie*, infuriated me because it is too subtle or—as I hope—it is part of a series and the unexplained portion of the mystery is carried on to another story. I may say that the collection begins as all collections should, with a tale by Poe (this time it is *The Purloined Letter*) proceeds (correctly) to Conan Doyle (*The Red-Headed League*—a fine story, I confess against my inclination to choose another) and then comes quick to its climax in *The Blue Cross*, one of the very best of the *Father Brown* stories.

The requisite nowadays is a new means of detection and a passion for this novelty leads people like R. Austin Freeman (who has an amazing gift in developing his plots) to the dull scientifics of Dr Thorndyke. (See, for example, *A Certain Doctor Thorndyke*, recently published, in which half the book is an adventure story quite above the average, but totally unnecessary in relation to Dr Thorndyke's dull microscopic investigations of bits of dust.) The supreme merit of Chesterton is that almost all his explanations

are connected with ethics, that is, fundamentally with character. Father Brown is a detective because he is a Catholic priest—and that gives the tales, apart from their intellectual interest in the Chestertonian system, novelty as pure detective stories. Philo Vance (in S. S. Van Dine's series of full length novels) is at pains to assert that he finds the criminal by considering the crime critically as a work of art—but I do not believe him; he is using the old methods of common sense, deduction, a bit of science, and the rest. The excellent Hewitt, first successor to Holmes in point of time, is a good simple detective—he works on clues as a good detective should—at least in stories. Luther Trant uses association tests (which somehow leave me as cold as Craig Kennedy's fantastic inventions—properly omitted from this collection). The blind Carrados uses imagination to reconstruct a scene or, in this case, *The Tragedy at Brookbend Cottage*, to construct one in advance of the crime.

All methods are good if they make good reading. In *The Case of Oscar Brodski* Mr Freeman tells the story of a murder with complete detail and tells how the clues were swept away; in the second part he tells how the clues were reconstructed—and this story is as interesting as most of those which suddenly disclose the unsuspected murderer in the last paragraph. In *The Age of Miracles* a story is again directly told with no specific indication that a crime has been committed; toward the end the detective forces a sort of restitution by threatening a man in obscure terms; and the last line of the story gives the whole thing point by showing that there had been a murder.

This does not mean that a good story is the essential thing and that detection is secondary; it means only that the method does not matter. In *The Age of Miracles*, for example, the moment you know the facts, the whole story shows itself as a piece of detection. The true believer in this type of fiction is rapidly becoming indifferent to his own capacity to guess a criminal's identity. Mystery is part of the fun, but after the first three thousand stories the greater pleasure is in the working out. I have read (and hastily forgotten) any number of detective stories in which I was completely baffled as to the outcome, and completely indifferent because the relation of the story, the characters and the plot, did not hold

attention. And I have spotted a criminal in the third chapter and remained entranced by the skilful complexities of the story.

I do not know whether psychoanalysts have gone to the bottom of the almost universal passion for police romances. Probably it is due to a variety of suppressed desires—to commit murder and to prevent murder, to live dangerously and to love policemen. I find my interest heightened whenever the author plays fair with me, makes himself my adversary, but a respectable one. This gives two conflicts to the story—between the criminal and the detective, between the author and the reader. And a double satisfaction at the end.

GILBERT SELDES

BRIEFER MENTION

MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD, by Elinor Wylie (12mo, 256 pages; Knopf: \$2.50). Of Miss Wylie's books this is the most satisfactory. Here is pathos pinioned with a glancing stroke and displayed with the light sad grace of an ironic princess whose insight has been nurtured in studious isolation. Capricious ladies smile with indulgent disdain on the poet's vagaries, the poet whose innocence and whose depth, whose shabbiness and whose pride, make him, in these fragile scenes, so singular, so chastised a figure.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW, by Lord Charnwood (12mo, 284 pages; Lincoln MacVeagh, Dial Press: \$2) is distinguished by clear simple writing; by a murder which is really mysterious; and by the presence of three or four possible criminals, one of whom, at least, is studied as a character. The blemish is in the irruption of an old story from the Antipodes; but it is not a bad old story; and the mechanism of the final pages is excellent.

THE GREENE MURDER CASE, by S. S. Van Dine (12mo, 388 pages; Scribner's: \$2) is easily the best of this author's three. Grudgingly (as a reference in the text shows) Philo Vance has given up some of his insufferable conceits; and in the space left by the omission of his bad English and presumably good Latin, the author has been able to develop his story with completeness. It is the story of a household destroyed—one member after the other. As each one is suspected, each death narrows the field of possibilities; finally two are left and—you do not guess which is which. Actually the story would be more logical with the ending reversed, but the author has been obsessed with the idea of keeping the identity secret as long as possible and has sacrificed the story a little. There is a long literary background for the crime at the end; and two hints are dropped with exquisite precision exactly where no one picks them up. This is the first of the Philo Vance stories which is not based on an actual case—and fiction has bettered fact.

THE BARE HILLS, by Yvor Winters (12mo, 62 pages; Four Seas: \$2). Nature's hieroglyphics of the visibly significant can be man's testament to suffering—to the arrogance, the humility, the pain, the pleasure, the discipline, the undiscipline of existence—and these poems acutely convey understanding, or to be exact, apperception, of the sharpened sensoriness of one who can eat bread "as if it were rock," whose cumulative eloquence, "trapped and morose" at times, recedes in geometric inverse ratio to its imperativeness; who does yet see sacramentally, "a fern ascending," "a last year's leaf turned up in silence," "the streets paved with the moon smooth to the heels." For Mr Winters "the harvest falls . . . with a sound of fire in leaves"; "sunrise is set as if reflected from a violin hung in the trees"; "the hairy cows . . . move here and there with caution."

FUGITIVES: An Anthology of Verse (12mo, 164 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2). Including for the most part more than a single poem by each of the eleven authors represented, this anthology is judiciously persuasive. Throughout the collection, however, one is conscious of a prevailing attitude—of equivalences shall one say—of thought and feeling which make one wish that feeling were an easier thing to exposit and that contemporary vernacular were less hydra-headed, ostrich-natured, insatiate, and in the manner of the Indian *fakir* on the bed of spikes, relentless toward itself.

JEALOUS OF DEAD LEAVES, by Shaemas O'Sheel (12mo, 72 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$2). This carefully winnowed selection of the poetry of Mr O'Sheel has a peculiar interest of its own. It is an almost flawless specimen of the type of wistful romantic emotion against which the most original poets of our age are so bitterly reacting. Tender, plaintive, and sincere, one catches in these fitful cadences the charm of something that is passing away; an appeal to a response in us that has grown faint, jaded, weary.

AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION, by Henry W. Taft (12mo, 75 pages; Macmillan: \$1.50). To the science of this matter Mr Taft has applied the wisdom of Addison, Montaigne, Doctor Johnson, Doctor Mahaffy, Macaulay, Lord Chesterfield, Lamb, Hazlitt, Thoreau, Emerson, and others. He implies that tactful persons are more nearly equipped to prevail in conversation than "a race of contenders" and would welcome, with Doctor Johnson, opportunity for friendly interchange of thought "where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased." For so kindly a book one craves an invulnerable verbal mechanics unmarred by stock phrases and rhetorical "inaction"; but as trustworthy and conversable readers, we must accord our benefactor appreciation, not mere mechanical appraisal.

FLORENCE, by Camille Mauclair, translated from the French by Cicely Binyon (8vo, 221 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$5). The person of culture learns Florence early and is apt to forget that continually there are new persons to begin the process of acquiring culture; and hence the said p. of c. is apt to disdain the guide-books by which he clumb to knowledge. But they are a useful part of the modern equipment and can be inoffensive. Indeed Camille Mauclair's is admirably discreet and those mighty names, Savonarola, Brunelleschi, Machiavelli, Giotto, Botticelli, Leonardo, et cetera, are given their correct values in it.

AMERICA, by Hendrik Van Loon (illus., 8vo, 470 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$5). Of Maximilian, Dr Van Loon writes: "He was a kind soul, an amiable prince, and he painted lovely pictures and played quite nicely upon the piano and knew an awful lot about botany. But he didn't have much of a chin—no, he didn't." As is done sometimes in murder trials we should like to "rest our case," to offer nothing in rebuttal, trusting entirely in the good sense of the jury and confident that justice, in the end, will be done to all.

LA COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE, par Constant Mic (8vo, 240 pages; Edition de la Pléiade, Paris: price not given). This is the sort of thing they do so well in France. They have rich libraries stored with the records of a gorgeous past and the leisure and the desire to put order into their records for the pleasure of the amateur—who is pleased in such numbers, apparently, that the loving labour is not ill recompensed. This book is a handsome specimen of its kind, replete with the psychology and manners, intimately detailed, of the art of the strolling players who relate so closely to Molière and Shakespeare and consequently to us. A not ungrateful touch is the dedication to the "*plus grand Comédien de notre temps*, Charles Spencer Chaplin."

THE THEATRE OF NEPTUNE IN NEW FRANCE, by Marc Lescarbot, translated from the French by Harriette Taber Richardson (8vo, 28 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$4). This masque, representing an incident in the early history of European settlement in the New World, was first presented "upon the waves and upon the frozen river banks" at Port Royal in the year 1606. Its verses show a cultured knowledge of the literary usages of the day. With its delightful illustrations and punctilious notes it should prove of particular value to students of the period and to those whose leisure allows them to follow bypaths narrow and select.

CÉZANNE, by Julius Meier-Graefe, with 106 plates in collotype, translated from the German by J. Holroyd-Reece (4to, 66 pages; London, Benn; New York, Scribner's: \$22.50). "The quivering dancing dot in the chaos can be painted. If the attempt fails, one had better not paint at all, for art, today, exists only to collect our conceptions of the world. Courbet may have had such a vision of it in a dream when he thought to have discovered realism; Manet had an inkling of it when he made his demand for *contemporanéité*. Both were too glib, too surprised by their own novelty to penetrate the shell to the kernel; they painted perfect fragments. Cosmos is what matters. If the cosmos is as tattered as ours, art will gather it together in tatters." This, too, is glib. Very smart writing indeed. But does it mean anything? *Surtout*, does it really clear up the mystery of Cézanne to the anxious enquirer who has hitherto been baffled by it? Yet Meier-Graefe has his followers. It is a case, no doubt, of enthusiasm breeding enthusiasm rather than reason breeding reason.

MARC LESCARBOT, Nova Francia, A Description of Acadia, 1606, translated by P. Erondelle, 1609, with an Introduction by H. P. Bigger (8vo, 330 pages; Harpers: \$4). This admirably edited edition of Lescarbot's adventures among the American Indians is entirely justified in carrying upon its cover the great name of Montaigne. Wise and civilized, whimsical and penetrating, Lescarbot's observations upon "our savages," as he affectionately entitles them, are an illuminating proof of the indulgent humanity of the old French culture in its contact with the aboriginals of the New World. One detects nothing brutal, nothing patronizing, in these genial travel-diaries; and the biblical and classical quotations, with which the author liberally garnishes his narrative, fall pat on every occasion.

MUCH LOVED BOOKS, Best Sellers of the Ages, by James O'Donnell Bennett (8vo, 460 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$3.50) grew out of a series of newspaper articles bearing the title *Best Sellers of the Ages*—a journalistic undertaking of such quality as to amply merit its evolution into a book. The author has retold the significant history of more than fifty classics, spiced with anecdote and flavoured with quotation. Beyond question, "the songs of Homer and the meditations of Thoreau are still good news."

BOOKS AND BIDDERS, by A. S. W. Rosenbach (8vo, 311 pages; Little, Brown: \$5). Love and the prices of love are curiously blended in Dr Rosenbach's book. There is no doubt whatever that he genuinely loves literature though the vague suspicion haunts the impecunious amateur that such an expert could not love it so much if it lacked market value. This is all nonsense, of course, and Dr R.'s ready reply would be that literature worth loving necessarily has all the requisite money-values and so what are you going to do about it? Nothing. Dr R. has us there. At the same time this trafficking in dead souls *is* disturbing and there *is* something callous in thus shouting from the roof tops, charnel-house secrets.

THE STORY OF MYTHS, by E. E. Kellett (12mo, 255 pages; Harcourt Brace: \$2.75). Written in an easy gossiping style, interspersed with topical and ludicrous allusions, too closely packed perhaps with diversified matter to convey the finer plausibilities, this little book should have the effect of starting a pleasant Myth-mania in many unsophisticated minds. Its chief interest for others will be in various unexpected items of mythopoeic information; such as that "the sun in Teutonic myth is a girl"; and that "the baker's daughter" of Hamlet's allusion became an owl, because she cried "Hewgh! Hewgh!" when a miserable dole of dough she had offered to our Saviour grew in the divine hands to enormous proportions.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE OF TODAY, by G. H. Edgell (8vo, 375 pages; Scribner's: \$6). In this timely and comprehensive book on the architecture of this country Mr Edgell has done a notable piece of work. Steering his way with adroit balance between technical professionalism and popular common sense, he has furnished enlightened readers with precisely the bird's-eye view they needed in order to grasp the essentials of the stupendous Renaissance in the midst of which we live. Mr Edgell does not shrink from according to our more daring individualists, such, for example, as Mr Frank Lloyd Wright, recognition due to their unprecedented innovations.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY, *The Clown, The Harlequin, The Pierrot of His Age*, by Haldane Macfall (illus., 8vo, 270 pages; Simon & Schuster: \$6). Those who wish the facts of Beardsley's life may get them here. The parentage, schooling, friendships, hemorrhages, exiles—and even the obscenities that Beardsley repented of on his death-bed—are recounted in the order in which they occurred. There is nothing, however, of the elegance that the unfortunate artist himself would have put into such a work—nothing of mystery, fantasy, or wit. The writing, in fact, lacks style.

BEETHOVEN: His *Spiritual Development*, by J. W. N. Sullivan (8vo, 262 pages; Knopf: \$3.50). How much of a man may be read from his music is an elusive problem, and Mr Sullivan—with the best intentions in the world—has left it very much where he found it. He has stated the boundaries of his purpose elaborately, but the more earnestly he strives for definite conclusions, the more generalized and remote his thinking seems to become. It simmers down to his declaration that "Beethoven's work will live because of the permanent value, to the human race, of the experiences it communicates." So much is incontestable.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, by G. K. Chesterton (12mo, 211 pages; Dodd, Mead: \$2). Mr Chesterton starts with the idea that too much sentimental nonsense has been written about R. L. S., that it encumbers the memory of his famous friend, and that it should be swept away by a dash of common sense. This is almost as much a myth as the stuff he dispels. Gush has a way of dying of its own inconsequence and Mr Chesterton does it too much honour. For the rest, his essay makes agreeable reading—not the most profound item but certainly not the shallowest in the long array of Stevensoniana that encumbers our shelves.

JOHN MACDONALD, *Memoirs of an Eighteenth Century Footman*, edited by Sir E. Denison Ross and Eileen Power, with an introduction by John Beresford (8vo, 256 pages; Harpers: \$4). Success in literature, like success in love, is sometimes mysterious. There must be a guiding principle but not all the rules are known. John Macdonald succeeded in both avocations. He was a simple footman who thought to keep a journal—and kept it exceedingly well. It reads as easily as romance—in fact there is romance in it, for this was a Don Juan among footmen, who troubled the peace of mind of maids and mistresses but who valeted gentlemen perfectly and managed to see a great deal of life in so doing.

JANE WELSH AND JANE CARLYLE, by Elizabeth Drew (12mo, 276 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2.50). Miss Drew has assembled the conflicting reports and contested theories in relation to Jane and Thomas Carlyle, and her book purports to be a final statement of their celebrated situation. She writes in a manner that should ensure for her a wide reading among the followers of the popular monthlies. To the present reviewer, however, this author lacks the necessary perspicuity to do complete justice to her subject, and we are, in the end, left just about where we have been so often left before.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE, From the Earliest Times to the Present, Revised Edition, by William A. Nitze and E. Preston Dargan (8vo, 770 pages; Holt: \$5). Where these authors have had the pruned criticisms of the past to draw upon they have written most excellently. Their work is, in the best sense, professorial—analytical, balanced, authoritative, interesting. It is, however, we regret to say, in the portion of their book which the present volume was revised to include, that a certain lack of literary selectiveness becomes discernible. Perhaps even for our most enlightened teachers time must pass its well-tested judgements before they can be wholly trusted.

WORDSWORTH IN EARLY AMERICAN CRITICISM, by Annabel Newton (12mo, 193 pages; University of Chicago Press: \$2.50). As a contribution to that peculiar aspect of the history of criticism that might be named aesthetic psychology, this little book offers both significant and entertaining evidence not only as to how slowly and reluctantly the moral sensibility of American taste learned to outgrow its preference for Mrs Sigourney and Mrs Hemans, but as to the obstinate temperamental difficulties that hindered even such daring critics as Emerson and Poe from catching the true Wordsworthian spirit.

THE WORKS OF SCHOPENHAUER, abridged and edited by Will Durant (12mo, 539 pages; Philosophers' Library, Simon & Schuster: \$2.50). Mr Durant in his cheerful introduction to this able selection of the great pessimist's work says that what we like in Schopenhauer is his honesty. But could the philosopher who wrote *On Noise* and *Of Women* be called quite honest? Does not his power lie rather in his passion, crabbed, personal, and uncompromising, presented as it is with such sagacity, with so sober and formidable a logic?

THE WORKS OF PLATO, abridged and edited by Irwin Edman (12mo, 553 pages; Philosophers' Library, Simon & Schuster: \$2.50). This is an excellent abridgement of Plato. Professor Edman's Introduction follows with a most nice and cautious step the middle path between a too brusque and slap-dash popularization and a too sophisticated scholarship. The style of his translation is at once easy and free from flippancy. In his selections the stress is laid rather upon the idea-play of the Platonic Socrates than upon the more abstruse Platonic ideas. Thus the *Apology* and the *Symposium* are included; the *Timaeus* omitted; but the method of choice is well defended in the Introduction.

CHAUCER, by George H. Cowling (12mo, 223 pages; Dutton: \$2) is the best comment that one could have on Chaucer's poems. Professor Cowling tells us all that is known about the poet's life and gives us a critical history of the texts that make the canon of his poetry; he situates Chaucer amongst the happenings and the ideas of fourteenth-century Europe, and he gives a judicial estimate of his poetry. The book reveals research, but a research that is not obtrusive; it is as well written as it is judicial and informative. What Professor Cowling says is never novel, but it is something that he has proved for you. "He was the first English poet to prize metrical form, the first to display conscious narrative art, and the first to achieve a style. . . . He created the novel in England, as distinguished from the old order of romance." He has shown it is so before he said it. And this, "There can be little doubt that Chaucer's variety, his love of trickery as a motive, his 'tragedies,' his realistic setting, and above all, the excellency of his art of narrative, are due to Italian influence." The chapters in the book are *The Life of Chaucer*, *The Canon and Chronology*, *The Scholar*, *The Poet*, *The Novelist*, *Style and Character*. It is a book that really helps us to understand Chaucer, and to send us back to reading him—even to reading *The House of Fame*, *The Book of the Duchess*, and *The Romaunt of the Rose*.

THE THEATRE

IT must be many months now since I used these pages for my old-fashioned sermon on the virtue of knowing what kind of play you are producing before you are quite finished with the production. The short name for the possession of this virtue is style. By achieving a style, the Theatre Guild, Mr Moeller directing, gave a grand production of **VOLPONE**; by debasing one, the producers of **THE BEGGAR'S OPERA** ruined one of the loveliest memories in years; by being utterly unconscious of the meaning of the term in regard to production, Mae West presented a supremely absurd melodrama called **DIAMOND LIL**, and redeemed it because in herself she has a sense of style on the stage. Mr Harry Wagstaff Gribble need only refer to these pages of many years ago to know that I was not one of those who held back admiration from his **MARCH HARES**; the new production directed by the author retained the name and the description of "a fantastic satire," but on the billboards it was called "that slightly cockeyed comedy" so a confusion of styles was inevitable.

VOLPONE¹ is a translation from Stefan Zweig's free rendering of the Jonson comedy. The indirect approach to a masterpiece seems absurd; Jonson can be played directly from his texts—I recall **THE ALCHEMIST** done by the Phoenix Society in London as a particularly attractive play. From the text, however, Jonson remains remote, an amateur's delight for a single performance or two; and in the Zweig version the material becomes much more malleable, the old craft retains her swelling sail, but becomes seaworthy in great oceans. Zweig is always a man of skill and adaptability; in this case he saw great possibilities and at once recognized what he wanted to do with them. Chiefly he wanted to make a sardonic comedy of character in the manner of the improvised comedy of the Italians—and the relations between Jonson and the *commedia dell'arte* were close enough to justify him. The names in **VOLPONE** are not the names of Venetian or Bergamese masks,

¹ Ben Jonson's *Volpone: A loveless Comedy in 3 Acts*, Freely adapted by Stefan Zweig. And Translated from the German by Ruth Langner. With Decorations by Aubrey Beardsley. 16mo. 187 pages. The Viking Press. \$2.

but the characters are essentially the same. Volpone is the most equivocal figure; but Mosca is surely Harlequin-Sganarello and Colomba is Columbina and the old men are versions of Pantalone and so on down to Leone, the captain who is Spavente of Hell Valley over again.

The quick complications of the plot are also in the *commedia* vein; things happen and are explained as swiftly as they are in American comic strips or in Keystone comedies. There remains the difficulty that Volpone himself is complicated. In the old *commedia* he would have been nothing more than a miser gloating over his gold; in this play he is envenomed against the human race. No other character has any complexity—each is reducible to a single passion, demonstrable by a specific gesture. Volpone is a character, a person who thinks not as a Harlequin with the common wisdom of his time, but as an individual. If the play were to be considered pure *commedia dell'arte*, Volpone would throw it slightly out of focus.

This is what made the production difficult and the success so vastly interesting. In two parts it went wrong. One was the obvious case of McKay Morris as the Captain for Mr Morris seemed not to be aware of the Captain's antecedents, and insisted also on having the appearance of emotions where the text gave him none. He should be the braggart in all simplicity—his connexion with the plot as the disinherited son is almost beside the point. He should be vastly exaggerated (Mr Morris was not wrong there) and should never appeal to our emotions (in this Mr Morris failed). The other instance—I am almost surprised, myself, to say it—is Mr Lunt whose Mosca seemed to me altogether to lack lightness, the Harlequin touch, except in a few scenes of physical agility and deftness. It is quite true that in the end Mosca is quite a moral character, flinging away the money which has caused so much evil. Yet his enthusiasm for intrigue, his gratuitous complication of the master's plots, his betrayal of one dirty trick and his defence of another, are all the marks of the wilful servant who started in the Greek comedies and passed through every civilization until he appeared in our own time as Inbad the Porter or as The Wildcat. Mr Lunt seemed to me too sicklied over with the pale cast of thought and although he was clearly creating a character by means of many touches, all harmonious, all in one style, it did not seem to me that the style was entirely appropriate.

Mr Digges as Volpone, Messrs Leigh, Cossart, and Travers as

the birds of prey, Miss Gillmore and Miss Westley as the contrasted women, were all perfectly in the tone of the play; so were the costumes and the sets; so were the movements of the crowds. Like everything in the *commedia*, the text is nearly nothing, for a filling in with jokes and quips—not verbal, but active—with the treasured *lazzi* of the originals, gives sparkle and movement to the play. In the court scene, for instance, there has been the usual amount of relayed shouting. “Order in the Courtroom” began offstage right and carried across the stage to offstage left, growing fainter in the distance. And presently one of the characters tells how he heard the cry of “Rape” and instantly the stage is full of soldiers and court attendants shouting “Rape” with terrific gusto as it echoes down the halls. Scene after scene received this hearty treatment, the type of thing found usually in burlesque and farce. It was tremendously funny and it never got in the way of the other interests of the play. On the whole I think it is the Guild production I have liked best in several seasons.

MARCH HARES is amazingly fresh after seven years. It is all lightness, inconsequence, and frivolity; and once at each of its productions a critic has called it unhealthy and immoral. It is a comedy of exhibitionism and a great many involutions appear, of which Freud is the unconscious father, but so neatly run into the plot and so carefully not tagged with serious names, that you are unaware of implications for their own sake. It is not remarkable that this play, after two failures here, should be successful in London, for it stems from Oscar Wilde. It neither crackles nor sparkles so continuously as Wilde’s better comedies, but there is a strong current of fantastic irrelevance, of the kind of humour which used to be called shaggy. It was acted too heartily in spots and too pointedly in others; even so it never failed to be entertaining in its central episodes.

THE BEGGAR’S OPERA was too coy for words. Possibly a five-year tour of the American and Canadian provinces would rub the bloom off any production—one feels rather sorry for the players, returning to a second siege of New York. Essentially, I take it, Gay wrote a burlesque of the Continental opera of his time, convinced that a few good old English tunes and a few thieves and rogues would make as good entertainment as Germans and Italians

could offer with Xerxes and Corydons. He was more than right since his work has lasted and theirs has been sliced into *arias* for concerts; but to preserve his rightness and to make it interesting, one needs to produce **THE BEGGAR'S OPERA** in the authentic spirit of the original. This carries much farther than attention to clothes, properties, and pronunciations. **THE BEGGAR'S OPERA** produced as a burlesque of **IL TROVATORE** would still be in keeping with Gay's intentions. To make it pretty, to attempt to win for it those very seductions of grand opera which it burlesques, is unkind—and ineffective.

Unwilling to wait an additional week for the appearance of Miss Mae West, I travelled far to see **DIAMOND LIL**, to a place differently named by every member of my party, but roughly definable as an hour's taxi-ride, at top speed, from the Bossert Hotel in Brooklyn. The theatre there (Teller's Shubert by name) is gorgeous in gilt and plush and the drop curtain has advertisements of such old-fashioned things as stoves and addresses on Broadway—not meaning Manhattan. It seemed to me that ninety per cent of the audience came at the last minute and bought tickets, as one does for the movies. Before this simple audience Miss West unrolled a melodrama made of the most sordid materials: drunkenness, dope, white slavery, murder, and the like. None of these was rebuked, none glorified. In Miss West's works there are not exactly tears for things as they are, but a sort of half-interested constation. Unenergetic as ever, moving sullenly about the stage as if it pained her, forgetting her lines, dropping out of character and into it again as if that didn't matter (and it doesn't) Miss West walked magnificently through the play murmuring acrid nothings. "You can be had," she said, without emphasis to the Salvation Army captain at the end of the first act; "I knew you could be had," she said to the same man as police captain at the final curtain, with as little urgency and no triumph. Against her own grudgingly offered movements she placed hundreds of people in action. The final scenes take place in the back-room of an old saloon with no less than three parties of slummers, dancing waiters in profusion, prostitutes, drunkards, cab-drivers, politicians; everyone sang and danced; and Miss West, reluctant in action as usual, made the one mistake of her career when she sang badly a thin version of Frankie and Johnny. It was horribly, fascinatingly wrong. Experts in Mae West assure me that this play is not as good as **SEX**—as a medium

for Miss West's talents; it is much more closely drawn together than *THE WICKED AGE*, but is not necessarily better on that account, for Miss West is at her best when things drift along with as little plot as possible. But she had a moment which came out of the plot, a touch of dramatic imagination and morbidity—as if Wedekind had collaborated with Sardou. She had killed a woman and as the body rested in a chair, she suddenly loosed the long black hair and flung it over the staring eyes, and as someone came to the door began to comb the dead woman's hair. "What are you doing?" her husband asks. "Something I've never done before."

I am quite prepared to be rapped over the knuckles for saying that a bit of this sort of thing would have helped Miss Le Gallienne's *HEDDA GABLER*. Her own creation of Hedda was a bit synthetic, and I suggest that the next time this play is done, the actress taking the part should make Hedda a totally uninteresting woman, without any passions, with nothing morbid except her lack of vitality, and explain her catastrophic influence on people as one explains the mischief caused by a child kept in on a rainy day. For we have had Hedda over- and under-sexed, had her intellectual, and nerve-racked, and passionate; it's time we had her as a fool. In that case the other characters would all be different—and more interesting. The poet would be robust and Tesman an impassioned scientist heartily bored, when he isn't terribly annoyed, by his cantankerous wife. This would relieve the play of the heavy-handed satire which now makes Tesman a bore (in the manner of *MARCO MILLIONS*—for Ibsen really upset the apple-cart about the American small town fifty years ago) and would give us some reason for fresh interest in Hedda.

It is the misfortune—for actresses—that *HEDDA GABLER* is usually judged by a single brief scene—the burning of the manuscript. I have seen this done violently and quietly and in all degrees between. But as I am unable to believe in the emotional significance of most of the events leading up to it, the scene has never affected me, so I would like to see it done as sheer malice.

In *TAKE THE AIR*, Will Mahoney does some of the most entertaining comic dancing I have ever seen. His technique seems to be based on the "repetition complex" or whatever it's called—and it almost destroyed me with laughter.

GILBERT SELDES

MODERN ART

WHENEVER I think of the flashing, tempestuous, highly-coloured personages of the Middle Ages I fall back, with a certain degree of comfort, in seeking comparisons with those of our own time, on thoughts of "Squire" Robert Chanler and Joseph Stella. Both of these flash and give forth colour on the slightest provocation. Both could easily have held their own in the *moyen âge*; verbally, in the palavers that seemed so much part of the job in those days and fistically, in the crescendi of the arguments; fists being an essential aid to mediaeval thought, or at least to the putting of it over. But both these mediaevalists have found the going rather difficult in New York this winter.

It is very easy to retort that New York is not *moyen âge*. New York could be *moyen âge* if it wished. New York can be anything it chooses. For the present, it simply doesn't choose to be *moyen âge*—which, from the point of view of modern art, is a pity. The money that everybody seems to have, is, on the other hand, quite *moyen âge*. I mean by that that it seems to come mysteriously from the air in the way in which money always came to the mighty in times past. But our mighty do nothing with it. Nobody says, "Here take this purse," as dukes and duchesses always did in Beaumont and Fletcher—or if they do, they invariably say it to the wrong person. We none of us spend amusingly, save, perhaps, this Mr Marland, of Oklahoma, of whom I am always talking—and, of course, for that reason. What we need, among the spenders, is a King Ludwig of Bavaria. A King Ludwig would be particularly the thing for Squire Chanler. Someone to build crazy edifices in outlandish situations, giving the artist carte blanche to paint his least restrained imaginings, scandalizing the straight-laced to death, rejoicing and justifying subsequent generations of the Sitwell family, and putting infinite money into the coffers of custodians and tourist agencies, once our present wave of prosperity shall have ended and we shall have become poor again. . . . I don't think it necessary nor even likely that we shall ever be poor again, but it is one of those contingencies, as the life-insurance agents say, that should always be taken into account. . . . A King Ludwig for

Chanler, but—if I could conjure patrons from up my sleeve—and in reality that's what I'm endeavouring to do at this moment—a Queen Ludwigg for Stella. Perhaps I have not spelled her correctly. I'm weak on German spelling. But at any rate, since religion enters into the question, with Stella, I think it had better be a lady. Ladies like to take their religion nicely, but even more than that, they yearn to see others taking their religions nicely. It is this last trait in the fair sex, Mr Stella, that can be worked.

This quite American artist—but with Italian forbears—has recently been treading the paths that pilgrims have worn to old-world chapels and has returned to us with religious paintings which have been exposed to view edifyingly, if the press is to be believed, but not profitably, if you prefer the report of the Picture-Dealers' Union. In short, the deplorable truth is that, at this writing, not one of these religious paintings has been sold. How is this, you ask? Are we not a religious nation? Do we not love art any more? Of course, we are, and do. How could you even ask such a question? The whole of the matter, I think, is simply this—the right lady hasn't come around. It takes a lady with a certain amount of money (but they all have it, in reality) with a certain amount of piety (less frequently met with, but still encountered occasionally) and an imaginative feeling for the religious and aesthetic necessities of persons quite different in character from herself. (This last provides the rub. Imaginative donors are rare as roc's eggs.) For the odd part is that a pious, refined, and generous lady must be found, who will see the beauty of bestowing several Virgins and a Mater Dei that she will not herself think “convincing” upon a chapel, preferably in the region immediately south of Washington Square, that is frequented by hordes of parishioners who shall be capable of immediately consulting Joseph Stella's Mater Dei upon any question of health, marital fidelity, or daily living that may happen to pop into their heads. For the lady-donor herself the Mater Dei will appear to have a disturbing newness. Not so, to the parishioners in question. Newness is not so frequently encountered *chez eux* but that it remains a virtue. Besides, you can allow a whole lot for the flickering candle-lights. They would do things to Joseph Stella's pure colours that would aid materially, I am convinced, in the cure of rheumatism and other complaints. Some of the grandest and most efficacious altar-pieces in the old world are now so bedimmed by time and so almost undecipherable, that

I have sometimes allowed myself to suspect that in reality it was the glittering frames that had worked the celebrated miracles. But any glory of that kind that the future has in store for the pictures under discussion must be wholly Joseph Stella's; his frames do the work of framing but they do nothing else. I must not, however, give the impression that my interest in the Stella Madonnas is entirely medical. That would be quite wide of the fact. On the contrary, I am almost exclusively concerned, in this matter, in giving certain members of society an art they may comprehend. When I see the struggles of some of the most highly civilized members of the community with such a comparatively simple art as that of Dunoyer de Segonzac, I realize full well that what we still refer to (behind their backs) as the "lower classes" must have pictures built specially for them if they are to get anything out of them at all. At present, about all our "peasants" get, in that line, is the comic supplement to the Sunday newspapers. Joseph Stella's Madonnas are peasant, and unless I am grievously mistaken, will remain so. No amount of patina nor centuries of candle smoke can change them into Fra Angelicos or even Botticellis. They have nothing that speaks to the sensibilities of the educated; but they have nothing, on the other hand, that interferes for an instant with a peasant's dream of heaven. The very lavishness of the adornment, to people who have been forced to lead simple lives, seems heavenly. Stella has surrounded his Virgin in each instance with everything he could think of as being acceptable to Her; apples, flowers, pretty birds, all in the gayest, unblinkingly brightest colours he could get from the shop. They are applied, these colours, with a callousness that I am only too much aware of—being, alas, one of the sensitive ones, myself—but in spite of all that I feel a charm in decorations such as these that are so much on the level—that have been held so firmly down to the level, both of the artist's feeling and his countrymen's capacity to receive, that I refuse to put too much emphasis upon the word "down." On the contrary, I shall look about for the pious lady above referred to, and see what I can do further towards talking her into a state of receptivity. I think, really, she will get great spiritual satisfaction out of the affair, once she lets herself go.

HENRY McBRIDE

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

SACRED Concert, Carnegie Hall, New York—the Detroit Symphony Society, under the direction of Ossip Gabrilowitsch. That is to say, the St Matthew's Passion, by Johann Sebastian Bach. One can hardly complain that a work by Bach is given with omissions, since there are few of us who have ever heard one given otherwise. But we may object when, in the interests of "drama," the literary connotations of this term are taken in preference to the music of Bach itself. Tonal action is surely something richer than its paralleling of certain verbal expositions of torture and distress. There is action in the mere assiduity of re-statement, of fugal interweaving, though such episodes must, from the standpoint of plot and drama, be looked upon as interruptions. But is not the spirit of such compositions as the Bach Passions something other than lame opera? Mr Bodanzky, perhaps through so many long hours in the Metropolitan, seems better minded to make us feel the distinction. He lays emphasis upon a more strictly musical series of events. The plot is looked upon as an *opportunity* for the arias and chorales, whereas Mr Gabrilowitsch tended to treat anything but the strictest march of the story as digression.¹ Similarly, the tenor, Richard Crooks (who served so startlingly in the Choral Symphony under Toscanini) was bidden to append onomatopoeically a range of tears and sorrow to a narrative which seems most moving if the voice is allowed to impress us with the barrenness of the biblical account itself. To that extent, at least, the audience could be expected to participate in the production. Similarly, as in the final chorus and the remarkable accompaniment of the "Oh, Golgotha," everything was suppressed to bring out the simple melodic line of the music, whereas Mr Bodanzky, under like situations in the John, seems to put more stress upon the antiphonal and complementary effects of voice and instrumentation. Still, this is to wrangle and

¹ We may have this much of pedantry to reinforce our position: that the original Passions seem to have been pure narratives—and that the formal contribution of Bach and Handel lies precisely in the added ballast of "contemplation," wherein the dramatic mood is made static and elaborated lyrically, like variations on a theme.

to be embarrassed at wrangling. New York is before all indebted to the Detroit organization for the performance of a major work which we should have lacked otherwise, a performance which profited by much drilling and devotion.

Pierre Monteux, at the closing concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra in New York, repeated the programme which he had given us with the Boston Symphony some years ago: the Schumann Symphony in D-minor and Strawinsky's *Sacre du Printemps*. Was the Schumann, we ventured to speculate, chosen as a companion-piece because of similarities or divergencies? For the two works could now easily be seen to overlap, the symmetry of Schumann tending at keen moments towards a prophetic perversity, a stridency which, growing as it did out of such orthodoxy, was perhaps more violent in its effect (though not *per se*) than anything in the *Sacre* itself. Strawinsky, on the contrary, is found to have lost all his strangeness and gained in solidity. Thus, even those who play with their toes do us services, by banalizing a method until none but the masters of that method are exceptional.¹ The innovations had ceased to protrude.² The music, as it recedes in time, will doubtless share the anthological fate of *Ein Heldenleben* and *Tod und Verklärung*, works whose strangeness belongs to history, and whose mastery to aesthetics. And with its oddities worn away, it contains many passages of simple smoothness, as for instance such pages as the introduction, "designed to suggest the mystery of the physical world in spring," with its anonymous flutter of life, its multitude of individual voices, each existing for itself and yet implicated in the total body. This work, which was once "speaking in tongues," is now dogma.

¹ For the "death" of modernism cannot mean that all modernistic works are automatically scrapped. Indeed, the whole ideology of the death has now become so prevalent that it can be re-examined. Modernism is dead only in the sense that the adventitious joys and the adventitious risks have been extracted from it. Though not in Philadelphia where, we understand, the giving of the *Sacre* occasioned some of that riot among the audience which the music was once thought to contain in itself.

² Except for certain rhythms, as less has been done by the epigons in this difficult field of observation. It was in the matter of these salient rhythms also that the music seemed most to require choreography as mimetic comment (which, indeed, we did sometimes illegitimately get last year in the ballet effects of Goossens' conducting of this work).

The first of the Copland-Sessions Concerts of Contemporary Music, which was heard recently after the great guns of opera and symphony were silenced, provided a neatly balanced programme, deriving as much variety as possible from its single species. Thus, a sonata for violin and piano was followed by pieces for flute, clarinet, and bassoon; and an arrangement for voice and percussion preceded three sonatinas: for 'cello and piano, piano alone, and violin and piano. These changes in timbre could compensate somewhat for the lesser divergencies in idiom. . . . In the Chanler Sonata for Violin and Piano, there was a declamatory quality, particularly in the first movement, though even here it might advantageously have been still more strongly present. The *lento moderato* had—which seems more usual with the slow movements—the greater amount of coercion. But in the close, the *scherzando*, we were left without intrinsic signs. At a time when all music has something of the *scherzo* about it, the *scherzo* itself tends to become too glib, with its liberties readier to hand than its rewards. In the pieces for flute, clarinet, and bassoon, by Walter Piston, there was much to enjoy in the simple collaboration of the instruments, the bassoon now soberly and sluggishly punctuating, and now trying to keep pace with the converse of its nimbler fellows. The Five Phrases from the "Song of Solomon," by Virgil Thomson; were an "orientalizing" recitative, sung to the successive accompaniment of tom-tom, cymbals, and wood-block. The composition, thus, possessed a talking point. The song was unhesitatingly solemn, and Mr Copland tapped the wood-block with particularly deep emotionalism. The Chavez numbers were surely the sturdiest on the programme, though the piano sonata seemed so much of a piece that its individual movements suggested slight differentiation among themselves. His sonatinas were perhaps more pliant, if only through being less virtuose and less ambitious. It is to be hoped that the success of this first concert will suffice to carry the project beyond the two programmes originally scheduled.

KENNETH BURKE

COMMENT

IT is his resolve, Leo Stein tells us, never to review a book unless essentially in sympathy with it and never to proffer his critical verdict without at the last again consulting the book to be sure that what he has written is apt and dependable. Though we are sufficiently like "Prussolini" to feel that we should, possibly, have the same impression of a book after writing about it that we had had of it before, we agree with Mr Stein in choosing, when we can, to analyse what we instinctively like. Volcanics seem pardonable when they are one's own, but in others it is some species of poetics usually which attracts one, and in search of pure art we tend to feel betrayed when experts tell us merely where it is not. There is, to be sure, a kind of destruction which is not destruction, nor as enlarged experience in any sense an impertinence—those little folded and cut, scissors-lace conceits of Hans Andersen: a balloonist, a chimney-sweep, a lover-and-gallows, or inscribed as by the writing-master, a *MARIE* continuous with the geometric garland which surrounds it.

We have been so fortunate—dog being interested in dog—as now and then to happen, in print, upon phases of cordiality. Arthur Davison Ficke as imaginary counsellor to an imaginary poet has offered what it seems to us is sound advice—suggesting as evidence of sincerity, the willingness to work for a time without recognition; the study of great masters of the past, a learning the lesson of their method not merely of their manner, disbelief in the fable of the poet's attic, and ability to earn a living entirely apart from the writing of poetry. A kind of every-author-his-own-Whittington fantasia of the studios seems at times not entirely repellent; but a superiority achieved by ant-like industry need not be even to uncommercial eyes, illiterate or mildewed. Messrs W. and G. Foyle, the London booksellers for instance, are satisfactorily romantic in their conviction that "any book" which has eluded your search hitherto may be speedily obtained." (Their first catalogues were, they say, transcribed by hand and distributed with the request, "Please return when used," and both members of the firm were so young at the time of this first venture that it

seemed to them judicious when possible to reply by post to enquirers since a customer had mistaken one of them for the office-boy.)

Among other persuasions of literature there have been lectures by and articles about AE. "The remarkable thing about AE" Padraic Colum says, "is not the vitality which permits him to get so much done in his day, but the eagerness, the freshness of interest, which seems to be always his . . . as if he had a charm to prevent the world wearying him. Or perhaps it is a technique—a technique which saves his vitality from flagging and goes with his deliberate practice of concentration and meditation."

The cynic's tooth is again evaded with delicacy in a recent discussion of Marc Chagall by Christian Zervos. Susceptible to the subordinated minutiae of such things as the boat, bridge, and metropolitan architecture in the *Self-Portrait*, 1918, we know Chagall to be technical and exact and yet, as Mr Zervos says, "one who lives in a state of enchantment and gracious absorption"; we respond to his "capacity for receiving impressions, his tenderness, something subtle, sensitive, feverish, impatient, emotional, timid and arrogant." "And so one cannot too much encourage artists who strive to bring back unity, who perceive new sources of ecstasy, who all their lives love something not to be found in this world. . . ."

Index

INDEX

VOLUME LXXXIV

		PAGE
AIKEN, CONRAD	<i>Magnifying the Moment</i>	329
	<i>Those Unknown Singers</i>	425
AZORÍN	<i>The Bulls (Fiction)</i>	469
	<i>Cervantes' House (Fiction)</i>	372
BAKSHY, ALEXANDER	<i>A Knight-Errant</i>	413
	<i>Vsevolod Meyerhold and the Soviet Theatre</i>	25
BURKE, KENNETH	<i>Van Wyck Brooks in Transition?</i>	56
CHEN, KWEI	<i>The Gift of the First Presentation (Fiction)</i>	216
CHRISTOWE, STOYAN	<i>Setchko (Fiction)</i>	135
COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH	<i>The End of the World (Fiction)</i>	499
COCKBURN, CLAUD	<i>You Have To Be Careful (Fiction)</i>	8
COLUM, PADRAIC	<i>"The Possessed Sea-Captain"</i>	511
	<i>The River Episode</i>	318
COUWENBERG, STEFAN	<i>Basque Land</i>	493
COWLEY, MALCOLM	<i>Alastor</i>	475
CRAIG, GORDON	<i>On Signora Eleonora Duse</i>	361
CROCE, BENEDETTO	<i>The Poetry of Racine</i>	483
DIMICK, HOWARD T.	<i>Justice (Fiction)</i>	47
EDMONDS, WALTER D.	<i>The Swamper (Fiction)</i>	186
EGLINTON, JOHN	<i>The English Novel</i>	66
	<i>Harriet Martineau</i>	324
	<i>New Poems of Padraic Colum</i>	124
ELIOT, T. S.	<i>An Emotional Unity</i>	109
	<i>Isolated Superiority</i>	4
	<i>The Poems of Richard Crashaw</i>	246
GREGORY, ALYSE	<i>Civil Disillusionment</i>	60
	<i>Son and Mother</i>	241
HATHAWAY, FRANCES	<i>From the Clod</i>	405
HAYES, HOWARD	<i>Lights (Fiction)</i>	489
HILLYER, ROBERT	<i>Apparition in Early Autumn (Fiction)</i>	118
KALLEN, H. M.	<i>Adept's Alphabet</i>	146
KARALICHEFF, ANGEL	<i>The Stone Bridge of the Rossitsa (Fiction)</i>	31
KAUN, ALEXANDER	<i>Maxim Gorki</i>	464
LE SUEUR, MERIDEL	<i>The Afternoon (Fiction)</i>	386

	PAGE
LITTELL, PHILIP	<i>Heavenly Harmony</i> 422
	<i>The Story of Everest</i> 150
	<i>Vision Untraduced</i> 211
LITTELL, ROBERT	<i>Books (Fiction)</i> 323
LOVETT, ROBERT MORSS	<i>Boy in the Wind</i> 339
LUSH, KATIE, translator	<i>The Bulls (Fiction)</i> 469
	<i>Cervantes' House (Fiction)</i> 372
MCBRIDE, HENRY	<i>Gethsemane</i> 431
MITCHELL, STEWART	<i>Dragon Seed</i> 130
	<i>A Sailor and a Senator</i> 243
	<i>The Seventh Hill</i> 517
MORAND, PAUL	<i>Paris Letter</i> 141, 505
MORTIMER, RAYMOND	<i>London Letter</i> 238
NORTH, STERLING	<i>The Creek (Fiction)</i> 479
PEYRE, HENRI	<i>East and West in Recent French Literature</i> 377
PICCOLI, RAFFAELLO	<i>Italian Letter</i> 415
PICCOLI, RAFFAELLO, translator	<i>The Poetry of Racine</i> 483
POUND, EZRA	<i>Mediaevalism and Mediaevalism</i> 231
POWYS, LEWELYN	<i>The Confessions of St Augustine</i> 291
	<i>A Grave in Dorset</i> 226
ROTHMAN, N. L.	<i>Hemingway Whistles in the Dark</i> 336
SAINTSBURY, GEORGE	<i>Colloquial</i> 307
SELDES, GILBERT	<i>Extra Good Ones</i> 519
	<i>Investigations</i> 428
	<i>Jonathan Edwards</i> 37
	<i>Theatre, Show-shop, and Drama</i> 155
SHARENKOFF, VICTOR, translator	<i>The Stone Bridge of the Rossitsa (Fiction)</i> 31
STRONG, L. A. G.	<i>Travellers (Fiction)</i> 95
TRUEBLOOD, CHARLES K.	<i>Biological Pantheism</i> 515
	<i>"Literature Made Audible"</i> 332
	<i>The Poetry of Concentration</i> 63
	<i>A Rhetoric of Intuition</i> 401
VAN BREEMEN, BERTUS HENDRIK, translator	<i>Basque Land</i> 493
WEIHL, ELSA	<i>The Music Teacher (Fiction)</i> 315
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS	<i>Five Prose Sketches (Fiction)</i> 456
WRIGHT, CUTHBERT	<i>From the Air</i> 152
WRYNN, ANTHONY	<i>Ignis Fatuus (Fiction)</i> 295
YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER	<i>The Death of Synge</i> 271

VERSE

	PAGE
AIKEN, CONRAD	<i>Prelude</i> 472
AUSLANDER, JOSEPH	<i>The Death of Adonis</i> 91
BARD, JOSEF	<i>Aurea Mediocritas</i> 181
CANE, MELVILLE	<i>From a Deck Chair</i> 414
CHEN, KWEI	<i>New Year Day</i> 55
	<i>Of Tung-Ting Lake I Am Reminded</i> 314
CHEN, KWEI, translator	<i>Relics</i> 488
COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH	<i>Hang Fu</i> 328
COLUM, PADRAIC	<i>Dublin Roads</i> 122
COOK, HAROLD LEWIS	<i>The Barren Tree</i> 294
COOKSLEY, S. BERT	<i>Lucas</i> 317
CRANE, HART	<i>The Air Plant</i> 140
DAVENPORT, JOHN	<i>Etude</i> 399
	<i>First Address</i> 399
FROST, ELIZABETH HOLLISTER	<i>Catacylism</i> 107
	<i>Tryst</i> 107
HERALD, LEON SRABIAN	<i>He Came; He Went</i> 127
	<i>Memorabilia</i> 127
	<i>Phryne</i> 128
HILLYER, ROBERT	<i>Manorbier</i> 451
HYDE, ROBERT	<i>The Hermit Crab</i> 492
LOCHBILER, DON	<i>Dam</i> 223
	<i>Delancey Street Overture</i> 223
	<i>The Head</i> 224
MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD	<i>Poem</i> 376
MAYNARD, THEODORE	<i>Before the Fire</i> 134
MONRO, HAROLD	<i>Sleeping by the Sea</i> 215
MOULTON, LOUISE	<i>On Egdon Heath</i> 230
NEUGAS, J. I. N.	<i>Change</i> 404
NORMAN, CHARLES	<i>Ode</i> 482
PITTER, RUTH	<i>Virginal</i> 384
POUND, EZRA	<i>Canto XXII</i> 113
	<i>Part of Canto XXVII</i> I
ROSS, W. W. E.	<i>Two Poems</i> 289
SAPIR, EDWARD	<i>Yet Water Runs Again</i> 468
SCHNEIDER, ISIDOR	<i>Volga</i> 210
SMITH, A. J. M.	<i>Journey</i> 412
STRONG, L. A. G.	<i>At Glenan Cross</i> 497
WHITSETT, GEORGE	<i>In Mediocrity</i> 322
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS	<i>The Men</i> 463
WINTERS, YVOR	<i>Song of the Trees</i> 504
YU, LU	<i>Relics</i> 488

ART

DAVIES, ARTHUR B.	<i>The Erie Canal</i>	March
DEHN, ADOLF	<i>Church in the Valley of the Chevreuse</i>	May
	<i>Negress</i>	February
	<i>Pomeranian Potato Diggers</i>	May
	<i>Promenade</i>	June
DERAIN, ANDRÉ	<i>Landscape</i>	June
DOBSON, FRANK	<i>Torso</i>	April
EPSTEIN, JACOB	<i>The Artist's Wife</i>	January
GAUGUIN, PAUL	<i>La Fuite</i>	June
	<i>Manao Tupapau</i>	June
GLINTENKAMP, HENRY J.	<i>Fisher Women</i>	May
GRANT, DUNCAN	<i>Lytton Strachey</i>	March
HARTMAN, BERTRAM	<i>In a Street-car I</i>	January
	<i>In a Street-car II</i>	January
	<i>Jack in the Pulpit</i>	May
	<i>A Lady-slipper</i>	May
HOUSER, LOWELL	<i>The Fisherman</i>	June
	<i>Guadalupe Dancers</i>	June
KUNIYOSHI, YASUO	<i>Two Babies</i>	May
LACHAISE, GASTON	<i>Henry McBride</i>	March
LANKES, J. J.	<i>In Steuben County, New York</i>	March
	<i>Mike Evan's Place</i>	March
	<i>An Outpost of Commerce</i>	March
LAUGHLIN, ALICE D.	<i>Woman and Deer</i>	April
LE FAUCONNIER, HENRI	<i>Georges Duhamel</i>	February
LEWIS, WYNDHAM	<i>The Flute Player</i>	January
	<i>Portrait</i>	January
MAILLOL, ARISTIDE	<i>A Drawing</i>	February
	<i>Femme Accroupie</i>	February
MARCHAND, JEAN	<i>L'Après-Midi</i>	April
	<i>Le Champ d'Artichauts</i>	April
PAHOUI	<i>Negro Head</i>	June
PATLAGEAN, NUMA	<i>Oscar Wilde</i>	May
PICASSO, PABLO	<i>Fisherman</i>	April
REDON, ODILON	<i>Le Liseur</i>	January
RIPPL-RÓNAI, JOSEF	<i>Aristide Maillol</i>	February
SKOLLE, HANNS	<i>Liberty Street</i>	April
	<i>Washington Square</i>	January
SPRINCHORN, CARL	<i>A Drawing</i>	February
WALKOWITZ, A.	<i>Isadora Duncan</i>	April
WATSON, HILDEGARDE	<i>A Drawing</i>	March

BOOKS REVIEWED

Authors and Titles

	PAGE
ABBOT, EDITH R. <i>The Great Painters: A History of the European Tradition</i> . . .	345
ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES. <i>Romanticism</i> . . .	74
ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES. <i>Thomas Hardy</i> . . .	436
ADAMS, H. C. <i>Travellers' Tales</i> . . .	251
ADAMS, RANDOLPH C. <i>The Gateway to American History</i> . . .	359
ALLEN, PERCY STAFFORD. <i>The Age of Erasmus</i> . . .	307
ALLEN, PERCY STAFFORD. <i>Erasmus' Service to Learning</i> . . .	307
ALLEN, PERCY STAFFORD, editor. <i>Opus Epistolarum DES. ERASMI ROTERODAMI</i> . . .	307
ALLEN, PERCY STAFFORD, editor. <i>Selections from ERASMUS</i> . . .	307
ARLISS, GEORGE. <i>Up the Years From Bloomsbury, An Autobiography</i> . . .	72
ARTZYBASHEFF, BORIS, drawings by. <i>Creatures, by PADRAIC COLUM</i> . . .	124
ASCH, NATHAN. <i>Love in Chartres</i> . . .	160
ATHERTON, GERTRUDE. <i>California: An Intimate History</i> . . .	161
AUSTEN, JOHN, decorations by. Selected by THOMAS MOULT. <i>The Best Poems of 1927</i> . . .	344
BAKER, GEORGE P., foreword by. <i>The Collected Plays of JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY</i> . . .	344
BARKER, ERNEST. <i>National Character and the Factors of its Formation</i> . . .	255
BARNUM, P. T. <i>Barnum's Own Story, The Autobiography of P. T. Barnum</i> . . .	254
BARTHOLOMEW, I. G. <i>The Cause of Evil, Or the Values of Nature and the Values of Religion</i> . . .	515
BATES, KATHERINE LEE, foreword by. <i>The Collected Poems of JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY</i> . . .	344
BAUDELAIRE, CHARLES PIERRE. ARTHUR SYMONS, translator. <i>The Letters of BAUDELAIRE</i> . . .	241
BEARD, CHARLES A., introduction by. <i>The Diary of WILLIAM MACLAY, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, 1789-1791</i> . . .	243
BEARD, CHARLES A. and MARY. <i>The Rise of American Civilization</i> . . .	130
BEEBE, LUCIUS. <i>Edwin Arlington Robinson and the Arthurian Legend</i> . . .	437
BELL, CLIVE. <i>Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting</i> . . .	345
BELL, HAROLD, translator. <i>Byzantine Portraits, by CHARLES DIEHL</i> . . .	346
BENNETT, JAMES O'DONNELL. <i>Much Loved Books, Best Sellers of the Ages</i> . . .	525
BEST, MARSHALL A., translator. <i>Avarice House, by JULIAN GREEN</i> . . .	70
BIGGER, H. P., introduction by. P. ERONDELLE, translator. <i>Nova Francia, A Description of Acadia, by MARC LESCARBOT</i> . . .	524
BJORKMAN, EDWIN. <i>The Search for Atlantis</i> . . .	256
BLAKE, WILLIAM. GEOFFREY KEYNES, editor. <i>The Centenary Edition of Blake's Poetry and Prose</i> . . .	359
BORROW, GEORGE, translator. R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON, editor. <i>Ballads of All Nations</i> . . .	435
BOSANQUET, THEODORA. <i>Harriet Martineau: An Essay in Comprehension</i> . . .	324
BOYD, ERNEST. <i>Literary Blasphemies</i> . . .	255
BOYD, MADELEINE, and GERTRUDE LINNELL, translators. <i>The Living Buddha, by PAUL MORAND</i> . . .	381
BRADFORD, GAMALIEL, foreword by. <i>Biography: The Literature of Personality, by JAMES C. JOHNSTON</i> . . .	256
BROOKS, VAN WYCK. <i>Emerson and Others</i> . . .	56
BUCK, H. M., translator. KATHARINE WRIGHT, editor. <i>Pages From My Life, by FEODOR IVANOVITCH CHALIAPINE</i> . . .	71
BURKE, KENNETH, translator. <i>Genius and Character, by EMIL LUDWIG</i> . . .	253
BURLINGAME, ROGER, selected with an introduction by. <i>From Gallegher to The Deserter, by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS</i> . . .	434
BUSSY, DOROTHY, translator. <i>The Counterfeiters, by ANDRÉ GIDE</i> . . .	70
BUXTON, LORD, introduction by. <i>Memoirs of SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, BART.</i> . . .	72
CANBY, HENRY SEIDEL, editor. <i>Harper Essays</i> . . .	344
CAZAMIAN, LOUIS, and EMILE LEGOUIS. W. D. MACINNES and LOUIS CAZAMIAN, translators. <i>A History of English Literature, Modern Times 1660-1914</i> . . .	164
CHALIAPINE, FEODOR IVANOVITCH. KATHARINE WRIGHT, editor. H. M. BUCK, translator. <i>Pages From My Life</i> . . .	71

	PAGE
CHARWOOD, LORD. Tracks in the Snow	522
CHESTERTON, G. K. The Outline of Sanity	161
CHESTERTON, G. K. Robert Louis Stevenson	526
CHESTERTON, G. K., preface by. F. S. FLINT, translator. Defence of the West, by HENRI MASSIS	378
CHILDE, WILFRED ROWLAND. Ivory Palaces	344
COLLINGWOOD, R. G., translator. BENEDETTO CROCE, An Autobiography	422
COLUM, PADRAIC. With Drawings by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. Creatures	124
COLUM, PADRAIC. With The Stations of the Cross, by ALFEO FAGGI. The Way of the Cross	124
COOMARASWAMY, ANANDA. The Dance of Siva	377
COPELAND, CHARLES TOWNSEND, chosen and edited and with an introduction by. The Copeland Reader, An Anthology of English Prose and Poetry	332
COWLING, GEORGE H. Chaucer	527
CRASHAW, RICHARD. L. C. MARTIN, editor. The Poems English Latin and Greek of Richard Crashaw	246
CROCE, BENEDETTO. R. G. COLLINGWOOD, translator. An Autobiography	422
CULLEN, COUNTEE, collected by. Copper Sun	160
DARGAN, E. PRESTON, and WILLIAM E. NITZE. A History of French Literature, From the Earliest Times to the Present, Revised Edition	526
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING. Selected with an introduction by ROGER BURLINGAME. From Gallegher to The Deserter	434
DEUTSCH, BABETTE, and AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY, chosen and translated by. Russian Poetry, An Anthology	71
DIEHL, CHARLES. HAROLD BELL, translator. Byzantine Portraits	346
DILLON, GEORGE. Boy in the Wind	339
DOOLIN, PAUL R., translator. Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day, by BERNARD FAÿ	152
DOUGLAS, NORMAN. Old Calabria	435
DREISER, THEODORE, introduction by. Poorhouse Sweeney, Life in a County Poor-house, by ED SWEENEY	70
DREW, ELIZABETH. Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle	526
DRINKWATER, JOHN. The Art of Theatre-Going	162
DUNCAN, EDMONSTOUNE, editor. Lyrics From the Old Song Books	252
DUNCAN, ISADORA. My Life	437
DURANT, WILL. Transition, A Mental Autobiography	346
DURANT, WILL, abridged and edited by. The Works of SCHOPENHAUER	527
EDGELL, G. H. American Architecture of Today	525
EDMAN, IRWIN, abridged and edited by. The Works of PLATO	527
EL GRECO, reproductions from. With drawings by J. SIMA. J. HOLROYD-REECE, translator. The Spanish Journey, by JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE	252
ERASMUS. PERCY STAFFORD ALLEN, editor. Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Rotterodami	307
ERASMUS. PERCY STAFFORD ALLEN, editor. Selections from Erasmus	307
ERONDELLE, P., translator. Introduction by H. P. BIGGER. Nova Francia, A Description of Acadia, by MARC LESCARBOT	524
EVREINOFF, NICOLAS. ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF, editor and translator. The Theatre in Life	71
FAGGI, ALFEO, The Stations of the Cross by. The Way of the Cross, by PADRAIC COLUM	124
FAÿ, BERNARD. RAMON GUTHRIE, translator. The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America	428
FAÿ, BERNARD. PAUL R. DOOLIN, translator. Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day	152
FLINT, F. S., translator. Preface by G. K. CHESTERTON. Defence of the West, by HENRI MASSIS	378
FORD, FORD MADOX. The Last Post	251
FORD, FORD MADOX. New York Is Not America	161
FORSTER, E. M. Aspects of the Novel	255
FRANCE, ANATOLE. Translated and with foreword and notes by J. LEWIS MAY. Prefaces, Introductions, and Other Uncollected Papers	436

INDEX

	IX
	PAGE
FRY, ROGER. Transformations: Critical and Speculative Essays on Art	211
FRY, ROGER, and E. A. LOWE. S. P. E. Tract No. XXIII. English Handwriting	268
GALE, ZONA. Yellow Gentians and Blue	251
GHYKA, MATILA C. Esthétique des Proportions dans la Nature et dans les Arts	145
GIDE, ANDRÉ. DOROTHY BUSSY, translator. The Counterfeiters	70
GOLLERBACH, E., with an Abridged Account of the Author's Life by. S. S. KOTEL- ANSKY, translator. Solitaria, by V. V. ROZANOV	347
GORMAN, HERBERT. Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Study in Solitude	72
GRAY, ARTHUR. Cambridge University, An Episodical History	252
GREEN, JULIAN. MARSHALL A. BEST, translator. Avarice House	70
GREEN, PAUL. The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom	162
GUINEY, LOUISE IMOGEN. Happy Ending, The Collected Lyrics of Louise Imogen Guiney	343
GUTHRIE, RAMON, translator. The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America, by BERNARD FAY	428
H. D. Hippolytus Temporizes	63
HACKNEY, LOUISE WALLACE. Paul Pelliot, editor. Guide-Posts to Chinese Painting	345
HAGEN, OSCAR. Art Epochs and Their Leaders, A Survey of the Genesis of Modern Art	73
HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, editors. Fugitives: An Anthology of Verse	523
HEMINGWAY, ERNEST. Men Without Women	336
HENDERSON, KEITH. Prehistoric Man	73
HILLYER, ROBERT. The Seventh Hill	517
HOLLAND, BERNARD, edited with a Memoir by. Selected Letters of BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL	109
HOLROYD-REECE, J., translator. Cézanne, by JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE	524
HOLROYD-REECE, J., translator. With drawings by J. SIMA. Reproductions from EL GRECO. The Spanish Journey, by JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE	252
HORRABIN, J. F., drawings by. WALTER J. TURNER, editor. Great Names	165
ISAACS, EDITH J. R., editor. Theatre. Essays on the Arts of the Theatre	155
JERVIS, ALICE DE ROSEN, translator. A Florentine Diary, From 1450 to 1516, by LUCA LANDUCCI	252
JOHNSON, JAMES WELDON. The Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man	163
JOHNSON, R. BRIMLEY, editor. GEORGE BORROW, translator. Ballads of All Nations	435
JOHNSTON, JAMES C. Foreword by GAMALIEL BRADFORD. Biography: The Literature of Personality	256
JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD. America and French Culture	428
JONSON, BEN. Freely adapted by STEFAN ZWEIG. RUTH LANGNER, translator. With Decorations by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. Volpone	528
JOYCE, JAMES. Anna Livia Plurabelle	318
KELLETT, E. E. The Story of Myths	525
KENWORTHY, LT. COMMANDER J. M. Introduction by H. G. WELLS. Peace or War?	256
KEYNES, GEOFFREY, editor. The Centenary Edition of BLAKE's Poetry and Prose	359
KEYSERLING, COUNT EDOUARD VON. Twilight	60
KEYSERLING, COUNT HERMANN VON. MAURICE SAMUEL, translator. The World in the Making	253
KOMROFF, MANUEL. Juggler's Kiss	434
LAMB, CHARLES and MARY. Mrs Leicester's School	251
LANDUCCI, LUCA. ALICE DE ROSEN JERVIS, translator. A Florentine Diary, From 1450 to 1516	252
LANGDON-DAVIES, JOHN. A Short History of Women	347
LANGNER, RUTH, translator. Freely adapted by STEFAN ZWEIG. With Decorations by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. BEN JONSON's Volpone	528
LEGOUIS, EMILE, and LOUIS CAZAMIAN. W. D. MACINNES and LOUIS CAZAMIAN, translators. A History of English Literature, Modern Times 1660-1914	164
LEONARD, WILLIAM ELLERY. The Locomotive God	347
LESCARBOT, MARC. P. ERONDELLE, translator. Introduction by H. P. BIGGER. Nova Francia, A Description of Acadia	524
LESCARBOT, MARC. HARRIETTE TABER RICHARDSON, translator. The Theatre of Neptune in New France	524
LEWIS, JANET. The Wheel in Midsummer	344
LEWIS, J. H., translator. The Ingenious Hidalgo: Miguel Cervantes, by HAN RYNER	163

	PAGE
LEWISOHN, LUDWIG. Cities and Men	346
LINNELL, GERTRUDE, and MADELEINE BOYD, translators. The Living Buddha, by PAUL MORAND	381
LOWE, E. A., and ROGER FRY. S. P. E. Tract No. XXIII. English Handwriting	268
LOWELL, AMY. Ballads for Sale	160
LUDWIG, EMIL. EDEN and CEDAR PAUL, translators. Bismarck, The Story of a Fighter	253
LUDWIG, EMIL. Bismarck, Three Plays	253
LUDWIG, EMIL. KENNETH BURKE, translator. Genius and Character	253
MACFALL, HALDANE. Aubrey Beardsley, The Clown, The Harlequin, The Pierrot of His Age	525
MACINNES, W. D., and LOUIS CAZAMIAN, translators. A History of English Literature, Modern Times 1660-1914, by EMILE LEGOUIS and LOUIS CAZAMIAN	164
MACLAY, WILLIAM. Introduction by CHARLES A. BEARD. The Journal of William Maclay, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, 1789-1791	243
MANGAN, JOHN JOSEPH. Life, Character and Influence of Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam, Derived from a Study of his Works and Correspondence	307
MANSFIELD, KATHERINE. J. MIDDLETON MURRY, editor. Journal of Katherine Mansfield	346
MANTLE, BURNS. The Best Plays of 1926-27, and the Year-Book of the Drama in America	162
MASSIS, HENRI. F. S. FLINT, translator. Preface by G. K. CHESTERTON. Defence of the West	378
MATSUHARA, IWAO, selected, translated, and with introduction by. Min-Yo: Folk-Songs of Japan	435
MAUCLAIR, CAMILLE. Florence	523
MAUROIS, ANDRÉ. HAMISH MILES, translator. Disraeli: A Picture of the Victorian Age	437
MAY, J. LEWIS, translated and with foreword and notes by. Prefaces, Introductions, and Other Uncollected Papers, by ANATOLE FRANCE	436
MAYO, KATHERINE. Mother India	75
MÉGROZ, R. L. Francis Thompson, The Poet of Earth and Heaven	436
MEIER-GRAEFE, JULIUS. J. HOLROYD-REECE, translator. Cézanne	524
MEIER-GRAEFE, JULIUS. J. HOLROYD-REECE, translator. With drawings by J. SIMA. Reproductions from EL GRECO. The Spanish Journey	252
MENCKEN, H. L. Prejudices, Sixth Series	255
MEYER, JEROME S. Mind your P's and Q's	268
MIC, CONSTANT. La Commedia dell'Arte	524
MICHAUD, RÉGIS. The American Novel To-day	344
MILES, HAMISH, translator. Disraeli: A Picture of the Victorian Age, by ANDRÉ MAUROIS	437
MILES, HAMISH and SHEILA, translators. MARCEL PROUST, His Life and Work, by LÉON PIERRE-QUINT	164
MILLER, PATRICK. The Deep End	343
MORAND, PAUL. MADELEINE BOYD and GERTRUDE LINNELL, translators. The Living Buddha	381
MOULT, THOMAS, selected by. Decorations by JOHN AUSTEN. The Best Poems of 1927	344
MUNSON, GORHAM B. Robert Frost, A Study in Sensibility and Common Sense	72
MURRY, J. MIDDLETON, editor. Journal of KATHERINE MANSFIELD	346
MYERS, WALTER L. The Later Realism, A Study of Characterization in the British Novel	74
NATHAN, GEORGE JEAN. The New American Credo	254
NAZAROFF, ALEXANDER I., editor and translator. The Theatre in Life, by NICOLAS EVREINOFF	71
NEWMAN, BERTRAM. Edmund Burke	436
NEWTON, ANNABEL. Wordsworth in Early American Criticism	527
NICOLL, ALLARDYCE. The Development of the Theatre	162
NITZE, WILLIAM A., and E. PRESTON DARGAN. A History of French Literature, From the Earliest Times to the Present, Revised Edition	526
NOEL, CAPTAIN JOHN. The Story of Everest	150
O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., editor. The Best Short Stories of 1927 and the Yearbook of the American Short Story	343
O'FLAHERTY, LIAM. The Life of Tim Healy	254
O'NEILL, EUGENE. Strange Interlude	348

INDEX

	PAGE
O'SHEEL, SHAEMAS. <i>Jealous of Dead Leaves</i>	523
OVINGTON, MARY WHITE. <i>Portraits in Color</i>	254
PALMER, HERBERT EDWARD. <i>The Judgment of François Villon, A Pageant-Episode Play in Five Acts</i>	435
PARK, EDWIN AVERY. <i>New Backgrounds for A New Age</i>	345
PARRY, HIS HONOUR, JUDGE EDWARD ABBOTT. <i>Vagabonds All</i>	72
PAUL, EDEN and CEDAR, translators. <i>Bismarck, The Story of a Fighter</i> , by EMIL LUDWIG	253
PAYNE, LEONIDAS WARREN, JR. <i>Later American Writers, Part Two of Selections from American Literature</i>	332
PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON. Foreword by GEORGE P. BAKER. <i>The Collected Plays of Josephine Preston Peabody</i>	344
PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON. Foreword by KATHERINE LEE BATES. <i>The Collected Poems of Josephine Preston Peabody</i>	344
PECK, WALTER EDWIN. <i>Shelley: His Life and Work</i>	475
PELLIOT, PAUL, editor. <i>Guide-Posts to Chinese Painting</i> , by LOUISE WALLACE HACKNEY	345
PICKTHALL, MARMADUKE. <i>Oriental Encounters</i>	347
PIERRE-QUINT, LÉON. HAMISH and SHEILA MILES, translators. <i>Marcel Proust, His Life and Work</i>	164
PILKINGTON, J. G., translated and annotated by. <i>The Confessions of ST AUGUSTINE</i>	291
PINTO, V. DE SOLA. <i>Sir Charles Sedley, 1639-1701</i>	437
PLATO. Abridged and edited by IRWIN EDMAN. <i>The Works of Plato</i>	527
PLOWMAN, MAX. <i>An Introduction to the Study of Blake</i>	164
POUND, EZRA. <i>Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony, with Supplementary Notes</i>	74
POUND, EZRA. <i>Personae: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound</i>	4
POWER, EILEEN, and SIR E. DENISON ROSS, editors. <i>JOHN MACDONALD, Memoirs of an Eighteenth Century Footman</i>	526
POWYS, LLEWELYN. <i>Henry Hudson</i>	511
PRIESTLEY, J. B. <i>Thomas Love Peacock</i>	346
QUINN, ARTHUR HOBSON. <i>A History of the American Drama. From the Civil War to the Present Day</i>	155
RICHARDSON, DOROTHY. <i>Oberland</i>	434
RICHARDSON, HARRIETTE TABER, translator. <i>The Theatre of Neptune in New France, by MARC LESCABOT</i>	524
RICHTER, GISELA M. A. <i>Handbook of the Classical Collection (The Metropolitan Museum of Art)</i>	164
ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX. <i>My Heart and My Flesh</i>	160
ROSENBACH, A. S. W. <i>Books and Bidders</i>	525
ROSS, SIR E. DENISON, and EILEEN POWER, editors. <i>JOHN MACDONALD, Memoirs of an Eighteenth Century Footman</i>	526
ROZANOV, V. V. With an Abridged Account of the Author's Life, by E. GOLLERBACH. S. S. KOTELIANSKY, translator. <i>Solitaria</i>	347
RUSSELL, PHILLIPS. With drawings by LEON UNDERWOOD. <i>John Paul Jones: Man of Action</i>	243
RYNER, HAN. J. H. LEWIS, translator. <i>The Ingenious Hidalgo: Miguel Cervantes</i>	163
SADLEIR, MICHAEL, introduction by. <i>Domestic Manners of the Americans</i> , by FRANCES TROLLOPE	73
SAMUEL, MAURICE, translator. <i>The World in the Making</i> , by COUNT HERMANN VON KEYSERLING	253
SANDBURG, CARL. <i>The American Songbag</i>	425
SANTAYANA, GEORGE. <i>The Realm of Essence: Book First of Realms of Being</i>	401
SAXON, LYLE. <i>Father Mississippi</i>	161
SCHNITZLER, ARTHUR. <i>Daybreak</i>	343
SCHOPENHAUER, ARTHUR. Abridged and edited by WILL DURANT. <i>The Works of Schopenhauer</i>	527
SCOTT, EVELYN. <i>Ideals</i>	160
SEABROOK, W. B. <i>Adventures in Arabia</i>	252
SEIFFERT, MARJORIE ALLEN. <i>Ballads of the Singing Bowl</i>	71
SEWELL, SAMUEL. MARK VAN DOREN, editor. <i>Samuel Sewell's Diary</i>	163
SIMA, J., drawings by. Reproductions from EL GRECO. J. HOLROYD-REECE, trans- lator. <i>The Spanish Journey</i> , by JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE	252
SITWELL, CONSTANCE. <i>Flowers and Elephants</i>	70
SITWELL, OSBERT. <i>England Reclaimed: A Book of Eclogues</i>	435

	PAGE
STARRETT, VINCENT, edited with an introduction by. <i>Fourteen Great Detective Stories</i>	519
ST AUGUSTINE. Translated and annotated by J. G. PILKINGTON. <i>The Confessions of St Augustine</i>	291
STEIN, LEO. <i>The A. B. C. of Aesthetics</i>	146
STEWART, HERBERT LESLIE. <i>Anatole France, The Parisian</i>	164
STODDARD, LOTHROP. <i>Re-forging America, The Story of Our Nationhood</i>	73
STOLL, ELMER EDGAR. <i>Shakespeare Studies</i>	163
STUART, DOROTHY MARGARET. <i>Horace Walpole</i>	346
SULLIVAN, J. W. N. <i>Beethoven: His Spiritual Development</i>	526
SULLIVAN, MARK. <i>Our Times: Volume II—America Finding Herself</i>	165
SWEENEY, ED. Introduction by THEODORE DREISER. <i>Poorhouse Sweeney, Life in a County Poorhouse</i>	70
SYMONS, ARTHUR. <i>Eleonora Duse</i>	366
SYMONS, ARTHUR, translator. <i>The Letters of BAUDELAIRE</i>	241
TAFT, HENRY W. <i>An Essay on Conversation</i>	523
TROLLOPE, FRANCES. Introduction by MICHAEL SADLEIR. <i>Domestic Manners of the Americans</i>	73
TURNER, WALTER J., editor. Drawings by J. F. HORRABIN. <i>Great Names</i>	165
UNDERWOOD, LEON, drawings by. John Paul Jones: <i>Man of Action</i> , by PHILLIPS RUSSELL	243
UNTERMEYER, JEAN STARR. <i>Steep Ascent</i>	252
VALENTINE, ALAN C. <i>Oxford Reading Courses: The English Novel</i>	66
VAN DINE, S. S. <i>The Greene Murder Case</i>	522
VAN DOREN, MARK, editor. <i>SAMUEL SEWELL'S Diary</i>	163
VAN GOGH, VINCENT. With a Memoir by his Sister-in-law, J. VAN GOGH-BONGER. <i>The Letters of Vincent van Gogh to His Brother</i>	431
VAN LOON, HENDRIK. <i>America</i>	523
VINAL, HAROLD. <i>A Stranger in Heaven</i>	71
VON HÜGEL, BARON FRIEDRICH. Edited with a Memoir by BERNARD HOLLAND. <i>Selected Letters of Baron Friedrich von Hügel</i>	109
VOSSLER, KARL. <i>Jean Racine</i>	483
WALEY, HUBERT. <i>The Revival of Aesthetics</i>	74
WELLS, H. G., introduction by. <i>Peace or War?</i> , by LT. COMMANDER J. M. KENWORTHY	256
WINSLOW, OLA ELIZABETH, selected from early American writings by. <i>Harper's Literary Museum</i>	73
WINTERS, YVOR. <i>The Bare Hills</i>	522
WOOD, JAMES. <i>New World Vistas</i>	329
WOOLF, VIRGINIA. <i>Kew Gardens</i>	251
WRIGHT, KATHARINE, editor. H. M. BUCK, translator. <i>Pages From My Life</i> , by FEODOR IVANOVITCH CHALIAPINE	71
WRIGHT, WILLARD HUNTINGTON, compiled and edited with an introduction by. <i>The Great Detective Stories, A Chronological Anthology</i>	434
WYLIE, ELINOR. <i>Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard</i>	522
YARMOLINSKY, AVRAHM, and BABETTE DEUTSCH, chosen and translated by. <i>Russian Poetry, An Anthology</i>	71
YOUNG, STARK. <i>The Theatre</i>	161
YOUSSOUPOFF, PRINCE FELIX. <i>Rasputin</i>	253
ZWEIG, STEFAN, freely adapted by. RUTH LANGNER, translator. <i>With Decorations</i> by AUBREY BEARDSLEY. <i>BEN JONSON'S Volpone</i>	528

COMMENT

A. E.	270
Book Illustrations	359
Dox Quixote	449
Handwriting	268
Hardy, Thomas	179
Holland Tunnel, The	360
Persuasions of Literature: Leo Stein, A. D. Ficke, W. and G. Foyle, A. E., Padraic Colum, Christian Zervos	539
Pound, Ezra: <i>Announcement of Award</i>	89

THE THEATRE

	PAGE
2X2=5	169
Beggar's Opera, The	530
Belt, The	78
Circus, The	257
Coquette	80
Crowd, The	438
Diamond Lil	531
Doctor's Dilemma, The	167
Fall of the House of Usher, The	438
Fallen Angels	168
Furies, The	438
Hedda Gabler	532
Interference	80
Irish Players, The	170, 259
John	81
Letter, The	166
Manhattan Mary	168
March Hares	530
Marco Millions	259
Midsummer Night's Dream, Reinhardt's	169
Queen's Husband, The	351
Racket, The	168
Rain or Shine	440
Reinhardt, Max	169, 260
Salvation	351
Spellbound	167
Strange Interlude	348
Taming of the Shrew, In Modern Dress, The	81
These Modern Women	441
Three Musketeers, The	440
Volpone	528

MODERN ART

De Chirico, Giorgio	353
Despiau, Charles	171
Epstein, Jacob	75
Gallery of Living Art, The	172
Kuniyoshi, Yasuo	444
Lachaise, Gaston	442
McBride, Henry, Portrait of, by Gaston Lachaise	263
Stella, Joseph	533

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

Bach, Johann Sebastian	84
Beecham, Sir Thomas	265
Copland-Sessions Concerts of Contemporary Music, The First of the	538
Detroit Symphony Society, Concert of	536
Hall Johnson Jubilee Singers, The	358
Kaminski, Heinrich	174
Kodály, Zoltan	174
League of Composers, First Concert in 1927-1928	266
League of Composers, Third Concert in 1927-1928	357
Malkin Trio, The	86
Molinari, Bernardino	265
Oedipus Rex, by Igor Strawinsky	445
Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Concert of	537
Pizzetti, Ildebrando	174
Samuel, Harold	84

MISCELLANEOUS

	PAGE
A. E.	540
Allgood, Molly	287
Arliss, George	269
Bacchelli, Riccardi	415
Baldini, Antonio	416
Ben-Ami, Josef	81
Beucler, André	141
Bloch, Ernest	86
Cornell, Katharine	166
Cecchi, Emilio	415
Chaplin, Charles	257, 413
Dayas, Karin	176
Deirdre of the Sorrows	286
Enters, Angna	88, 169
Faÿ, Bernard	507
Gabrilowitsch, Ossip	536
Ghyka, Matila	145
Giraudoux, Jean	382, 416
Hayes, Helen	80
Honegger, Arthur	357
Jaloux, Edouard	143
John, Augustus	272
Larbaud, Valéry	505
Le Gallienne, Eva, As Hedda Gabler	532
Lord, Pauline	167
Mahoney, Will	532
Malraux, André	381
Massey, Edward	79
Maurois, André	144
Mengelberg, Willem	178
Moeller, Philip	350, 528
Monteux, Pierre	537
O'Casey, Sean	259
Prévost, Jean	142
Ravel, Maurice	144, 177, 447
Ribemont-Dessaignes, G.	506
Robinson, Lennox	281
Schelling, Ernest	176
Tharaud, Jean and Jérôme	508
Thibaudet, Albert	510
Toscanini, Arturo	356, 447
Tschaikowsky, Ilitch	87
Valéry, Paul	142
West, Mae	82, 531
Young, Roland	351
Ziegfeld, Florenz	440

DEPARTMENTS

Briefer Mentions	70, 160, 251, 343, 434, 522
Comment	89, 179, 268, 359, 448, 539
Italian Letter	415
London Letter	238
Modern Art	75, 171, 262, 353, 442, 533
Musical Chronicle	84, 174, 265, 356, 445, 536
Paris Letter	141, 505
Theatre, The	78, 166, 257, 348, 438, 528

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